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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sonnet.

When fleecy cloudlets float about the moon,
When dews fall—her pure tears—and her sweet
breath

The night wind, like some pious Sabbath tune,
The passionate heart to peace attempereth,
Then in my quiet room I sit, and sing
Such songs as solitude and I love best;
Then evil's self seems a harmonious thing,
And life's sad cares resolve in tranquil rest.
Then do I feel that all are sanctified
To noble ends, and purely should aspire;
All, who in song's novitiate here are tried,
Ere they may join the immortal starry choir.
Then thrills of rapture through my being start,
As though the hand of God had touched my heart.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XI.

OPERA.

1830—1860.

The Revolution of July (1830) may be said to have taken place to the music of the duet in *Masaniello*, "Amour sacré de la patrie," and to the song *la Parisienne*, which Nourrit sang with such wonderful expression. After being closed fifteen days the theatre was opened again, Aug. 4, with Auber's *la Muette*, (*Masaniello*), a work fitted as if written for the occasion.

The following 18th of October, they gave *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*, another charming work of Auber, in which Marie Taglioni and Perrot, a pupil of Vestris, executed prodigies of grace and elegance.

March 1, 1831, Veron succeeded Lubbert in the direction of the opera, with a brilliant and profitable success. He gave successively *Le Philtre*, a new masterpiece of Auber, in a lighter style; *Robert le Diable* (Nov. 21), which produced a real revolution in the grand dramatic style; *Le Serment* and *Gustave*, by Scribe and Auber; *Als Baba*, the last production of the now old Cherubini; and then *La Juive*, the masterpiece of his pupil, Halévy, who may be well called the French Meyerbeer.

Robert the Devil really is the standard-bearer of the new romantic school. This immense work, to which all schools, melted together in the crucible of a patient, learned and eclectic genius, have contributed, will ever remain an imperishable monument of the second transformation of the art in the 19th century. The first was the work of Rossini.

The middle ages and chivalry, happily substituted for the thoroughly used up old clothes of the Greeks and Romans, the eternal contest of Right and Wrong, so admirably personified in the parts of Alice and Bertram, give to this marvellous poem all the attractions of a legend based upon the principle of Christianity. The fugued introduction which precedes the rising of the curtain is at once learned and melodious; the choruses of the Norman nobles, who emulate each

other in the praises of pleasure and love, are of an infinite grace and freshness; the Fêtes of the tournament are of magic splendor; the scene of the nuns has a terrible and sombre effect; finally the closing trio in which the angel overthrows the demon and heavenly voices mingle with sad cries from the realm of darkness is sublime.

And then such execution! Nourrit, Levasseur, Madames Damoreau and Dorus! and Cornélie Falcon, who, after making the part of Alice her own, became the admirable personification of *La Juive*! Person, voice, action, dramatic enthusiasm, that great tragedienne united all the qualities so rare, which go to form the consummate lyric artist. What can we say of the orchestration of Meyerbeer? What vigor, sonority, picturesque coloring, exactness in the smallest details! On the other hand, what luxury in the decorations, the costume, the stage appointments! During the rehearsals of this splendid work, public opinion was utterly unfavorable to it; even the actors far from expecting success foresaw but its fall. *Robert le Diable*, that sublime manifestation of genius, was regarded as a labored and fantastic conception, with no melodic value, an opinion which very soon would be justified by the public.

After Rossini and Weber we have had Meyerbeer; after Meyerbeer and Auber we come to Halévy. This master, so profound in his science, so elevated in his inspirations, has continued the romantic movement of which we have been speaking, and which corresponds to that transformation in literature at the head of which Victor Hugo has been proclaimed chief actor. In the works of Halévy, to a great richness of orchestration are added a great knowledge of the voice and a perfect appreciation of prosody and dramatic truth. We know not what to praise most highly in *La Juive*, the pomp of the introduction, the solemn *Te Deum*, the magnificence of the processions, the energy of the choruses, or the beauty of single pieces. Can there be anything more pathetic than the sublime second act, in which the Jewish type is so finely sculptured! What touching simplicity in the scene of the Passover. What emotion in the romance "*Il va ceder*;" what passion in the final duet and trio! And then how grandly is the character of the Cardinal painted in the majestic air of the first act, the awful anathema of the third, and the dramatic duet of the fourth! What can be said of the air of Eleazar, "Rachel, quand du Seigneur," the text of which is by Nourrit, and in which palpitate all the sentiments of tenderness, love and religion which a paternal heart can contain. Is there not something in that funeral march of the penitents in the fifth act, which causes one to shiver with a sort of alarm and terror? That supplication of the young and beautiful Rachel, the sad decorations, the short notes of the executioner to the "*Il est temps*!" all combine to make this work one of the most touching exhibitions which can be offered to the sensibilities of an audience.

Veron alternated his operas with the most seductive ballets, as *La Sylphide*, par Mlle. Taglioni; *La Tempête*, *L'Ile des Pirates* and *Le Diable Boiteux* by Mlles. Therese and Fanny Ellsler.

Add to all this, reproductions of the *Armida*, *La Vestale* and *Don Juan*, and a troop perfectly balanced, and the prodigious success of the opera at that time is no longer astonishing.

Director Veron was succeeded by Duponchel, under whom we had Meyerbeer's second great work, *Les Huguenots*, Feb. 29, 1836.

Nothing new can be said upon the bacchic spirit of the chorus of the orgies, upon the grace of that of the bathers, upon the magnificent septette of the duel scene, upon the celebrated fourth act, in which the sombre conjuration precedes the sublime duet, which will never be surpassed upon the stage. What was there wanting to inspire such artists as Nourrit and Mlle. Falcon.

The fifth act finely closes these scenes of war and love. The ball at which Raoul presents himself dripping with blood; the scene in the convent in which the voices of the Huguenots die away by degrees; and the final tableau in which Marcel unites the two lovers and the choral of Luther, vigorously sung by the three martyrs, appals the ferocious assassins; then the marvellous stage scene in which the quays of Paris, strewn with the slain, appear in shadow, while the massive towers of Notre Dame are relieved in all their jagged outlines against the azure sky all sparkling with stars; nothing could so picturesquely close so bloody and terrible a drama. Reports of firearms mingle with the groans of the victims; the savage cries of the murderers resound from all sides; the curtain falls upon this scene of horror at the moment when Queen Marguerite reënters her palace, escorted by her pages and brilliantly lighted by the torches, which flame about her splendid litter.

The production of *La Esmeralda*, by Mlle. Bertini, and *Stradella*, by Niedermeyer and the retirement of Adolphe Nourrit from the stage before the debut of Gilbert Duprez were contemporaneous.

Duprez had an immense success as Arnold in *William Tell*, in *Masaniello*, *Les Huguenots* and *La Juive*. His large and noble style of recitative, the great strength of lung with which he gave the high C with the chest voice, filling the theatre with the tone, his neat and sonorous declamation, and his true and expressive method very soon gained him the suffrages of all. Unluckily, imitators, who had neither his genius or his physical powers, in their endeavors to copy him, very soon gave us cries in the place of singing and loudness instead of expression. This tendency to a false taste ruled alike in the provinces and in Paris, and the true vocal art would soon have disappeared among us but for the combined efforts of Bordogni, Banderali, Ponchard and Garcia.

After the appearance of Madame Stolz in

Guido et Ginevra (March 5, 1838) the Grand Opera gave in succession, *Benvenuto Cellini*, by Berlioz; *Le Lac des Fees*, by Auber; *La Xacarrilla*, by Marliani; *Le Drapier*, by Halevy, and *Les Martyrs*, by Donizetti.

M. Leon Pillet, appointed Director June 6, 1840, put the theatre into thorough repair, and opened his administration brilliantly with *La Favorite*, in which Mad. Stolz, Baroilhet, Duprez and Levasseur gained great applause. In 1841, Mario, who had appeared in *Robert* with remarkable success, quitted the opera to join the Italian company. Baroilhet represented *Don Juan* with a tropical fire; Carlotta Grisi captivated the public in *Giselle*, a delicious ballet, by Adam; and *La Reine de Chypre*, by Halevy, gave new opportunities for triumph to Mad. Stolz, Duprez and Baroilhet. On the 15th of March, 1843, *Charles VI.*, by the same master, added a new wreath to the laurels of the great French composer. Nobody can forget the well merited success of the air of the king, the dith of the cards, the popular chorus *Guerre aux tyrans*, the picturesque recitative of the man of the Forest du Mans and the entire part of Odette.

The *Don Sebastian* of Donizetti was given not long before the death of the famed and illustrious composer. But masterpieces became now more rare. The new works which followed in order were *Le Lazzarone*, *Richard en Palestine*, *Marie Stuart*, in which her touching farewell is remarkable, *L'Etoile de Seville*, in which Duprez played and sang the part of Edgar so finely, *David* by Mermet, *L'Ame en peine* by Flotow, and finally *Robert Bruce*, a feeble pasticcio after Rossini, which might have caused a smile of pity on the face of his marble statue, so unhappily placed behind the comptrollers of the theatre.

At length Madame Stolz,* who had created a void about her by causing the removal from the theatre of all who displeased her, even to the dancers, left the scene, Pillet at the same time giving up the direction and leaving debts to the amount of 400,000 francs to his successors, M. M. Duponchel and Roqueplan, (1847.) At this period, Cerrito and Saint-Leon gained a fine success in *La Fille de Marbre*, and Duprez raised himself to the level of Talma in the famous scene of the degradation of the Chevalier in Verdi's *Jerusalem*.

The Revolution of 1848 broke in upon the successful performances of Carlotta Grisi in *Griselidis*, a ballet by Adam, whose death is a loss to art. *Nisida* by Mlle. Plunkett, *Da Vivandiere*, by Pugn, and *Jeanne la Folle*, by Clapisson, complete the contingent of that year of political troubles.

At length, April 16, 1849, *Le Prophète*, the third great work of Meyerbeer, was given to the public under the auspices of Roger, the graceful deserter from the ranks of the Opera Comique. The pastorella was given by that singer with delicious taste; Madame Viardot Garcia created the part of Fides with a dramatic force of expression which raised the fourth act to an incomparable excellence; then Alboni, with her commanding voice, adding to a calm dignity a freedom and fullness of breadth, which transports us back to the days of Rubens and Teniers. The Arioso in

the second act reminds us of Gluck, the air of Zacharie of the solidity of Handel; the hymn of triumph, the march of the coronation and the entire scene in the cathedral have a pomp and splendor almost supernatural; and finally, during the lovers' last embrace, amid fire and flame, and falling walls, the tableau, imitating the death of Sardanapalus, has an effect truly striking and marvellous. The chorus which opens the first act and almost rivals the first chorus of Rossini's *Tell* for its freshness and odor of the country, the call to arms so vigorous and martial in its rhythm the delightful ballet of the skaters, the air of Fides in the 5th act, the bacchanal song of John of Leyden, and above all the dream and chorus of children in the 4th act—all this has a surprising richness of melody and accompaniment. Without attaining the extreme popularity of those which preceded it, owing to the nature of the subject, still, this score of Meyerbeer, fully imbued with a German eclecticism, is perhaps the most interesting of all his works for the amateur and artist.

After the *Prophet* they produced *L'Enfant prodigue* of Auber, Dec. 6, 1859, and the *Demon de la Nuit* by Rosenhain. The *Sappho* of Gounod was both for the composer and for Madame Viardot-Garcia, the occasion of a success solid and honorable. *La Corbeille d'oranges* gave Alboni opportunity to exhibit her exquisite talents and *Le Juif errant* of Halevy showed in full contrast the beautiful voices of Massol and Mad. Tedesco.

Dec. 2, 1852 the Academie Nationale de Musique, again resumed the title of Academie Imperiale, and after the unsuccessful *Orfa*, gave *Luisa Miller*, composed by Verdi for Madame Bosio. To the *La Fronde* of Niedermeyer, succeeded *Le Maître Chanteur* of Limnander. Then followed the great success of Madame Rosati in *Jo-vita*, a ballet by Labarre; but this did not prevent M. Roqueplan from resigning the direction, June 30, 1850. Since this time the opera has been attached to the Emperor's household and under the same administration.

La Nonne Sanglante, by Gounod, in spite of the monotony of the poem, gave Mlle. Wertheimer and Gueymard passages worthy of their talents. Gounod, the last pupil of Lesueur, recalls the large style of his master. At times his melody is curtailed but the idea is never wanting in elevation and nobleness. His choruses and accompaniments are written with a master hand; the symphony of the 2d act of *La Nonne* is worthy of Weber for color and originality.

Since 1855 there has been nothing very remarkable, unless we except *Les Vepres Siciliennes* of Verdi, which gave Mlle. Cruvelli (Sophia Cruvel, a German) opportunity to display the varied resources of her fine organ. *Marco Spada* and *Le Cheval de Bronze* by Auber, passed from the Opera Comique to the Grand Opera. The bringing together in this manner, and, perhaps we may say, this confounding of the two grand classes of opera, let us hope will be but the step towards separating them hereafter with more exactness.

If we grant that vocal art has been sensibly declining for some years, this may perhaps be from two causes worth mentioning:

1. The elevation, gradually and constantly, of the normal pitch or diapason.
2. The augmentation of the orchestral forces,

which numbered but fifteen in the time of Cambert, but now amount to more than a hundred.

The present director is Dietsch, successor of Girard.

Note: The Translator adds here a list of the Directors of the Grand Opera during the present century.

1800. Bonet, commissioner of the Government.

1801. Cellerier.

1802. The First Consul put the Opera under the charge of a prefect of the palace, with Morel as Director. Lemoyne directed it fifteen days during this year.

1803. Bonet again.

1807. Picard, Napoleon's first chamberlain.

1814 The Minister of the Royal household had the Opera added to his duties.

1815. Papillon de la Ferté, director-general for the ministry. Choron, manager. Pertuis, inspector of music.

1817. Courtien, administrator.

1818. Pertuis, director.

1819. Viotti, "

1821. Habeneck, "

1824. Duplantys, "

1828. Lubbert.

1831. Veron undertook the opera at his own risk

1835. Duponchel, director.

1840. Duponchel and Monnier.

1841. Leon Pillet.

1847. Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan.

1848. Roqueplan.

1854. Nestor, Imperial administrator.

1854. Crosnier.

1856. Alphonse Royer.

The Life of Handel.

By Frederick Chrysander. Leipzig, Breitkopf and Hirtel.
From the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*.

The Second Volume of Chrysander's book on Handel has recently appeared. The first was contemporaneous with the publication of the Leipzig Society's edition of Handel's Collected Works, and thus the foundations were simultaneously laid for two monuments in honor of the master, who had become a stranger in his native land; monuments which will not only hand down his memory to the remotest ages, but also, by their intellectual influence, be of indisputable importance for our own further progress in art. Both enterprises, Handel's Works and Chrysander's Biography, proceed hand in hand towards the same result, namely, to render the life and acts of one of our great masters, in all their truthfulness, the common good. Of his compositions only a few were really known, while some few more were known only by tradition to the larger portion of the public, so that merely indistinct notions of his all-comprehensive musical labors were floating about among the people. Just as, in the case of Bach, until about twenty or thirty years ago, we were contented with the limited side of his art, that is to say, his eminent technical excellence, and did not until very lately begin to penetrate to his really intellectual qualities; we shall, in a short time, change our inadequate notion of Handel's art for others more correct and complete, and, in the place of the few anecdotal narratives from which the large mass of public derived their ideas of his life and disposition, without attaining a truthful and definite picture of his character, we shall now acquire, thanks to Chrysander's work, a knowledge of the complete and mighty course of development pursued by the mind of one who was as elevated in morals as he was in art.

Both undertakings have come at the right time. It is an indisputable fact that the musical art of the present day possesses in itself, as a counterpoise to that extravagance and pretensions of mere technicality, of which it is generally the victim, a profound impulse to maintain what is true, and to return to what is primary. The attraction towards direct knowledge—a feeling that takes us back to those sources whence the art of our forefathers flowed in never turbid clearness, appears, indeed, to be of a firm basis for vigorous progress. Since the art of our own time does not appear to go further than the Past in achieving a result that may serve as a standard, and does not, moreover, possess in itself the

* M. Poillot treats the matter very gingerly. The fact seems to be, as we have learned it from other sources, that Stolz was Pillet's mistress, and used her power as queen of his affections to retain her place as queen of the stage, by admitting no rival upon it.

productive power for the purpose, there is nothing better left for it to do than, by popularising the perfect work of certain definite periods, to lay down among the people the foundation for future structures. That is the great end which our editions of the works of Handel and Bach have to fulfil. Even at present, people have not as yet come to a clear understanding concerning their relative position. Our first wish in contemplating the work under consideration is that Bach and all our greatest masters may find such historians as Handel has found in Chrysander, or that the latter himself may be their historian.

The endeavor, by means of old art generally, to prepare a secure foundation for our vigorous development must not be misunderstood as a wish to return to antiquated forms and notions. As far as Handel is concerned, such a thing is entirely out of the question; though as a matter of course, certain works of his sprang up under the momentary influence of his age, it might very easily happen that, on examining our productions now-a-days, the question: What of ours had not originated under the same circumstances as the perishable portions of Bach and Handel's works, while, on the other hand, what had risen to such a height of ideality as their great works? would remain unanswered, if we were not sincere enough to own the true state of the case. We hope that our increasing appreciation of the past and its great masters will speedily put an end to complacent theory of the "surmounted point of view," and its two obnoxious aids, heaven-storming egotism and unthinking delight in its equal by birth, fashionable feebleness. No one, without rendering himself altogether ridiculous, can any longer give utterance to such opinions as those which recently appeared in a musical paper on Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

There is now evident throughout Germany a great amount of zeal for the restoration of old masterpieces, not in the isolated cases of collectors and historians, but combined with the wish to place these treasures within the reach of the large mass of the public. Even in our own time the spirit of indefatigable progress towards something higher does not rest a single moment, although we may not be able to perceive its workings in violent revolutionary attempts, but rather in the effort to obtain a correct view of our progress. The task of making the riches bequeathed to us by our great forefathers in art the common intellectual property of all, secures, if it be rightly performed, an honorable position even for our own age. At all events, if the highest ideas of our particular epoch have become the free property of its posterity, and thus placed an entire nation in a higher position and rendered them capable of receiving what is new to them, fresh and more extensive views are opened up in the domain of the mind, until these views are themselves realised in the endless process of intellectual development, and become the foundation for further efforts.

As yet, however, we have absorbed and rightly worked out hardly a tenth part of what art offers; for this reason, putting all other considerations aside, the revivifications of Bach and Handel, on the extensive scale on which it is now practised, is of undoubted importance to us. The notions of church music and oratorios have, at present, disappeared, as much as it was possible, from among us. Consequently we require for both of them complete models, more defined in their form and ideas—models, such as Bach, Handel, and the older masters have bequeathed us—if these kinds of composition are not to give up their ideal empires and sink down into a mere semblance of life in consequence of a combination of subjects and means of expression negating each other. Church music, which finds its idea in man's relative position to the highest intellectual ideas, must fall a prey to a mere over-sensual poetastering of the feelings as little as to the non-independent playing of understanding with pure form. In our own age—which we cannot deny possesses an impulse to render clearer the views of religion, obscured by forms, although for the moment it has not got beyond a dim humanism—church music, when it has not altogether descended to a mere concert style, has been subjected to mere sentimental ecstasy quite as often as to abstract intellectual formalism. In the works of old church-music, up to its highest exponents, Bach and Handel, the matter and the expression constitute indivisible unity, while the form of expression although determined by the circumstances of the age, is always natural, and springs from the subject. On this account, the study of the old masters is the best invigorating means for the benefit of our own religious art, but only if we endeavor to discover, and, in conformity with the present view taken of things, to render evident in our works the inward relations between outward appearance and the living idea contained in it, and not content our-

selves with the mere contemplation and imitation of outward form and peculiarities.

We are no better off now-a-days, with oratorios, whenever we happen to come across them. Our present music, based entirely upon subjective sensation, does not possess the strength to wed itself to a purely objective conception of the matter given it, and declines into coldness and outward painting. The discordance between the great historical figures of the Bible and our modern sentimentality is generally very great in modern oratorio. The purely historical character of the oratorio is entirely misunderstood—it was so even by Mendelssohn, who introduced into his oratorios the lyrical church elements, namely, the choral, certainly with Bach's *Passions music* as a model, but without perceiving that the latter was a series of special works for divine service, while oratorio is only more distantly related to the purely church view of things, or even has nothing at all to do with it. Mendelssohn wanted to invest oratorio with an additional religious signification, which was quite as foreign to him personally as to the whole polite world in which he lived.

Handel was born to create and carry out Oratorio. It is a sufficient proof of the greatness and importance of this highest form of musical art, that a man of such a mind as Handel had to live a long life of active employment in every way, in order, in his greatest strength and maturity, to complete, in his greatest works, that form in which the passing of idea into reality could be effected in a manner most appropriate to music, namely, the oratorio, in which the feelings enter with the epic view of matters into a compact for the purpose of representing a real action and definite characters, that is to say, in which the feelings become objective, while the action does not step forth outwardly into life, but remains ideal, so that there is nothing to disturb the music, as is not unfrequently the case with visible action.

American Composers.

W. H. FRY.

Among the appointments which, apart from party reasons, do honor to the new administration, as recognizing the claims of men of distinction in letters and art to honorable posts in the civil service of the country, is that of Mr. Fry, to be Secretary of Legation at Turin. Mr. Fry has been for many years one of the editors of the *N. Y. Tribune*, and is well known to our readers by his musical articles, often copied or quoted in these columns. He is also a composer of no small merit, and has a rare fortune among composers, to become a diplomatist. In the *N. Y. Dispatch*, "Timothy Trill" gives the following account of Mr. Fry and his works, among other "American composers."

First on this list comes by all right the name of Wm. H. Fry, Esq., whose opera, "*Leonora*," was the first and grandest work of that calibre ever composed by a man of American soil, and whose other works, especially for orchestra, entitle him to the most honorable and distinguished position among the hundreds of self-styled composers with which our country actually swarms, and who, alas! are continually publishing but never performing their works! ("Nor any other man!")

Mr. Fry's heaviest works are his opera, (composed when he was but 17 years old!) his *Santa Claus Symphony*, the Pastoral Overture "*A Day in the Country*," the romantic tone-poem "*The Broken Heart*," and his truly grand sacred work, the "*Stabat Mater*," a much larger and more serious Oratorio by far than that by Rossini on the same subject.

Besides these, Mr. Fry has been an earnest devotee to a class of composition for which he has rarely gotten any credit; namely, the *Chamber Quartet*. He has written over a dozen of these, one of which, (No. 11,) was produced several years ago by Mr. H. C. Cooper's efforts at one of Dr. Guilmette's Concerts, and one movement of which was *encored*, a very rare honor for this species of music.

Mr. Fry's music is characterized by marked melodic features, imaginative instrumental symbols, and predominance of climacteric force, more than by contrapuntal equilibrium, strictness of classic form, or breadth of orchestral treatment.

He believes with Berlioz, that no matter how nice the pudding may look, its appearance will not save the oaths of its eaters if it prove to contain nothing but ashes, or the dry chips of Albrechtberger's and Hauptman's strictures, while at the same time, no one could be more severe with himself than he is, to prove which, one need only glance at one of his fine-

written, complicated, altered, interpolated, scratched and blotted scores, a Chinese puzzle to a Conductor, and the dread of the copyist.

This mention of Berlioz urges me on to remark how often I have been struck by the many points of resemblance between him and Mr. Fry in their peculiar views. They remind one of Bentham among philosophers, or of Fitch among inventors, and neither has had any chance of being influenced by the other, for they carry out each other's theories instinctively, while the weak practical points of each are the firmly sustained theories of the other.

Thus Fry's abundant flow of melody and the predominance given to it in all his works, are quite the reverse of Berlioz who might study for a lifetime without being able to supply a small barrel-organ with six or eight tunes. Then look at the position of the latter as the mighty King of the Orchestra, and the perfection of detail with which his scores are worked up, and the marvellous effects produced by the mere instrumentation alone, in which even the Germans confess themselves inferior. The points of similarity in these two original men, are a firm belief in the sacred truth of tone-painting, (which so many classicists scoff at,) and in the appropriateness of expression in the music of our churches. Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz and Fry have all created much and envenomed discussion on account of their peculiar views, scorn of established customs and contempt for the well-worn paths of science. And why? Because innovators are always the longest in being understood, and old ears are like old dogs, and cannot (soon) be "taught new tricks."

Was not Wagner's sublime overture to "*Tannhauser*" ten years in existence before "the notes ever had a 'resurrection into life from the death-white paper?'" Did not Beethoven actually die, having never heard his own Ninth Symphony? Did not Schubert die before the parts were even so much as drawn out from his Symphony in C minor, it having been left for the enthusiasm and devotion of a Schumann to give the work its first hearing?

A Whitfield or a William Pitt may address the applauding thousands of London, and yet fail to keep sleepy Hottentots awake, but are they not same shining oratorical lights in either case? How can we then despair at the dullness of appreciation which has hitherto marked the public presentation of certain musical works, of whose merit critics are agreed, and of whose genius fellow-composers stand confessors?

A NEW LIGHT IN MUSIC.—We have received the following circular which we give for the benefit of our readers who may never have heard of this great genius—

Eugene A. Wiener, No. 765 Broadway, (near 9th street)—up three pair of stairs—New York. (Portrait of Mr. Wiener).

According to editorial prints, of the first order, one of the greatest living pianists and musical writers! Without an equal as an extemporizer upon any given melody. Acknowledged by the public and the press of the Old and New World.

His method to develop any voice for "song" or "speech" and to remove any morbid obstructions of the voice, invariably surpassing any system known in musical art and science.

His method of teaching the Piano from the beginning to the highest perfection never failed to surround him with enthusiasts.

The effect—whenever imparting his musical knowledge and skill—always proved "instant" and "startling!"

The testimonials of the most competent critics and distinguished people here and abroad, express wonder, and the opinion that they never before have witnessed such a decided success!

Eugene A. Wiener approves of the "modern school" as far as represented in "some" productions of Richard Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Franz Liszt, Giacomo Meyerbeer or Henselt, Thalberg, Kullack, Taubert and others. It is a matter of course, that Wagner, the author of "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tannhauser*" must prove correct in his leading idea, when pointing at a "Future of Music" inasmuch as the progress of each age being the natural law of expansion, leaving behind the imperfect formations of the past, however venerable they may be.

"Thought" is the creative Power of the Creator, above as well as "within us!" Speculative philosophical audacity is promotive for art and science, "if" the go-ahead principle is realized with that caution, neglected by the otherwise gigantic Robert Schumann, Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Nicolaus Lenau.

Friedrich von Schiller once exclaimed: "Give me a handful of earth, that I may go out of myself!" Eugene A. Wiener thinks, it is better to say within

ourselves, avoiding the risk, to be shattered to atoms against rocky abstractions!

Eugene A. Wiener's "Charitable performances" in this Metropolis attracted large audiences and have been listened to with considerable popular favor, while the proceeds caused a great deal of relief to the distressed!

His splendid Musical Library includes his own writings! Free admission for ladies and children.

Church Music in New York.

The music at the Fifth Avenue Dutch Reformed Church (Rev. J. M. Macaulay's) has for many years been under the charge of our first musicians, and in consequence, noted for its excellence. It is at present directed by Dr. C. A. Guilmette, the renowned baritone singer, favorably known to the Boston public from his performances there in oratorio. The choir numbers about thirty: most of them are from Cooper Institute classes, where Dr. Guilmette is professor. It is very thoroughly drilled, and notwithstanding their numbers, they render the music with very delicate shades of expression. Mrs. H. Westervelt is the leading soprano singer. The style of music is varied, but always adapted to the sentiment of the words—whether grave or gay. Mr. W. H. Currie is the organist, and succeeded Wm. A. King in this capacity. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland, and has been in this country about ten years, of which four or five were passed at Chicago and the West. He is a wonderful executive organist, possessing correct taste, with great creative fancy, and plays with a force and sentiment which give the music far more than its individual effect.

Of the merits of the organ we cannot say much at present, as it is in an incomplete state; but it promises to be one of the first-class when finished and will contain forty-four stops, with two and one-half octaves of pedals. It is in the hands of Thomas Robjohn, to whom the contract was given four years ago. At present not more than one-half its intended complement of pipes and stops have been put in. The pneumatic action was tried upon this organ, for the first time in this country, but has proved defective and troublesome. A new hydraulic apparatus for supplying wind is about to be applied to it, and will soon be experimented with and tested.

Mr. Wm. Mason, a son of Dr. Lowell Mason of Boston, is one of our most talented organists. His merits as a pianist are well known and appreciated by all lovers of classical music; but it is not generally known that he also stands in the front ranks as a performer upon the organ. His playing belongs to the strict school of sacred music, and he ignores entirely the modern secular style, as inappropriate to the service of the church. He formerly played at the late Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church (Presbyterian) in Fifth Avenue, but is now temporarily engaged at the New Jerusalem Church in 35th street, of which Mr. Silver is pastor. The services of this Church do not admit largely of musical display, although more is perhaps attempted in this particular one than in many of the same denomination. The opening voluntary is always extemporized by Mr. Mason; then follows a motette, selected from the highest compositions of this class—sung by the quartette choir of amateurs; after which follow chants, at the close a hymn intended to be congregational. The congregation is dismissed without a closing voluntary. Of Mr. Mason's capabilities, the "Diarist," in Dwight's Journal of music, has thus spoken:

"Some two years since a small party remained in Dr. Alexander's church, in New York, after service, and William Mason extemporized upon the organ. That it impressed me strongly is clear from the fact that, notwithstanding all the great organ playing I have heard before and since, that half hour's performance remains fresh and vivid in my memory. In nine cases out of ten, you know beforehand what is to come next in an organ voluntary, just as you know how nine out of ten newspaper stories are to end—or, if your ear is disappointed, it is because the organ knows not where to go nor what to do next. But Mason's themes were so fresh, his episodes so unexpected yet so pleasing, the forms adopted so varied—now a solo with answering chorus from the vox celestis, now the full rolling masses of tone from the grand organ, and at last a fugue moving onward with stately steps—that the ear was constant and delightfully disappointed, the fancy continually excited, and the musical sense filled with enjoyment."

Of the many edifices erected for religious purposes in this city, the Tabernacle (Congregational) corner of Sixth Avenue and 34th street, is perhaps one of the finest and most substantial. The society worshipping here has been for many years under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. P. Thompson, widely known as an intelligent and able preacher. They

formerly occupied the old building on Broadway, in the lower part of the city, known as the Broadway Tabernacle, which was used for concerts and other miscellaneous purposes; but, at length, in the march of improvement and the rapid growth of the city, the site of the old building was wanted for a block of stores, it was disposed of at a great advance on first cost, and with the proceeds of this sale, the building which they now occupy was erected and completed about two years since.

It contains a very fine organ, built by Stuart Brothers, after the design and under the superintendence of Mr. G. W. Morgan of Grace Church, with thirty stops, extending throughout its full compass, and two and a half octaves of pedals, which are arranged on Mr. Morgan's plan, described by a previous letter. It is played by Miss Marion McGregor of Rochester. As a general rule, ladies are considered inadequate to the control of a large organ, and seldom attempt it; but those who have succeeded rank high as performers. Among these may be mentioned Miss Tillinghast of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chicago, and Mrs. Belknap of San Francisco, a pupil of William A. King. One of our first organists informs me that he generally has from three to six pupils. Miss McGregor is generally acknowledged to be second to none as a player of strictly sacred music; her style is of the Dr. Hodges school, so called. The soprano singer of this church, Mrs. Eliot (formerly Miss Anna Stone), is a native of Boston, and no doubt, well known to many of your readers. Miss Ellen Meyer sings alto, and the tenor and bass parts are sustained by Mr. George N. Seymour and J. T. Lewis respectively—the whole forming a quartette of great efficiency. The music is directed by Mr. H. Camp, who succeeds William B. Bradbury in this department.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin's church, in Broadway, is a large and comfortable edifice, and is always crowded by a large and attentive audience, attracted by the eloquence of this distinguished preacher. The music is furnished by a choir of seventy-five children, chosen from the Sabbath school, numbering about three hundred and fifty. They are drilled in the singing school connected with the church every week, and sing, in good time, very plain hymns and tunes, with pleasing effect. Mr. Eickhom acts as superintendent of the Sunday school and director of the choir, Mr. Wilson as leader, and Mr. Anthony Davis (a native of Germany) as organist. The organ was built by the Messrs. Hook of Boston, has 34 stops, three ranks of keys, and is a very fair instrument.—*Transcript.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 6, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. X.

GRELL'S SIXTEEN-PART MASS—THE SING-AKADEMIE.

Berlin, Feb. 21, 1861.

It is almost idle to date these letters. The experiences which they record accumulate so fast, with such full, strong current, never ceasing, each new novelty preoccupying the mind against the last before there is time to write about it, or hardly even to review it in the mind, that all that remains possible for me is to select from the portfolio of memory from time to time, as the painter does from his sketch-book, whatever one happens to feel in the humor for working up, or whatever there may seem to be a call for. Chronological sequence must be given up;—and what of that? The mind's ardor is of more importance than the almanac and has a right to turn it up-side down and supersede it. The music which I hear to-day is heard not always for to-day; but quite as likely for the supplying of a lost link far back in the chain of knowledge and experience, or to save up one against the time of need hereafter. The squirrel does not crack his

nuts as fast as he finds them; it were a poor time to do that just as one has the chance (which may not come so soon again) to stuff his pockets. So henceforth we abandon all thought of sequence, as we already have done practically, with the best will to the contrary. The matter for the weekly letter shall be sometimes the last yield of to-day or yesterday, sometimes of an older vintage; whatever has survived unspoiled some weeks or months, will taste the better. This time I will speak of what last happened, while the impression of it is as fresh and fit for service as it probably ever will be.

A musical work was produced here for the first time last evening of a form and magnitude unexampled in these days, remarkable for any age, but more like one of the most earnest and ambitious products of the days of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, and the learned Flemish and Italian masters of church music, than like anything that is wont to grow under our nineteenth century culture. It was a complete Mass for sixteen distinct voice-parts, composed by the grey-haired director of the Sing-Akademie, Professor GRELL, and sung by the Akademie, the composer himself conducting. The Mass is purely vocal, a capella; voices unsustained by any sort of accompaniment, except that the sub-director BLUMMER touched occasionally a bass note or a chord on the piano as a touchstone of true pitch. There were from three to four hundred singers, with a delegation of sixteen soli in front, who sang some movements wholly by themselves, and in other movements alternated with full chorus, with a view to vary, relieve and adorn the great, broad, curiously involved, slowly and majestically moving mass of harmony. The performance had been long expected and much talked of. The Mass was supposed to be the masterpiece of Grell in his peculiar sphere, that of the severe and learned old Italian church style, of which he is thought to be at the present day the foremost representative in Germany; devoted to it with a somewhat pedantic and one-sided life-long persistency (for indeed he seems to be a very dry old man), but with a mastery that entitles to respect in any real branch of Art. The rehearsals had been many and most careful; the Sing-Akademie lending themselves with a most patient loyal zeal to the work, resolved to do their best (and they never do anything that is not marvellously good), to make their director's work tell to the best advantage. The hall of course was completely filled by the most musically enlightened audience of Berlin, including a host of music-directors, professors and composers.

The impression which the work made upon me (and I should judge upon most listeners) was mixed and very curious. Many of the choral effects were positively sublime; and indeed all that was sung *en masse* by the whole choir, so greatly subdivided, sounded rich, full, wide-spread and majestic to a degree seldom realized. The mere sound of it, of such a broad, deep stream of tone, in which sixteen several streams were blended, was really a new, a glorious sensation, filling one now with awe and now with ecstasy. Some of the climaxes, where all the voices climb through modulations, as in the Gloria, the Quoniam tu solus, the Sanctus, and especially in Hosanna in excelsis, were enough to make one breathless with wonder. Of course literal sixteen-part harmony, simultaneous, re-

alized in each instant, is impossible, within the range of all kinds of human voices. That is to say, vocal harmony in chords of sixteen notes is out of the question. The problem is solved only by the contrapuntal process of figuration, imitation, echoing and distributing about of little melodic phrases and fragments amongst the sixteen parts. Everything must be said more than once, in order that all may have a share in singing it. This has its inconveniences, its questionable consequences, to which we shall afterwards allude. But at times and for certain purposes it was exceedingly effective, used as it was with such consummate skill, so as to make a consistent, clear, euphonious whole out of the mingled risings and subsidings of so many little single waves, so many independent voices, each as it were eager to distinguish itself by some individual way of saying the same thing which all had to say. You felt it, for instance, when the whole air seemed cut up into little *Amens*, as fine as the words engraved all over the face of a bank bill. The *Credo* and *Resurrexi* found wondrous confirmation in all this answering of independent voices, this mastering and reconciling of differences and contrasts. Such words as *visibillum omnium et invisibillum* lent a beautiful occasion for this sort of treatment. There was once a passage where the contralto voices ran in triplets, varying the theme, whilst the general mass moved on in longer tones, which sounded exquisitely. On the other hand the yielding of the interwoven, figurative style now and then to a brief passage of soft, smoothly flowing harmony, as in *propter nostram salutem descendit* and in another intended to represent the lovely image of the Virgin (*ex Maria virgine*), produced a heavenly feeling. It was as when the ocean that has so long tossed in waves, becomes a mirror glassing the heavens' blue. Always had the composer adapted his music fitly to the thought and to the word of the Latin text. There was no such discrepancy as we find in so many of the more secular sorts of Catholic masses, even some of Haydn's in which the supplicating *Kyrie eleison* is made to revel in careless, florid bird-like warblings. Solemn themes, like the *Crucifixus*, were made profoundly impressive.

On the other hand, the vast design, so well accomplished, carries its own condemnation along with it, in the fact the necessary fact, of its inordinate length. The Mass lasted two hours. However grand in certain points, however interesting and impressive during moments, however full of new suggestion for the technical musician (and doubtless there was much to be learned from it, especially if one would study the score), still the impression as a whole was tedious and exhausting. To carry out such a plan, to give fair play to sixteen voices, required much room, more than the subject warranted in some of the movements. It had to be as long as it was broad. The bread had to be broken among such a multitude that it took a long time to get round. And that, too, in each single movement, or separately treated text, of the Mass. First, for the sake of contrast, movements were treated alternately by the sixteen *solis* and by the whole chorus. Not only did this double the length of everything, but it operated most of the time more as a foil, than as a contrast in itself agreeable. You were too glad always to have the chorus come back. The *solis* sounded hard, un-

genial, thin; the crossings of voices often laid bare dangerous places on the uncomfortable verge of discord, such as you did not feel in the sublime and as it were self-rectifying harmonic masses of the chorus of four hundred. The *Benedictus*, however, which was sung only by the *solis*, was very beautiful and spoke to the feelings. The *Kyrie* and *Christe* were particularly over-long: first by *solis*, then by chorus, then *solis* again, each time treated at exhaustive length; and then a going back to the beginning and summing the whole up by the full choir. Had it begun with the last division, omitting all that went before, the effect must have been finer, one would think.

Grand as the thing was, you listened with impatience. It did not seem to get forward; it continually hung back, after it had fully passed you with its thought and put you in the mood of going on. A certain nightmare spell, the penalty of its own greatness, seemed to have invisibly bound its feet. We have already seen the reason. In treating sixteen voices, something must be found for each to do; they cannot move in four-fold common chords; the voice does not command so many octaves. Accordingly each theme, each motive, each musical statement has to be pulled to pieces and divided about among them in little figurative repetitions, answers, variations, melodic phrases of a moment's length. If this be well done, as it certainly is in this case, it lends a wonderful fullness, and sense of crowded, swarming life, yet quite harmonious, to the whole mass. But it can scarcely be called contrapuntal, or real polyphonic writing, in the high sense; for, though each of the sixteen parts manifests a certain amount of individual motion, it can only move a very little way, it can only go the length of its tether; there it stands tied to its post of a fixed harmony, with liberty to play a little around that, making little variations on it; but it does not move on in continuous self-development, twining itself with other individualities into a polyphonic whole, as in the works of Bach. The separate motion, the little melodic figuration of the parts, adds nothing to the thought and does not lead to anything; it only increases and enriches, so to speak, the sonority of the whole tone-mass at each given moment. It does not amount to creation; it has nothing to do with that part which genius plays in every composition; it is after all an art of effect; it is studied skill. Such a chorus dispenses with all orchestra; it needs none; it clothes itself with its own accompaniment. But in a way that prevents a natural rate of going forward. To accompany itself thus it has to repeat and multiply itself in little, and take many steps without advancing.

How different the polyphony of Bach, of Handel and other great ones! Four-part harmony is enough for them—as a rule. Five parts, six parts or a double choir, exceptionally and occasionally, serve for peculiar effects. The four voice parts have real, independent, characteristic and continuous progress; and for further enrichment, for color and support drawn from wider octaves, they employ instruments, which give a more piquant and decided contrast, and which add interesting accessory ideas. The sound of Grell's sixteen-part choir was unspeakably grand and beautiful sometimes; but you grew weary of it; it was positively a relief to our ears to hear again some four-part harmony, happily afforded in the second part of the concert by another new

composition of his, a *Te Deum*, also a *capella*, and very fine. Introduced occasionally in the course of four-part compositions, for certain purposes, as for instance for the illustration of certain grand texts like some in Handel's "Israel," these sixteen-voiced sublimities might be admirable. But used through the whole length of a Mass, for two hours, they show you that the experiment is after all a failure, that the principle is wrong. It is chiefly as a curiosity therefore that this work is interesting. It proves abundantly the learning, the mastery of Grell. But it is not an achievement for which music can be thankful more than once.

Wonderful as the composition was, in its way, a greater wonder was its almost perfect execution by the Sing-Akademie. To sing through an entire Mass, in sixteen voice-parts, without any accompaniment whatever, during two hours, keeping the most complicated tone-web always whole and clear, entering always at the right time with promptness and decision, never lost or faltering, giving the right shade of expression, the right degree of force to every passage, the tones all pure and musical, the balance admirable, was an achievement which presupposes a remarkable average of ability and culture in the ranks, as well as indefatigable devotion and loyalty to a common end, and the most patient and well-directed practice. We have had something to boast of in the way of oratorio chorus singing in our own Boston; but nothing that could be compared to this. It was the crowning achievement of a society, who, every time that I have heard them have astonished me by the singular unity and perfection of their renderings. The Sing-Akademie, which was the life-work of Fusch and Zelter, to be whose successor therein Mendelssohn aspired, only to be defeated by an inferior candidate, and which stands now higher than ever before, probably, under Grell and Blummer, counting three or four hundred ladies and gentlemen of the most cultivated families of Berlin among its members, and having its own noble building, which contains house-room for its Director, a fine concert hall for its great performances, elegant ante-rooms, with busts and portraits (oil paintings) of the great composers meeting the eye at every turn, with a nice little upper hall for chamber concerts, and all sorts of conveniences—a completely furnished establishment in fact, is very properly the pride of Berlin and the object of much fostering care on the part of Prussian Princes, especially his late majesty King Frederick Wilhelm IV., the record of whose acts in furtherance of a high musical taste and culture in his capital is a rich and long one. The Sing-Akademie is such a musical society as we need in Boston, and in all our large cities, and I must endeavor soon to give a more detailed account of it.

D.

NEW ORLEANS—*Le Pardon de Plöermel*.—Mr. Boudouasque has wisely decided no longer to delay the production of Meyerbeer's new opera, "*Le Pardon de Plöermel*." M^{lle} Adeline Patti, having perfected herself since she has been here, in the leading role, that of *Dinorah*, as that in which it is her intention to make her debut, on the London lyric boards, has been engaged to sing it here; and to-morrow evening the long-looked for opera, with its charming music, its new and elegant scenery, and its appropriate costumes and properties, will be produced—M^{lle} Patti, M^{mes} Richer, Pretti and Maillet, and Messrs. Melchisedec, Carrier, Genibrel, Chol, Delamarre and Debrinay forming the cast.

Italian Opera.

La Sonnambula was given on Thursday of last week, on the occasion of the benefit of Signor Brignoli, with Miss Kellogg in the part of Amina, Brignoli as Elvino and Susini as the Count. A Mad. Parazza, whose face has been long familiar in the ranks of the chorus, attempted the important rôle of Lisa. BRIGNOLI, of course, did his best, and that, in music so congenial to his powers, was of an excellence that can scarce be equalled. It is idle to enumerate the particular passages of an opera so thoroughly familiar as this, in which Signor Brignoli would excel, for it would be merely to give the titles of all the songs of the part of Elvino, from the beginning to the end of the opera. Add to this, that he never sang better and the whole story is told.

SUSINI made an effective Count Rodolpho, so far as good acting makes one, but was still not in good voice.

MISS KELLOGG, in many respects, was an admirable Amina. Her conception of the part was perfect, and generally both her voice and action carried out successfully her idea of the character and the intentions of the composer. In all the arias her neat execution, good style and acute perception of the requirements of the situation contributed to make her efforts satisfactory and pleasing, but in the concerted pieces she was wanting in sufficient power to cope with the more vigorous voices of those who surrounded her. The grand finale, *Ah non giunge*, was admirably executed and elicited much applause. A great drawback to this performance was the utterly incompetent representative of Lisa, who was hardly able to do enough to keep up the thread of the story, even with the omission of all the airs that she should give. The part is an important and very interesting one, and in the hands of Miss Hinkley, for example, (for it is by no means one beneath her), the opera would have been adequately represented. A young and ambitious prima donna could almost create this part before our audiences by giving it careful study. Who will do it?

La Sonnambula was repeated on Tuesday evening of this week for the benefit of Miss KELLOGG, which could have been but little benefit, by reason of the almost unparalleled severity of the snow storm which kept people effectually at home. This evening BARILI took the place of Susini, and consequently much more of the opera was omitted, even *Vi ravviso*. So the opera was practically given with no Lisa and no Count! Which will be omitted next, Amina or Elvino? Miss Kellogg and Brignoli did their best, and the beneficeaire received an offering of flowers at the close of the first act, on being called before the curtain.

La Juive has been twice performed, since our last; on Friday of last week and on Monday of this week. The attention of the hearer, at the first representation, was much disturbed by the intense dramatic interest of the plot, (which is one of the most successful of the works of the late Eugene Scribe), by the pomp of the spectacle, and by the unfamiliar character of the music itself, which fails to make a very marked impression upon the first hearing, beyond a very general one. A second and a third hearing have made its character better understood, and its beauties stand out now quite clearly and distinctly, although they are not of the sort that are easily retained in the memory, the melodies being short and broken, the composer looking always, more to the dramatic than the musical effect of his score, and thus making his music more largely of the nature of recitative and of concerted pieces than of the melodies which characterize the works of other popular composers of the day. These later hearings revealed many passages of much interest. The opening chorus of the third scene, *Celebriam*, is one of much brilliancy and well introduces the great scenic display that follows. The music of the first scene that begins the second act, is full of solemnity,

and of a quaintness that seems in keeping with the religious character of the Jewish festival. The trio between Eudoxia, Leopoldo and the Jew, later in this scene, is one of much beauty and dramatic effect; but we longed to hear such a voice from the Prince as would fill out the harmony with the power that was intended, whereas Signor Scola was almost inaudible.

The portion of the opera which follows, the scenes between Rachel, Leopold and Lazarus, though of great dramatic interest, became a little wearisome from being unduly spun out, unrelieved by any melodies standing in relief from the general monotony of the music. The trio, however, at the end of the act is perhaps the more effective from this contrast and brilliantly closes it. The third and fourth acts do not equal the first and last in interest, with the exception of some beautiful airs sung by Stigelli. The last act is a grand climax to the whole opera, and the solemn dead march that opens it, to which such a thrilling effect of horror is given by the shrill piercing tones of the sife that mark its rhythm, make a most effective introduction to this exciting and almost painful finale. Very impressive, and solemn too, are the sombre and strange harmonies of the unaccompanied chorus that announces to the martyrs that the fatal hour has come, freezing the soul of Rachel with terror, and filling the mind of Lazarus with distracting and cruel doubts, whether to save her, or to permit her to suffer as a martyr. These violent passions are adequately and forcibly painted by the music of Halévy taken in connection with the effects of stage and scenery that it requires. How it would strike one apart from these it is not easy to say.

COLSON and STIGELLI again won new laurels by their wonderful impersonation of the characters of the Jew and his daughter, singing with unusual brilliancy and effect at the second performance which was by far the best of the three. *Martha* was repeated to a large audience on last Saturday afternoon, and we are glad to learn that we are to have still another opportunity of hearing *La Juive* this afternoon, which is the very last performance of this troupe which leaves for New York to open at the Academy on Monday.

We go to press too early this week, on account of the annual Fast, to be able to give any report of the later performances.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—THE MESSIAH.—The time-honored Messiah exerted its accustomed influence in filling the hall completely, on Sunday evening March 31st. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is much to be praised for singing with inmost feeling. Especially moving was her air: "He was despised." She proved again, that she is a true and worthy artist. Mr. STIGELLI likewise sang with dignity and feeling, in many instances rising to a high degree of expression. Both these artists added very greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Misses KELLOGG and HINCKLEY are yet too young to have experience enough in the oratorio style. Deep feeling, dignified expression both being based on the emotion the artist himself experiences, are necessary requisites for a success in oratorio, which the ladies will yet have to acquire. Dr. GUILMETTE ought to sing with a more even tone. His wavering takes away much of the interest in his performance. Most of the choruses were done well. Some runs might have been smoother. *†

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—By an oversight in furnishing the plates for the music pages of this number of the Journal, a continuation of "Hymn of Praise" is presented instead of "Martha," as announced in the usual place.

Music Abroad.

Vienna.

The most important event last week was the appearance of Joseph Joachim. In years gone by, the Viennese had, it is true, heard him as a wonderful child, but the wonderful man still remained a stranger to them. Vienna, the cradle, if not of Joachim himself, at least of his reputation, as well as the place of his education, had some reason to complain of the manner in which she had been invariably overlooked by the artist in the course of his long travels. Young

as he is, Joachim has been considered, for nearly the last ten years, the first of living violinists, and the fact of Vieuxtemps having been, now and then compared to him, proves that those who used such a standard were aware that they had to deal with greatness of no ordinary kind. It was no easy task for an artist to satisfy such high and long-cherished expectations of a public as experienced as ours. And yet Joachim has accomplished it in the most brilliant manner.

He began with Beethoven's concerto in D major. After the very first movement, it must have been evident to all that they had before them not only a most astonishing virtuoso, but a man of great importance and originality. With all his *bravura*, Joachim is so totally merged in the musical ideal, that he might be described as a perfect musician, who had passed through and gone beyond the most brilliant "virtuosity." His playing is grand, noble, and free. There is not the slightest tinge of "virtuosity" about it; whatever, in the solos could remind us of vanity or self-esteem is passed over, without our perceiving the faintest trace of it. This nobleness of artistic conviction is so prominent in Joachim, that it prevents our thinking until afterwards of the appreciation due to his magnificent technical skill.

What fullness and power in the tone which Joachim's grand and certain bowing draws from the instrument! It struck us, on the first occasion of our hearing Joachim, that, even in the most emphatic treatment of the lower violin passages, there was none of that peculiarly material scraping and shuffling on the string which we have at times heard in the playing of the most celebrated violinists. Joachim's shake is incomparable for purity and equality while his polyphonic playing is, at one and the same time, so well combined, and yet so sharply distinct, that the listener frequently fancies he hears two performers. In the course of his concerts Joachim will enable us to form a still nearer acquaintance with his technical skill. After once hearing him, it strikes us that it would not be quite safe to pronounce even a general opinion on his merits, since he will probably exhibit his art to us under other aspects. After his first concert, we certainly felt inclined to believe that the expression of what is great, noble, and pathetic was the task best adapted to his nature. He must show us, in other compositions, whether he is as great a master of light grace, easy wit, and fresh humor. His rendering of Beethoven's concerto—especially his execution of the *adagio*, which he gave with deep feeling, but with such a degree of freedom that he almost appeared to be extemporizing—afforded proofs of the most decided independence of conception. The concerto was more brilliant and more animated under Vieuxtemps' bow. Joachim exhibited greater depth of feeling, and by truly ethical power, surpassed the effect which Vieuxtemps' playing produced by his gushing temperament.

The second piece was an *adagio* by Spohr, the uniformity of which lost everything like ponderousness in the vigorous and, at the same time, varied manner in which Joachim gave it; but it was in Tartini's *Teufels-Sonata* that he struck us as most astonishing. We feel sure that violinists will agree with us when we say that this specimen of colossal and, at the same, classically refined, technical skill, was something never previously equalled. The most difficult *bravura* passages in this piece—passages which the performer is generally contented to get over with unpretending mediocrity—Joachim not merely produced with ease and certainty, but absolutely in countless instances, impressed an accent pregnant with meaning on this noisy, seething, confused mass of sounds; he "gets up lights" which lent the whole thing a new and expressive character. To sum up, we remember scarcely a second virtuoso whose entire performance completely in one and the same mould, and consequently so pure and harmonious in its effect.—*Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2.—Alas! for the consequences of being in a hurry, as shown in my forgetting to enclose Mr. Satter's programme in my last. I send it to you now, hoping that you will not consider it as coming too late to be of any value.

1. Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," . . . Otto Nicolai
2. a "Drusenthal," Fantasia-stück, E. Goldback
- b Sentiment Potique, J. N. Pattison
- c "Columbia," Caprice Américain, L. M. Gottschalk
3. Sonata, D minor, Op. 31, Beethoven
- a Allegro molto, b Adagio, c Finale.
4. (By request), Grand Fantasia sur "La Juive," . . . Satter

On Tuesday Mason and Thomas gave their fifth Soirée. Mendelssohn's posthumous quintette, in B flat, opened the programme. The first movement was a little marred by the instruments not being quite in tune; the effect, probably, of the very warm, damp atmosphere. Indeed, neither this movement nor the Finale were as clear and melodious as most of Mendelssohn's compositions and not by any means as pleasing as the Andante scherzando and Adagio, which were well worthy of their composer. This piece was followed by Beethoven's moonlight Sonata, played by Mr. Mason, and a Sonata for Piano and Violin by Raff, in which the same gentleman was joined by Mr. Thomas. This latter was interesting as a novelty, and showed a great deal of vigor and talent, but it had the fault of extreme length, and thus became wearisome. The whole concert would have been more enjoyable if it had been left out altogether. In that case, however, the audience would have missed the very fine performance of Mr. Thoman. An exquisite quartette of Mozart, No. 6, in C, verified the adage of "All's well that ends well," thus sending home the audience with the remembrance of only the many enjoyable points of the concert, and forgetfulness of the few drawbacks which it presented. Another uncommonly fine concert was given on Thursday night, by the Arion Singing Society. The programme was excellent, as you may judge for yourself.

1. Symphony No. 4 in D minor..... R. Schumann
2. Song of the Spirits on the Face of the Waters. Schubert
Grand double Chorus with Orchestra.
3. Concerto for Violin..... Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Joseph Noll.
4. Goethe's March (First time)..... Fr. Liszt
5. Overture, "The Magic Flute,"..... Mozart
6. The Forest..... Haesser
Chorus without accompaniment.
7. Concerto for Violoncello..... Golttermann
Henry Mollenhauer.
8. Cantilene and Finale. (First time.)
March and chorus from "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner
by the "Arion" and the Ladies Chorus of the New
York Singing Academy.

The orchestra, consisting of the best part of the Philharmonic, under the direction of Mr. Bergmann did fullest justice to the beautiful Symphony, and Mozart's ever fresh overture. So also to Liszt's Goethe-march, which was, however the least enjoyable number of the programme. The Arion sang very finely, and gave evidence of Mr. Anschütz' spirited and careful training. The last chorus in which they were assisted by about 20 ladies, gave universal satisfaction. Mendelssohn's Concerto was not interpreted as well as it might have been by Mr. Noll, whose performance lacks entirely the delicacy, refinement and soul which this composition requires. In any thing where vigor and breadth are needed, Mr. Noll leaves nothing to be wished for, he should confine himself to such works. The concerto played by Mr. Mollenhauer was admirably calculated to show off the beauties of the instrument of which this artist is a master; which made his performances exceedingly satisfactory.

PARIS, MARCH 15, 1861.—The new opera house will, it seems now decided, not be built on the site of the old one. The committee charged with making a report upon the plans submitted to them has pronounced the space allotted too small. For a capital as large as Paris, increasing daily in pleasure-seekers and art-lovers, a building larger than the one proposed would be required. The Grand Opera now accommodates 1,800 spectators, the new Academy of Music will, it is computed, not seat more than 2000. When it is considered that the 25 theatres of Paris and the 145 places of amusement are crowded nightly, the demands for a more suitable opera house than the temporary building now in use will be appreciated.

There are few places more uncomfortable than the interior of the theatres of this capital. Even in the best places it is difficult to take one's seat without causing many persons to rise. There is no room: the lobbies are narrow and close. This is no new matter of complaint, and in consequence the Parisian shuns the theatre in summer. When the present government is displaying such magnificence in the

construction of public edifices it will certainly erect for art a monument worthy of the reign that is transfiguring Paris on each side.

The committee then have not accepted any of the plans proposed. These plans which were on exhibition for several days at the palace of industry presented some beautiful façades, though as a general thing there seemed to be a lack of originality. There was much of that classicism of the nineteenth century which stamps the architecture of the reign of Napoleon III.

Great care was bestowed by the artists upon the entrances. The vestibules and stairways were planned in such dimensions that there was cause to fear that the new Academy of Music was to be all exterior. The hall was forgotten in the study for monumental effect.

Prizes were awarded to the authors of five of the plans though none was deemed worthy of acceptance. The exigencies were indeed great upon the architect. The space too small. Carriage ways had to be provided, passages for pedestrians, a private entry for the Emperor all covered and made to tally with the monumental character of the edifice. The boxes were to be preceded each by a sitting-room, and room allotted for the imperial escort. These demands and others were from the first pronounced as incompatible with the space allowed. Several artists in fact sent in their designs disregarding the conditions. The result of the trial was the abandonment of the locality proposed.

And where will the new opera house then be situated? A place contiguous to the Place Vendôme has been suggested. The garden of the Tuilleries is seriously proposed. The Place de Rouen so far seems the most advisable, but it is not large enough. However, Paris knows how to demolish if needs be. Since 1852 streets enough have been cleared away not to be frightened at the demolition of some hundreds of houses.

The new *Theatre Lyrique* and opposite to it the new *Cirque Impériale* will, it is hoped, be completed in summer. The work progresses night and day. Those who cross the Atlantic in July may be in time to be present at the first representations.

The receipts for the month of February in the theatres of Paris are 1,751,362 francs. In the month of February last year the receipts were 1,765,398 francs, showing a decrease of above 14,000 francs.

Of new pieces produced with the last two weeks may be mentioned "*Une femme emballée*" comedy by M. Laurencin played at the *Folies Dramatiques*. "*La servante de Nicholas*," operetta by Mm. Nérée Désarbres and Nutter, music by M. Erlanger. "*Je vous aime*," by the son of Victor Hugo, M. Charles Hugo, at the Vaudeville. At the *Opera Comique*, *Le jardinier galant* by M. Ferdinand Poise has taken the place of *Madame Gergoire*, which it resembles in plot. Light, easy music, quick, gay action. Neither of these operettas have superseded the *Circassienne* which still draws as at first. At the Odeon *Le portrait d'une jolie femme*, by M. Rochfort is a weak comedy composed in a pretentious style.

The *Comédie Française* has produced nothing new since *Les Effrontés* which are still being played, though with occasional rays of light along the rows that were so crowded on its first appearance.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, the representations of *Le Val d'Andorre* are drawing to a close. A new piece *La Statue*, opera in three acts is announced.

The *Massacres de Syrie*, at the *Theatre du Cirque Impériale* still attracts crowds among which the military are conspicuous who come to see the manoeuvres of the camels. A red placard is affixed to the bill posted at the door, informing the public that the camels will make their first entry at eight o'clock precisely, and besides, that "other camels from Africa appear in the grand march at ten." They are pealed, shabby looking creatures those "African camels,"

however, the spectacle is in its way truly "exciting," that's the word. But the massacres must give way next week to a new play by M. Alexander Dumas, "*Le prisonnier de la Bastille, Fin des mousquetaires*." Are we then to see the last of these Guardsmen? M. Maquet unceremoniously interposes before the production of this last play of Dumas and demands "his share" in the honors and profits. The prolific novelist is not eager to accept the claims of his ancient collaborators, but Maquet has redressed himself by appeal to the tribunals more than once, and we shall probably see on the bills, in spite of the author of *Monte Christo*, "*par Mm. Dumas et Maquet*."

Mlle Dejaset whom an indisposition had prevented from appearing for some time, has resumed her roles at her theatre of the Boulevard. Mme. Ristori has returned from Russia and is now in Paris preparing herself to appear in "*The Madonna of Art*" of M. Ernest Legouvé. She is to play at the Odeon and in French.

Ravel of the *Palais Royal* is engaged for St. Petersburg at the rate of 70,000 francs per season.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has at last been produced—Wednesday was the first representation. The Emperor was present. It was at his special wish that this German "music of the future," is heard now for the first time in Paris. The first production of *Tannhäuser* is an event even here. Mad. Tedesco personated Venus, and Herr Niemann seems to have satisfied the most exacting.

I must not remain silent concerning the scope of work that has called forth whole volumes of criticism in musical Germany. A magazine has been lately started which openly declares *Tannhäuser* to be the starting point of modern art. The enemies of the new style are bitter in the epithets they apply to it. I have heard a worthy professor in Munich, Riehl lose all patience when having occasion to mention that "new style which is enough to send dogs howling away." And Riehl is a talented critic, and man of exquisite taste; his "musical letters" recommend themselves by the depth of their views and the application the author finds to the sister arts with which music is so intimate linked. The admirers of Wagner on the other hand, are no less celebrated. At any rate it has become a fashion to sneer at the "music of the future." I cannot be one of the sneerers, I have seen of late too many horrid puns and caricatures in the weeklies of Paris.

There was opposition at the first representation of *Tannhäuser* on last Wednesday. There was some hissing, still [the applause] drowned these demonstrations. The work has to battle against the ridicule of the press. A dangerous opponent in France. It is too soon to be able to know the sentence of these Sunday critics. In my next I shall recount the failure or success of the work of Richard Wagner.

F. B.

CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1861.—The fifth Concert of this Society on Monday, March 11, was, as usual, well attended, for the mere announcement of a Philharmonic Concert is sufficient to fill Bryan Hall. The Society, with their efficient conductor, HANS BALATKA, is doing a good work in the cultivation of a high order of musical taste in our city.

1. Overture, "Egmont"..... Beethoven.
2. Scene for Baritone, "Page Bouyer et Capitaine." Mr. DePasio. Membre.
3. Solo for Violoncello, "Souvenir de Spa,"..... Servais.
4. Aria, from fourth act of "Martha,"..... Flotow.
Miss Smith.
5. { a Notturmo, } "Midsummer Night's Dream"
b Scherzo..... Mendelssohn.
6. Overture, "Girondists,"..... Litolff.
7. Trio, Finale, "Ernani,"..... Verdi.
Miss Dewey, Mr. Smith, Mr. DePasio.
8. Fantasia on a National Theme, for Orchestra..... Balatka.

Madame FABBRI, we regret to say, has left us, and is now operating with great success, in Detroit and Cincinnati. The best proofs of her popularity and

of the great triumphs which she achieved during her stay here, are the ten concerts, in which she appeared before our best and most select audiences, and in all of which she met with the most cordial reception and with an unprecedented success, such as no artistes, who have appeared before her, can boast of. When shall we hear her like again!

For the next Philharmonic Concert Mozart's Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, is announced.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MARCH 12 — Presuming your readers may be interested in musical matters at Weymouth, I thought I would send you an account of the "Union Choral Society." It was formed last fall, and has about seventy-five male members. The officers are:

President: H. C. Webb.

Vice President: F. B. Bates.

Clerk and Treasurer: Oliver Lord.

Directors: E. Hunt, L. Curtis, J. W. Bartlett, L. Stetson, C. L. Pratt.

Conductor: H. C. Webb, of Boston.

They brought out the "Messiah" and performed it very creditably at Weymouth Town Hall twice, and at Quincy, Hingham, and Braintree Town Halls once each, with an orchestra of 18 pieces and chorus of about 100 voices. The orchestra, with one exception (Hohnstock, of Boston) reside in Weymouth or its vicinity. It was led by Mr. N. U. Torrey, of the Howard Athenæum orchestra, one of our best native born violinists and a Weymouth boy.

The concerts, although costing the Society about \$50 cash resulted in a loss of but \$2.23. This we think doing well for Classical Concerts.

At a Town meeting held last Monday it was voted the Society have the free use of the Town Hall for rehearsals and concerts.

The performances this winter are an honor to the place, and, with the more than ordinary vocal and instrumental talent there is in Weymouth and vicinity, its excellent Conductor, and the encouragement given it by the town, it is hoped and believed that it will be a permanent institution.

The Society is now rehearsing the "Creation," although it will probably not bring it out this Spring but will give one or two miscellaneous concerts.

WARREN.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH, 1861. — Our Philharmonic Society had afforded to the inhabitants of this city, this winter, the first opportunity they ever had of hearing, regularly, classical music. I have been closely watching the effect. Previously, you never heard the subject mentioned save among a few. Now, the whole city has become aroused. Some, because it is fashionable, and they spend all their time at the concerts whispering, and comparing clothes; while the most, I am glad to see, are actuated by an earnest endeavor to learn. This Society has done the cause of music more good than any thing else that has ever been done west of the Alleghanies, as they have aroused the people to a consideration of classical music.

One word here, as to an occurrence that happened; some of the papers criticized the last concert a little, and gave much offence. The editors were informed that they had no right to criticize because tickets were free; they did not deny the truth of the criticism. This is wrong. If 2500 give their time they have a right to criticize. Besides the tickets are not free, as each member paid fifty dollars for seventy tickets. The Society must learn to stand criticism, good or bad, and endure remarks, even ill-natured ones. We are glad to learn, however, that the objections to being criticized were raised by some of the very young members, part of whom were the ones criticized, and that their course was heartily condemned by all the rest. We did intend to make long complaints about those who go to the concerts as they go to a fair,

whispering all the time, but we came across this extract and hope you have room for it, or a part at least. I wish the Society would let me make a speech to the audience.

"One who keeps his eyes and ears open," makes in *The Ledger* the following true remarks on that most intolerable class of people, those who whisper at concerts:

"After attending the Philharmonic Concerts of New York for ten years, we make up our minds that there could scarcely be found as many polite people in New York as there were right-eous people in Sodom. The music seemed to be designed only as a cover behind which young and frivolous people could whisper. When the instruments rose up into great volumes of sound, of course whispering was drowned, but when the flow of sound subsided, and the more exquisite passages were murmuring gently, we have often lost the whole effect by the sibilant whispers all around. Go where we would, change from parquette to gallery, from one side to the other, everybody was busy in disturbing all who came for music. In the pettishness of disappointment we sometimes have been disposed to place these ill-mannered whisperers in the Apostle's catalogue of offenders. It is certain that they stand high in the court of ill-bred people. A person may be intelligent, well-dressed, and amiable, his connections may be high, his parents wealthy, and he may proudly claim to belong to the first society; but a person who whispers at opera or concert, is to be pronounced ill-mannered—and that without appeal or benefit of clergy! Nor is that all. Parents cannot have done their duty whose children do not know any better how to behave on public occasions. And when people who are cheated out of all the pleasure for which they have come to a musical festival, are smarting with this annoyance, they inwardly blame the mother rather than the daughter, and pity children that have been suffered to go out into society with so little knowledge of what is proper. A person who is truly polite at a concert or opera will be polite anywhere."

The material of the Society proves to be excellent, first class, and their energy is unequalled. Besides they have another important element of prosperity, plenty of money. So we promise ourselves great things.

The sixth Concert was Monday evening, March 25th, and by far the best yet, both in number, performers and finish of execution. The St. Louis Opera House, and the theatre are closed and Mr. Vogel with his orchestra joined the Society. The audience, to the number of twenty-five hundred were densely packed in the hall an hour before the time, although it was raining very hard.

PART I.

1. Overture, "Magic Flute"..... W. A. Mozart
2. Chorus: "How lovely are the messengers," from Oratorio "St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn
3. Scene and Aria: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischütz"..... C. M. von Weber
4. Allegro and Finale, "5th Symphony"..... Beethoven
5. Flute solo, "Air Suisse"..... Boehm

PART II.

6. Overture, "Midsummer Night Dream" (by particular request)..... Mendelssohn
7. Chorus: "Oh! great is the depth of the Riches," from Oratorio "St. Paul"..... Mendelssohn
8. Grand Aria, "Le Pardon de Plermel"..... Meyerbeer
9. Male chorus, "Hunting Song"..... Mendelssohn
10. Song: "Thou art so near, and yet so far"..... Reichardt
11. Finale from "La Traviata"..... Verdi

The solo from *Der Freischütz*, sung by Miss Tourney was the best that we have heard so far in these concerts; we confess to have entertained a prejudice against her heretofore, but last night wholly removed it. The orchestral accompaniment was just what it should be, and it all harmonized so well, that the girl behind me, who had a fine ear for music, exclaimed, "Why, how much her voice sounds like the violins, I can't tell when she is singing, and when she aint." "However," as the man said about St. Paul, "That's where you and I differ."

Mr. Carr's Flute Solo was received with genuine delight. We can say no more of this gentleman than we have. The aforesaid young lady remarked to her beau, "He plays pretty well for an amateur." Allow us to assure the young lady, with our compliments, that Mr. Carr *does* play pretty well for an amateur, and if there is a professional in the United States that can excel him, (I except one) I would like to hear him. Right in here the young lady behind me interposed another remark which I leave for your readers to answer, "Is it the thing for the singers in a concert to wear black gloves" as many did.

The grand Aria Mr. Sabatski sung very well, and the "song" by a pupil of his showed great training. The Overtures, Choruses and Finale could hardly have been better. Too much credit can hardly be given to so young a society, for their rendering of such music. B.

Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Resignation. Miss Lindsay. 30

This song has quickly found its way into almost every musical family in England. It is of a truly devotional character, the words breathing a true Christian spirit, the music lofty and elevating.

Thoughts of thee. Julius E. Muller. 25

This composer of many fine and useful Piano pieces has tried his hand very successfully in a song, which has all the graces of melody and a rich harmonic fundment.

The sunny South. L. B. Barnes. 25

A melodious, pretty ballad, bright as the genial atmosphere and clear sky of the Southern zones.

Miserere. Sextet. "Trovatore." 25

Got up in this cheap form for Singing-clubs and Societies. It is printed precisely as sung in the Opera without change of key or any attempt at simplification. This is only one number of a long list of "Operatic Selections" for Choral Societies which are now being published at low prices. Among those out already the "Market Chorus" from "Martha," and the splendid Finale of the fourth act of "Ernani" deserve mentioning.

Instrumental Music.

Key City March. Helen M. Spaulding. 25

Physicians' Quick March. C. A. Stewart. 25

Two good military marches, easy to play.

Un Ballo in Maschera. Beauties arranged in 2 books, by Adolph Baumbach, each 50

Since this new Opera of Verdi's has gained such a decided hold upon our music lovers here that the demand for a piano arrangement of its sparkling melodies has become immense, this series written in the style of the well-known *Trovatore* selections by the same author will be hailed with gratification. The gems are all there: the splendid Quartet, the sweet Tenor Romanza, the dashing Barcarolle, the Laughing Chorus, the charming Songs of the Page, the galop-like Chorus of the ball-scene. None of the favorites will be missed.

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Among the numerous works of the kind this cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity of precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the mind of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies—the exercises are in a form to attract the attention, and the selection of music one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational Institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 471.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music Sketches of French Musical History. XII.

THE CHANSON AND VAUDEVILLE.

1050—1860.

According to Berquin, in the *Petite Encyclopédie poétique*, the *Romance de Roland* is the earliest piece of verse known in the French language. This song of war, which of yore animated the soldiers of Charlemagne when marching to combat, gave way very soon to the romance of love which flourished among the Provençal Troubadours. From Provence, the "gay science" spread into Languedoc, then into Picardy and shortly after even into Normandy. About 1050 the joyous science was known throughout France. As poets of the middle ages we have already cited the names, Abelard, Helinand, and Thibaut Count of Champagne. The courts of love became numerous in the 12th and 13th centuries, and the *Roman de la Rose* appeared.

Ou tout l'art d'amour est enclose.

This fine old poem began by Guillaume de Lorris, who died in 1262, was finished by Jean de Meung, surnamed Clopinel.

In 1324 the celebrated Clemence Isaure founded at Toulouse the Academy of the "Jeux floraux" which is still in existence.* Under Charles V. (of France) a new impulse was given to literature; the royal Library was founded—containing then only 900 volumes. Soon after, Alain Chartier, (born 1386, died 1458) gained the title Father of French eloquence. To him the old story refers, of a poet, who one day sleeping in a gallery of the Palace, was kissed by Margaret of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI). The maids of honor expressing their surprise at such honor being conferred upon the poet, Margaret replied, "I do not kiss the man but the lips, which flow with such sweet and beautiful thoughts."

Martin Franc, author of the *Champion des Dames* and Francois Villon, celebrated for his ballets and rondos, flourished in the time of Charles VIII. Georges Châtelain, educated at the court of the Dukes of Bourgogne, Guillaume Coquillard an official at Reims, René d'Anjou, Count of Provence, and Clement Marot a pupil of Villon, successively attracted the public attention. Jean le Maire born in 1473, Octavien and Melin de Saint-Gelais, came upon the scene a little before the birth of Francis I., which took place at Cognac, Sept. 12, 1494. Of this gallant and cultivated king's epoch the poetical works now most esteemed are those of Bonaventure Desperiers, Marguerite de Valois, Clement Marot and Ronsard. The latter, born in the Vendôme in 1525, received, as a present from the magistracy of Toulouse, a Minerva wrought in massive silver. A celebrated club in the time of Charles IX., called the Pléiade, consisted of Ronsard,

Jodelle, du Bellay, Baif, Thyard, Belleau and Dorat. It was to Ronsard that the verses of Charles IX. were addressed:—

Tous deux je les également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais, roi, je les reçois; poète, tu les donnes.

At length Malherbe comes and then the poets of the great century: Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau; in the 18th century, Voltaire, by his fecundity, wit and facility ruled the French literary world. The chanson [song, ditty] which had reached great perfection in the 17th century in the rhymes of Master Adam, a carpenter at Nevers, who died in 1662, came into new life in the last century in the merry numbers of Collé, Favart, Gallet, Lattaignant, Florian, Panard, Piron, Vadé and Marmontel. Moncrif and Berquin wrote delicious romances, and this form of poetry—so often wrecked on the rock of insipidity—has been continued to our own day by the labors of Romagnesi, Berat, Masini, Panse-ron, Loisa Puget, Paul Henrion, Etienne Arnaud, &c.

But the chanson got the better of the romance. By turns gallant, erotic, bacchical, satyric and moral, it gained new life at the dinners *du caveau* [of the wine cellar] founded in 1773 by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Collé. This Society which at first met at Gallet's, was increased by the addition of Crebillon the Elder, Sallé, Fuzelier, Saurin, Duclos, La Bruere, Bernard, Moncrif, Boucher, Helvetius and Rameau; it afterwards transferred its *Penates* to the rue de Buci, not far from the café Procope, near the carrefour.

This epicurian association lasted ten years. In 1762, it was revived by Piron, Crebillon the younger and Bernard, and met at the cabaret de Landelle. The most distinguished members during the second period of its existence were Panard, Laujon, Lemière, Favart, Colardeau, Vadé, Dorneval, Salieri, Goldoni, Fréron, Delille the writer of fables, Philidor, Albanèse and Vernet. Crebillon suppressed the penalty of a glass of water, to which authors of epigrams either unjust or silly had previously been sentenced. A rolling fire of joke and jest filled up the sitting, and all was wit, gaiety and humor. This club continued but five years. Then come the chanson writers of the transition period, Garnier, Laborde, Lattaignant, Boufflers and Parny.

Sept. 22, 1796 the first of the Vaudeville dinners took place. Of the twenty-two members of this jolly company the more distinguished were Laujon, Piis, Barré, Radet, the three Segurs, Armand Gouffé, Dupaty, Dieulafoi. The breakfasts of the "Garçons de bonne humeur"—jolly companions—were eaten by a club of ten persons, Etienne, Desaugiers, Sewrin, Perisus, etc.

Dec. 20, 1805, the dinners of the *caveau moderne* were established, which given on the 20th of each month at the Rocher de Cancale. Piis, Laujon, Cadet-Gassicourt, Gouffé, Desaugiers, Jouy, Ducrai-Duminil were the heroes of this monthly meeting. Beranger was admitted

member in 1813, and the year following succeeded Gouffé as perpetual secretary. But the events of 1815 put an end to the *Caveau moderne*. A second series of meetings began in 1825 at Lemardelay's under the presidency of the witty Desaugiers.

In 1835, a new *Caveau* club was formed at the instance of Albert de Montémont. The Ancelots and Scribes have not desdained to join these witty and interesting meetings, where excellent wine fires the spirit and warms the feeling of friendship. But now, the goodhearted Desaugiers and the immortal Beranger have departed leaving their mantle to Gustave Nadaud, incontestably the most remarkable of our present writer of chansons. At the same time poet, musician, singer and accompanist, he by his fourfold talents is a worthy heir of his many and illustrious predecessors.

The chanson, that eminently national product of the French mind, was parent of the Vaudeville. The invention of this form, is generally attributed to Oliver Basselin, a fuller at Vire in Normandy, who lived about 1450. The Chansons of this author used to be sung at the foot of a hill called *les Vaux*, which rose from the shore of river *Vire*. The words *Vaux de Vire* became by corruption *Vaudeville*. The chansons of Basselin were revised in the next century by Jean le Houx.

The Vaudeville is essentially a satyric character; hence the saying, that Ancient France was a monarchy moderated by chansons. The court, the members of the Parliament and high personages were always exposed to the rhymes. They all declared war against the chansons and their authors. Then the comedies made upon the events of the day or upon scandalous anecdotes took the name of Vaudeville. At a later date the same term was applied to the couplets sung in turn by the actors at the close of a play.

But the Vaudeville, properly so called in our day, originated in the Italian comedy and at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent. And so followed chronologically the theatres of the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Palais-Royal, &c.

In 1737, Panard brought out at the Fair of St. Germain a piece entitled *Le Vaudeville*. Momus opened the play with his daughter dressed in a costume representing the Fair. She tells her father that she is sad because she loves the Vaudeville, which is a kind of literature which the comic opera will not recognize. Momus consols his daughter and obtains the consent of Bacchus and Joy, father and mother of the Vaudeville. Upon which she, in her character of the Fair of St. Germain, puts on an advocates robe and pleads the cause of the Vaudeville before Apollo; she proves that it has been well received every where else, that it is droll, playful satyric, amusing, witty, in short that it will please as well in the city as in the village. Fully convinced,

* This academy offers a prize for the discussion of the question, "Why in our times does the high comedy disappear from the stage, and give place to hasty improvised dramas in which morality is no less outraged than Art?"

Apollo issues a decree by which the vaudeville is put in possession of all the rights of Parnassus.

Sedaine, who detested this kind of play, afterwards introduced into one of his comic operas, a song expressing his detestation of the *Amours d'été* and the *Vendangeurs*, vaudevilles by Piis and Barré, which were then attracting crowds to the Italian comedy. This song* led Piis and Barré to build the Vaudeville theatre. But we must go back. In the "Theatre Italien" of Gherardi (Paris, 1717), there are few songs; in the "Nouveau Theatre Italien" (Paris, 1773), there is a considerable number of very pretty vaudevilles.

About 1739 Favart devised the 'pastoral' or village vaudeville. *Annette et Lubin* had a fine success. The verses were not without affectation, but were written with elegance.

In 1780 Piis and Barré gave the vaudeville new and vigorous life. Down to that period prose and verse had been mingled, Piis made vaudevilles entirely in verse. His essays were well received and at the comedie Italienne were played successively *Les Amours été*, *Les Vendangeurs*, and *La Veillée villageoise*. But Sedaine, who was giving melodramas, was disgusted with the success of the vaudevilles, and his strenuous opposition led by degrees to the disappearance of the vaudeville from the posters of the comedie Italienne. The first work of this form by Panard, Piron, Favart, Vadé, Lesage, d'Orneval, Fuselier, Anseaume, &c., were played at the fair of St. Laurent. The comic opera having been joined with the Italian theatre, the vaudeville was subordinated there to Italian pieces, to pieces with ariettes, to comedies and dramas, and was thus at length driven from that stage. The verses of Sedaine, spoken of above, led to the establishment of the theatre in the rue de Chartres. Piis having sought and been refused a moderate salary at the Italian comedy conceived the idea in 1790 of removing to another theatre. There was at the time in the rue de Chartres a ball-room called the Winter Vaudeville. Here the architect Lenoir built the Theatre Vaudeville, which was opened Jan. 12, 1792 with a piece by Piis in 3 acts entitled *Les Deux Pantheons*. Barré, Monnier and Chambon became associated with Piis and Rosières in carrying on the undertaking. Radet, Desfontaines, the two Segurs and others, soon began to write for it. During the revolutionary period Radet and Desfontaines were imprisoned six months for a bold sentence in their *Chaste Susanne*; they had put into the mouth of the judge the following words addressed to the two elders; "you are accusers, and cannot therefore be judges." The entire audience saw in this an allusion to the case of Maria Antoinette, whose trial was then in preparation. The two authors finally gained their liberty by some verses of a different tenor. It was long the custom at the vaudeville upon occasions of a new piece to sing a sort of a prologue, which was often written to celebrate this or that remarkable circumstance, and the two imprisoned poets took such an occasion to gain their freedom.

Fanchon la vieilleuse, a piece by Bouilly and

* Bonhomme Vaudeville
Laissez-nous donc tranquilles,
Amusez-nous par vos propos
Et par vos jolis madrigaux;
Mais ne quittez pas vos hameaux
Bonhomme Vaudeville.

Joseph Pain had a prodigious success. Madame Belmont created the beautiful part of Fanchon by her talented performance. Dieulafoi, Desaugiers, Moreau, Francis, Rougemont, Dumersan, Theaulon, Dartois, Dupaty, Merle, de Jouy, Dupin, &c., brought out at this theatre parodies and satyric pieces of exceeding piquancy. Virginie Dejaset and Jenny Vertpré distinguished themselves among the first comic actresses of their time.

In 1816 Desaugiers became director of the Vaudeville. Then Scribe came upon the scene, and with him a new generation of authors; Melesville. Delestre-Poirson, Mazeres, Carmouche, de Courcy, Saintine, Bayard, Dupeuty, de Vilneuve, Vanderburch, Delurieu, Sauvage and others. In 1819 Delestre-Poirson obtained the Gymnase and drew Scribe thither, who wrote at that time his charming *Repertoire du Theatre de Madame*. De Guerchy and Bernard-Leon succeeded Desaugiers, and they were followed by Etienne Arago in 1829. Then followed the dramatic successes of M. and Madame Ancelot, and in 1838 the Vaudeville Theatre in the rue de Chartres was destroyed by fire. At present the Vaudeville is established in the theatre on the place de la Bourse formerly occupied by comic opera.

[Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music by THOMAS RYAN.]

A Cure Effected by Music.

The imagination has often played an important part in medical cures, and our most celebrated physicians do not hesitate to make use of some ingenious ruse to help and cure invalids. It would be easy to multiply the examples of happy effects obtained with pills of micapanis, acqua saccharifera and the use of twenty other substances, insignificant in themselves and without any virtue in pharmacy. The greater part of the so-called miracles effected by homoeopathy and the infinitesimal doses employed by it, have no other cause than the effect produced on the minds of invalids by the attraction of the marvelous and by strong faith.

Be that as it may, Dr. Gorré Gassicourt corresponding member of the Academy of Medicine, has communicated to that learned body, a curious and somewhat dramatic case in which the art of Thalberg and Batta has replaced the purging and bleeding so much laughed at by Moliere, who we know consulted his physician, following none of his directions and yet became perfectly well. It is not enough known that Moliere was as hypochondriac as he was jealous and in railing so much at the "malade imaginaire" and "les Maris ridicules" he reproduced and mocked his own weakness.

Let us return to Dr. Gassicourt, whose little work is entitled, "Some Generalities on the Subject of Medicine of the Mind."

After having developed some very ingenious and true ideas on moral effects as a means of cure, Mr. Gassicourt recounts the following:—

"In June 1837, I was called into an English family of which I was the medical adviser, to see a young lady of sixteen or seventeen, who had been recently brought from England, and whose health caused her family the most serious fears. Having tried every expedient, the doctors advised her removal to the continent, hoping for some benefit from the change of air. I found my young patient in bed; she had not quitted it for two months. Her complexion was as white as ivory, blue eyes deeply sunken and without any life, hollow cheeks, lips without color, voice completely gone, everything betokened profound decay. To my questions she only replied by monosyllables, and when I wished to

feel her pulse, she could hardly raise her arm to allow me so to do. A constant fever sapped her drop by drop and a few spoonfuls of broth was all that for several weeks her stomach consented to admit.

The peculiar character of her physiognomy, indicated to me some moral malady, some heart trouble. I was not mistaken. A brother, tenderly beloved by the young girl, had three months before, lost his life while sea-bathing; she received the distressing news without a sigh or even shedding a tear. Since that terrible day, she had fallen into this mournful, deaf and dumb state, that Montaigne speaks of, when overwhelmed by accidents beyond our power of bearing up under.

What had been done thus far for her? Medicine of course had not the slightest success, the most affectionate care, the language of heart, even the recitation made by my advice, of the unhappy event that had so terribly stricken that young soul, affected her not at all, and it seemed impossible to renew the delicate thread so nigh breaking, of that existence but lately so rich in the future and so full of hope. To escape from that concentration of the grief that was slowly but surely undermining the springs of life, required some shock, a movement of expansion, something to break up the centralisation of thought; anything that loosens grief and will cause tears to flow, following the expression so true of Montaigne, gives release to the soul, separates it more at large and puts it at ease.

I wished to cure my young patient. The wish, in the practice of medicine often gives the power. The idea came into my mind to inquire if she was anything of a musician, they told she loved music passionately. For that reason, replied I, she must love the best music. Mozart and Beethoven completely possess her! Good, cried I, Beethoven and Mozart will save her! They thought I was dreaming, but allowed me full play. That same evening, at the desire of the patient, a piano was installed in the adjoining room, and the next day during my visit, while seated at her bed side, the *marcia funebre* by Beethoven, played with a sentiment worthy of the work, revealed itself all at once to our ears.

While charmed myself by that admirable piece, written by the master under heavenly inspiration, I followed and studied with an anxiety easy to comprehend, on the visage of my fair patient, the expression of the sensations that were working within her. Inert at first, I soon saw attention depicted on her physiognomy; then, like a flower exposed to the rays of the sun brightening on its stem, her head, lowered the instant before, was now raised. She listened! Suddenly her eyes sparkled with an unusual light, her cheeks were white and red by turns, her respiration became freer and more frequent tears in abundance (the first shed since the deplorable catastrophe) fell mingled with sobs; at last, convulsively agitated a cry escaped, "Let her come!" and immediately her arms opened to give a sisterly embrace to the dear friend who had just caused her to taste the unexpected benefits of those delicious emotions. From that day, her life was saved, Mozart and Beethoven aiding, for music, you may well believe was not abandoned. I could follow with pleasure the gradual coming back of strength and vigor to her frame. Some weeks after, my young patient, her mind serene, happy to return again to that life which is so charming at sixteen, beautified with all the graces of her age, left France and returned to the mother country, leaving in my memory an impression the most profound, yet the sweetest perhaps, that a physician can enjoy in the exercises of his profession.

Behold the power of music; behold another example of the marvels performed by the medicine of the heart. S. HENRI BERTHOUD.

Rossini at Home.

When in Paris for a few days last week, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Rossini to attend his Saturday evening reception, a musical *levée*, at which all artists and professors of distinction assemble weekly to pay their respects to the illustrious musician.

Rossini lives on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in a magnificent suite of appartements, *au seconde*. It is here he holds his court surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, whose wit and conversation are more sparkling than the diamonds of any duchess in St. Germain, and a host of chevaliers, from whose button holes dangle the gaudy decorations of every potentate in Europe. The hour of reception is nine o'clock, the amusement of the evening, music; no tea or coffee, no ices are allowed; the entertainment is purely intellectual, practically musical. And the tea and coffee are not missed; the music and *bon mots* of the amiable host offered far more enjoyment than the most refreshing ices.

The principal salons are thrown open to the guests. As I entered the first room, and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors, I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the Sisters Marchisio in a duet he has composed for his two *protégées*. In a brown shooting jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same color as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might, at first sight, have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life, and fattening to any extent upon the rich produce of his goodly acres. But wait awhile. The duet has but just begun. Let the accompanist warm up. His indolence leaves him, he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about, look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead, observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye as he turns round to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort, in some crescendo passages or cadenza.

Yes, there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no longer resembling an old country gentleman, but easily to be identified as that of Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause of the assembled guests, applause perhaps heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. Bravo maestro! Bravo da vero! Everybody crowded round the host as he left the pianoforte to go to his own particular chair in the adjoining room. There was a pause in the music. The courtiers busied themselves with congratulating the two sisters, and through them saying a word of flattery to the composer, who every now and then convulsed the room with laughter by some witty remark, which would be carefully noted in the pocket-book of a *soi-distant* wit, to be the next day retailed as his own.

After a short interval, Badioli and Solieri sang the duet from "Il Barbiere," then Badioli volunteered the bass song in the "Stabat," after which a very clever amateur, whose name is, I think, Sampieri, joined Solieri in the *Elisire* duet, and nearly eclipsed the tenor by his remarkable skill in managing a very fine voice and effective declamation.

Seated next Rossini was an elderly lady, slim in figure, and somewhat wrinkled in feature. She wore what I believe called a *robe montante*, and evidently was averse to crinoline. She was familiarly addressed by some as Marietta. "Who is that vivacious matron to whom everybody pays so much attention?" "That," said my friend, "is Madame Taglioni." "Not the Taglioni, the celebrated sylphide?" "Yes the same." I looked again, and fancied I could just trace a resemblance in the elderly lady in the black silk dress to that portrait of a *danseuse*, standing in an impossible position on one leg, which hangs in Mitchell's shop in Bond Street, covered with the dust of ages. It was a difficult task, the portrait having on a *robe montante* the very reverse of that which the lady wore who was before me.

Another celebrity of a time gone by was also present—Carafa, the composer of *La Prigione d'Edimburgo*, *Le Valet de Chambre*, and a hundred other operas now forgotten, the delight of a former generation.

The old gentleman is far from being in the same excellent condition as his comrade Rossini, but he nevertheless appears to enjoy life, and to carry his age remarkably lightly. Rossini having listened attentively to the songs and duets mentioned, sent his *cara sposa*, one of the most active housewives I ever met with, to request the Marchisios to sing again. They complied, and he led them to the pianoforte, introducing them to different visitors as they went along in the most eulogistic terms. This time he did not accompany, but stood by and encouraged the young artists with many a "bravo" and smile

of approbation. Eleven o'clock was drawing near, and at that hour the "Reception" always terminates.

The last performance of the evening was by M. Nadaud, who sang some wonderfully lengthy French songs with a sweet voice and great expression.

Then every one prepared to go. Rossini had a kind good-night for all. In passing through the ante-room he showed me Dantan's two caricature statues of himself and Meyerbeer, in which he is represented sitting in a dish of macaroni, hugging a lyre and Meyerbeer as writing for dear life half a dozen operas at once, Rossini seemed to enjoy the joke, and to chuckle at his own idleness compared to the constant activity of Meyerbeer.

Mr. W. H. Fry.—In the *N. Y. Albion* we find the following kindly notice of Mr. W. H. Fry, the newly appointed Secretary of Legation at Turin.

We refer to Mr. W. H. Fry, the composer of innumerable works that have received encomium in these columns, notably of the opera of "Leonora," which was played not long since at the Academy of Music; of a very fine "Stabat Mater," which has not yet received any attention from music-givers; and of several symphonies played by Julien's Band here and in Europe, with invariable success. Mr. Fry, in addition to being a musician, was also a critic. We are humble enough to believe that he has never received his proper reward for what he has done in the cause of Art. But he was also a politician, and genius, even when perverted, is still a power in the land. For making sundry speeches, he has been chosen by his country as a representative of its dignity abroad. The only satisfaction the writer of these lines enjoys is that he is sent to a musical land. Mr. Fry's official residence will be in Turin—the capital of United Italy. The country loses a composer and critic of the first class, and gains a diplomat. Shall we be pardoned if we add that in our judgment the country gets decidedly the worst of the bargain! Do you not see that, whilst there are hordes of diplomats, there are but few masters of the "divine art," and—it is vanity to add—no flux and overflow of gentlemen who, by natural aptitude, education, and susceptibility, are capable of wielding a truthful and fearless pen in the cause of Art.

Critics are so often and so much occupied with mild complainings ament the grievances of others, that they seldom find time to think of their own;—never to speak of them. But behind the trenchant pen often fags a wearied mind. That æsthetic nonentity, created by the mandates of taste, who plods from day to day steadily through a world of mediocrities to the goal where comparative criticism is no longer human, has a heart for which no one gives him credit, filled with tender yearnings, asking for sympathy but winning contempt, insisting on justice but brewing hatred. Among the thousands who criticise criticism, how few are there who think of the critic. What indeed, asks the artist, is a critic but a miserable maggot of the brain who crawls through ideas to spoil them; who takes a fancy and batters it with a fact; who seizes an illusion and flattens it out with a reality. To each of that army of musicians, actors, and painters, who has not been praised more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the critic is worse than a superfluity. It is only to the art public that he is a necessity; a portion of the daily meal, a fragment of the early breakfast. He comes punctually like the milk in the morning, and perhaps is not much more invigorating. But, Messieurs the public, that punctuality is the test of his faithfulness, and is purchased with health, even life itself. To secure it, he toils long into the night until his eyes grow dim and the buzz of the yellow flickering gas sounds like the drone of the Fates in his ear. His reward is either absolute oblivion, or the public contumely of those it has been his misfortune to assail. He is never out of his coat of type; never without an enemy to point out how ridiculous it is. Could we strip it off, we should find beneath a kindly human creature with every generous impulse to lead a helping hand to the weak and struggling—and doing it more often than people believe, too; we should find sometimes a sentinel who has grown faint with long watching, we should find in short a gentleman like Mr. Fry, broken in health but strong in purpose, hopeful of the future, but weary, very weary of the present.

To a brother journalist and critic, who has fought nobly in the cause, and retires from the field disabled but covered with honors; to a gentleman of wide attainments and wide susceptibilities, and to a composer of distinguished merit, the critic of this paper pays his homage, and expresses the hope that warmth of an Italian sky may quickly restore him to health. Italy is the mother of Art. It is well that the children of art should go there for comfort and strength in their hour of trial.

Church Music in New York.

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church, built for the society of Rev. Dr. Hague, was completed and dedicated in January last. It is a very handsome brick edifice, and contains a new and superior toned organ of 36 stops, built by Henry Erben, at a cost of \$5000, the peculiar qualities of which were exhibited on Monday evening last, by Mr. Morgan of Grace Church, to a large and select audience. The regular organist of the church, Mr. John H. Thompson, is an *amateur* player, and pupil of Wm. A. King; he has been in Europe, studying music, for the past three years, and is yet quite a young man, but bids fair to become, in time, one of our first organists. The choir is made up as follows: soprano, Miss Trull; contralto, Miss Barclay; tenor, Mr. Miranda; bass, Mr. J. Conkey—the whole forming one of the best quartettes in the city. The style of the music is left to the option of the organist, who shows excellent taste in his selections.

In many respects, the choir at the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood's, on Broadway, opposite Fourth street, is second to none other in the city, and the music of this church is justly celebrated. Mr. Henry C. Timm, the President of the New York Philharmonic Society, officiated as organist here for fifteen years, and has been succeeded by Mr. Edward Howe, Jr., the present incumbent, who has filled this position during the past five years. Mr. Howe is a gentleman of liberal education, has been a professor of music in New York for eighteen years, and has brought to bear in this department an amount of scientific and theoretic as well as practical knowledge, which has greatly enhanced the value of this portion of the church service. The choir is composed of the following talented vocalists: Miss Grenelle, soprano; Miss Rushby, contralto; Mr. Mills, tenor; Mr. Jewett, basso. They use the "Greatorex Collection of Music," the "Church and Home," recently put forth by George Leach, who was for many years connected with this choir, and other books of that class. The music is given in a finished and classical manner, and Mr. Howe's accompaniments are particularly appropriate and adapted.

The organ is an old one, built by the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, but was remodelled, and had important additions made to it, some ten years since, by Crabb, of Flatbush, L. I. It is enclosed in a fine mahogany case, has two ranks of keys, extending from G to F, 26 stops, and a full complement of pedals. The *swell* is unusually full and fine. When the instrument is used, a jet of gas is kept burning inside of the swell box, the object of which is to keep the swell organ in tune with the great; it is under the control of the organist, and, by the use of this simple arrangement, the pitch can be changed one half tone when it is affected by changes in the temperature. It is the only arrangement of the kind in the country, with the exception of a similar one in the immense organ at Dr. Beman's church, Troy. Both were made by Thomas Robjohn, who has charge of this organ.

The Unitarian Church at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, which has been named "All Souls," and is used by the society of Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D., presents a very unique appearance externally, as well from the style of its architecture, as from the peculiar arrangement of the building materials in alternate layers of French Caen stone and Philadelphia pressed brick. Internally, it is one of the most elegant and comfortable churches we have. The experiment for increasing the power of the speaker's voice, by placing a paraboloid back of the pulpit, which was so successfully made in Trinity Church under the supervision of Prof. C. W. Hackley, has been repeated here. It is about eight feet in height, in the form of a shell, with a concave surface, painted with a dark ground, upon which is a cross in gilt, surrounded with a "halo" or "glory," and each Sabbath the light of two gas burners is cast upon it. This is, to some extent, carrying out the favorite theory of the pastor, Dr. Bellows, who advocated symbolism connected with worship, in his renowned sermon "The Suspense of Faith." Some radical changes are on the point of being made in the musical department of this church, and, in view of these contemplated changes, we shall not furnish the detail concerning it, with the minuteness which we have observed in speaking of other churches. The organ is a fine one of 34 stops, built by Ferris of this city, and, in architecture, corresponds with the style of the church, the Byzantine. It is played by Mr. Ruopfeldt, who succeeded Mr. Wm. Scharfenberg. Both are German by birth, and artists of some repute.

The music at the new Unitarian Chapel (Rev. Samuel Longfellow's) on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, deserves more than a passing notice. The well-

known vocalist, Miss Mary E. Hawley, sustains the contralto part in the quartet choir, and much attention is bestowed upon the musical portion of the services. Every alternate Sabbath evening, a vesper service is held, which is almost entirely musical, and highly attractive. The organ, built by Stuart of New York, is small, but adapted to the size of the building, and is very efficiently played by Mr. Colby. The pastor (a brother of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet) is at present in Europe.

At Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, the singing is congregational, led by a large choir under the direction of Mr. J. Zundel, a composer of considerable note, who was formerly organist of St. Ann's Church, St. Petersburg, and latterly of St. Georges, New York. The organ is small, and not such an one as this rich and influential society should possess. One may hear at Mr. Beecher's Church, the finest congregational singing we have in this country. The "Plymouth Collection" is used by choir and congregation; this contains the music as well as the words, and generally it is a well arranged collection. The house is always filled, the congregation a united one—the result of the attachment entertained toward the pastor by his people—and the effect of their 3000 voices heartily united in singing is sometimes thrilling.

In concluding our observations upon this subject, we would remark that with many minds, an erroneous impression exists that the music of some of the churches described in these letters, partakes of an operative character. The most effectual method of rectifying this error would be for those who experience it to visit some of our churches and note the impressions made upon the mind by the music ordinarily selected.

The manifest improvement in sacred music of late years is due, in part, to the great advance made in the nature of the books published. The books of old and worn out tunes hitherto considered standard, are fast being supplanted by the more modern "Grace Church Collection" of Wm. A. King, "Greatest Collection," by the former organist and director of music at Calvary Church, the "Mozart Collection," and others. Among a large class of our people, there exists a demand for music of a more classical character than was called for a generation since. The time has passed away when selections from the "Billings and Holden" collection would be acceptable to worshippers, and there is no doubt that the generation of Psalm-tune books which followed this collection, will eventually furnish material for another series of "old folks concerts."

The demand of the age is for something elevating and inspiring, which, at the same time, can meet the call of the intellect. Those who attend church service seek, as well from the music as from the preaching, to experience an elevating and holy influence; and while some can experience this from listening to the tunes with the harmony as ordinarily arranged, others require new and varying combinations. By these the genius of such as Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn is better appreciated than the combinations of our modern psalmody composers. In the Grace Church collection of music some of the masterpieces of the great composers are embodied, and it is without exception the finest work of the kind ever published. The organ accompaniments are arranged separately, and are of themselves a study; in their complete harmonization, many of the resources of musical art have been employed, and they can be used with only a soprano or tenor voice to sustain the melody as well as in full chorus. This work, printed from engraved plates in the highest style of art, was originally published by Stanford & Delissier of this city, but the plates have been purchased by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, who now publish it in the original form.

The Greatest Collection (also published by Ditson & Co.) is a very superior work, containing much good music selected from the standard composers, it is more popular than the Grace Church Collection as the price at which it is published brings it more within the reach of the masses, and it has deservedly attained a wide circulation. These works, although written for use in the Protestant Episcopal Church, more particularly, are equally well adapted to churches of other denominations, and we hope to see them generally adopted, their tendency being to develop a pure and correct taste in this direction.

Music is the highest language of the soul. It is the highest inspiration next to the prophetic, and the time has come when this department of worship has begun to receive its proper attention in our Protestant Churches. We trust that as the age advances in art, science and intellect, more and more thought and attention will be given to develop this inspiring art, and that genius will be well supported and sustained which shall devote itself to the production

and performance of this, the truest prayer and praise.—*Transcript.*

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.—Sitting in the New York Academy of Music at the late Philharmonic concert, we were particularly charmed with the piano performance. Mr. Hoffman is well nigh an inimitable player, but certain it is that the best of players cannot make good music except from a good instrument. From Chickering's piano, which was played on the occasion, every run, scale, phrase, or isolated note reached our ears in its perfect integrity. Not a sound was lost, from the great sweeping chords and ponderous octaves to the most delicate chromatic scale, or pianissimo trill. This is not the case with all pianos. Those from many other factories, although possessing many points, are yet unequal in tone, and the bass not unfrequently entirely drowns the treble. The listener misses the clear, bell-like silvery sweetness of a genuine Chickering, which makes this piano so great a favorite in the parlor, and which was so highly appreciated by Thalberg and Gottschalk. They are the pianos fit for a musical poet. The great reputation which the Chickering's have earned during the past forty years is well-deserved.—*Independent.*

CHINESE MUSIC.—There is a story afloat that a Chinese maestro, Lusing is about to visit Europe on a musical mission, to combat the errors of modern music, and spread throughout the barbarian world the true principles of Chinese music. He will bring with him a Chinese orchestra to produce the compositions of Fo-hi a contemporary of Noah, and those of Pochery To Tis, the Rossini of China, who died only about two hundred years ago. This story *L'Eco d'Italia* gives without comment. It needs none, and will be gladly welcomed by those musicians who can see nothing good in modern music, and chiefly value compositions on account of their age. As they now profess to despise Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi, and gloat on Gluck and Bach, we expect they will soon despise these worthy Teutons, and fasten their affections on Fo-hi, the contemporary of Noah.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It is said that Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*, will follow next in succession—that is to say, unless *Les Troyens*, by Hector Berlioz, should find its way to the foot-lamps of the Academy instead—an event which is spoken of, and would beyond gainsay be an act of justice. There have been so many slips between the cup of publicity and the black lips of Meyerbeer's heroine, that she would scarcely be affected by the consequent delay. On the 23d of this month it is announced that there will be an extraordinary performance at the Imperial Opera House. Two hundred exponents will perform a selection from the symphonic works of Felicien David, under the conductorship of the composer himself. The *Desert*, the fourth part of *Christophe Colomb*, the overture to *La Perle du Brésil*, and the finale of *Moïse au Sinai*, will be included in the programme.

The manager of the Italian Opera has just engaged Mlle. Trebelli for five years. The terms are said to be 200l. a month the first year, 280l. the second, and 320l., 360l., and 400l. for the third, fourth, and fifth years. These are not bad terms even for an Italian cantatrice, and the lady, who will make her *début* in *Tancredi*, is said to be indebted for so advantageous an engagement to the two brilliant seasons which she has recently carried through at Berlin and Madrid. The *Nozze di Figaro* is in preparation. Mad. Penco, whose engagement has just been renewed, will play Susanna, Mad. Battu the Countess, and Mlle. Dalmoniti, whose *débuts* will continue, the Page. Meanwhile, the Italian pianist, of whom I gave you some notion not long since, is astonishing the audiences at the Salle Ventadour each night of performance with his executive feats. He has himself accompanied by an orchestra, which would seem quite a superfluous measure in his case, for the ubiquitous power of his fingers on the keyboard supplies the place of another pair of hands. One thing is to be said in favor of this hard-hitting gymnast, this "harmonious blacksmith," he conceals the physical effort his feats cost him with a placidity of exterior truly Spartan in its heroism.

Apropos of Mad. Penco's reengagement, and the terms received by Italian artists, it is said that M. Calzadò had to submit to an increase in that lady's demands, and has signed an agreement to pay that 252,000 fr. (10,080l.) for three seasons of seven months, a private box on the stage, and a multitude of other privileges great and small. Signor Gardoni

is to be succeeded by a tenor *legger*, Montanaro by name whose voice is said to be very fresh and very flexible. Signor Angelini, wishing to go to Russia with Signor Graziani, has been allowed to give up his engagement, the management making no demand for compensation, which may be flattering or otherwise as a man may regard it. Mad. Tagliafico, in her normal capacity of comprimaria, will form part of the company. I told you how Signor Beneventano was to supply the place of Signor Graziani, making up in stones' weight of too solid flesh the deficiencies of the spirit. Not even his title of Baron della Piana can, however, exactly be taken in compensation for the defect in his title to rank as first barytone in a first-ratio establishment.

The first concert of the season was given last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties do not seem to fare much more delicately in their musical entertainments than do our own Sovereign and consort at their palace of Buckingham. For curiosity's sake, I will transcribe the programme:—1, Trio, *Pré au Clercs*; 2, Duo, *Chante Suzanne*; 3, *Les Noces Basques*, pastoral scene for the harmonicon of Debain, by M. Lefebvre Wely; 4, Air, *Songes d'une Nuit d'Été*; 5, Chorus and air, *La Circassienne*; 6, Quatuor, by Alary; 7, Duo, *Les Voitures Verrees*; 8, Cantique, *Le Domino Noir*; 9, Variations, *les Diamants de la Couronne*; 10, *Scena, La Circassienne*. M. Alary presided at the piano, and the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant. A *chef de cuisine* who should place relatively so vulgarly inspired a *carte* before his Imperial master and mistress as their programme, would receive the Imperial sack, and most deservedly, nay, would merit exile to an English club-house. The *chef de musique* of the Imperial household is, on the contrary, "personally felicitated." His Majesty's subjects are either more faithfully served by their music purveyors, or have a better taste which they impose on the programme-maker. For instance, M. Le Président du Sénat, alias M. Troplong, had a concert the other day, a portion whereof were the principal scenes from the *Armide* and *Orphée* of Gluck, "interpreted" (vile word) by Mad. Viardot. Mad. Jardier de Maleville, moreover, played Mozart and Haydn to the guests of the same dignitary of State. To go on with private musical entertainments—*musique de société*—let me mention, first, that Rossini's "Saturday evenings" are brought to a close—dying most Pesarò swanlike and melodiously. On one occasion M. Duprez organised a concert, the *personnel* of which was entirely composed of his pupils, his own daughter, and M. Vandenhuevel, her husband inclusive, and never were the maestro's salons so crowded. To this succeeded a quieter Saturday, when only four artists exhibited their talents, the basso, Signor Badiali, the new tenor, Signor Montanaro, Signor Perelli, and Signor Bazzini, instrumental, executants, to whom must be added, supplementarily, the Vicomtesse de Grandval.—*Musical World.*

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme on Monday night was in all respects irreproachable, and in one instance (we allude to the last piece) unusually interesting. We submit it in *extenso*:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C..... Mozart
Arie, "Sombra forest" (Guillaume Tell)..... Rossini
Septuor in D minor..... Hummel
Duet, "Come, be gay" (Freischütz)..... Weber
Overture, "Alchymist"..... Spohr

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7..... Beethoven
Arie, "Idole de ma vie" (Robert le Diable)..... Meyerbeer
Overture in C major (MS.)..... Mendelssohn
Conductor, Professor Stanislas Bennett Mus. D.

Still more worthy of being dwelt upon was the very admirable performance of Mendelssohn's overture, which is so rarely heard that it came upon the ear with all the freshness of novelty, and on that account, if on no other, was the most striking feature in the programme. The history of this composition, which only exists in manuscript, may not be generally known. In 1833, on the occasion of his second visit to England, Mendelssohn was deputed by the Philharmonic directors to write some pieces for their concerts. The result of this commission, which reflected the highest credit alike on the judgment and spirit of the society, was the overture in question (which, in consequence of the prominence of a particular instrument in the score, Mendelssohn used to call the "Trumpet-Overture"); the *scena* "Infelice," for soprano, since abridged, otherwise modified, and published; and the Second Symphony (in A major), now enjoying such universal celebrity under the title of the *Italian* symphony—a title invented after Mendelssohn's death, probably by some one who knew more about the composer's intentions than the composer himself. The "Trumpet-Overture," although

n some passages reminding us more of Mozart than any other production of Mendelssohn's pen, is a masterpiece in the fullest acceptance of the word, and so delighted every hearer as to warrant its repetition at an early period, when, we beg leave to suggest, it might appropriately be assigned the place of honor in the programme. This, by the way, is one of the many pieces so inconsistently and so obstinately withheld from publication by Mendelssohn's executors. Happily, the Philharmonic Society, having the score and the orchestral parts in their possession, cannot be prevented from introducing it now and then at their concerts. If the rest of Mendelssohn's unpublished compositions are no weaker, there is no conceivable plea for suppressing them. It is to be hoped that before long some reasonable explanation of the line of conduct it has been necessary to pursue with reference to these interesting manuscripts than has been hitherto vouchsafed may be afforded by those from whom the musical world has an unquestionable right to demand it. At all events, the MS. overture on Monday night was a wonderful success.

THE OPERAS.—*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* has now been performed four times, and, as we anticipated, with each repetition, has made strong headway with the public. Deficient in the bright and sparkling, and, consequently taking music of *Mariana* and *Lurline*, it no doubt disappointed many the first night who expected the Balfian and Wallachian tune to prevail everywhere. But Mr. Wallace was determined this time to dig a little beneath the surface, and strive to bring up a great treasure to the light. That he has done so, we believe. The *Amber Witch* is all to nothing his best work—best, not merely because it is more masterly and ambitious, but also because it is more melodious—not perhaps “tun,” but “tuneful;” as the public are beginning to find out already. In fact, the popular composer of *Mariana* has raised himself higher than ever in the estimation of thinking men by his last opera, and has converted many a sceptic into an admirer. As we shall have next week to give a detail analysis of the music in our review department, we shall not enlarge upon the merits of the opera in this place, but content ourselves with a brief explanation of the book, and a few words about the performance.

The plot of the *Amber Witch* is taken from Dr. Weinhold's well-known novel of that name, which created so profound a sensation in Germany many years ago. The story is divided by Mr. Chorley into four acts. The first reveals Mary, the Amber Witch dispensing food and clothing to the inhabitants of Coserow and its vicinity, who are reduced to famine by the consequences of prolonged and disastrous war (the “Thirty Years' War”). She has inspired both an illicit and an honorable love. The Commandant of the district (of Uesedom) endeavors to enslave her affections through the intervention of his own servant and Mary's jealous rival Elsie; while Count Rudiger, who has saved the life of her father, a village pastor, woos her in disguise of a peasant, and enlists her sympathy at once. The king being about to visit Coserow in state, Mary is chosen to present him with the congratulations of his loyal subjects; and in the act of discharging this responsibility, is made aware that her supposed peasant lover is Count Rudiger, a favored courtier of the monarch. Nevertheless, the young nobleman finds opportunity to abate her scruples, and amid the bustle of the ceremony, persuades her to grant him an interview at night. In the second act this interview takes place, the scene being the Streckelberg, a hill supposed to be haunted by witches. Here Mary had discovered the source of that secret wealth by means of which she is enabled to relieve her famished compatriots. An exceptional hill, the Streckelberg, contains a vein of amber, the existence of which is only known to our heroine, and which she gathers and sells at market through the immortality of her father. The meeting of the lovers leads to much the same as that of Romeo and Juliet in Capulet's garden. They plight eternal troth, but, meanwhile, have been overheard by Elsie and her confederates, who, aided and abetted by the jealous commandant, are devising means of having Mary publicly accused of witchcraft. Their machinations are successful, and in the third act we find the unfortunate Amber Witch awaiting her trial in prison. Her only plea is unavailable, a storm having completely swept away the vein of amber. The proffered intercession of the Commandant being indignantly declined, on account of the unworthy conditions that accompany it, Mary is arraigned before the judges, until, moved in an equal degree by the affliction of her father and the threat of torture, she confesses her guilt, and is condemned to the stake. In the interval, Count Rudiger has been incarcerated by his own father, who, informed

of his ignoble attachment through the agency of the commandant, is resolved to prevent its consummation at any cost. The young lover is thus deterred from taking steps on behalf of his mistress; and it is not until the fourth act—when a serviceable *coup de théâtre* makes the obdurate “heavy-parent” die of the effects of a fall from his horse, and installs Count Rudiger in his place, as “Master of Revenstein,” that the latter is enabled to “rush to the rescue.” He arrives with a competent band of armed retainers at the nick of time. Mary is not to be burnt on the Streckelberg, the scene of her presumed transactions with the evil one, and she having repulsed the proffered aid of the commandant, she is at that instant awaiting her doom. Another opportune arrival, that of the king, is further instrumental in averting the catastrophe. The result will be anticipated. Mary is saved, the Commandant degraded and banished; Elsie dies, as some interpret it, of chagrin and disappointment, while others, judging by the words which Mr. Chorley has put in the mouth of the Commandant—of poison; and the faithful lovers are made happy.

Melwig's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Mendelssohn's “Song of Praise,” (Lobgesang).

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XI.

SYMPHONIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—LIEBIG.

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

The last letters have described musical opportunities of the selecter sort;—the Sinfonie Concerts of the Royal Orchestra, not accessible to the many: the Sixteen-part Mass of Grell, not enjoyable to the many, even were it perfect of its kind. Let us now glance for a moment at the popular side of musical opportunity and culture here in Berlin. Instead, therefore, of proceeding at once to chronicle those experiences which have been worth most, personally, to the writer, and which have been, as it were, new revelations to him of the infinite significance of Music as unfolded in its great forms by great masters; instead of recalling the concerts of the Bach-Verein, the operas of Gluck, the “Fidelio” of Beethoven, the “Paradise and the Peri” of Schumann, the stringed Quartet concerts, &c., &c., let us come back to our indefatigable friend, the people's friend, LIEBIG.

Truly he is a great public musical benefactor, this same Liebig—this grey-haired and fatherly, but yet fresh and rosy-faced, clean, wholesome looking, tranquil, smiling, kindly, energetic, self-possessed, enthusiastic gentleman, who for many years now, four times every week and more, the whole year round, has stood at the head of his well-trained orchestra, now numbering fifty instruments, discoursing to the people,—to men, women and children, assembled in a social, free and easy way, sipping their after-dinner coffee, plying their knitting-needles, or crocheting—discussing all the finest Symphonies and Overtures of Beethoven and all the masters;—playing no trash (at least no longer than until it shall have been ascertained to be trash), but only the noble and immortal tone-poems, the true works of genius. For the people, I say; for the price of admission to such luxury, such refining education of the taste, such opening of genial springs of inspiration amid the dull and slavish routine of most lives, is a mere song—three silver groschen, or say seven and a half cents. (Five groschen

for a single admission). He takes the people as he finds them; does not ask the mountain to come to Mahomet, but brings Mozart and Beethoven to them, into their social haunts, as they take their coffee (and their cigar), “their custom of an afternoon.” The little that they pay more for the music, is scarce worth considering.

Liebig is a musical Providence to the Berliners and Berlinerinnen. Without him, how would they (the general public, I mean) get any chance to hear a Symphony? The concerts of the Royal Orchestra, as we have seen, the Sinfonie Concerts, *par excellence*, are a very aristocratic and exclusive institution. The hall is small, and nearly all the tickets are held, and even handed down as heirlooms, in favored families. All the other evenings of the week, that orchestra is employed in the Royal Opera, and not available for concerts. Part of the charm, to the favored few in the Sinfonie Concerts, lies probably in their very exclusiveness. Let them rejoice in their brilliant chandelier light, multiplied in costly mirrors; we of the humbler sort can richly afford not to envy them; for does not Liebig flood us with whole skies full of unobstructed musical sunshine! They get perhaps a dozen Symphonies in the course of a year; we get some hundreds, if we are constant to our Liebig.

And this is not his only service. Music in Berlin has still another cause for gratitude to Liebig. He furnishes the orchestra for most of the great performances of choir and orchestra combined. What would the Sing-Akademie, what would the Bach-Verein, the Stern'sche Gesangverein, and the other important societies do without him? Where would they go for such an orchestra? Neither of them could afford to keep one of its own; and one picked up for the occasion could not answer so well. But if there is to be an oratorio of Handel, or the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn, brought out by the Academy; or the Passion music and the great Cantatas of Bach by the Bach-Verein; or Schumann's “Paradise and the Peri,” or Bach's great Mass, by Stern's Society,—why, there stands Liebig ready with his orchestra of fifty, all trained to hand, kept in continual practice the year round, like any regiment of the Prussian army, all accustomed to one another, all familiar with the whole repertoire of classical composers. He also, in order to maintain an equal standing, to show himself *ebenbürtig* (as the Germans say), or equal-born, with regular kapellmeisters, gives in the winter a selecter series of Sinfonie Concerts in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, which differ from the others only in the higher admission fee, and in the absence of cigars and coffee—the programmes being not a whit better. Our business now is with the cheap concerts.

Here are data from which to form an estimate of the amount and variety of fine orchestral music, which Liebig brings within the reach of every music-lover, during every year, in Berlin. I have before me the programmes of *thirty-four* of these concerts, the whole or parts of which I have heard, since the second week in November. And this by no means includes all the concerts that were given. Allowing for the three weeks of total abstinence from concerts during the period of public mourning after the death of the king in January, they represent about as much as one man could well find time or appetite to hear out of three month's worth of Liebig's performances.

Each programme, as a general rule, contains two Symphonies, three Overtures, and some other piece, besides commonly some favorite tit-bit of the public thrown in for an encore. The thirty-four programmes show the following

SYMPHONIES.

EMANUEL BACH. No. 1, (twice played).
HAYDN. Nos. 7; 12 (in D); 13 (C); 14 (D); 15 (B flat), twice; 16 (E flat); 17 (E flat); 19 (C); 21 (E flat), twice; 28 (A), twice; and the Military Symphony (twice).
MOZART. No. 1 (in D); 3 (E flat); 5 (D); 10 (C), not the "Jupiter"; 11 (B flat); 12 (G); 13 (G minor), twice; 14 (D); 15 (E flat); and "Jupiter" in C.
BEETHOVEN. Nos. 1 (in C), three times; 2 (D), three times; 3 (Eroica); 4 (B flat); 5 (C minor) three times; 6 (Pastoral); 7 (A), twice; 8 (F), 4 times; 9 (without the chorus).
WEBER. Sinf. No. 1 (in C).
ROMBERG. In E flat major (twice); Trauer Sinfonie.
MENDELSSOHN. In A minor ("Scotch"), twice; in A major ("Italian"); early Sinf. in C minor; *Lobgesang*.
SCHUMANN. No. 3 (in E flat), three times.
DORN. Sinf. in F major, twice.
ULRICH. In B minor.
L. MAURER. In F minor.
A. FISCHER. In A major, twice.

OVERTURES.

GLUCK. Alceste; Iphigenia in Aulis.
HAYDN. Introd. to "Creation."
MOZART. Zauberflöte, (twice); Titus; Idomeneo; Villanella rapita; Don Juan, (twice).
BEETHOVEN. Egmont (3 times); Leonora, No. 1 (twice), No. 2 (three times), No. 3 (twice); Fidelio (twice); Coriolan (three times); Men of Prometheus.
WEBER. Oberon (three times); Euryanthe (twice); Freyschütz (twice); Jubilee (twice).
SPONTINI. Die Vestalin; Olympia.
CHERUBINI. Lodoiska (twice); Anacreon.
RIGHINI. Armida.
ABT VOGEL. Demophoon.
SPORR. Jessonda (twice); Faust (three times).
MERUL. Joseph and his Brethren.
BOIELDIEU. La Dame Blanche (twice); Caliph of Bagdad (twice).
ROSSINI. William Tell (twice); La Gazza Lardra (twice).
ONSLOW. Der Hausirer (the pedlar).
MENDELSSOHN. Midsummer Night's Dream (3 times); Ruy Blas (twice); Athalia; Hebriden (twice); Paulus; Antigone.
SCHUMANN. Genoveva; Manfred.
GADE. Echoes from Ossian.
LINDPAINTNER. Faust (twice).
NICOLAI. Merry Wives of Windsor.
WAGNER. Tannhäuser; Introduction to "Lohengrin" (twice).
RIETZ. Concert Overture.
URBAN. Concert Overture.
MARIE MOODY. Conc. Overture, No. 1; Do., No. 2; Do., No. 3 ("Lear and Cordelia").
WUERST. Ein Märchen (Fairy Legend).
DEFFE. Don Carlos (twice).
REHBAUM. Dornröschen.
MEJO. On the Choral: "Ach, bleib' mit deiner Gnade."
SCHULE. Faust.
G. VIERLING. Im Frühling (twice).
TAUBERT. Fest Overture (three times); Blue Beard (three times).

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BEETHOVEN. The entire "Egmont" music (entr'actes, &c.) (twice). Andante from Sonata in A, (arranged for orchestra). Turkish March, from "Ruins of Athens." Septuor, entire, in original form. "Adelaide," for Orchestra. Adagio from 9th Symphony. Scherzo, do. First movement, do. Romanza in F, (violin and orchestra. Parts of the Choral Fantasia (twice).
MOZART. "Die Dorfmusikanten," Comic Sextet (twice). Fantasia and Sonate, in C minor, arranged (three times). Finale to *Zauberflöte*. Finales to both acts of *Don Juan* (twice).
WAGNER. Procession of women from *Lohengrin*. Song from *Tannhäuser*. Bridal Chorus, from *Lohengrin*.
HANDEL. Pastoral Symphony, from "Messiah."
MENDELSSOHN. Scherzo from *Sommernachtsraum*. Finale to *Lorelei*. Spring Song, arranged for orchestra (a dozen times).
GOUNOD. Bach's first Prelude with modern melody (repeatedly).

ABT VOGEL. Andante from Symphony (twice).
WEBER. Invitation to the Dance, arranged by Berlioz (repeatedly).
SCHUMANN. Chorus from "Paradise and Peri," arranged for orchestra.

ROSSINI. *Cygnus animam*, for orchestra.
PRINCE RADZIWIŁŁ. Choruses to "Faust."
MEYERBEER. Schiller March (twice).

This is a mere catalogue, to be sure. But every musical person will find it significant. It contains all the best and well known Symphonies of the four great Symphonic masters, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, besides many of their works which elsewhere seldom or never find their way now into public performance. It contains pretty copious and varied specimens of other writers in this form, both of the most modern, and of older ones which have chiefly a historical interest. In the overtures and other important works of the same composers, it is equally rich. Is there another city in the world where so much as a tithe of all this is accessible, in any three months, or three years, to the great mass of the music-loving people? Is not this a privilege, in respect to culture, to refining influences and cheerful opportunities, to be envied? Truly in this respect the Berliners are a favored people, although they lack some great advantages of our free land too precious to be exchanged even for Art and Music,—advantages, however, of which we ourselves shall never know the real value, and never be quite secured in their continuance, until they shall go hand in hand with these.

— But here time cuts me short. I wish to notice more particularly the manner in which Liebig makes up his programmes. D.

Italian Opera.

The troupe of the "Associated Artists" has left us after a prosperous season of four weeks, in which, we are told by a contemporary curious and well informed in such statistics, their receipts amounted to twenty-four thousand dollars, leaving them a clear profit of six thousand, after paying full salaries to the members of the company. A goodly return for performances often given during storms of unusual severity.

Don Giovanni was given on Wednesday of last week to a full house. Mad. COLSON was the Donna Anna, of course, and sang it admirably, giving with much fine effect the generally omitted air, *Non mi dir*. We have heard many good Donna Annas here, and Mad. Colson will bear the comparison with any of them. STIGELLI was the Don Ottavio and sang *Il mio tesoro* finely, but the insipid lover of Donna Anna is no congenial character for him, and beyond the beautiful song he finds little scope in the part for his best efforts. Miss PHILLIPS was the Zerlina of the evening, and gave the music better than we should have supposed the natural range of her voice would have permitted her, singing with taste and discretion, and we need not say, acting the part effectively and in good taste. Perhaps, her Zerlina was scarcely simple enough for Mozart's little peasant girl, who listens at one moment to the artful flatteries of Don Juan and the next weeps over the piteous tale of Masetto, hardly knowing what she is about in either case, her foolish head completely turned by the soft words of either. Miss HINCKLEY, we were told by the bills, kindly consented to assume the part of Donna Elvira! A wonderful condescension indeed! What is art coming to, if it is blazoned as a favor on the part of a young singer, to be willing to take a leading part in this immortal work of Mozart. Is it not the artist who is honored by being thought capable of filling it, and is it not a worthy object of ambition for any singer to aid in giving completeness and due effect to the production of this masterpiece? Miss Hinckley did it very well, perhaps as well as any of her predecessors in the character. FERRI was a fair Don Giovanni, and SUSINI an amusing Leporello, singing some things very well, being in better voice than usual. The whole performance was a reasonably satisfactory one, the parts being equally balanced and intelligently supported.

The Barber was given on Thursday instead of *Moses* which had been promised, the change of opera,

of course making a thin house. The performance was a lively merry one, as it generally is, the artists seeming to enjoy the fun as well as the music, and to enter into it with a zest that is apt to hurry them a little beyond due bounds. FERRI was the Figaro and a very satisfactory one. BRIGNOLI, SUSINI and BARILI taking the Count, Bartolo and Basilio, and all very effectively. Miss HINCKLEY was the Rosina, and acquitted herself with much credit. She sang the *Una voce*, in very good style and introduced a brilliant *bravura* waltz in the singing lesson, which she sang finely, being enthusiastically applauded and obliged to repeat it. She entered with spirit into the comedy, and the whole performance, in spite of some imperfections and a little excess of fun at times, was on the whole a very enjoyable and pleasant one.

I Puritani was sung on Friday and Miss KELLOGG attempted a bold and not altogether successful experiment in venturing to assume the rôle of Elvira. This part in which the memory of Grisi is still so fresh, is one that requires more maturely developed powers than those of our young prima donna, to render with proper effect. She did some things well, nevertheless. *Son Vergine vezzosa*, was sung with brilliant execution being warmly applauded, and rewarded by the customary tribute of bouquets. But as a whole, she did not make a marked impression in this character, and will never be recollected in it or identified with it as she may be with Linda or even *La Sonnambula*. Very much too, of the music was omitted, probably to adapt it to her powers of execution or endurance. With this we have fault to find. A true artist should not, *would* not attempt a great part in this skeleton fashion, giving only sparkling morceaux and cutting other parts vitally essential to the dramatic unity of the plot. Better not soar so high till the wings are strong enough to complete the flight, so will the artist be safe alike from the perils of falling from the dizzy height and from being touched by the shafts that are levelled by critics on every side. BRIGNOLI sang in his usual faultless manner and Ferri and Susini well represented the Puritan colonels, exciting the accustomed popular enthusiasm by their spirited singing of the famous *Suoni la tromba*. The important part of the Queen Henrietta, in the hands of Mad. Avogadro, was worse than nothing. Here was another opportunity for some of the ladies of the troupe who were competent, to show a true artistic ambition by filling the part, thus aiding to give a complete and worthy representation of a great work. When shall we have singers who are also true artists, who so love their art as to be willing at times to assume a place a little lower than the highest, for the honor of Art?

La Juive was performed for the fourth time on Saturday afternoon, being the last performance of the season. We need not say that we enjoyed this additional chance of hearing this opera. The only change was the substitution of Lotti for Scola, in the part of Leopoldo; a somewhat smaller man with a somewhat larger voice than his predecessor. The music written for this character demands a first-class tenor, and the dramatic importance of the part is very great. We could not but wish to hear BRIGNOLI in the part, and speculate what Stigelli might not make of it, were he Leopoldo and not the Jew. With such a voice as either of these in this part, what a fine cast we should have had of *La Juive*. It is vain to hope for such good fortune as to see two such tenors singing together in the same opera. Here is the chance. When will Signor Brignoli improve it? The orchestra was reduced to its usual size, at this performance, and the opera was given almost complete, with such short pauses between the acts that it was compressed into three hours.

So ends a season of Italian opera very pleasant to the hearers, and very creditable to the artists. They have given us two new operas of great interest, two native prima donnas of great promise and good performance, who will be remembered here with pleasure and have left a decided impression of unusual talent upon the audiences who have heard them. They will always be welcomed with pleasure. They have had another prima donna, Mad. COLSON, of long acknowledged talent and a reputation that increases with every effort that she makes; two rival tenors, each unrivalled in their way, a contralto, a

Boston girl, who is not without honor in her own city but always gladly welcomed, not only esteemed for her talent as an artist but respected for her excellent private character. Add to these such voices as those of Ferri and Susini, and we must confess to having been favored with a troupe of unusual talent.

Signor Muzio, the conductor, has done his work well, and is entitled to be honorably mentioned in a review of the season. The business management has been well conducted, as is evinced by the pecuniary success of the troupe and the comparatively few disappointments of any kind that the public has suffered during the season. If the company had done some things in the way we have suggested they might have been done, we should have little fault to find.

Organ Concert.

The Organ Concert at Tremont Temple, on Fast-day, given by Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, came too late to receive a notice in our last week's issue. Here is the programme :

PART FIRST.

1. Grand Sonata in F minor, (Op. 65, No. 1.).....Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus, Mighty Jehovah. "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
3. { a Organ Fugue in G minor.....Bach
b Overture, "Oberon".....Von Weber
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
4. Chorus, Joy is over. "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Fantasia for Organ in E minor.....G. E. Whiting

PART SECOND.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor, (Op. 37, No. 1.).....Mendelssohn
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
2. Chorus, The Regatta. "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti
Bowdoin St. Choir.
3. { a Variations on "God save the Queen".....Rink
b Andante from Mendelssohn's 4th (Italian) Symphony.
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
4. Chorus, Father in Heaven. "Mammiello".....Auber
Bowdoin St. Choir.
5. Overture, "Guillaume Tell," (by request)......Rossini
Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.

Mr. WHITING is a very young man and is said to have studied by himself with the exception latterly of a short course of instruction. If so he deserves great credit for having dared to attack such a programme as that above. The word "attack" seems exactly to express his style of playing, indeed a musical friend who sat by our side would fervently ejaculate at the close of each piece "tremendous execution!" He is a very nervous man, evidently, and his nervousness crept into his performance, more evident in the fugue perhaps, than elsewhere, which as he played it was a grand rush, the time all too fast and consequently one tone hard on the heels of another. The movement of a fugue should certainly be clear and distinct, preserving a certain dignity in its greatest haste.

We are certainly right in supposing that the test of an overture upon the organ, is successful imitation of the orchestra. The organ has the materials, as many of its stops are voiced expressly to imitate the orchestra, truly instrumental. Mr. Whiting's overtures, by this standard, fell short, he did not make good use of his materials, and we missed that perfect connection between the passages so satisfying in a superior orchestra; there was too much patchwork. However, Mr. Whiting is a most promising musician and in his Fantasia he was very successful. It has a character of its own, making it truly original. Many of these compositions are original only in virtue of their want of character. The choruses were only well rendered, showing faithful drill, but needing sadly the electrifying influence of a resolute baton. There was an unpleasant see-saw in the time between the organ and chorus in the first pieces. However, the audience were delighted, either with the music or the swift heels of the organist, and we have no right to complain.

Mr. S. B. BALL gave his annual concert last Tuesday evening, at the School-street Church. Beside his quartette, he had the volunteered assistance of a number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom are his pupils. The church was well filled, and the programme, which consisted of choruses, part-songs, solos, &c., was quite creditably performed, considering that it was amateur talent. Some of the solos deserve particular mention, but we have not space. Mr. Ball was agreeably surprised at the close of the concert, by the gift of a valuable diamond pin, from his pupils.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are to conclude their series of parlor concerts in this place by a public concert in Lyceum Hall, on Friday, April 19th, and will give Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette, on their programme. Our Cambridge readers should not forget this concert.

The Polyhymnia, a vocal organization consisting of boys and men from the Church of the Advent choir gave a well attended concert at Williams' Hall, on Fast Day eve. The programme comprised a variety of sacred and secular music. Among the former were some of the fine old English Anthems. These pieces were sung correctly but without animation and suffered much from a too heavy organ-accompaniment. Occasionally only, we got a glimpse of the heavenly tone-body of the boys' voices. To our taste the merest outline of an accompaniment would have sufficed. The boys did not need any support from the organ; they came in promptly and firmly as well as true in pitch. This chorus might do a great deal of good by bringing to our hearing part of the Berlin Dom-Chor's repertoire of pieces. Love songs of which the second part had some, are of doubtful propriety for boy's voices, whose tone-color very naturally lacks that warmth which is necessary to portray emotions of the heart.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MARCH 29, 1861.—All the scenic display of the Grand Opera, the preparations that had lasted for six months, the coöperation of the best artists could not ensure the success of Tannhäuser. On the evening of the first representation it might well be doubted whether the failure was real or only apparent. The very novelty of the performance elicited a degree of attention which prevented the full explosion of the discontented. Ulterior performances the piece however, can leave no doubt in the minds of those who were still unwilling to abandon the hope of success on the first evening.

Wagner attacks in every portion of his work what he styles the conventional rules of the Italian opera. Even the most sanguine admirers and upholders of system had not calculated upon the co-operation of the musical critics of the capital. Indeed Wagner has always made light of the opinions of the press. He does not hesitate to assert in one of his theoretical works that he believes himself to be prejudged by the writers of the musical *feuilletons*. It is to the public he appeals, "that public whose taste has not been altogether corrupted by Italian melody." The Paris public must in Mr. Wagner's opinion now, be as corrupted in taste as the Paris critics, for it has judged his Tannhäuser with even less respect. The press had praised certain passages of the work at least, these very passages were received with hisses and interrupted at the second representation.

It seems pretty certain now that the work will be withdrawn. The tumult was so great last Sunday that it was expected every moment that some representative of police authority would make his appearance on the stage requesting the public, in that polite way which is in order in France, to desist from any manifestation of satisfaction. The presence of the Emperor is generally all sufficient to keep the most turbulent audience within bounds. In this case it was not so. Although he himself gave the signal of applause, that applause was immediately met by hisses and occasionally by works little complimentary to those who seemed to conform to the Imperial taste. On the second evening when the applauders and hisses were about divided, in the middle of the second act, the Emperor appeared in his box. All who saw him make his appearance immediately turned and applauded. Those on the same side of the house as the Imperial loge not comprehending the cause of the increased applause made a counter demonstration. It was several minutes before the tumult could be appeased. Such scenes were renewed several times. The orchestra, the actors found favor with the public. It was the composer himself on whom the dissatisfaction seemed to concentrate. Once Niemann, who personated the character of

Tannhäuser threw up his arms and and stopped as if begging the audience for silence. This action was met by unequivocal marks of encouragement for the artist. Nothing but the music itself was the subject of disapprobation.

The failure of the Tannhäuser may be better appreciated from a few citations. The general spirit of criticism may be inferred from the following specimen. It is Fiorentino who writes.

"People imagine that an imperturbable assurance is sufficient to impose one's self upon a public the most railing, skeptical and keen-sighted in the world. There were the other evening at the opera twenty French composers who each have written works superior to anything Mr. Wagner has ever done, and it is in presence of these masters he comes and erects himself into an inspired reformer, an infallible genius."

Little enough is said about the music, perhaps those gentlemen whom the composer seems to have treated with little deference do not deem it worthy of criticism but only of abuse. This they give plentifully. And the legend, the plot, even they cannot digest.

"The legend of Tannhäuser is popular in Germany. The celebrated Tieck has converted it into a tale which we are told is taught to children. Happy young German intellects that are fit from the cradle for such heavy food!"

Without wishing to defend Wagner's system one cannot but be impressed with the injustice, the shallowness, the narrow-mindedness of the spirit that has called forth the majority of the remarks that have been current in the Paris press respecting a work which if it deserve nothing more, deserves at least a serious refutation of the principles upon which it is constructed.

We may expect soon a parody of the piece by Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust. It is to be produced at the Varieties under the title of *Ya main Herr*. A large caricature in one of the weekly papers represents a bard accompanying his song with a harp, his hearers falling asleep about him. Beneath are the words, "Germany still uneasy in the possession of her Rhine-provinces sends the Tannhäuser to Paris to put the French asleep."

Of the new pieces of the last fortnight may be mentioned: At the Odeon *Le Jaloux du Passé* by M. Scholl; at the Palais Royal *Arrêtons les frais*; at the Gaité, *La Fille des chiffonniers* a melodrama by Anicet Bourgeois and Dagué; at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *Le Pont des Soupirs*, opera-bouffo in two acts by Crémieux and Halévy, music by Offenbach. At the Vaudeville *La femme est troublée* by Dumanoir and de Courcelles.

At the Gymnase a beautiful little Vaudeville was represented last week. It is entitled *Les Trembleurs*, and is written by Dumanoir and Clairville. The hero Monsieur Bruneau trembles constantly at the political state of affairs. He scents war, revolution, invasion in every breeze. He never fails to read the journals which by their detailed accounts of insurrections, and dissatisfactions in every part of Europe render his nights sleepless. The piece is full of pointed couplets which applying well to the present are received with great applause.

At the Italian Opera Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was given last week.

The reception of the new ballet by Dorley and Petitpa at the Grand Opera contrasted with that of the Tannhäuser. *Graziosa* was composed expressly to show the power of Mme. Ferraris in its fullest relief.

It was on Monday last, March 25, that Madame Ristori made her first appearance at the theatre of the Odeon in the new piece of Ernest Legouvé *La Madone de l'Art*. Having been unable to witness this performance I shall in a future letter revert to this great Italian artist who now presents herself before the French public acting in a language not her own.

It is said that the work of M. Legouvé was inspired by Mad. Ristori herself. The subject is the love of a German prince for a great tragic actress Beatrix. His rank is an unsurmountable barrier to their union. "I love you but never will be your mistress," is the declaration of Beatrix, who henceforth has no other love but art. The moral aim of the piece is to show how really great genius is when it walks hand in hand with virtue. To-day being Good Friday, all the theatres of the capital are closed. F. B.

PITTSFIELD, APRIL 3, 1861.—Notwithstanding the severest snow storm that ever descended from April skies, a select company were assembled last evening at a "soirée musicale" given here by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute. Had you been present, Mr. Editor, I doubt not you would agree with me in the opinion that the performances were as well worthy of being styled a "Grand vocal and instrumental concert," as many given under that name in our cities. I send you a programme, by which you will see that the pieces performed were indeed worthy of artists, and were such as those who are ambitious to enter the heaven of the Tone-art, and realize all its glorious wonders, will appreciate and enjoy.

PART I.

1. Overture—Guillaume Tell.....Romini
Misses Julia C. Clark and Harriet A. Hall.
2. Scotch Ballad.....
Miss Helen Macgregor.
3. Polonaise—Op. 26.....Chopin
Miss S. Louise Monroe.
4. Terzetto—"Era stella del mattino".....Mercadante
Misses McGregor, Clark and Hall.
5. Bando Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Miss Elizabeth F. Merrill.
6. Aria—"Dove sono".....Mozart
Miss S. L. Monroe.
7. Moonlight sonata.....Beethoven
Miss H. Macgregor.

PART II.

8. Grand Duo—Op. 114.....F. Schubert
Misses S. L. Monroe and E. F. Merrill.

A taste of the sweet and gentle sadness of Chopin, of the weird and fairy-like harmonies of Mendelssohn, one of the noblest of Mozart's melodies, the wonderful sonata of Beethoven, so gentle and so sad in its beginning, so overwhelming the astonished listener, as it proceeds in its wild movement;—and then, how can I do justice to that "grand" work of Schubert, in the weakness of language and pen? One must hear and enjoy it, in order to realize its beauty and power. May you soon have opportunity to enjoy it as well as I did last evening. The execution of these and all the pieces of the programme was rare indeed, called for no indulgence on the score of dilettantism. The performers must indeed possess natural talent, and also have had the advantage of rare training in all those departments which enable the pupil to render the meaning and intentions of such authors with such skill.

I learn from their catalogue just published that this Musical Institute thus closes its fifth year, having instructed one hundred and fifty-three pupils, of whom twenty-two are or have been teaching successfully, in various parts of the country. May the teachers emulate their master in the high standard to which he earnestly endeavor to raise all who come within his influence, in regard to the class of Music which should receive attention and the manner of teaching and studying it. L. M. R.

TERRE HAUTE, (La)—Being compelled about six weeks ago to stay over night in Terre Haute, Indiana, your correspondent was induced to visit an exhibition concert given by the pupils of Mr. Meininger, Prof. of music in the Female College of that place. Having some knowledge of music, I am compelled to say that I was so astonished with the performance of those scholars, both in vocal and instrumental music, that I determined to speak of it to the public through your worthy journal, as sufficient praise can hardly be bestowed upon the professor for his ability and faithful discharge of his duty. One young Miss (whose name I have since forgotten) played the piano in a style, that is not often found in this country from older hands. A. K.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 22, 1861.—Not seeing any notice of the Harmonia First Concert in your interesting paper and knowing the scarcity of musical news in this city I take the liberty of giving you a sketch of the concert of 21st inst.

The programme contained a choice selection of concerted pieces and solos given by the best talent of the society. The choruses were well rendered, particularly the "Morning Prayer" from Dr. Meignen's "Deluge," and the Bacchanalian Chorus from Darley's Cities of the Plain. The gentleman who sang the Bass Solo in Moses, needs considerable study and finish before attempting such parts, but as a whole this chorus was well sung. A duet from Semiramide by two young ladies was very well given, although one might desire a little expression in singing dramatic music. The Trio from Belisario was sung with spirit and feeling, the soprano having a voice of unusual sweetness and clearness, the bass and tenor were of unusual good quality for amateurs. The aria from Nabucco for mezzo-soprano was rendered tolerably; the singer evidently prides herself upon her low notes which are not however, as good in quality as the higher ones, being too husky, and it will be necessary for her to study Italian as her pronunciation is horrible. A Quartette from the Bohemian Girl was very well rendered and appeared to give satisfaction, in fact it was not as well sung by the last opera troupe in this city. Prof. Bishop's Ballad was given in his usual style and well merited the hearty applause it received. "Una voce," from the Barbieri was tolerably well given by a statue-like young lady; the time was entirely too slow, it being a lively piece requiring the quickest movement and most brilliant execution. A Duet called "Addio," by Donizetti was very well sung but was lacking in expression. An Aria from Gemma di Vergy was next given by the soprano before spoken of in the Trio.

The rendering of this piece was the gem of the evening the execution style and expression being faultless, this young lady appears to possess a voice of unusual register, singing from "C" in alt down to "A" in this piece and with uncommon strength. The next a male quartette by Darley, was well rendered (if we except a mistake made by the bass), and met with hearty applause, then followed a Duet from Trovatore for mezzo-soprano and tenor, very effectively sung, and we were reminded rather forcibly of Brignoli by this tenor who possesses a fine full chest-voice of unusual sweetness; he should apply himself to study and a few years hence he will occupy a prominent place among the talent of this city, the lady acquitted herself with great credit, singing with expression, showing the proper appreciation of the music; in fact, this piece has been very seldom, if ever sung better on the stage. The closing feature was the "Star Spangled Banner," solo and chorus. The solo parts were sustained by a young lady dressed in costume supposed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, quite a novelty at a Harmonia Concert, and a young gentleman formerly a member of the Cooper Opera Troupe filled the tenor and he sang with great spirit and expression, the lady however sang through her nose, which marred the effect considerably, probably the heavy crown of stars surmounting her head was the cause. I do not like fancy ball costumes in the concert room, particularly when given by a sacred musical society.

The audience rose whilst singing the national anthem, and although it met with much applause still it was not encored. Taking the concert as a whole it was a success, we must not expect to find perfection in amateurs, but all engaged may with study become good if not first class concert singers.

Yours,

VERDI.

CINCINNATI, MARCH.—The Cecilia Society performed in their fourth regular concert—fifth season Gade's composition "Erlking's daughter," for Soli, chorus and orchestra in a highly creditable manner. In the first, miscellaneous, part of the concert Miss Raymond the Contralto, and Mr. Werner, the Pianist, distinguished themselves.

Special Notices.

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Rock me to sleep, mother. Frank Wood. 25

A very pleasing composition, the more than charming words by "Florence Percy." The public will not be slow to recognise its merits, and we predict for it a wide popularity.

Annabel Lee. Song. E. F. Falconnet. 60

A piece which has evidently been a work of love with the author. Its general plan is well conceived and the details are carefully finished and show consummate taste and musician-ship.

O the dear delight of dancing. Montgomery. 25

A humorous song; easy and very amusing.

I'd be a star. With guitar accompaniment.)

C. J. Dorn. 25

Molly Bawn. " " Curtiss. 25

Two popular songs, newly arranged for guitar players.

Instrumental Music.

Russian Medley. Charles Grobe. 50

Russia has a great many airs which are peculiar to her. They have always been favorites with arrangers. From Thalberg to Beyer almost every composer of note has paid tribute to the beauty of these Russian melodies. In this medley they are gathered like a bunch of flowers, each in its own plain and beautiful garb, unadorned by the glittering network of embellishments which they are often hidden in. It is a very pleasing combination.

Willie's favorite Quickstep. S. A. Earle. 25

Great Western Galop. A. Rossi. 25

Two pretty trifles. Good recreation pieces for scholars.

La mia letizia. (In tears I pine). Cavatina from "I Lombardi." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

An effective arrangement of this popular air of Verdi's, just difficult enough to make it attractive to even the advanced pianist. As there has not been any arrangement of this melody, well-known and much admired as it is, our amateurs will not be slow to get a copy.

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Nightingale and Cuckoo Waltz. M. Perabo. 10

Prairie Polka. Ernst Perabo. 15

Pretty trifles, for beginners.

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These volumes are the first of a new series of attractive low priced books of instruction and music; for all kinds of musical instruments. They are exceedingly neat in typography, the types being clear and distinct and the paper and printing unexceptionable. The contents are of a popular kind, comprising excellent instructions, and a very choice collection of the best music of the day.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 472.

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Sketches of French Musical History.

XIII.

COMIC OPERA.

1595—1800.

As the chanson engendered the Vaudeville so the Vaudeville was parent of the Comic Opera. The latter in fact was the child of both, since in the Vaudeville *airs* had succeeded the old slow moving tunes.

At first Allard and Bertrand, associated with Widow Maurice and Decelles, had the theatrical exhibitions of the Fair in their hands alone. They afterwards shared them with Dolet and Laplace and were succeeded by Octave and Dominique. Their successors were Saint-Edme and Madame Baron, after whom came Francisque and Lalauze. At length Ponteau obtained from the Academy of Music the right to establish the comic opera, which he held until its suppression in 1742.

The Theatre de la Foire began with farces in which rope dancers mingled their performances. In course of time they began to give fragments of old Italian pieces, to the great discontent of the French comedians, who obtained a prohibition of the giving any piece in dialogue or monologue by the actors of the Foire. They immediately had recourse to the plan of giving the text to the spectators who sang, while the orchestra played the tune; but afterward they obtained from the opera the right of singing.

Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval began immediately to compose pieces different from the vaudeville, being in peculiar, rhymed couplets, and the new form took the name of *Opera Comique*.

The first Comic Opera mentioned by Desboulmiers, in his "Histoire du Theatre de l'Opera Comique" is a piece in one act entitled *Le Retour d'Arlequin à la foire*. It was represented Feb. 12, 1712. Then came *La Querelle des Theatres* and in 1718 *des Funerailles de la Foire*, a piece referring to the suppression of the Opera Comique through the combined influence of the French and Italian comedies. It was not revived again until the Fair of Saint Laurence in 1721, when a piece in one act was performed called *Le Rappel de la Foire à la Vie*. At length after numberless vicissitudes Monnet—whose motto was *Monet, mulcet, movet*—reopened the comic opera at the Fair of St. Germain in 1752; and ten years later the company was officially reunited to the Italian comedy. In 1780 the Italian actors withdrew, Carlin excepted; but it was not until 1793, after the law granting liberty to the theatre, that the concern took again a national name, Opera Comique, though originating at the Fair, in dramatic exhibitions which go back to the year 1595. In fact so long ago as Feb. 5, 1596, the Theatre de la Foire St. Germain had been duly recognized and had its privileges upon the payment of the two crowns per annum to the Brotherhood of the Passion.

After Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval, the

most successful authors for the comic opera during the 18th century were, Piron, Panard, Carolet, Fagan, Favart, Delisle, Marivaux, Antrean, Boissy, Vadé, Laujon, Anseaume and Sedaine. The most distinguished composers of that era were Gilliers, Dauvergne, Duni, Philidor, Monsigny and Gretry. Of the second rank, Blavet, Aubert, Alexandre, de la Croix, Mouret, Lacoste, Laruette an excellent actor, Blaise, Desbrosses, Trial, de La Borde, Dezede, Martini. To Jean Claude Gilliers, a composer very well forgotten now, is due a fame no less than that of having been the creator of that national French form of the musical drama, the comic opera. His *airs* are distinguished by frank gaiety neatness of rhythm and a melody easy to fix in the memory. Gilliers was born in Paris in 1667 and died there in 1727, aged 70 years. He began his career at the Comedie Française as a violinist, where he wrote the music for the dances in the small pieces of Regnard and Dancourt. As Fetis has not given a list of the works of this founder of the French comic opera, we add partly to fill the gap, the titles and dates of all his pieces, which we have been able to find.

1. *L' Hyménée royal*, an entertainment, text by Pellegrin, 1699.
2. *Cephale et Procris*, 3 acts, text by Dancourt, at the Comedie Française 1711.
3. *La Foire de Guibray*, text by Lesage, at the Fair of Saint Laurent, 1714.
4. *Le Tombeau de Nostradamus*, 1 act, Lesage, 1714.
5. *Parodie de Telemaque*, for the opening of the theatre of St. Edme, 1715.
6. *La Ceinture de Venus*, 2 acts, Lesage, 1715.
7. *Les Dieux à la Foire*, a prologue, 1724.
8. *L' Amante retrouvé*, 1 act, Largillière, Aug. 6, 1727.
9. *Sancho Pança*, 2 acts, Thierry; Aug. 28, 1727.
10. *La niece vengée*, 1 act, Panard, Aug. 28, 1731.
11. *La Comedie sans hommes*, Panard; Feb. 3, 1732.
12. *La Fille sauvage*, 1 act; July 7, 1732.
13. *Le Pot-Pourri comique*, 1 act; pantomime by Panard, 1732.
14. *Sophie et Sigismond*, 1 act.
15. *La première Representation*, Lesage; June 26, 1736.

It is true that all those pieces are far from deserving the title of real musical works, especially in their orchestration. But at that time they did not put the pedestal upon the stage and the statue in the orchestra—to use the fine simile of Gretry. Let us here express our regret that the bust of Gilliers has not been placed in the lobby of the Opera Comique. He was the originator of this form, a fact which should not be forgotten.

After Gilliers and his contemporaries, Mouret, de la Coste, de La Croix, Grandval, Aubert, Alexandre, &c., Dauvergne, (born at Clermont 1713 died at Lyons 1797) attracted public attention by his comic opera *Les Troqueurs*, given in 1758. Down to this time, music had mingled with the dialogue of the comedies only in the form of songs, suited to the action, or in the

vaudevilles at the end of the plays. *Les Troqueurs* on the other hand, was written in imitation of the Italian Intermezzos—the *Serva Padrona* of Pergolese for instance, performed at Paris in the autumn of 1752—that is, with recitatives to connect the musical pieces and gave a new impulse to the development of this child of the comedy—vaudeville. Hence it deserves some description.

Four persons, two men and two women, comprise all the elements of this little drama. Lucas and Lubin are to marry Margot and Fanchon; but before the knots are tied they fall into serious reflections upon the characters of their future spouses. The one is hot-tempered and headstrong as a devil, the other so easy as to be almost sleepy. The lovers conclude that each has a hard bargain and agree to exchange greatly for the worse. So having proved that the exchange has the balance on the wrong side, each takes his own again.

Le Jaloux corrigé by the flutist Blavet, born at Besancon in 1700, obtained a merited success; but soon after this was given there came to Paris an Italian composer, who wrote a series of works full of nature, grace, gaiety and comic power. This was Duni, born at Matera in the kingdom of Naples, Feb. 9, 1709, the tenth child of an obscure chapel master. He received his musical education at the conservatory dei Poveri di Gesu Cristo at Naples under the celebrated Durante, then at its head. Receiving a commission to compose the opera *Nero* for Rome, Duni found himself put in competition with Pergolese. The score of the latter was superior to Duni's, but the Neapolitan gained a success by being the first to proclaim in all companies Pergolese's superiority. After travelling extensively Duni was appointed music teacher to the crown prince of Parma. As French was a common language at that court, the composer was called upon to write several little operas in that language. He obtained a distinguished success with his *Ninette à la Cour* (1755), text by Favart, and was then contrasted with the composition of *La Chercheuse d'Esprit* and *le Peintre amoureux de son modele*. He settled in Paris in 1757, where he wrote eighteen operas in the course of eighteen years. The most known are *Nina et Lindor*, (Sept. 9, 1758), *la Fille mal gardée* (1758), *Pile des Fous* (1761), *la bonne Fille* (1762), *les Chasseurs et la Laitiere* (July 21, 1763), *la Fee Urgele* (1765), *Clochette* (1766), *les Moissonneurs* (1768) *Thémire* (1770).

A dozen Italian and twenty French comic operas form a handsome aggregate of musical labor for Duni, who died at Paris June 11, 1775. All his works are full of grace and freshness; his instrumentation was usually extended only to the stringed quartette, sometimes two hautbois or two flutes being added. The vocal parts are, however, delicious, full of taste, nature and true and well conceived expression. The melodies are such as come from the heart, not leaving it void, like those of our day. When art has de-

generated into handicraft elsewhere, its decay is rapid; Let us hope for a revival also in music.

François André Danican Philidor, whose bust is still wanting in the lobby of the Opera Comique was a contemporary of Duni. He was born at Dreux, Sept. 7, 1727 of an old and distinguished musical family, and was admitted among the boys of the royal music at vaudevilles at the proper age, where he studied his art under Campa. Settling in Paris he gave instruction in eking out a living as a copyist. It was at that he studied chess for which he had remarkable talents. The nine years from 1745 to 1754 he spent in Germany, Holland and England, occupying himself much more with chess than with music. His first work for the theatre of the Fair of St Laurent was given March 9, 1759, and obtained a brilliant success. It was entitled *Blaise le savetier*; this was followed by *l'Huître et les Plaideurs*, *le Soldat magicien*, and *le Jardinier et son Seigneur*. Philidor became composer to the Opera Comique, ruling that stage for which he wrote thirteen works. The most remarkable of them are *Le Marechal*, in 1 act, *le Bûcheron*, *le Sorcier*, *Tom Jones* (1764), and *l'Amitié au Village*, (Oct. 31, 1785).

In 1777 he printed at London his *Analyse du jeu d'échecs*. May 23, 1786, he produced an unsuccessful work at the Grand Opera, *Themistocles*, in three acts, from which time he gave himself up entirely to his passion for chess at the café de Regence. The revolutionary troubles led him to return to London where he died Aug. 30, 1795. His music is free, natural and melodious; he drew his effects from nature and often produced picturesque and original rhythms. His instrumentation is simple, though horns and bassoons are added to the old hautbois and flutes.

Monsigny, a composer of noble family, was born two years after Philidor, at Fauquemberg, near St. Omer, Oct. 17, 1729. He was destined by his family to a financial career, but afterward entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, as *Major Domo*. Until his thirtieth year he lived quietly in the high circles, whence he gained that elegance of manner, which he preserved through life. A performance of Pergoleses *la Servante maîtresse*, awakened in him the impulse to write for the stage. He began the study of composition immediately with Gianotti, and after some informal essays of his powers, wrote the score of the *Aveux indiscrets*—and a piece given at the theatre de la Foire in 1759. Its success encouraged him to follow it with two more works upon the same stage in 1750, *Le Maître en droit* and *le Cadi dupé*. The comic force shewn in the latter called from the poet Sedaine the expression, "there is the man for me!" The two authors joined their forces and wrote together a large number of dramas and comic operas, one of which was *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, (Sept. 17, 1716).

Monsigny's success was so great as to excite the jealousy of the Italian comedy, which succeeded in causing the Theatre de la Foire to be closed.

The next year, 1762, the two theatres were united and Monsigny wrote successively, during the following years, *le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*, *Aline reine de Golconde*, *l'Ile sonnante*, *le Deserteur*, his masterpiece (March 6, 1769), *le Faucon*, *le Bal de Arsène*, *le Rendezvous bien Employé*, and *Felix ou l'Enfant trouvé*, (3 acts,

1777). This was his last work. His rare sensibility was exhausted; this had been his good genius, for it inspired him with a constant supply of melodies so touching as to render his works immortal. In 1798, the directors of the Opera Comique gave him a pension of 2,400 francs. In 1800 he took the place of Piccini as inspector of Instruction at the Conservatory. He succeeded Gretry as member of the Institute in 1813 received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1816 and died at Paris, Jan. 14, 1817 at the great age of eighty-eight years.

Gretry was as remarkable for his feeling of scenic effect as Monsigny for the exquisite sentiment of his melody. He was born at Liege, Feb. 11, 1741, the son of a poor musician and began life as a singing boy at the collegiate church of St. Denis. Leclerc, Renekin and Moreau were his teachers; but the influence of the Operas of Pergolesi, Buranello, &c., upon the future master, decided his vocation for the theatre; at the age of eighteen he went to Rome, where he studied counterpoint under Casali and at length produced at the theatre Alberti an Italian interlude, entitled, *la Vendemmiatrice*.

The score of Monsigny's *Rose et Colas* gave Gretry an insight into the characters of the French comic opera. He then came to Paris, stopping at Geneva on the way where he produced his *Isabelle et Gertrude*. At length after conquering a thousand difficulties he brought out *Le Huron*, a comedy in one act by Marmontel, Aug. 20, 1758). To this succeeded *Lucie*, then *le Tableau parlant*, a masterpiece of drollery, *Zemire et Azor*, *la Rosière de Salency*, *l'Amant jaloux*, *l'Epreuve villageoise* and *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785) which sealed the fame of its author. At the Grand Opera *La Caravane*, *Panurge* and *Anacreon* obtained a merited success. His last works showed plainly the decay of his peculiar genius.

A true vein of melody and expression suited to his text are the distinguishing qualities of Gretry's music. His instrumentation is feeble and has often been retouched in our time. But such touchings are always a very delicate matter and it is at least a very rare thing to succeed; hence we much prefer the naive defects of the author to the deafening noise introduced by modern writers. In 1789 and 1797 Gretry published two very interesting volumes of *Essai sur la Musique*, which we recommend to the attention of all composers. He was appointed inspector at the Conservatory in 1795, and was elected to one of the three chairs of the musical Section of the Institute then formed. Gretry died at Montmorency Sept. 24, 1813, crowned with glory and honor.

"The Music of the Future."

RICHARD WAGNER.

PARIS, MARCH 29.

1. Quatre Poèmes d'opéra traduits en prose française précédés d'une lettre sur la musique par Richard Wagner—(*Le Vaisseau Fantôme*—*Tannhäuser*—*Lohengrin*—*Tristan et Isolde*)—Paris. A. Bourdilliat et Cie 1861. 1 vol. grand in 18 pp. LXXXIII—317.

2. "Zukunftsmusik"—Brief an einen französischen Freund als Vorwort zu einer Prosa-Üebersetzung seiner Operndichtungen von Richard Wagner. Leipzig. Verlagsbuchhandlung von J. J. Weber, 1861. 1 vol. 8° pp. 58.

Richard Wagner has proved himself a writer of talent no less than a musical composer. His works "Art and Revolution,"—"Art of Future"—and "The Opera and the Drama" are noble expositions

of his theories of art, and vigorous defences of his own method of composition as well as bold attacks upon prevalent and hitherto universally adopted rules. Wagner presents himself as an innovator. The principles upon which former composers have worked he treats as radically false, his severity falling especially upon the Italian school, whose best productions he qualifies with the name of *table music*. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details in regard to this aesthetic discussion which has occupied so much space in the German press, we merely wish to record the appearance of Wagner's last production, one addressed more particularly to the general reader and prepared by him previous to the representation of his *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was at the request and under the auspices of the Emperor himself that the *Tannhäuser* was received. From the first announcement of the intention, now, nearly two years ago, a portion of the Paris press showed itself averse to the step about to be taken. The *Presse* baptised the foreign composer with the name of the Marat of music. An epithet goes far in France in influencing public opinion. The Marat of music! Such was the note of introduction announcing to the Paris public the creator of what other laughers beyond the Rhine had called "The music of the future," from a misinterpretation willing or otherwise of the title of his second work.

The volumes heading this notice were prepared by Wagner to answer or rather to precede the criticism with which he naturally expected his *Tannhäuser* to be met. The letter addressed to M. Frédéric Villot explains concisely the nature of the innovation he has labored to introduce in the treatment of the opera. Then follow prose versions of his operas except the *Nibelungen*, for Wagner, unlike foreign composers has always written the text to his own music. The *Phantom Ship*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan and Isolde* are all based upon popular traditions, that are worked up with dramatic interest. They are not mere *librettos* where all is sacrificed to the music, where a few lines or words are repeated to satiety, where are found platitudes which seem to justify the saying of Voltaire that "what is too foolish to be spoken must be sung." The development of the action is complete. They are poems as they are justly styled in the title page: *Poèmes d'Opéra*.

However all these preparations, all the splendors of the scenery and costumes of the Grand Opera could not save the *Tannhäuser* from being mercilessly hissed on its first representation in Paris. We do not wish to quarrel with the judgment pronounced by the public on this occasion. This is no place either to attack or defend Wagner's music, only we would remark that there was in the reception of the *Tannhäuser* every evidence of a *parti-pris* long beforehand, to meet the innovation with sneers and to greet the new music with laughter and hisses. The house was noisy, turbulent, uneasy. Third and fourth rate critics talked in groups. No attention was given except at intervals. Wagner was the Marat of music, a German innovator. The little papers of the capital, unable to touch politics had found matter of joke and caricature for three months back in this *Musique de l'avenir*. It was judged beforehand and the next Sunday there was a wonderful unanimity in the Paris *feuilletons* in regard to the ridiculous pretensions "of this dreamer who set himself up before the wittiest and keenest audience in the world as an innovator"—and the unanimity was so unusual in those who spoke first, so perfect that even similar expressions, comparisons, *bons-mots* a little disguised might easily be discovered trickling through all. It was the small talk of the *foyer* retailed to the Parisian public. And thus are reputations done and undone.

The merit of the letter preceding the translation

of the Opera Poems is that it is adapted to the general reader, musical terms are avoided as much as possible. The general outline of the new system is sketched in as few words as could well have been done. These explanations have been severely criticised. Granting to the opponents that they are perfectly right, the criticism with which Wagner's words of evident conviction were met, seems none the less unfair. It does not touch upon the point at issue. It dwells on minor details. Detached passages and assertions which indeed seem paradoxical are reproduced and exposed to ridicule. To an impartial reader siding with neither party but seeking for information only, the answers of late produced do not deserve a moment of serious attention.

The letter is written in a tone of sincerity that recommends it to the attention of all. The author expresses his sentiments and views in that honest straight-forward way that wins respect of any one who seeks for more than the mere quarrels of art-schools. The very essence of the Italian opera is attacked. Its origin is detailed as also the grand outlines of music in Germany. The author demands a perfect conformity between the music and the dramatic action. They must interpret, complete each other; when words cease to express, music must go beyond, and the words must always be in exact accordance with the feelings called up by the melody. There must be no artificial pauses, no rests. The action must progress as it does in nature, which has caused the opponents to say that Wagner's music was one noisy recitative. In view of this concordance between the two arts, the musician demands the fullest co-operation on the poet. Thus may language, the instrument of abstract ideas act upon the sensibility. Music will be giving to poetry beyond the rhyme and adornings it already possesses, a new element of power. There would be a marriage of both into one work. Each would find in the other that which each alone lacks. And thus would be satisfied in the Opera, that involuntary desire in him that listens to a poem or to a symphony, for something more, something which is neither in the words, nor in the music alone but in both thus combined. The orchestra would then be with the drama in a relation somewhat analogous to the chorus of the Greeks with the tragic action. Only the relation would be much closer, the orchestra being united to the work of the poet by an intimate participation and interpreting it. Such is the theory of Richard Wagner viewed aside from all the means employed by him to attain this end. These means, the chief element of the innovation proposed by him, we are not prepared to discuss, nor does he dwell upon them in the works under notice.

It is to metaphor that he turns in conclusion to characterize the grand melody as he conceives it embracing the whole drama. And above all it is a quiet contemplation he demands on the part of his hearer. When thus listened to, "It must at first produce on the soul an impression like that caused by a beautiful forest at sunset upon him that has just escaped the noises of the town." There must be a perception of silence. When permeated with the feeling of stillness, we seem endowed with a new sense that reveals to us the harmonies of nature, we acquire new modes of perception, the ear is keener. He that is thus prepared to listen to the voices of the words in their infinite variety—"Hears some which he believes never to have heard before;—as their numbers augment so also strongly increases their intensity; they become more sonorous;—as he hears a greater number of distinct voices, he recognizes in these sounds which take a definite character, which swell in his ear and overpower him, the grand the sole melody of the forest; it was the very melody that had produced upon him from the first a religious impression. It is as if in a beautiful night the deep azure of the firmament rivetted his look; the more

he abandons himself wholly to the contemplation of this spectacle, the more the starry host appears clear, distinct, scintillating, numberless. This melody will leave in him an eternal re-echoing; but to tell it would be impossible. To hear it again he must return to the forest and return there at sunset. What would be his folly to wish to seize one of the graceful singers of the woods, to have it brought home and teach him a fragment of the grand melody of nature! What could he hear then unless perhaps—some Italian melody?"

Our Early Opera Troupes.

1. Chorus and Introduction.....By the whole Company
2. Aria, "Cujus Animam".....Signor Salvi
3. Duetto, "Quis est homo,".....Signorina Costini and Signora Vietti
4. Aria—"Pro peccatis".....Signor Cesare Badiali
5. Chorus and Recitative—"Ela Mater".....Signor Corradi Setti and Chorus.
6. Quartetto—"Sancta Mater".....Signorina Costini, Signora Vietti, Signori Lorini and G. Badiali.
7. Cavatina—"Fecit ut portem".....Signorina Tedesco
8. Aria and Chorus—"Inflammatus,".....Signorina Steffanone and Chorus
9. Quartetto—"Quandum corpus morietur,".....Signorina Steffanone, Tedesco, and Signori Lorini and Corradi Setti.
10. Grand Finale.....By the whole Company
1. Overture—"Semiramide" (Rossini)...By the Orchestra
2. Romanza from "Roberto il Diavolo," (Meyerbeer)...Signora Angela Boslo
3. Duetto from "Nabucco," (Verdi)...Signorina Costini and Signor C. Badiali
4. Romanza from "Giovanna d'Arco" (Verdi)...Sig. Vietti
5. Duetto from "Profeta," (Meyerbeer).....Signorine Steffanone and Tedesco
6. Romanza—"Il mio tesoro," "Don Giovanni," (Mozart,...) Signor Salvi
7. Duetto from "Huguenots," (Meyerbeer).....Signora Boslo and Signor Marini
8. Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," (Rossini)...By the whole Company

Tickets, \$1 each—for sale at the principal Hotels, Music Stores, and at the Door. Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

We reprint, above, the programme of a concert given here some years ago. We do this to recall to our readers the music and singers which Boston has enjoyed in times gone by. In spite of this, we Bostonians are called on, from time to time, to admire and pay for singers who would scarce be paralleled with those quoted above; and we are thought to be fault-finding, particular, cold, dull, for not going into raptures over them. Look at the many enumerated above in one single concert. Can it be expected that those who have sat delighted to listen to these, are to go into a fever of delight at every soprano, tenor, baritone or bass that chances to come along? And when the public stays away from some entertainments which are not sufficiently attractive, is it necessarily non-musical? Or, if it fails to applaud a second rate performance, is it any reason for the artists to turn up their noses at it altogether? It is well, now and then, to go back and look over our musical antecedents. The fact is, we have heard a great deal of good music here.—*Boston Musical Times.*

Mwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 20, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XII.

LIEBIG AND HIS CONCERTS, (CONCLUDED).

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

So then—forty-two different Symphonies, fifty-nine Overtures, besides other famous things, in a portion only of the concerts of three months! But it is not only in the quantity of good music which they present, that LIEBIG's programmes are so remarkable. Not only in this cumulative aspect do they challenge attention, but also by the individual and peculiar method of their making up. Liebig has his fancies as a programme maker. He shows his character in it. In the

complexion of each programme you detect a certain educational design, partly in allusion to the present moment and its chance opportunities, partly in pursuance of a serial plan or course. There is certainly an idea running through each programme. Thus, much of the time we find him giving the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart in course, one after another, almost in the order of their numbers; contrasting them continually with Beethoven, as with the highest standard, the consummate flower of the symphonic art; while at the same time, on the other hand, he also contrasts with him the greatest efforts of his followers, Mendelssohn and Schumann, and frequent specimens of what may be called the period of decadence, the Symphonies of various now living or quite new composers. He is catholic as to men and styles, and tries to represent all, and do justice to all claims of any dignity; and this chiefly that his audience may compare and learn, may have a reason for their opinions about great and little, new and old composers. He is also very hospitable to the efforts of newly risen aspirants. He gives one, sometimes two or three hearings to the Symphony or Overture of some young composer, until it may be fairly said to have had its chance with a public which he is doing his best to make appreciative. For example, one week he brought out three concert overtures by an English lady, Miss Maria Moody, who had come over with the scores to Berlin; they were short flights, showed fair musicianship in respect to form, instrumentation, &c. (the fruit of German studies), passed off with a *succes d'estime*, and were forgotten. Another time he bored his hearers terribly with a new Symphony, by one Fischer, a very weak dilution of Mendelssohn, and an intolerable deal of it; as also with a young Overture that tried to rage like Beethoven, without even matter, not to say method in its madness; but we were at once refreshed and compensated by a touch of the true thing in the fiery *Coriolan* of Beethoven, and a delicious, genial Symphony of Mozart. The lesson learned was worth the patience.

Of course, too, in these programmes he pays his compliments to the musical magnates here, (for our Liebig is a courteous gentleman, and he, also, has a "Hof" prefixed to his title):—to Taubert especially,—to Vierling,—to Meyerbeer, not too much (be it said to his praise), not so much as to his wronged and greater predecessor, Spontini, whom he (Meyerbeer) supplanted, to the regret and shame now of most musical Berliners. Often the programmes have a reference to other performances, and answer a subsidiary purpose as preparations for, or as reviews upon, what is to be heard elsewhere. If Goethe's "Faust" is produced (as it has been lately in incomparable style) upon the royal stage, Liebig takes care to give us several different Faust overtures, including that by Lindpaintner, used in the theatre, and also at another time, soon after, an orchestral review of the Prince Radzkywill's Faust choruses and melodramatic fragments. If the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is announced at the Schauspielhaus, with Mendelssohn's music, Liebig takes the opportunity to bring the Overture, the Scherzo, &c., into his concerts. If "Egmont" is the play, he treats us with the entire Egmont music of Beethoven,—enough to rob us of all disposition to quarrel with our coffee. When Taubert, with the Royal Orchestra brings

out Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for the exclusives, that is a signal for the people's kapellmeister to do the same thing for them; while to those who can attend both, it serves for a rehearsal and for deeper acquaintance with the work. Taubert revives a forgotten, interesting antiquity, a pre-Haydnite Symphony, by Emanuel Bach; and Liebig instantly proceeds to play the same repeatedly, until the sound thereof becomes familiar. Again, he does not neglect anniversaries; his programme sometimes reminds us of the birth or death of some great master. Thus on the 27th of January we found a laureled bust in front of the stage, and the selections were entirely from Mozart: Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Fantasia and Sonata; Overture, Finale to first act, Finale to second act, of *Don Juan*; Symphony in C, with the Fugue ("Jupiter"). Even if we suppose that in many instances the programme is made up at random; if we look not beyond whim, accident, or the convenience of the moment for the whole secret of his method, still the chances are of finding something interesting, something to one's purpose in the concerts, take them as they come. In most cases, however, he is plainly governed by some principle of selection and association. Let me recall a few examples.

Here is one of the oddest — the "Faust" programme already mentioned:

Overture to "Faust".....Schulz.
Sinfonie in F major.....Dorn.
Overture to "Faust".....Spohr.
Aria from "Stabat mater".....Rossini.
Overture to "Faust".....Lindpaintner.

Sinfonie in E flat (No. 3).....Mozart.

Faust number One, by a young composer, was a clear, respectable performance, not extravagant or overstrained, and not particularly deep. Spohr's shows his usual mastery, and the freshness of his happiest creative period; not so sickly sweet and cloying as much of his music is; but certainly no musical peer for Goethe's poem. Lindpaintner's is the most elaborate and most imposing, with full strength of modern orchestra, all *agitato* and would-be exciting, as if full of the delirious tumult of the senses and of all wild dreams and insatiable passions; but still no work of genius. This was the one used in the performance of the drama. Dorn's Symphony seemed also full of *Hexen-bräueret*, "a true witch element;" and you could not help suspecting that Liebig had introduced it from a fancied analogy with that side of "Faust." I know not whether the Dorn here named is the kapellmeister here, Taubert's colleague, and author of the *Nibelungen* opera, or a young composer in Vienna. Certainly this symphony is one of the most wilfully wild, eccentric extravaganzas that ever reached my sense of tune and rhythm; full of flings of audacious fancy, sometimes for a moment interesting and even beautiful, but just as disappointing and unwholesome as the sweet visions summoned by the witch charms, and as instantly vanishing. He seemed to be catching ideas, or rather conceits, by their tails as they ran away (why not let them go?) and dragging them mercilessly back into his wicked conjuring circle. Sometimes it seemed to me as if the composer had caught the first hint of his Symphony from one of those old Dutch paintings of St. Anthony's temptation. There were many hisses mingled with the applause that followed, and just then — so fatally well-timed, that Mephisto him-

self must have been invisibly present — a tremendous crash of broken crockery among the coffee tables! Why Rossini's *Cujus Animam* was put in such company, I was puzzled to conceive. It casts a broad gleam as it goes by. Decidedly the most genial thing of the evening until we Mozart. Had it been placed immediately before that, and after all the "Faust" business, one could have taken it for the "flaming sword," the wall of separation between all this *diablerie* and the Paradise that followed. For it was like Paradise to get back to Mozart. Such a warm, genial, spontaneous Symphony! Such beautiful, innocent, pure music! the inspiration, as it were, of the child soul, the new created, that walks face to face with the Creator. It was good in Liebig to land us there; it was like returning from long nightmare cruises along Colchian shores, amid Medea sorceries and dragons, and finding oneself safe again beneath sweet Ionian skies, where Beauty has her temples in the isles of Greece. I forgot to mention that we did get a bit of relief after the Dorn Symphony, by the introduction of some of those delightful variations out of Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia." Those are *real* fancies, and not struggles after fancy. Liebig often gives them for an encore piece.

Here is the programme for Dec. 18th, in the week of the birthdays of Beethoven and of Weber:

Overture to "Euryanthe".....C. M. von Weber.
Sinfonie in C major.....C. M. von Weber.
Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven.
Romanza in F, (violin).....Beethoven.
(Choral Fantasia).....Beethoven.
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2).....Beethoven.

Sinfonie in C minor.....Beethoven.

Here is another, of the week during which I heard *Fidelio*, greatest of operas, with the single exception of *Don Juan*, at the Royal Opera House. It is doubly interesting: first, as affording such a study of Beethoven's working processes, of the manner in which he recast his idea, until it satisfied himself; and, secondly, unfamiliar (now) examples of the elegant and even style of Symphony, as first set by Haydn, and followed, at an humble distance, by composers who neither could, nor cared to, go beyond his depth:

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1).....Beethoven.
Symphony in E flat.....A. Romberg.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2).....Beethoven.
Andante from Symphony.....Abt Vogler.
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3).....Beethoven.

Symphony No. 13 (C major).....Haydn.

And now look at this one, curiously compounded:

Concert Overture.....Maria Moody.
Marcia alla Turca.....Beethoven.
Symphony in C minor.....Mendelssohn.

"Die Dorfmusikanten," Comic Sextet..Mozart.

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Symphony No. 10 (C major).....Mozart.

The Moody overture was, as I have hinted, a pretty fair success of woman in male costume; she enacts Symphony about as well as Signorina So and So does Romeo. It consisted of passages passably put together. On the whole not edifying. How all the faces brightened at the magical sounds of Beethoven's Turkish March (out of the "Ruins of Athens" music, the whole of which

was played a few evenings before in one of Radcliffe's concerts)! The whole work is worthy of Beethoven's good hours; and this march seems to realize the rhythmic pulse of Oriental life by quite as true an imaginative instinct (to say the least) as that by which Mendelssohn is supposed to have caught the fairy vein of Shakespeare. This dimple of sunshine would enliven some of our murky March and April "Afternoon Rehearsal" concerts in the Boston Music Hall. Mendelssohn's early Symphony does not count among his great ones. Its somewhat slender material is worked out to tedious length, but of course in a right musicianlike manner and with elegance and sweetness. Interesting for once to the musical inquirer. It was once given, I think, in Boston, by the "Germanians." The Sextet (for quartet of strings and two horns), is one of those exquisite drolleries with which Mozart's ever buoyant, childlike nature overflowed in social hours, in moments of rest and reaction from severe work. It is a burlesque on the ambitious attempt of a club of village musicians to do the classical thing, i. e., perform a piece in several movements in Sonata form (original, of course). It is somewhat such a thing in music, as Peter Quince's tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, and quite as laughable and enjoyable. Such solemn, formal emptiness! All the *forms* are in a ludicrous manner kept up, as long and pompous as court ceremonies; but without the shadow of an idea to put into them. The emptiest periods and phrases are repeated, imitated, answered with the utmost gravity; with awful pauses after nothing said — but said emphatically. And such comical blunders! horns in fifths, &c. Attempts to trill in instruments least fitted for it and getting the alternate note a semitone out of the way! In the last movement the double bass leads off with a startling fugue theme (in the lowest depths), and there stops short while another instrument takes it, and so round — and that is a fugue! The best musician could enjoy such fun! The Symphony in C was not the well-known "Jupiter"; if not so great as that, it added to one's stock of Mozart, who left nothing not worth having — although we found the adagio of this a little prolix.

Here is a programme rich in new and old:

Overture to "Titus".....Mozart.
Symphony No. 3 (E flat).....Schumann.

Overture to "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Scherzo from 9th Symphony.....Beethoven.
Overture to "Iphigenia," with R. Wagner's conclusion.....Gluck.

Symphony No. 16 (E flat).....Haydn.
(Overture to "Coriolan").....Beethoven.

Here is another:

Overture to "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini.
"Frühlinglied".....Mendelssohn.
Overture: "Ein Märchen".....R. Wuerst.

Grand Septet.....Beethoven.

Symphony (No. 12) G major.....Mozart.
Overture to "Freischütz".....Weber.

I cite this programme chiefly for the sake of mentioning what a peculiar and enhanced effect the well-known Beethoven Septuor derived from the manner in which it was treated. The first and second violin, and the viola parts were played each by four instruments; and there were four cellos strengthened by two double basses. Of course the clarinet, fagotto and horn were single. This lent a certain largeness and positiveness to these [for Beethoven] somewhat common-

place movements, as they have sometimes seemed, which rendered them again fresh and vigorous. It was like the interest sometimes restored to too familiar objects by a magnifying glass. Wuerst is one of the most gifted of the young composers who reside in Berlin. His overture, which might be called "a fairy legend," impresses me, after repeated hearings, as one of the happiest things in that vein since Mendelssohn. I shall perhaps some time speak of a very successful Quartet by him. The *Frühlingslied* of Mendelssohn, here named, is the well-known Song without Words. It cannot possibly sound so well for orchestra, as in its original piano form; and Liebig takes it altogether too slow. Still it is one of his popular make-weights, which he throws in very often.

And how does Liebig's Orchestra play? Not so well as the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig; but I may safely say, upon the average quite as well, and often better than our Symphony orchestra in Boston. Bear in mind that it is about fifty instruments strong; that they are kept in continual play together the whole year round; and that they are found good enough to do all the accompanying here in oratorio, in concerts of the Bach-verein, of the Sing-Akademie, of Radecke's series, &c. Naturally they fall more or less into a certain hacknied routine way. They play too often, to take enthusiasm always at the flood tide. But they also have their lucky moments; and I have once heard the C minor Symphony played better by them, than I ever heard it, except in the Gewandhaus. The instruments all have good sounds, especially the oboe and bassoon; and the general sound of the orchestra is rich and fine.

It is not to be denied that there are some drawbacks to the pleasure and convenience of these tone-feasts of the bountiful Liebig. In three, at least, of his four *locales*, you have to go very early to secure a seat. You had better take a book with you, if you have got eyes. An individual comes an hour beforehand—a solitary woman of a family, or of a knot of cronies—and turns down all the chairs around the table where she sits, perhaps several tables; and this sign of first discovery and possession is scrupulously respected by all after-comers; attempt to seat yourself in one after another of fifty places which appear vacant, and you are politely informed that it is *besetzt*—kept by the one who has come in reserve for the friend who will come, or some chance friend who may come. There is more or less of jar and disturbance, too, from the rattle of coffee cups, and beer *seidels*, and small change; since, of course, the *kellners* must do all the business they can for the proprietor and keeper of the house. Yet it is wonderful how quietly all this goes on; it only needs the pervading instinct of musical good manners; and that comes with such love of music as you see here. You have only to "hush," and the offenders are as still as mice.

The worst annoyance, probably, at least to many, is the bad cigar smoke. Fond as you are of Symphonies, you may not be partial to smoked symphonies. Especially should it chance to be the Ninth Symphony, as it was once my experience, when the crowd drove me into the gallery, where the smokers fancy themselves sheltered, above notice and above decency. Abstinence from "the weed," however, is commonly requested on the programmes, and with considerable, sometimes complete, effect; it is like the caprices of

the weather; there are smoky and there are clear days; you cannot forestall them. But it is not possible wholly to suppress the nuisance in a free and easy German audience,—especially where it is made up in large part of students, saucy and proud of their duelling scars; for German students, it is well known, as a general rule, are anything but models of refinement.

Can we have Liebig concerts in our American cities? Can we change our whole way of life? D.

NOTE.—Our readers are desired to make the following corrections in the new series of Editorial Correspondence.

In the Christmas Letter (No. III.), Haupt is called the pupil of Mendelssohn. I wrote "pupil, with Mendelssohn, of Zelter." Again, middle of next column, for "pejor" read *helmet*.

In Letter No. IV., within the first down line, for "passive opportunity" read *passing*; strike out "long" before "excursions"; for "choice" read "chosen temples."

For "talk a walk" (!) read *take*.

For "talented (!) husband's genius," read *lamented*.

In Letter No. V. (Journal of Feb. 9), 3d column, 4th line, for "musical inquiries," read *inquiries*. Middle of 4th column, "the men on the other, less in the royal box," &c., put a full stop after "other," and commence new sentence, "Up in the royal box," &c. Top of next column, "the initiation, through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls," &c. read, "the initiation, through trial and sacrifice, of two young souls." 43d line, "so admirable in a male chorus," strike out "in." Six lines from end of letter, for "purity and style," read "of style." "Sing, sing," too, is a case where the half is better than the whole.

Letter VI. Third column, for "Lathie," read *Lethe*. 4th column, for "the best movement," read *last*. For "these variations," *those*. For "Eusebius, Master Rare," *Eusebius, Meister Rare*. Bottom of the same column, for "representations," read *representatives*; and (horrible *divine*), "our hero of the victim" should be "of the violin." 11th line, last column, "led in triumph," should be "led in triumph."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9.—All the concerts which have not taken place during the winter, are being crowded together into these last five or six weeks of the season. Every week brings two or three, and those for the most part good ones. But unfortunately the greatest musical attractions bring nothing but small audiences, and one can only wonder that so many artists have the courage to get up any thing of the kind. On Thursday Satter gave a *matinée* in aid of the German Hospital Fund which is being raised. The audience was entirely different from that generally present at these concerts, and consisted almost exclusively of German ladies. Mr. Satter produced some new gems from the inexhaustible store of his repertoire, in the shape of a *Marche Triomphale* for two pianos, by himself, Liszt's stupendous arrangement of the Fifth Symphony, and the Overture of Oberon. In the last two pieces, he exhibited even more marvellous powers of execution than usual. The *Marche Triomphale*, in which Mr. Pattison took the second piano, is exceedingly spirited. Improvisation concluded the concert, in which airs from Martha, Freyschütz, Don Giovanni, Tannhäuser, &c., seven in all, were brought up successively and interwoven with each other in a very skilful manner. Mr. Satter was assisted by Miss Rowcroft, a singer of considerable ability, but not very agreeable voice, and Mr. Appy the violinist, who played a fantasia on Massaniello. He has much energy and vigor of stroke but very little softness and sweetness. The latter deficiency may however have been owing partly to his instrument, which was very harsh.

On Saturday night a concert was given by Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt, the young violinist who made so successful debut at a Philharmonic concert a year or two ago. He has but once since appeared in public, at a soirée of Mme. Abel's last season. He is too excellent a player to have lain *perdu* so long, and more than one music-lover heartily welcomed

this occasion of hearing him once more. The programme was a very fine one, but had several faults aside from the character of the music. In the first place it was too long, then it contained too many solos, and finally Beethoven's second Symphony, which was beautifully played by a small orchestra, was put at the very end, when the listeners were wearied, and their powers of enjoyment and attention weakened by all that had come before. The orchestra played besides, the Overture to Oberon, and Sig. Centemeri sang arias from Attila and Le Pardon de Plöermel; his fine baritone showing to best advantage. Mr. Wollenhaupt played four times, and proved himself equally excellent in various styles of composition. His first piece was the Violin-Concerto of Vieuxtemps, to which he did full justice. Then he gave us an arrangement of Hungarian airs, by Ernst, and subsequently a Fantasia on "Les Hirondelles," by David, composed by himself. This is a work of much merit, and very pleasing and interesting. He was encored, and played a short fantasia on Home, Sweet Home. Mr. Wollenhaupt combines all the requisites of a first-rate player. He has force and vigor, but at the same time great delicacy and purity of power, he has also great mechanical skill, but more than all these a degree of fire and feeling in his playing, that proves how his whole soul is wrapped up in his art. May he soon give us an opportunity of strengthening this impression.

A concert was given last evening at Irving Hall, (fast becoming a favorite locality for such entertainments) for the benefit of the same German Hospital Fund for which Satter gave his last *matinée*. It was arranged chiefly by the Ladies Union which has been organized for this object, and was hardly made known among the American public, being advertised only in the German papers. This was not the wisest course. The programme was so good that many who might not have been induced to attend by the specially German object would have been attracted by it, and the room might have been much fuller. You will see that the programme, in regard to quality, was almost unexceptionable, but it had again the too frequent fault of extreme length, so that but few listeners must have been at the end.

- PART I.
1. Overture "Julius Caesar".....R. Schumann.
2. Harfner's Lied von Goethe.....Zimmermann
Teutonia.
3. Sonate op. 47, f. Piano und Violine (2 und 3 movements.....Beethoven
Mason & Thomas.
4. March and chorus from "Tannhäuser".....B. Wagner
Liederkrans.
PART II.
5. Sinfonia Eroica.....Beethoven
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Marcia funebre. 3. Scherzo.
4. Finale.
PART III.
6. Overture "Fingal's Hohele".....Mendelssohn
7. Concert in E-Moll, one movement.....Chopin
G. Müller.
8. Gemung der Geister über den Wassern.....Fehubert
Arion.
9. Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer

The performances were very satisfactory throughout, and showed in their spirit that they were given for a national object. It was quite interesting to compare the three vocal societies, the three best in the city. The Teutonia made its first public appearance if I am not mistaken, and did great credit not only to themselves but chiefly to their leader, Mr. Mosenthal, who has only had them in training during the past winter. The members are rough, unpolished mechanics, but they have fine fresh voices, know how to manage them, and sing with accuracy and precision, as well as with much nicety of shading and a great deal of expression. —t—

GETTYSBURG, PA., APRIL 8, 1861.—*Mr. Editor.* Of course you are interested whenever people are stirred about the "art divine." For this reason your Journal must have an account of a musical occasion unusual in this part of the world. Concerts do not often occur here. The town is small, and out of the way, and traveling companies do not think of going

so far round the corner. But there is in the place a large circle of sincere admirers of sweet sounds, and the presence of a college and theological seminary tends to elevate taste and refinement. A traveling company did not come, but a concert was started by an amateur orchestra, "The Quaver Club," composed of students and other young men. Where professional orchestras are wanting, amateur societies can be very useful in beginning the work of musical cultivation. To the orchestra was added a good strong chorus, formed by selections from different choirs. Thus equipped, "Mozart's Gloria," an Anthem by Zundel, and "Sail, Sail," from Lurline were put under rehearsal. These with solos and orchestral pieces made out a miscellaneous programme. The performance took place April 4th. Of course it was not a rendering from professional hands, nevertheless it was very creditable.

One benefit is certain to follow,—an increased interest in musical study among the college students here,—a study refining and elevating, and at the same time as effective mental discipline as any Latin, Greek or Mathematics.

But I must not forget the principal feature,—the part of the performance which was professional. Mrs. Mozart from New York was present. There is no need of telling; you know of her abilities. The auditors hardly knew what to do with themselves after her clear tones and charming execution. First came a silence from pure wonder, then unbounded enthusiasm. The lady sang very prettily Comer's "Song of the Lark," and very skillfully the Cavatina from "Beatrice." The "Last Rose of Summer" was on the programme; "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" were given on encores. Mrs. M. is successful in oratorio; last Christmas your correspondent heard her perform admirably the soprano of the Messiah at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; but she is particularly successful in simple ballads, perhaps as much so as any who attempt them. Her natural grace and temperament give the assistance by means of which these melodies become so touching. The people were delighted too to find her more than an artist, a finished lady. Her amiability won the affections of all.

The whole performance pleased so much that a repetition was called for. A new programme was made out, and a second concert given the following night.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1861.—We have had one week of opera by the associated artists, alternating between this city and Brooklyn. Un Ballo, Son-nambula, La Juive, Linda and Moses in Egypt have been given, with fair success. The last opera was performed as an oratorio on Saturday night and horribly mutilated. Such a poor performance has not been heard here recently. Stigelli was the only singer who appeared to advantage. Miss Hinckley did not sing the part of *Anaïde* near as well as *Adelina Patti*. The company have now gone to Philadelphia.

There are any number of concerts announced for this week, but the political excitement, rendering people indisposed for quiet enjoyment will seriously interfere with their pecuniary success. The Mendelssohn Union has given a fair performance of Wallace's "Lurline" to invited guests and will next perform it at a public concert. They will then rehearse "Moses in Egypt."

There have been this month more changes in church choirs than were ever known before at any one time. An amusing circumstance which has been goSSIPed about considerably is the recent squabble between C. Jerome Hopkins and the pastor of the Church of the Incarnation. The quarrel hinged on the question as to who should select the tunes. Hopkins as the organist maintained his right to do so but the rector thought his rights paramount, and lud-

icrous blunders in the selections not unfrequently occurred. War ensued and Hopkins relieved himself by a documentary protest as long as the moral law but vastly more original and amusing.

Father Heinrich is in this city in a state of poverty but not without friends. A brief sketch of his career I have gathered from his own lips. He was born in Schönlinde, in Bohemia, (Austria), on the 11th of March, 1781. He was educated for a mercantile life, and became the principal in a very extensive banking house, the branches of which were established in Prague, Vienna, Trieste and Naples. From early youth, Mr. Heinrich was of an adventurous spirit, which immense wealth enabled him to gratify at will.

His very extended commercial business, frequently made it necessary for him to travel, and on one occasion he visited the island of Malta, where the passion for music seemed first to have taken decided possession of his soul; there he obtained a *Cremona* violin, to which he became ardently attached; this instrument lasted through all his wanderings and strange vicissitudes, until its accidental destruction by the carelessness of a musician of the Drury Lane Orchestra.

For long, long years this violin and *maestro* were inseparable friends, being together day and night, in the western wilds of America, and in the crowded cities of both [Hemispheres]. Father Heinrich has crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic many times; his biographer tells us, that he sailed from Lisbon for this country, in 1805, and that it was when he was Director of music, at the Southwark theatre of Philadelphia, he received the sad news of the failure of his Banking house and its branches. He soon left Philadelphia for Pittsburg, crossing the Alleghenies on foot, and finally settled in a log cabin in Bardstown, Kentucky, where he began writing music; he was about this period about thirty years old, and he attributes some of his best compositions, to his study of Nature in those then solitary wilds. The log-hut is still most carefully preserved, and is pointed out to all visitors, with great interest, by the family of the late Postmaster General, in whose garden it now stands.

Having satisfactorily overcome the shock of his loss and his necessary change of position in the financial world, Mr. Heinrich proceeded to London, where he remained five or six years, officiating among the leading violinists of the orchestras of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and publishing many of his compositions, which made him widely known in that metropolis.

Subsequently he returned to America, dividing his time between this city, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in the prosecution of his profession, sometimes leading, at others performing in the Orchestras.

Father Heinrich has composed over one hundred works, comprising Oratorios, Symphonies, Overtures, concerted pieces and songs, many of which are distinguished for great originality, varied expression, patriotic sentiment, as well as for the curiously constructed stories which adorn their title pages.

There are many who remember his mammoth concerts given here in years gone by, which drew together the musical profession, from the principal cities of the Union, and enlisted public interest.

In 1857, Mr. Heinrich made his last trip to Europe, he then had the happiness to hear some of his best works, performed by the societies of Prague and Vienna. In 1860 he returned to his adopted country (the United States), and till the present time has quietly lived in this city, where this octogenarian and probably the oldest musician living, is now fast fading away. His life has been one of the most varied conditions, begun in opulence, with hosts of friends to cheer him and partake of his rare hospitality, full of youth, vigor and hope, now the picture has changed, and he truly needs the sympathy and respect of the world.

TROYATOR.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Instrument.

IMPORTANT TO ORGANISTS AND COMPOSERS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Lake George, N. Y., }
APRIL 8, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—Some time ago, I was in quest of a *Pedal-Pianoforte* suitable for organ practice; and was advised to import one. The instrument was delivered to me last autumn, in perfect order, having been cleverly packed in an air-tight box, inlaid with zinc. It is in the cabinet or boudoir form, has seven octaves in the manual, and over two octaves of pedals. To each key of the fingerboard, there are three strings; excepting in the extreme base octave, which has two. To the pedals, there are three, two and one strings respectively according to a judicious distribution of tone. The pedal strings, which are in rear, extend lengthwise with the piano, and of course are tuned in unison with those of the manual. The entire action is perfect, the pedals responding at once to the touch; and when the lids are raised before and behind, the tones are nearly as powerful and as clear, as are those of the largest grand action pianoforte. For chamber music, it is sufficiently loud with the lids closed. The pedals may be easily detached, but in order to play them, the piano has a regular organ-bench, that spans them, and that extends as far as the key-board. This is so constructed that it may be taken to pieces, and packed alongside of the piano if necessary for transportation. The case has a rose-wood veneering, and prevents the appearance of an ordinary Boudoir Piano, except that it is a little deeper. It is of great beauty, and would be an ornament to any *salon*; actually occupying less space than a common piano, being easier tuned, from the position of the sound boards, as well as more readily removed upon occasion. It is in fact *two in one*, a *foot* and a *hand* piano; the two separate actions being placed in the closest possible juxtaposition. With this, an organist can execute a fugue of Bach or Handel with the same facility, as upon a first-class organ, and thoroughly prepare himself for the choir, or the concert-room.

Yours truly,

H.

P. S. The following are the proximate dimensions:

	Feet.	Inches.
Height.....	5	
Depth, (exclusive of key-board) . .	1	8½
Width.....	4	4½

Pedals 2 octaves, key-board, 7 octaves. Price in Berlin, 375 *Prussian Thalers*, (reckon about 75 cents to a Thaler).

These instruments called "*PIANO-PEDALS*," are manufactured by Julius Hellmünd 40 Potsdamer Strausse Berlin, at the above price and will be sent to any desired address in the United States.

(Pianos with pedals are now made in Boston, one was exhibited at the late Mechanic's Fair.)

NEW YORK, APRIL 16th.—Mr. Satter's Sixth and last *matinée*, which took place last Friday, was very poorly attended. The programme was not quite as interesting as usual, as, for the first time in any of these *matinées* three out of the six pieces played were not new. These were the overture to *Tannhäuser*, Liszt's arrangement of *Sextuor* from *Lucia*, and Mr. Satter's *fantasie* on *Don Pasquale*. Besides these, Mr. Satter gave us the waltz in A flat by Chopin, and two entire novelties in the shape a *Prelude* and *Fugue* (No. 5, in G) by Rubinstein, and *Variations* on a theme of Schumann, by Brahms. Both were exceedingly difficult, and most original. The first was peculiar in respect to the subjects of the fugue being much more melodious than is generally the case and which had a very fine effect. The latter was totally different from any other variations, and sometimes rather far-fetched both in rhyme and harmony. Mr. Satter played both pieces splendidly.

Next Saturday we have the *Philharmonic*, the last of the season, and on Thursday the third of the *Arion* concerts. Gottschalk announces a series of

concerts in conjunction with Carlotta Patti and minor stars are constantly appearing only to vanish again forever.

When one considers how little is made by most of these concerts, which are, indeed, more frequent by losing affairs, it is surprising that musicians can still venture upon such undertakings. However, we music lovers are all the more obliged to them.

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New Publications.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February, 1861. L. Scott & Co. From Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, (L. Scott & Co., American Reprint) is published with the following table of contents.

The Indian Civil service, its Rise and Fall, Part 2; The Physical Geography of the Sea; Lee's History of the Church of Scotland; Iron-Clad Ships of War and British Defences; Norman Sinclair an Autobiography, Part 14; Recent Natural History Books; Wilson's German Campaign of 1813; The China War of 1860.

Price \$3, a year; Price for four Reviews, \$8 a year; "Blackwood" and the four Reviews, \$10.

CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 27 and 28. CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 24.

These excellent popular works continue to appear with their customary punctuality. The present numbers have copious indexes and tables of contents that greatly increase the value of the works. The illustrations are abundant and up to their usual standard of excellence.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MUSIC TO MACBETH.—It is about time there should be new music written to Shakespear's "Macbeth." The music now allied with it and which has become hallowed by long use, was no doubt considered proper and attractive by the good people who first heard it, a long time ago, but to our modern ears it utterly fails to convey the idea of anything that has any connection with what happens on the stage. This operatic part of the performance of "Macbeth," in which girls of the chorus are made to sing dry solos to a fugued accompaniment, of a generally inefficient orchestra, inwardly trembling all the time lest they or the orchestra should lose the thin thread of melody, until the chorus chimes in with a strain which would be just as appropriate at any old English merry-making, and winds up with an echo behind the scenes, to catch the applause of the galleries, is to musical persons very annoying, to say the least. A song is a very good thing in the right place, but a sad bore in an improper one. Good actors may be, and are very often, poor singers. If we are to have music, let it be melo-dramatic. Why does not somebody try to reform this evil?

B.

THE BOSTON MOZART CLUB, (*Amateurs*), gave its third social Orchestral Entertainment to the Associate and Honorary Members, on Monday evening, last at Mercantile Hall. The following was the Programme.

- PART I.
First Symphony in F Minor.....Kallwoda
Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro con brio.
PART II.
1. Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
2. Concert Waltz, "Windsor Klänge".....Strauss
3. Andante and Minuet.....Beethoven
From First Symphony in C major.
4. "Song" For Horn and Cornet obligato; arranged by.....Suck
5. Lily Polka.....By a member of the Club
6. Overture, "Nosse di Figaro".....Mozart

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION gave its eighth afternoon concert on Wednesday, April 17, at the Music Hall, which was well filled in spite of the stirring scenes going on in the streets. The following was their programme:

1. Overture, "Martha".....Flotow
2. Symphony, No. 8, "Pastorale" (Op. 68).....Beethoven
3. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
4. Fantasia, (for Clarinet).....C. G. Reissiger
Performed by T. Ryan.
5. Finale, "Eine Sommernacht in Denmark".....Lumbye

DR. GUILMETTE, well known to our concert goers as an accomplished vocalist, and public singer, especially in oratorio, proposes to deliver lectures here upon the human voice. His advertisement in another column gives some particulars of his lectures, which we have no doubt will be very useful and interesting, as his experience is the double one of a professional man and of an artist.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE VARIAN, whom some of our readers heard a few weeks ago at the Music Hall, at one of the afternoon concerts, announces a concert at Chickering's, for Friday next, assisted by Mr. Simpson (tenor) and Mr. E. Hoffman, pianist.

"THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."—This it is which today echoes through the city of our usually peaceful streets; to this every heart beats and every foot keeps step, while with one voice all agree to uphold the honor of the flag that floats everywhere before our eyes. The occupations and the places devoted to Art even are freely offered to the service of the Union.

The *Evening Transcript* tells us that "the free use of the Music Hall has been offered by the Directors to the Commonwealth as a dormitory and place of rendezvous for the troops during their temporary stay in this city. The provisions made for their comfort and accommodation by the city were of so ample a nature, that the offer was courteously declined by the Governor, who remarked that he should regret, except in case of extreme urgency thus to disturb or disarrange that building."

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Concert of this Society this evening and of the repetition of the *Bards* on next Saturday.

TO MAKE A LIBRETTO.—The modern poet should completely abstain from reading the ancient writers, for this reason that the ancient never read the moderns. Before entering upon his task he will take an exact note of the quantity and quality of the scenes which the manager is desirous of introducing into his drama. He will compose his poem verse by verse, without giving himself any trouble as to the action, in order that it may be impossible for the spectator to comprehend the plot, and that curiosity may thus be kept alive to the end of the piece. By the way, he will not forget to close the piece with a brilliant and magnificent scene, terminating with a good chorus in honor of the sun, the moon, or manager. He will have recourse as frequently as possible to the dagger, to poison, to earthquakes, spectres, and incantations. All these expedients are admirable; they cost but little, and produce a prodigious effect on the public.

"Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some favorite composer; and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professionally scientific, be too long.—*Grove's Musical Lacon.*"

MUSIC.—CHARLES READE, in a noble defence of Music, says: "Music was the nursing mother of Poetry, the highest of all arts. The verse did not create itself; it arose in all its primitive forms out of musical division. For centuries after its birth, Poetry could not walk alone, either in the East or in the West. Those incomparable lyrics which are called the 'Psalms of David,' where description and moral teaching, piety and nature, earth and heaven, blend so sweetly, were songs, composed in happy moments of musical as well as poetic heart, by David and many other harpers; and but for music, these gems of poetry and praise had never embellished language. And it is not too much to say, that here alone, where Poetry and Music meet, is the spirit of the Old Testament as manifestly and constantly Divine as that of the New. Many forgotten harpers sang before Homer, and to their divisions we owe the majestic Hexameter. Homer, like his own Achilles, was a harper.

"The Iliad was sung or chanted, and where the same words are repeated, there was a sort of refrain with a more marked melody. But for Music, then, the greatest Poem would never have been created;

but for Music again might well have slipped off the memory of the hearers.

"Poetry came West at Music's apron string. The Arabs who brought it into Europe were songsters. The Spanish troubadours who caught it from them were songsters; so were the French trouvères, who had it from them; so the Dutch minstrels, and the Irish and Welsh bards.

"For centuries Poetry could not walk alone nor please by its own rhythm. And even that rhythm it owes to primæval Music.

"This is but a small part of the debt mankind owe to this art, now outlawed by a caprice of demi-civilization. That debt is hundreds and thousands of years older than any claim Painting can put in to our gratitude. Why pick our old benefactor out from among a hundred pettier arts, to outlaw her? Her modern feats, are they so very contemptible? The brilliant operas, the mighty oratorios, the learned quintets, the profound symphonies, the pious masses and anthems, where the boy's sweet, mellow voices rise so young and pure above the pealing organ, and waft the same to Heaven; the thrilling songs that nations take to heart, and love, and sing, and feel for centuries; are all these trash?

"Music is an universal language. Unlike the writers, the composer's text can be printed or played by all the human race, pure as it came from the master's mind. God has given the lovely art this worldwide advantage over the writers, to compensate its inferiorities, a noble compensation. For thus Music mitigates the curse of Babel, a terrible curse to man."

LONDON.—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert of last night, March 19, devoted, like many others given during the present season, to the works of Beethoven, was attended most numerous, the more expensive places being occupied by company belonging to the highest classes of society. The programme included, amongst other masterpieces, Beethoven's great pianoforte sonata in A major, Op. 101, played on this occasion for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Arabella Goddard, who, judging by her performance of this and other sonatas of Beethoven's so-called "third period" (need we remind our readers of her triumphant successes with the 106, 109, and 111?) seems to have discovered the clue which can alone direct the executant through the new world of sound which the mighty *Ton-Dichter* created, and to have penetrated the interest of these golden mists, "dark from excessive light," which enshroud, like a sunny haze, the inspirations of the poet "hidden in the light of thought." For Miss Arabella Goddard, Beethoven, the most inventive and imaginative of musicians, has no secrets. She knows him by heart; and, what is more, can put her heart into her fingers, and thus render him intelligible and delightful even to the ears of a mixed audience, such as that of the Monday Popular Concerts, which (such is the gradation of the admittance fees) included nearly every class of the community. Never did the great English pianist, who so chivalrously plays superb works in public which no other pianist can, or at any rate does attempt to, except perhaps for the delectation of the "select few" who may patronise a *quasi* private chamber-concert—never did the "reine et le roi aussi" of the most fashionable instruments distinguish herself more honorably than on this occasion. The exquisitely beautiful love-song with which the sonata commences, the vigorous march movement so utterly unlike any other march composed before or since, and the sterlingly brilliant *finale*, with its charmingly capricious humor and fugue, ingeniously wrought as it is difficult to execute, were one and all played to perfection. A few more such performances cannot fail to work what many consider a kind of artistic miracle—that is, to render Beethoven's sonata in A major, Op. 101, generally popular.—*Morning Post*

MADAME ROSA CZILLAG.—This eminent artist has arrived in London, to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The Viennese papers speak of her last appearance at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in *Trovatore*, on Saturday last as a remarkable scene of public excitement and expression of regret at the departure of such a favorite. On this occasion it would appear that all "rules and regulations" were set at defiance, contrary to the laws of the Imperial Theatres, which forbid any artist "de réparer après la fin du spectacle sous quelque prétexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au public." (Art. XIX.) Mad. Czillag was recalled innumerable times after the opera, and in a short speech, almost inaudible from her emotion, bade farewell to an audience before whom she made her first appearance on any stage, about ten years ago, and since which her name has always been the most attractive of the artists forming the Opera Company at the Kärntnerthor Theatre.—*Mus. World.*

Mr. S. LASAR, has accepted the post as organist in the 14th Street Presbyterian Church in New York. (Rev. A. D. Smith, D.D. Pastor), from the 1st. of May next, a position he formerly held in the church.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Officers for 1860-'61:

President—R. W. Burnet, Esq.
Vice President—William F. Colburn.
Secretary—Henry J. Appleton.
Treasurer—Dr. O. D. Norton.
Librarians—James Gates, E. L. Norton.
Musical Directors—Victor Williams, Henry J. Smith.
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Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Saturday, March 16, would have been the last night of the season, but that the theatre was closed that night, peremptorily, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a recent bereavement in the Royal Family. That all places of public amusement should be closed on certain occasions, where the feelings of the highest personage of the realm are deeply involved, we think can hardly be gainsaid; nevertheless, we think the hardship involved so great, the grievance so universal that Government should be called upon to make some compensation. On Saturday night so great was the demand for tickets at the two English Opera houses, that many could not be supplied. Here was a wind-fall for the managers after a season characterized by no brilliant success. But at the eleventh hour comes the authoritative firman—the theatre is shut up—the public is disappointed—the managers lose hundreds—the servants of the establishment are mulcted of a day's pay (how little some are able to afford it, need we aver)—and no one person benefitted thereby. This is the way to go in mourning indeed; but we cannot help feeling it would be more agreeable to reason and good policy to allow everybody to purchase his own crape and wear it after his own fashion. It certainly was most unfortunate, as far as the two theatres were concerned, that the royal death should have occurred the day it did. The managers, however, had nothing to do but to bear it and make no sign.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The order which prohibited the opening of the theatres in London on Saturday evening, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent, did not extend to the Palace at Norwood, for the Saturday concert took place as usual. The feature of the programme was a pianoforte concert by Mr. Henry Baumer, a King's Scholar of the Royal Academy, a selection from an oratorio of whom occasionally is performed at the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts. A composer naturally takes all possible pains with the performance of his own work, but the firm, clear, and decided pianoforte playing of Mr. Baumer should not be passed over without a word of acknowledgement. The *pièce de résistance* of the concert was Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor. With many gleams of the poetic beauty which is never totally absent in Schumann, the fourth symphony is less satisfactory than the first—in B flat—which Mendelssohn is said to have highly esteemed, and the performance of which he once conducted. Mendelssohn's glorious violin concerto was played in masterly style by M. Sainanton, whose unaffected expression—untainted as it is by the slightest tinge of exaggeration—makes us listen to his performance with a pleasure more completely unalloyed than that excited by many more celebrated virtuosi. M. Sainanton also played his own *Rigoletto* fantasia, which is always well received, because the charming melodies are allowed to tell their tale in all their original simplicity. The fresh voice of Miss Emily Spiller, a *débutante*, gained her an encore in Schloesser's "Queen of the Sea;" and she also sang the scena, "Ah! forse è lui." Madame Sainanton-Dolby showed such good taste in selecting Haydn's lovely "Spirit-song," that we were surprised at her choosing "The skipper and his boy," the absurdity of which even fine singing can never conceal. The orchestra, under Mr. Mann's direction, performed with great care, although want of sufficient rehearsal was at times perceptible. The number of visitors amounted to 2,966.

Paris.

TANNHAUSER.—"A second trial has come off, far from being more successful than the first. On the contrary, the public disapprobation was manifested with increased energy, and we do not recollect such another evening in the arena, ordinary so calm and serene, of our Grand Opera. We coveted a decisive judgment, and begged the judges to preserve a grave demeanor; but advice of this kind is easier to give than take. True that we can manage to dispense with hissing; but to avoid laughing is another affair; and, on the very first night, we involuntarily yielded more than once to the feeling which had irresistibly laid hold of the entire audience. On the second night precautions had been taken to guard against such inconvenient manifestations. The *ohoe solo* after the 'Herdsmen's song,' the redoubtable *trait de violons*, the pack of hounds, at the end of Act I., and the re-appearance of Venus in the third were one, and all suppressed. Curtailments, too, had been effected in various places, and the rose gauze curtain (so decorously shutting out a logical but undramatic contingency) sent back to the property-room. But, alas! nothing could save *Tannhäuser*. This time there was less laughter, perhaps, but a great deal more hissing; and for a plain reason—the applauders (*claque*!) being numerous, the vigor of the disapprobation was regulated by that of the approval.

We have been assured, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner continues obstinate, attributes the check he has received in Paris to a cabal organized against him by his enemies. In his double capacity of poet and composer, the author of *Tannhäuser*, is, doubtless, furnished with a double dose of pride, and should, therefore, perhaps be accorded a double amount of indulgence. This last we willingly extend—nay, we can even pity him, for we know of nothing more sad and hopeless than the fatuity, too common now-a-days, which induces authors to contemplate and admire themselves in their works, and to pronounce in a tone of sovereign authority, without the slightest deference to public opinion, that those works are good. *Et vidit quod esset bonum.*

The second performance of *Tannhäuser* merely served to bring out in still bolder relief the talent and courage of the singers, who had to answer in person for the sins of the composer. The tenor, M. Niemann, especially distinguished himself in this painful struggle, and the audience took care to make him understand his reputation was not at stake. Mads. Tedesco and Marie Sax, MM. Morelli, Cazeaux, Coulon, and the rest, equally deserved protection from the storm of disapprobation, which even the august presence of their majesties, the emperor and empress, was powerless to allay.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, March 24.

On Sunday the *Tannhäuser* was played for the third and last time. The theatre was crowded, the receipts reaching 10,000 francs. The performance was the stormiest of all. Never was there such an uproar in the Opera House. The spectators were provided with whistles, and the whistling was heard in cadences and roulades. Wagner is certainly the first composer ever hissed by the aristocratic public of the Grand Opera. The proscenium box, situated above the Emperor's was filled with hisses in straw-colored kids. The few partisans of Wagner and his music tried to defend him. In the midst of the tumult I heard the cry "Hiss, but hear." They hissed but it was impossible to hear. The storm raged not only in the theatre, but the foyer was also excited; the hubbub resembled the roar of the sea, or the clamor of the Bourse on a settling day. Nevertheless the opera, betrayed by its own interpreters, was carried on to the end.

A burlesque of the *Tannhäuser*, called "Ya Mein-herr," by MM. Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust, is about to be produced at the Varieties Theatre.

At the close of the third performance of *Tannhäuser*, Mr. Wagner wrote the following letter to the Director of the Opera:

"Sir—The opposition that is shown to the *Tannhäuser* proves to me how right you were when, at the beginning of this business, you made some remarks about the absence of the ballet and other scenic conventionalities, to which the subscribers of the Opera are accustomed. I regret that the nature of my work has prevented me from conforming to those exigencies. Now that the violence of the opposition does not even allow those who wish to hear it to give the attention necessary to appreciate it, I have no other honorable course to take than to withdraw it. I beg you to make known this decision to his excellency the Minister of State. Very respectfully,

RICHARD WAGNER.

"Paris, March 25, 1861."

—*Phil. Bulletin.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O give me back my childhood's dreams. Ballad.

S. Glover. 25

A pretty song, more especially recommended to young singers.

Weep not fond heart. Song.

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This new song of the popular German composer is a real gem. Everybody who recalls the deeply touching strains of his "Good night, farewell" or "The Jewish maiden" will know what he has to expect. Written for a Mezzo Soprano or Baritone voice.

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Companion to a noted song of the same authoress, "Over the sea, a Jacobite song."

Flores mariani, a collection of Catholic music, by

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Ave Maria. Trio for female voices.

50

O vos omnes. Motet for mixed voices.

25

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50

These pieces make capital offertories. Organists will find them of great practical usefulness as well as sterling compositions, which will wear well with singers and hearers.

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Heurion. 25

A popular French song, with the original words added. A pleasing effect in imitation of bells is introduced in the accompaniment.

Instrumental Music.

Un ballo in maschera.

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A fascinating arrangement for young players, containing most of the gems, recognised as such here. It makes a good piece for instruction, also, as the melodies are easily caught up by the ear, and thus make study easy.

Dixie's Land. Arranged for a Brass Band.

D. C. Hall. 1.00

Bands who are not yet in the possession of a good arrangement of this familiar air should at once get a copy. It is conveniently printed on stiff cards and suits any number of instruments from 8 to 14.

No plus Ultra Polka Quadrille.

J. S. Knight. 35

The Polka Quadrille has of late become so fashionable that the very few which are printed with figures do not satisfy the demand. Both music and figures of this Quadrille have the unqualified endorsement of a number of "belles and beaux" in this metropolis, who have often tried it and found it really as *plus ultra*.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE VIOLIN. 50

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These volumes are the first of a new series of attractive low priced books of instruction and music; for all kinds of musical instruments. They are exceedingly neat in typography, the types being clear and distinct and the paper and printing unexceptionable. The contents are of a popular kind, comprising excellent Instructions, and a very choice collection of the best music of the day.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 473.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 4.

The Great Bell Roland.

[Motley relates that the famous bell Roland of Ghent was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rang to arm them when liberty was in danger.—N. Y. Evening Post.]

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—High in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour
The great bell Roland spoke:
And all who slept in Ghent awoke:
—What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's walls?
It was the call
Known well to all
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland toll'd,
And every hand a sword could hold:—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confess'd!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour—
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far off Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea!—
And here in broad bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
—What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour,—
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the air is rent!
—Amen!—So let it be:
For a true King is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they but we
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waves,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall grasp each other's hand
And shout, "God save our native land!"
—And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XIV.

COMIC OPERA.

1800—1830.

We have before remarked that literature and the fine arts always reflect the general ideas current at any given point of time in the civilization of a people. We find a new proof of this remark in the rapid notice which we are to give in this paper of the lives and musical characteristics of the six composers, Dalayrac, Mehul, Berton, Catel, Nicolo and Boieldieu.

Dalayrac was born at Muret, in Languedoc, June 13, 1753. From his infancy, a taste, amounting to a passion, drew him to music in spite of his father, who intended him for the bar. The young composer, preferring art to the Digests, used to spend his evenings in the garret of the house where he could practise the violin without being heard. Some nuns in the next house discovered his secret, and the persevering artist was allowed to follow the bent of his nature. He was sent to Paris in 1774 to enter the guards of the Count d'Artois, where he immediately placed himself under the instruction of Langelé, a pupil of Caffaro, who gave him lessons in harmony. His first publications were some stringed quartets under an assumed name. In 1781 he produced two comic operas which were performed with success at court, *Le Petit souper* and *le Chevalier à la mode*. Encouraged by these fortunate attempts he made his first appearance at the Opera Comique in 1782 with his *Eclipse totale*. Within thirty years from that time he had composed, almost always with success, fifty operas, of which the more known are *Nina* (1786), *Azémina*, *Raoul de Créqui*, *les Deux petits Savoyards*, *Vert-Vert*, *Camille en le Souterrain*,

Romeo et Juliette, *Gulnare*, *Alexis*, *Adolphe et Clara*, *Maison à Vendre* (1800), *Picaros et Diego*, *Une heure de Mariage*, *Gulistan* and *le Poète et le Musicien*, (1811).

The music of Dalayrac is graceful, flowing and easy. It contains a great number of pleasing romances and airs which have become popular. His orchestration is simple and never overpowers the voice. His score to *Camille* is of high dramatic color; his *Nina* is full of sentiment and interest; in short, all his works exhibit happy inspirations. The talents of Dalayrac were ennobled by his personal character. In 1790, when a failure had deprived him of the fruits of his industry and economy, he annulled the will of his father, which had benefited him at the expense of his brother, a cadet. He was made one of the Legion of Honor at the institution of the order; and died at Paris, Nov. 27, 1809, just as he finished putting his last work upon the stage. His life has been written by Piétrecourt. A pamphlet printed in 1791, entitled "Reponse à MM. les directeurs de spectacles," which argued against certain of their decrees in 1789, was from Dalayrac's pen.

If this composer was a representative of the elegance of the old regime, Mehul, on the contrary, paints well the republican epoch and the first empire.

Mehul was born at Givet (Ardennes), June 24, 1763, the son of a cook, who was hardly able to pay the expense of the boy's education. At first his only instruction in music was from a poor, old, blind organist; but his progress was such that the organ of the church of the Recollets, at Givet, was entrusted to him at the age of ten years. Two years later the boy was introduced to Hanser, the celebrated organist of the abbey de Laval Dieu, who took him as his pupil. The Abbot put him upon the footing of a novice, and he repaid this kindness afterward by two years' service as assistant organist. Mehul seemed now upon the point of passing his life in a cloister, when the colonel of a regiment, foreseeing the destiny of the precocious youth took him to Paris at the age of sixteen and confided him to the skillful instruction of Edelmann. In 1781 two works, sonatas, by Mehul, were published by Lachevardière; these productions only show that the genius of their composer had found its true path. Adding the dramatic style to the instrumental, and profiting by the counsels of the illustrious Gluck, Mehul became one more great master of the French school. At the concert spirituel in 1782, he brought out an ode dedicated to J. B. Rousseau, and then wrote three operas under the direction of Gluck, *Psyche*, *Anacreon* and *Lausus et Lydie*. Next came *Alonso et Cora* which was accepted at the opera, but was withheld from the stage six years. Irritated but not discouraged by this injustice, he turned his attention to the Opera Comique, and composed the drama *Euphrosine et Coradin*, which was performed in 1790. This work exhibits the talents of its author in their full maturity. Noble vocal

parts, instrumentation much more brilliant and powerful than had been heard in France up to this time, a true feeling for the demands of the stage and great vigor of expression in the painting of strong situations, these were the qualities, which he showed in this, which may be considered as his first great opera. Then came *Cora*, followed by *Stratonice*, in which the air "Versez tous vos chagrins" gained great applause, and a quartet, the admiration of artists. The overture of the *Jeune Henri* aroused enthusiasm and the *Irato* gained deserved success; *Uthal* was too monotonous in color. But it was in his *Joseph*, that the author displayed all the grandeur of his style, the copiousness of his melody and his truth of sublime expression. *Joseph* is a biblical poem, a sort of oratorio, which gained much by being produced at the opera. *La Journée aux Aventures* was the last work of Mehul. His health was gradually undermined by an affection of the chest, and he died Oct. 18, 1817, aged fifty-four years.

Berton, son of a distinguished composer, was born at Paris, Sept. 17, 1797, four years after the birth of Mehul. He began the study of music at the age of ten and at fifteen entered the orchestra of the grand opera as violinist. He studied composition first with Rey, then with Sacchini, who gave his pupil, so happily endowed by nature, excellent advice upon the disposition of melodic ideas, upon modulation and the management of dramatic scenes. Drawn to the theatre by an irresistible impulse, Berton took the *Frascatana* of Paisiello as his model. He procured the text of an opera entitled *La Dame invisible*, and set it to music. Sacchini, finding in it marks of real talent, wanted the young author to come daily and work at his house. In 1786 Berton produced oratorios and cantatas at the concerts spirituelles and the following year gave at the Italian comedy *les Promesses de Mariage*, his first opera publicly given, and one which was favorably received. In *les Rigueurs de Clôître*, text by Fiévée, Berton began to exhibit his own peculiar style. *Ponce de Leon*, *Montano et Stephanie*, and *le Délire* are the works in which the characteristics of his simple, expressive, touching style are best seen. In 1795 he was appointed professor of harmony in the conservatory at Paris. He was director of the music of the opera buffa from 1807 to 1809, during which time he brought out Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, that masterpiece which developed the taste of the French for truly beautiful music. Leaving the Italian Opera he was appointed vocal director at the Grand Opera, under Picard. In June, 1815, the number of the members of the musical section of the Institute being increased from three to six, Berton, Catel and Cherubini were joined by Gossec, Monaigny and Mehul. Soon after the king Louis XVIII. made him chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and at the new re-organization of the conservatory Berton obtained the chair of high composition and was placed upon the examining committee.

An instinctive perception of stage effect is a predominating quality in the style of Berton; but we find in him also a certain originality of melody, harmony, modulation and instrumentation. *Montano et Stephanie* may probably be distinguished as the masterpiece of this composer, not denying however the great merits of *Aline reine de Golconde* and *les Maris Garçons*. A

complete list of his works may be found in Fétis "Biographie." We will only add that beside his fifty scores, we owe to him a *Traité d'harmonie*, 4 vols. 4to, and a pamphlet, *Epître à Boieldieu*, upon music mechanical and philosophical.

Among the serious artists whom a too frivolous generation will be disposed to let fall into undeserved oblivion must be named Catel. He was born at Laigle in June, 1773, and came very young to Paris to perfect himself for his musical career. Sacchini caused him to enter the royal school of singing and declamation, founded in 1783, by Papillon de la Ferté, the director of the Menus-Plaisirs. There Catel studied the piano-forte under Gobert, and was initiated into the principles of harmony and composition by Gossec. He was appointed professor in the school in 1787, accompanist at the opera from 1790 to 1802, and at the organization of the conservatory, Sarrette named him professor of harmony. Being appointed to prepare the *Traité d'harmonie* for the school, he, at a meeting of the professors, presented a work which still forms the basis of solid instruction in the science. In 1810 he was joined to Gossec, Mehul and Cherubini as inspector of the conservatory, but resigned the place in 1814. From that time he accepted nothing but his nomination to the Institute in 1815, and the cross of the legion of honor, which was conferred upon him in 1824, without solicitation on his part.

His opera, *Semiramis*, brought out in 1802, had not the success which its merit deserved. The general impression was, it was "too learned." Be that as it may, *L'Auberge de Bagnères* and *les Artistes par occasion* were successful at the Opera Comique in 1807. *Les Aubergistes de qualité*, a composition rather cold, but the melodies of which are exquisite in taste, appeared in 1812. *Le Premier en date*, and the *Siege de Mézières* were followed by *Wallace* in 1817, which must be held worthy of honor as Catel's masterpiece. We find in this work a very powerful dramatic sentiment and a local color perfectly appropriate to the subject. Notwithstanding his successes Catel became disgusted with the theatre. His operas upon the whole obtaining neither popular ovations nor productive receipts, he ceased to write, seeking in the encouragement of young artists and in the delights of a peaceful life, a pure and noble compensation for triumphs, which he could not gain upon the stage. The collection of musical pieces for national festivities contains much from Catel's pen; he wrote also chamber music and in 1815 published a second edition of the excellent solfeggio exercises of the Conservatory. To an understanding, most just and fine, he added a character of the severest probity and all the qualities of a pure soul. His gratitude to his early protector never faltered; his kindness to young musicians knew no limits.

That which above all gives the breath of life to dramatic music is melodic idea and scenic sentiment; these qualities will cause the works of Nicolo and Boieldieu to live.

Nicolo Isouard, son of a French father, was born at Malta in 1775. He came early to Paris to enter the navy, but afterwards accepted a situation at Malta as clerk in a banking house; but he already felt his vocation to be music and dreamed of dramatic successes. An old teacher of counterpoint, Michael Angelo Vella, took a liking for him and instructed him in the elements

of harmony. Azzopardi, chapel-master to the Knights of Malta, put him afterwards to the study of fugue in the old healthy Italian method. His father, however, now sent him to Palermo to forget his music in the dull routine of a counting house. But spite of his numerous duties, Isouard continued his studies under the direction of Amendola, who formed his taste by causing him to play the accompaniments of the last works of Leo, Durante and Clari. At a later date being employed by some German bankers at Naples he finished his pupilage in the study of composition with Sala and Guilielmi. From this time, in opposition to the wishes of his family, he abandoned commerce to devote himself entirely to the cultivation of music.

Coming to Florence he wrote there his first opera, *Avviso ai Maritati*, and soon after brought out at Leghorn *Artaserse*, which had deserved success. De Rohan Grand Master of the Maltese order, now called him home in capacity of organist, and afterwards appointed him chapel-master. Upon the arrival of the French at Malta and the suppression of the order, Nicolo employed his leisure in the composition of operas, some of them translations from the French, others original Italian texts, for the theatre of the place. After the capitulation Gen. Vaubois took him to Paris as his secretary. There Nicolo met Rudolph Kreutzer, who like a devoted friend aided him with his purse and influence in smoothing the path to success.

Le Tonnelier (1799) was Nicolo's first opera produced at Paris. This essay was followed by *La Statue, Baiser et la Quittance* and the *Petit Page*. Thus far the talents of the young composer excited no great attention; but *Michel Ange*, (1802) *les Confidences*, *le Medecin Turc*, *Leonce ou le Fils adoptif*, and above all *l'Intrigue aux fenêtres* (1805) placed him among the favorite composers of the public. Between 1805 and 1811 he added fourteen operas to this list—the best known of which is *les Reniezvous bourgeois* (in 1 act, 1807). His chosen co-laborers were Hoffmann and Etienne. Upon Boieldieu's return to Paris, Nicolo added breadth and grandeur to his style, and composed *Cendrillon*, *Joconde*, and *Jeannot et Colin* (1814) works which remain in the repertory of the Opera Comique, as types and models of sentiment, freshness, naiveté and melody. Nicolo died at Paris, March 23, 1818 in his forty-third year, leaving his *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse* unfinished.

Nature's Piano.

HOW MUSICAL SOUNDS CAME FROM FOSSILS—THE "LITHOPHONE."

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)

PARIS, MARCH 30, 1861.

Though the greatest of poets has declared that there are "sermons in stones," the most learned of geologists have failed to discover that there is music in fossils; a discovery which has nevertheless been made by an amateur brother of the craft, Monsieur Bordas, an ingenious Frenchman, equally addicted to rhyming, music-making, sketching and geologising, the happy possessor of an hereditary estate in the Perigord, a patrimony which rejoices at once in the euphonious and suggestive designation of "Le Petit Paradis" for the richness and variety of the fossils found within its borders.

That the owner of even a "little" paradise should be the first to reveal to the ears of later ages the mysterious harmonies that have lain dormant ever since the flood might almost be anticipated as the result of a preëxistent fitness in the nature and relationship of things; at all events, this gentleman, after twelve years of incessant tapping and hammering on tens of thousands of "specimens" dug up by his people all

over his estate, has at length succeeded in obtaining eighteen sonorous fossils, which, when struck with a piece of stone, give out a clear, defined musical sound, in quality much resembling the tones of musical glasses, and constituting, to the extent of these eighteen "keys," a complete and perfect musical gamut of tones and semitones, following each other in regular order, and forming a sort of fossil piano. This instrument, unique in its way, has been brought to Paris by its maker, who is exhibiting it for the edification of the curious, under the name of "the lithophone, or natural piano." The Academy of Sciences has named a commission to report upon this original instrument, and upon the many other curious fossils found by M. Bordes in his own grounds, and brought by him to Paris.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE LITHOPHONE.

The lithophone consists of a rough plank, about five feet long and six inches broad, placed in a rustic frame composed of moss-covered twigs; straight ones, roughly nailed together, forming the bottom of this frame; others, bent into semi-circles and nailed upon these, forming the sides. In this frame—which is supported by rustic legs and looks very much like a rude magnified *jardinière*—lies the afore-mentioned plank, and upon this plank are placed the fossils which constitute the keys of the lithophone. The fossils are not fastened down in any way, but are merely laid on the plank side by side, one after the other. The progression of the tones is the same as in the piano; the deepest being to the left of the performer, and the scale ascending, in tones and semitones, to his right. The fossils on which he performs by striking them with the pieces of stone he holds in each hand, are of various shapes and sizes; differences which seem, however, to have nothing to do with the differences of the tones they emit on being struck.

ITS NOTES.

The first and deepest key is fossil No. 1. It is a queer, thin, spreading three-cornered piece of the root of a tree, which presents the appearance of having been sawn across in its wooden days; it is warped or bent, like the top of an overgrown mushroom, and each of its two principal ends gives out a distinct note, forming together a perfect fifth. Between the two notes furnished by this fossil there is a gap which is not filled by the notes of any of the fossils; fossil No. 2 forming the note next above the highest of the two notes given out by fossil No. 1, and the sounds of the others following in the same order as the notes of a piano.

The sounds given out by these fossils, though clear, sweet, loud, and as truly musical as those of any other instrument, possess a peculiar wildness and freshness of tone that impart a very original character to the music of the lithophone, and seem naturally to carry the hearer's fancies among woods, waters, winds and mountains, calling up thoughts of country scenes and sounds. Bells, peasants' dances, the songs of birds and cries of insects, seem to blend in the tones of this curious instrument with the more orthodox developments of musical expression. The pieces played by M. Bordes on his fossil piano are, for the most part, his own composition, and are really as charming as original.

ITS ORIGIN.

The idea of "forming an instrument made solely by nature" seems to have suggested itself to the amateur geologist in this wise. He had been engaged for several years in making a collection in an empty greenhouse of the fossils found on his estate, when, happening to strike one of these with a stone, he was struck by its emission of a pure musical sound, and hung it up at the door of his "museum," with a piece of stone beside it, that visitors might amuse themselves by striking it on arriving, instead of ringing the bell. A year or two afterwards when going over a hilly part of his grounds to attend a singing meeting got up by him among the neighboring peasants, he chanced to strike his foot against what he took to be a loose stone, which rolled down the side of the ravine, striking right and left against the stones in its descent, and giving out, every time it struck against them, a musical sound as distinct as that of the deputy bell, but of a different pitch.

"When I heard that second tone," says M. Bordes, "I paused in my rapid walk towards the singing school; the idea of the lithophone presented itself to my mind. I struck my forehead with my finger *thus* (imitating the gesture to the word), and I cried 'Eureka!'"

But though "the idea" had presented itself fully formed in that luminous moment to the mind of the owner of *Le Petit Paradis*, its realization in "pure silex" has occupied the inventor for twelve years. The search after fossils was prosecuted with fresh vigor, exercising, one may infer, an unfavorable ef-

fect on the surface beauty of the Perigourdin Eden and on every fossil and every bit of stone disinterred by his workmen did the indefatigable seeker bestow an interrogatory tap. But in no instance has he been able to elicit a musical sound from any species of stone; fossils only, as far as his experience goes, having this property, and in the proportion only of one to many thousands. Whenever he found a fossil possessed of sonority he carried it home forthwith and deposited it in triumph upon the plank which he had appropriated for the purpose, and which he now retains in the completed instrument as a *souvenir* of the hopes and fears, the despondencies and elations of the long and patient search into which he has put all the intense and concentrated enthusiasm peculiar to the votaries of hobby-horses.

CURIOUS RESULTS.

As he obtained the sonorous fossils in question, he ranged them in their proper order, leaving spaces between them to be filled by future waifs, and at length had the pleasure (as he says, "the happiness") of seeing the interval between the upper and lower notes of his pet invention, really filled by the consecutive series of intermediate sound necessary to constitute a perfect musical scale. Singularly enough, in his twelve years' search, though he has found duplicates of a few of the tones in his gamut, he has never found a fossil giving a note either higher than the highest, or lower than the lowest of the fossil-piano he has succeeded in forming.

The fossils forming the keys of the lithophone have not been touched by saw or chisel, but are exactly as when taken out of the earth; nor can M. Bordes offer any explanation of the fact of their exceptional sonority.

Among the fossils he has brought to Paris are figs and other fruits still to be found in that region, with others not now known. On one curious fossil vegetable a cockle fastened itself, and has become a fossil in its turn. One of the figs shows the bite of some animal that has eaten away one side of it; proving, thinks the inventor of the "natural piano," that the immersion to which these fossils are due must have taken place in the autumn, the fig being ripe, and very suddenly, as, though ripe and partly eaten, the form of the fruit is otherwise perfect as it would not be if it had remained exposed many days to the action of the air.

Musical Societies in New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1861.—*Editor of the Transcript*:—Our nation is one which is hardly yet entitled to be called "musical," although the initial steps which are to make us one have been taken, and we may expect a new era in music to dawn upon us at an early period.

We cannot yet boast of large musical societies, such as exist in England, France and other countries which sustain *Conservatoires de Musique*, and offer every facility to render smooth the royal road to knowledge in the "Art Divine;" but progress is the law, and the time is rapidly approaching when we shall stand on an equal footing with other nations in matters pertaining to the fine arts, as we now do in all that belongs to the practical and useful.

That this condition will ultimately be brought about, we have assurance in the many influences at work tending to such a consummation, among which may be mentioned particularly the large number of artists residing in our midst who have been educated in the schools of Europe, or are natives of those countries where wealth is lavishly expended in the encouragement of art. In order to exhibit the present condition of our people in matters relating particularly to musical art, I propose to present your readers with a sketch of the history and attainments of the leading choral societies of this city, in accordance with a promise made some weeks since.

As a general rule, our societies meet once or twice per week for practising the standard works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, etc., as well as the more modern productions of some of our own native composers. Only those who have gone through the necessary rudimentary instruction, and can read music at sight, are admitted to membership, as their design is to practice rather than instruct.

The New York Harmonic Society, established in the year 1852, was founded with a view to the promotion and encouragement of the musical interests of New York, by holding stated rehearsals for the practice of the highest class of sacred and secular music, giving public performances, and such other means as might be deemed desirable. Its first officers were Isaac M. Phye, President; E. M. Carrington, Vice President, and Archibald Johnston, Treasurer. Mr. George F. Bristow was unanimously elected conductor, and has so continued to the present time. In 1857 it became a body politic, by the issue of its

charter on April 16 of that year. The management of the affairs of the society is vested in a board of fifteen officers, subdivided into committees, of which are two standing, four tenor, and four bass. This board meets the first Tuesday in every month for the transaction of the general business of the society. The members assemble for rehearsal every Monday evening throughout the year at their rooms in Dodworth's Academy on Broadway. They have no vacation during the summer months and never miss a rehearsal of some kind, on the stated evening, under any circumstances.

Most of the productions of the great masters have become familiar to the Society, and many publicly performed, averaging four or five in the year. The "Messiah" is invariably performed by them on the evening of Christmas Day. In some instances these public appearances have been of a very interesting character; among them may be mentioned the Jenny Lind concert, the opening of the Crystal Palace, the great Musical Congress under the direction of M. Jullien, the Atlantic Cable celebration, the Bristow Testimonial, etc. There were other performances of the Society, with Jullien and his famous orchestra, and still others of greater or less note. Its more recent productions have been the new oratorio by Geo. F. Bristow, "Praise to God," produced three times—the last at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which proved a complete success. This Oratorio, which I have already noticed at some length, is the first American production ever performed with such signal marks of approbation. As a work of art it is most excellent, an honor to the composer, a credit to his country; it suffers nothing from comparison with standard works, and will rank high as a masterpiece—criticisms from all quarters abound in panegyrics.

Among the earliest performances of the Society was the "Messiah" with Jullien's orchestra. The leading vocalists were, Miss Maria Brainerd, soprano, Madame Pico, contralto, and Signor Badiali, basso; on this occasion, Miss Brainerd made her first appearance in oratorio, and greatly distinguished herself, singing the entire soprano part, seven solos, with unanimous approbation. This performance of the "Messiah" has been considered the finest and most successful ever given here. The receipts were nearly \$4,000. It was given in the Metropolitan Hall (since destroyed by fire)—the only complete and elegant concert hall New York could ever boast of.

The Society numbers 240 members. Of the male members there are two divisions, corporate and associate the former paying \$10 per annum, having the sole direction of its affairs, &c., and the latter paying \$4 per annum, having no voice in its management. Although the enterprise has not received the cordial support and encouragement it merits, it has, nevertheless, not only maintained its ground, but has been successful thus far, and is now in a flourishing condition. The Society owns an extensive and valuable library containing all the most celebrated oratorios, and very many of less merit; it owns, also, one of Steinway's excellent grand pianos. Its present prosperous condition may be attributed to the exertions of its indefatigable President and Treasurer, as also their Conductor, Mr. Bristow.

One feature of this Society is particularly worthy of attention. Although there is nothing in the constitution or by-laws to that effect, it is generally understood that no professional musician—excepting, of course, the conductor—shall hold office, and to this regulation it is generally conceded that the society owes, to a great degree, its success—as the proverbial *cliqueism* which ruins all societies is by this means avoided.

The "Mendelssohn Union"—one of our best societies—was formed in the year 1853, by a number of ladies and gentlemen who felt the necessity of an institution which should study and bring before the public works of more varied class than any then existing. The great design of those directly interested was mutual pleasure and improvement, and a desire to elevate the musical taste of its patrons.

As its name indicates, the society has bestowed the larger share of its labors to the production of the works of Mendelssohn. It was first organized with Dr. James M. Quinn as President, and the talented Messrs. H. C. Timm and George W. Morgan, as alternate pianists and conductors. Mr. Morgan has been without interruption, the conductor since its foundation, and Mr. William Berge—the distinguished organist of St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church in Sixteenth street—the regular pianist during the past five seasons. It only admits to membership professors, and such amateurs as are competent and correct readers of music at sight, and now numbers nearly one hundred performing members, who, with the celebrated organists and pianists, Messrs. Berge,

Currie and Beal, form a company equal to the requirements of almost any of the grand works of the great composers.

A new and peculiar feature which has been added to their season performances consists of an aquatic moonlight festival and concert, for which purpose a large steamboat is chartered. The first of these, inaugurated in the summer of 1859, was so highly successful and popular, that another was undertaken last summer; and it is probable that they will be continued annually.

Its founders intended that the society should be self-supporting, through the yearly dues of its members and subscribers, without any appeal to the public by sale of tickets at concerts or otherwise. This plan was eminently successful until the fifth season, when the plan of selling tickets was adopted, which resulted unfavorably. The "Union" has since adhered to the course originally marked out, and its present financial condition clearly demonstrates this as the most successful mode of establishing such a society upon a firm basis.

The rehearsals are held every Thursday evening, in the lecture room of Rev. Dr. Ganse's church in Twenty-third street, and within a year or two have become matters of interest, attracting large numbers of visitors and lovers of music. During the past five months, the choruses of Wallace's new opera, "Lurline," have been in rehearsal, and it was successfully produced at a public concert last Saturday evening. It is proposed to take up next the "Amber Witch," Wallace's latest work, by many thought to be superior to "Lurline." Mr. Bergé is writing an oratorio, "St. Peter," and Mr. Morgan is also engaged upon one, to be called "St. Paul"—both for this society. Neither is as yet completed.

Among the works practiced and performed by the "Union," are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Lobgesang," "Loreley," "Athalie," "Walpurgis-night," etc.; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons"; Mozart's celebrated "Requiem"; Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" and "Stabat Mater"; Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Costa's "Eli" and Stoeppel's "Hiawatha." Of these, "St. Paul," the "Creation," "Loreley," "Eli" and "Hiawatha" were accompanied by full orchestra—the last named at the Academy of Music, and all of them in a style equal to anything previously heard in this city.

The "Union" is now in its seventh season; its list of yearly subscribers has slowly, but constantly increased, and we trust that the time is not far distant when its design will be appreciated by lovers of music, and that it may be placed on a sure footing among the permanent institutions of the city.

The New York Philharmonic Society, which is, without exception, the first society of the kind in this country, was organized in the year 1841, and is consequently now in the twenty-first year of its existence—an honor and an ornament to our city.

It is made up of the best resident musical talent, and is very thoroughly drilled and ably conducted by Messrs. Theodore Eisfeld and Carl Bergmann, under whose direction fifteen public rehearsals and five concerts are given at the Academy of Music each season, affording to its subscribers an opportunity of hearing the greatest *chef d'œuvres* of musical art and some of the finest specimens of vocal and instrumental execution.

This society now numbers 27 subscribing members or those who pay ten dollars per season and are entitled to three tickets to each of the five concerts; 1128 associate members, who subscribe five dollars per season and receive a ticket to each of the public rehearsals and one to each of the five concerts; and 304 professional members who pay a fee of three dollars, and are entitled to the same privilege as the associates. The orchestra numbers about 80 performers.

In my next, I shall speak of some of the societies in Brooklyn, and the German societies in this city.—*Transcript.*

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Musical Literature.

What shall the next generation do without a Scudo? and what musical student is there who has not on his book shelves, or scattered among the heaps of music on his table or piano, the various volumes of "Critique et Littérature Musicale," "Année Musicale" and "Chevalier Sarti"?

The contents of these books are articles collected from various French reviews for which Scudo has been writing for many years. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* continues almost monthly to have one of his charming criticisms, which we may read scoldingly, probably, but always with pleasure and profit. These criticisms are often full of dogmatism, preju-

dice, and sharp, severe, even bitter judgment; but every liberal minded, good-natured artist cannot help liking them, nevertheless; must consult them, and rely on them as authority.

He brings to his critical duty a highly cultivated and well stored mind. Liszt and Berlioz and Lacome write charmingly about music, but they write like rhapsodists many times, and always like musicians, interesting the musical student only, so do Wagner and Schumann, and several others; but the musician who desires to see his art better comprehended by the intelligent and refined, by those who enjoy painting and sculpture, and architecture, and all the other grand chapels in the superb cathedrals of art, must rejoice most over Scudo, for he writes upon music sensibly and without nonsense or ecstasies, giving to our divine art a literary dignity and charm, that its sister arts have long possessed, a species of æsthetic criticism, which is written in such an intelligent and agreeable style, that men and women of refined tastes and reading habits, who may not be musicians even, can enjoy it as they do the writings of a Winckelman, a Schlegel or a Ruskin, and through it comprehend better this great art of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

His most ordinary articles, those which are simply notices of new publications, have their own peculiar cleverness, and the regular reader of Scudo never passes them over hastily, for one always feels sure of finding something suggestive in them. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the first part of January of this year, is a short one on Hengel's edition of Semiramis for voice and piano, M. de Vaucorbeil's songs, Cherbuliez's Collection of Sacred Music and M. Mathias' (the pianiste) edition of six grand symphonies of Mozart.

When noticing the new edition of Rossini's Semiramis, he gives a running critique upon the manner in which Mmes. Penco and Albani sang this opera, this winter, at Theatre Italien, in Paris, which he says they did with *un bonheur d'exécution* that deeply touched the audience. Mme. Penco's true feeling and perfect comprehension of the grand rôle of the Queen of Babylon made M. Scudo pardon her shortcomings in the way of voice and vocalization, and he thought her especially clever in the first part of the grand finale of the first act.

Albani was a little too elegiac in Arsace—that is what she was thirteen years ago, according to M. Paul Scudo. In his fine article on "*L'Art du Chant en Italie*," written in January, 1848, while giving the then young cantatrice almost enthusiastic praise, he said, "One only desired in such an exquisite talent, a little more force, accent and depth," in this same part of Arsace. But she must have advanced some little at least in this part, for he says she sang the grand duo in the second act with Semiramis (Mme. Penco) with rare perfection, the *Ehben a te ferisci!* which was one of Mme. Pisoni's triumphs over thirty years ago, when this opera and its creator were young, and the musical world was drinking its first draught of this celebrated Cyprus wine, the fruit of a revolutionary vintage, for Rossini was the result of that time, as the melodramatic Verdi is of the intervening one.

Scudo compliments M. Hengel by saying of him that he is an intelligent editor and very zealous for the interests of the artists he loves to gather around him. This edition of Semiramis he has had arranged for voice and piano with much care, from the score as they sing it at the French Opera; the French translation follows the Italian text of the libretto; and the book is adorned with two fine lithographic portraits of the great maestro author, Rossini, "one of him at the happy age of twenty-eight, with a smile on his lips and his eyes sparkling with genius, the other representing him as he can be seen daily, enjoying peacefully his incontestable and imperishable glory."

He winds up his notice of this Semiramis book with a remark that shows his nice, exact taste—that, after all, the Semiramis, as represented at the French Theatre, even with the two sisters Marchisio and the fine choruses, compare with the true Semiramis, such as was given at the Theatre Italien, only as a good translation of a fine poem compares with the original.

The notice of M. de Vaucorbeil's songs makes one wish to hear them; not that they receive good, hearty praise, but enough to create interest. French songs of society, "ballads," as we call them, are, for the most part, delicious. They have all the tenderness without the monotony and solemnity of German songs. Who does not remember Bérat's "*Nor-mandie*" and Grisar's "*La Folle*" and that little green and gold album of Masini peeping out on the music shelves reminds us of "*Ou ra mon ame*" and "*Tom image*" delicious creations of this "*Ballini de*

la Romance," as Scudo called this charming song writer quite ten years ago.

But to return to M. de Vaucorbeil. Scudo's remarks on him are worth translating; he says:

"An amateur, a man of taste, a *quasi* artist, who has for a long time hesitated between a certain literary world, where his mind has developed, and the purely musical one into which he enters but timidly, M. de Vaucorbeil has published a collection of melodies which are more remarkable for the elevated, poetical idea which has preoccupied the author, than for any freedom or novelty in the musical phrase.

"The first time that I happened to hear in a drawing room some light compositions of M. de Vaucorbeil, sung by M. Roger, I was struck by the disparity between his conceptions which is sometimes elevated—as in "*Les Chœurs d'Argos*," for example—and the representation of his thought, which is meagre and expressed with a character of *préciosité*, showing more of the literary man than the musician.

"Nevertheless, M. de Vaucorbeil understands music. He loves and knows how to appreciate true masterpieces, and his refined taste does not allow itself to be easily taken with fallacious theories. But his compositions want life, and have not that healthy air which pleases every one; they cannot be sung with success except before a select and artificial society; before women, men of letters, painters, artists, in a word, who are pleased with ingenious creations of the mind, and the casuistry of *cœur incompris*.

"M. de Vaucorbeil will be astonished, perhaps, when I say of him, with all due respect to his own individuality, that he is subject to the same style of illusions which are peculiar to M. Berlioz. He believes he has expressed in his songs thoughts which have haunted his delicate imagination, but which he only reveals to us in an incomplete manner, and under a form which has in it less of the musician than of the poet. M. de Vaucorbeil is too young and too intelligent not to be able to make a victorious reply sometime in the future to our objections."

In speaking of M. Cherbuliez's collection of sacred music, Scudo alludes to the deplorable state of religious music, in France; a state it is in almost everywhere; and the attempts that are being made to restore it to its primitive devotional form. These attempts, though laughable, are almost in vain, one might fear. There is little of the tranquil, pious spirit of old Christian art remaining in either music or painting. Then the hardest thing an artist has to struggle with now is the total absence of deep, simple, childlike faith in, and feeling for, anything—which characterizes our time—"deep feeling which that profound æsthetic master, Schlegel, said well, was the only true source of lofty art."

The whole world, the old world and the new, seem to be in every point falling into what the French political writer, Forcade, calls a vast work of dissolution and into something which is at least the symptom of a general revolution, if it is not a revolution itself."

Then in such unsettled times, when all faiths are shaken, political, social and artistic; old monarchical governments seek liberty and bestowing freedom; young democratic countries questioning the wisdom of their free institutions, everything in a state of feverish ferment, how can we expect to see reproduced anything like those works which were the pure quiet growth of a simple believing age? "Every effort will be useless, it seems, unless artists and their audience, the world, shall be completely transformed, and become endowed with earnest, religious feeling, genuine devotion, and immortal faith. Fancy sporting with the symbols of catholicism, uninspired by that love which is stronger than death, will never attain exalted Christian beauty." So wrote Schlegel about painting at the commencement of this present human phase of affairs, and very well it applies to music now. But let us hear what M. Scudo has to say.

Religious music, the expression of that profound but indefinite feeling which the soul experiences when collecting itself and howing before the grand idea of God, and which feeling encloses so many mysteries, has always pre-occupied a great number of distinguished minds. Of all styles of music, religious music in France is in the most deplorable state. A Congress has been formed at Paris to consult upon the means of elevating religious art and to know what should be done for the restoration of that chimera called the Gregorian chant, and to give to the Catholic faith the musical form which belongs to its spirit.

"We shall follow the labors of this Congress, without indulging in any illusions, however, as to the result of their debates. The cause of this evil which is being deplored is not a simple one. As to our opinions, we propose some day, in a moment of leisure, to develop them, at present we shall only

say some words on a collection of sacred songs for one and several voices, which, under the title of *Allodia*, has been published by M. Joel Cherbuliez.

"It is the pious and careful work of a protestant minister, M. Theodore Paul, who lives in the environs of Geneva. Composed of the finest passages of Handel, Mozart, and above all of the great Sebastian Bach, this collection is divided into two series, forming two well engraved volumes with French and German words. The second series, which is a more remarkable selection than the first, contains, forty-two passages taken from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Leo, Marcello, Lotti, Victoria, &c.

"We might very well make some remarks on the merit of (and often strange prosody of) the French words which the author has put above the original text; but we will refrain and only ask why did not M. Paul indicate the particular works of the Masters from whom he has selected these passages. There is no fear of being too explicit in these sort of publications, which address themselves to the humblest minds."

The Organ.

THIRTEENTH STUDY.—QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED, AND ITS SECOND PRINCIPAL CAUSE, FORM—THE FREE REED.

The quality of the tone of reed pipes does without doubt most especially depend on the relative proportions of the pipe, the tongue, and the reed; but it depends, above all, on the way in which the reed itself is constructed. It is well known that reeds are of two kinds, the *free* reed, and the *striking* reed. This last kind produces a sharp metallic quality of tone, and this mainly arises from the tongue striking sharply against the edges of the groove. That sharp, trumpet quality of tone, which so takes the fancy of those who admire orchestral music, has for a long time been a cause of offence to persons who are not so wholly prejudiced in its favor, especially when they meet with it in a church of small dimensions, where there is but little sounding room, and they or others have often compared its tones, harsh and ill-proportioned to the size of the place, to the grating sound which is produced by dragging a heavy wooden bench over a stone pavement. Nor was it until long after science had ceased to devote its energies exclusively to the interests of ecclesiastical art, that, at the beginning of this century, when the sacred fire of zeal for the ancient traditions was again lighted up, a certain learned admirer of organs, M. Grenié, was inspired with the means of softening the quality of the reed pipes used in their construction. This he did by so arranging the tongue, with regard to the reed, that one might pass evenly within the other without meeting with any resistance. The two pieces are in fact so exactly fitted one to the other in his system, that the tongue would seem to be cut off the reed. Its action may be described as follows:—When the tongue, which is a thin piece of metal, is set in motion by the wind, on its passage upwards from the foot of the pipe into the reed, it gives way under its pressure for so much of its length as is pliant enough to do so, and is then brought back to its former position by its own spring-like nature. This alternate action of air upon the tongue, and of the tongue upon the air, lasts as long as the wind is supplied to the foot of the pipe, and results in the production of a quality of tone as delicate as it is penetrating. The tones also of a reed thus constructed are far better suited to blend with those of the flue pipes than those of reeds made in the ordinary way.

There is little more than the above to say about the free reed. It is generally fitted to pipes, the bodies of which are made to a length which has been found by experience to be the best for the still further development of its tones, and somewhat shorter than those of the striking reeds. These last speak best, as is well known, with pipes which are three quarters of the length of flue pipes of the same note, while the free reed speaks well with a pipe which is not more than half the length of the flue pipe. With even shorter pipes than these, M. Grenié has made free reeds, which speak the note of a 16-foot open pipe, with all the regularity and vigor which is required of them, though not with a tone which is equal in these respects to that of the French reed-stop, called the *bombardo*.*

The dimensions of the tongue, with regard to length, width, and thickness, are of as much importance in the construction of free reeds, as they are in that of the striking reed. If these details are not attended, it will be subject to various irregular movements in its wrestling with the wind. As the end, when the tongue of the free reed is fastened, is firmly fixed, no amount of wind can possibly make it vary in pitch; but this does not prevent it from being affected by an accident to which all metals are liable,

namely, a change in the temperature, and to this it is most sensitive. Hence heat makes it get flat, cold makes it get sharp, so that in winter a free reed will sometimes be as much as a quarter of a tone sharper than it is in summer. An extra pressure of wind has no more effect on the free reed than to widen the range of its beats, and consequently to give greater vigor to its power; a diminished pressure has, of course, a contrary effect; but in neither case is the pitch of the note altered. The ease with which its sounds may be thus augmented or diminished, according to the pressure of the wind, has given rise to its being used for the production of those effects of expression which are generally understood by the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. These effects are not, it is true, wholly inadequate for the expression of human feeling, though, after all, in a very imperfect way, and to apply them to the great organ, whose tones are throughout even and equal, is as contrary to the qualities of music in general, as it is to the traditions of music of the church.

We would allow, then, the introduction of the free reed into an organ intended for the service of the church, not as an expression stop merely, by which the feelings of the faithful may be moved, or their attention distracted, but because it points out to us a way, as brilliant as it is sweet, by which we may get rid both of that hard quality of tone of the striking reed, and because it will tend to put a stop to the noisy clatter of French organ-playing leaving us with nothing to fall back upon, as is the case with the Germans, but the dull monotony of wood and metal flue pipes. It may be added, that the introduction of free reeds into our larger church-organs, is, in the first place, due to a member of the French magistracy, M. Hamel, a judge at Beauvais. Of his skill and practical knowledge we have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. In the year 1827, he superintended in person the building of the large organ of the cathedral of Beauvais, and for the first time applied the free reed system to this very remarkable instrument.†

* This system may be found reproduced in the organ's expression made by M. Muller, Rue Ville l'Évêque, Paris.

† It appears that, in the organ built by M. Hamel, the free reed stops were supplied with wind from a bellows of their own. For we find, in an account published by M. Daulon for the Orange Building Society, of which he says he has the artistic direction, an additional fact in the history of the origin of the free reed. "The firm of MM. Daublanie, Callinet, and Co.," writes M. Daulon, "offers to our notice, at this moment (1844), an improvement in organ building, which consists in employing for the production of expression on their stops, the wind from the ordinary organ bellows. The extra pressure required for this wind is got by means of a pedal, which is at the command of the foot of the player. Henceforward, then, a separate bellows for these expression stops is no longer necessary. For this interesting invention the firm of MM. Daublanie and Callinet has received a patent."

Mimetic Music.

When Joseph Haydn, in his days, was composing the music of Bernardoni's ballet, "Le Diable Boiteux," a sea storm, incidental to that piece, as Madame Dudevant tells us, cost him a world of pains, the remembrance of which would make him laugh at fourscore. Bernardoni wanted the tempest to be an out-and-out—a regular high-flying hurricane—a witches' hurly-burly of thunder, lightning, wind and rain—in the very best marine manner. But Joseph was no mariner, and felt as though any such marine piece was beyond him. He was at a loss how to describe in crotchets and quavers what he had never seen, and could only land-lubber like guess about. So we read that his good friend and ally, the Porporina, pictured to honest Beppo the Adriatic in a storm, and sang the mournful plaint of the waves, those sad sea waves, not without laughing at the imitative harmonies which require to be aided by blue cloths, shaken from scene to scene by vigorous arms—a very sad sort of sea waves indeed. One night, however, the young German's perplexity was happily relieved by a colloquy on the subject with the experienced maestro, Porpora himself. That able authority assures Haydn that he might labor for a hundred years with the best instruments in the world, and the most intimate knowledge of wind and waters, without being able to translate the divine harmonies of nature. This, contends the master, is not the province of music, which is merely guilty of folly and conceit when it runs after noisy effects and endeavors to imitate the war of the elements. Its domain he affirms to be that of the emotions: its aim is to inspire them, as its origin is from their inspiration. What the young composer has to think of, then, is of a man abandoned to the fury

of the waves, and a prey to the deepest terror: he is to imagine a scene at once frightful and sublime; the danger imminent; and then, placing himself in the midst of this distress, this disorder, this confusion and despair, to give expression to his anguish, assured that his hearers, intelligent or not, will share it. "They will imagine that they hear the groaning of the timbers, the shouts of the mariners, the despair of the helpless passengers. What would you say of a poet who, in order to depict a battle, should tell you in verse that the cannon uttered *boom, boom*, and the drums *dub, dub*? It would be a better imitation than any image, but it would not be poetry. Painting itself, descriptive art *par excellence*, does not consist in servile imitation. The artist would trace in vain the dull green sea, the dark and stormy skyline, the shattered bark. If his feelings do not enable him to render the terrible and poetical whole, his picture will make as little impression as any alehouse sign." And therefore would old Porpora have young Haydn, on this tentative occasion, seek to inspire his whole being with the idea of some great disaster; for thus, and only thus, would he make his storm-scene tell on the feelings of others. Thus and only thus, might and must his sea-piece

Suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange,

instead of remaining poor and common.

Ariel's song reminds us by the way, in connection with the same subject, but in the case of another great German composer, that Beethoven is said to have hinted that Shakespeare's "Tempest" was in his mind when he composed his Sonata Appassionata (which has been described as shining resplendent among his other sonatas, like Sirius amongst the stars). And musical critics hold that the fancy will find much to support this derivative suggestion. The first movement for instance, wild and gusty, has been compared to the course of a vessel over a boundless ocean, now pelted with storms, and anon scudding cheerily before the gale; while the second, "solemn and dirge-like, with its mysterious bass—in which certain singular retardations are introduced, giving an effect somewhat like a peal of bells, recalls Ariel's song, "Full fathom five thy father lies." The depths of the ocean, with its hidden splendors, seem to be opened to us." The last movement is one prolonged storm, suggestive of a sea on which no ship can live, of powerless endeavor and remorseless wreck.

Mr. Hogarth's Musical History contains an account of Haydn's early difficulty, in finding himself "at sea" (in a double sense), or in a composer's sea of troubles—in hardly a metaphorical one,—which is more prosaic and less elegantly didactic than that introduced in George Sand's æsthetical romance. Haydn's own report of the matter, in after years, is that upon which our musical historian's narrative is based. Neither the librettist, Curtz by name, nor Joseph, had ever looked on the sea, so that their notions, individually and conjointly, of its appearance when tempest-tossed were necessarily somewhat vague. However, they must brew a storm between them, somehow: so Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and tried to furnish the composer with ideas. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking,—and then another mountain and another valley;—the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys." Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hand to the extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "the deuce take the tempest.—I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing!" shouted Curtz, in rapture at this chance-medley solution of the problem. Curtz and Porpora had different ideas of high art and sound practice.

(Continued on page 31.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Waltz by Chopin, Op. 64, No. 3.

Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society
in aid of the Government.

Arts as well as laws are silent when the country is under arms. Our readers, therefore, can expect but a meagre chronicle of musical matters for some time to come. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to find any one who could calmly sit down to hear a concert, and still more impossible to find one who could calmly write about one. When the blood is boiling with indignation at the humiliation of our country's flag before the army of traitors who beleaguered its little band of defenders, when every heart is beating with one patriotic pulse, when but one voice and one mind exists throughout this people which has risen as one man to the defence of the Nation's Capital, and to vindicate the honor of the Nation's flag, at such a time, there are few who can listen patiently to the instruments of peace, when the clang of the trumpet, the stirring beat of the drum and the shrill voice of the fife are heard in our streets, calling to arms.

Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Handel and Haydn Society, which, with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and the Germania Band, will give a concert at the Music Hall, of miscellaneous, patriotic and national music, *this evening*. Every thing connected with this concert is freely given, and the proceeds are to be handed to His Excellency the Governor of this Commonwealth, for the purpose of aiding in the arming and equipping of troops. The programme will be found on the first page, and in these times such music will be sure to touch a chord of patriotism in the heart of every hearer who is disposed in this way to contribute his mite for the common good. We trust that the Music Hall may be crowded as it never was before, and that a substantial sum may be handed over to the treasury of Massachusetts.

Concerts.

We have to record three concerts since the printing of our last issue, all of which had but a slim attendance, and one afternoon concert with a goodly number of hearers.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, gave an extra parlor concert at Cambridge in Lyceum Hall on Friday, April 19th, offering on their programme two such sterling pieces as Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette.

1. Septette, in E flat, op. 20..... Beethoven
For Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.
- Introduction and Allegro—Larghetto—Minuetto—Theme, with variations—Scherzo—Finale, Adagio and Allegro.
2. The celebrated Adagio, ("God save the Emperor," with variations from Quartette No. 77..... Haydn
3. Fantaisie for violin, on Hungarian themes.... Mollique Wm. Schulze.
4. { Adagio, from the Second Quintette in B flat, op. 87 Mendelssohn
Song without words in G. No 4, 5th book Mendelssohn
Arranged for Quintette, by Thomas Ryan.
5. Octette, in F. op. 166..... F. Schubert
Scherzo, and Finale, Adagio and Allegro.

The first of the two might have received in the pp. passages and in those places where staccato notes occur more attention from some of the performers. The portion of the Octette from the Scherzo beginning, which was the only one performed, was played finely. So were the other pieces, Mr. Schulze rendering his solo with the true Hungarian impetuosity. At the close of the concert the gentlemen played patriotic airs to the great acceptance of the company, who rising to their feet applauded heartily, almost succeeding in an encore.

MISS MARY FAY'S MATINEE, took place at the Hall of the Messrs. Chickering at noon on Saturday, April 20th. We were not personally present, but learn from a friend that the audience was much pleased with the performance, in which Miss Fay was assisted by Messrs. LANG, EICHBERG and FRIES.

1. Piano Trio in C minor (Op. 49)..... Mendelssohn
2. Allegro et tto—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro
3. Reminiscences de Linda de Lammermoor..... Liszt
4. Andante con Variazioni, from Sonata in A dur (Op. 47)..... Beethoven
5. Bolero..... Hiller
6. Grand Fantaisie on Norma, for two pianos..... Thalberg
7. Fantaisie on Mozart's Egypt..... Thalberg

A musical friend reports to us his utter astonishment at an occurrence which ought not to go unnoticed. This most unusual feat was the introduction of the wonderful variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer-Sonata by some measures of a tune commonly called "Dixie." We should really like to know what object the fair concert-giver had in doing so? Other comments seem to be unnecessary.

THE ORPHEUS MUSICAL ASSOCIATION gave a concert on Saturday evening, April the 20th, at the Music Hall, assisted by Mrs. KEMPTON and Mr. Wm. SCHULZE.

- PART I.
1. Chorus—The Lord is my Shepherd..... Schubert (281 Psalm.)
2. Aria—From Tannhauser..... Wagner C. Schraubstaedter.
3. Chorus—Abschied vom Walde..... A. Kreissmann
4. Cavatina—All Seelato..... Mercadante Mrs. Kempton.
5. Chorus—She is mine..... Hartel
6. Fantaisie on a Scotch theme, for the violin..... David Wm. Schulze.
7. Aria—From "Die Entführung"..... Mozart A. Kreissmann.
8. Walzer—(By request)..... Vogel
- PART II.
1. Chorus—The Cheerful Wanderer..... Mendelssohn
2. Song—O Welcome Fair Woods..... Franz A. Kreissmann.
3. Chorus—"Das Kirchlein"..... Becker
4. Quartette—Serenade..... A. Kreissmann (By request.)
5. Song—We met by Chance..... Kücken Mrs. Kempton.
6. Trio—From "Die Entführung"..... Mozart Messrs. Kreissmann, W. and C. Schraubstaedter.
7. Chorus—Auf den Bergen..... Abt

They sang the choruses and solos with their usual excellence. Mrs. Kempton in the song by KÜCKEN and in the second verse of the Star Spangled Banner, which was substituted for the Chorus of Abt, retarded and accelerated the movement constantly. We think this wrong. Such simple airs as that by Kücken and people's songs require as much of evenness, naturalness and simplicity in their rendering, as compatible with sentiment and expression.

Mr. Schulze played a difficult solo by *Concertmeister* DAVID of Leipzig finely, and with commendable purity of intonation. Mr. Kreissmann sang "O welcome fair woods," beautifully.

The concert was given for a benevolent object, in aid of the Christian Unity, a society for the assistance of the poor, of which Rev. E. E. Hale has the management, and we are told there were tickets enough sold to fill the hall; but it was the day after the second battle of Lexington, and in such times cannon and drums are more congenial sounds than the sweet concord of tones.

THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT, April 24th, was well attended. The programme was excellent.

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Coriolanus"..... Beethoven
2. Concert Waltz—"Marian"..... Lanner
3. Symphony, No. 8—(Scotch)..... Mendelssohn By request. (Op. 70.)
- PART II.
1. Marcia Funebre..... Chopin (By request.) Arranged for the Orchestral Union by Kopplis.
2. Solo on the English Horn Performed by A. L. DeRibas.
3. New Polka—"Apropos"..... F. Suck

In this point, indeed, these concerts are unsurpassable, considering the price of admission. To have Coriolanus, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony and Chopin's funeral march in one afternoon is a boon to music-lovers. As to this last piece we would say, that the first part, in B flat minor, which sounds by

far better on the piano, than in the arrangement, might be made more effective by the bass instruments holding the B flat D flat of the bass, extending over the first 14 measures, their full length. The upsoaring phrase in D flat major, which follows on the contrary sounds better with the orchestra than on the piano. The second part, in D flat major, might have been played somewhat more tenderly and softly. And this is a remark which we have to make with regard to the playing of the orchestra generally. We find that *pianissimos*, even *pianos* are frequently left unheeded, the piano often sounding as loud as *mezzo-forte* ought to sound. It was noticeable in BEETHOVEN's eighth symphony, they played some weeks ago, and again very strongly in the MENDELSSOHN symphonies, the Italian and the Scotch. Fine effects are constantly lost in this way. To quote but one instance in the place of many. The fine climax at the beginning of the second part of the symphony where the rising of the angry winds and the turbulent waves is depicted in tones, from the perfect, hushed, expectant lull to the furious outbreak, was spoiled in this way by beginning *mezzo-forte* instead of *pianissimo*. The only part perfectly free from this neglect, and in this respect coming up to the expectations of the most exact critic, was the second movement, which delighted us much. And the second melody was as fine a *pianissimo*, even after the string quartette was joined by the reeds and brass, as one could desire. It is to be hoped that the Union will pay more attention to this point for the sake of the immortal masters and their own. Mr. Suck's Polka has some fine parts. Mr. RIBAS' solo on the English Horn was deservedly much applauded. #†

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 22.—Mr. F. L. Ritter, leader of the St. Cecilia Society, gave a "Concert Symphonique" at the new hall of the Catholic Institute, on last Thursday evening. It was Mr. Ritter's intention to have made this concert the first of a series, the programmes of each composed of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the best masters; but the great political excitement that now absorbs all minor interests, may probably interfere with his plan.

Mozart's Symphony in F minor, Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Mendelssohn's "Athalia" march, Kalliwoda's Concert Overture; these were the orchestral selections, smoothly played by an orchestra of twenty-six members.

Howard Vaughan gave us a concerto by De Beriot; this young violinist is an acceptable soloist and will prove a valuable addition to our small number of reliable orchestra players. Weber's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra was played with considerable aplomb by Mr. H. G. Andras.

This concert, wholly as regards the selections, and partly as regards the execution of these, was the best we have had here for years. Such a programme as that of Thursday, refines the taste of the public and excites respect for the artists concerned in its arrangement and execution. Such noble music is a delight at any time; but in an hour of feverish anxiety like the present, it is a peaceful and elevating relief to ear, mind, and heart.

In spite of telegrams, and the patriotic volunteering, drilling, leave-taking, &c., going forward, the attendance at this concert was numerous and encouraging.

The new hall possesses admirable acoustic properties—at least so far as the orchestra is concerned. ARABESQUE.

Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes.

Our publishers have just issued a volume containing the Mazurkas and Waltzes of Chopin, which are universally recognized as among the most brilliant and beautiful works that have been added to the repertoire of the modern pianist. It is needless here and now to go into any description of these compositions, many of which are familiar to every accomplished pianist and to every intelligent listener to concerts of the best music. It is sufficient to say that the volume under notice is neatly printed, as our readers who recollect the specimen pages that have occasionally appeared in this Journal will admit, on good fair white paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Liszt's article upon Chopin, which appeared some years ago in these columns, is prefixed to the volume. Many of our readers will recollect this interesting criticism, which gives an idea of the personal qualities of the composer himself, by one who, of all men, was most fitted by nature, by kindred pursuits and by culture, to appreciate the rare genius

of the composer and to describe him to others, so that they too might understand the character of the man and of his works. A biographical sketch of Chopin, by Mr. Davison, is also prefixed to the volume, adding much to its interest and value. We give in our music pages this week a waltz taken from this volume, (Op. 64, No. 3).

DR. GUILMETTE'S LECTURE ON VOCAL CULTURE.

—Having been prevented from attending this lecture, we copy from a daily paper, the following notice. We learn that Dr. G. has formed classes for instruction in this matter, so vitally important to every public singer and speaker, and indeed to every one, if considered simply in its relations to health and vigorous life.

A few days since we had occasion to commend a pamphlet on Vocal Culture, by Dr. Guilmette, of New York. On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of hearing him expound and illustrate his views, in a lecture, at Chickering's room. His audience, as might be expected at a time when the minds of men are absorbed by one exciting theme, was small, but highly attentive and appreciating. The lecturer's personal appearance is of a kind which at once arrests and commands attention. He is a little below the average stature, but his massive build creates the impression of height. A striking head and face rises from shoulders of Atlantean breadth; and his deep, cubic chest is a practical commendation of his system of gymnastic training. The purity of his tone, and the distinctness of his enunciation, approved themselves to the ear as much as his aspect did to the sight. His English is nearly perfect in structure, and only a very slight foreign accent is perceptible. He commenced by asking the indulgence of the audience for the nervous exhaustion under which he was laboring, on account of the severe labors he had recently been through; but his fatigue was revealed only a very deliberate and quiet manner, which was exactly to our taste, and entirely appropriate to the matter of his lecture, which was entirely didactic and expository.

He proceeded to give an anatomical description of the organs of speech, aided by a model, in illustration of the cardinal doctrine of his system, that the voice is simply vocal breath. There is no analogy between the organs of speech and any stringed instrument. His expositions were very clear, and made extremely interesting by the model used in illustration. He explained the functions of the windpipe, the lungs, and the diaphragm in the production of vocal and articulate sounds; denying the assumed importance of the abdominal muscles. He gave a brief sketch of the literature of the subject; characterizing the writers who had treated of the voice, and stating their merits and defects. Many curious experiments were performed; and the lecturer gave a practical exemplification of his own capacity of expiration and inspiration. The latter part of the lecture was mainly occupied with a practical explanation of the various exercises used by the lecturer in his teachings, for the improvement of the vocal organs, and the strengthening of the muscles of the chest.

Dr. Guilmette combines qualities not usually met together. He is a good anatomist and physiologist, and also a professional singer of a high order. His lecture was at once instructive and interesting; free from everything rhetorical or extravagant; and his manner we should characterize in one word as very gentlemanly. We regret that he has come among us at a time so inauspicious to himself.

Concluded from page 29.)

That Haydn—despite the old maestro's supposed harangue on the imitative powers of music—cherished a certain weakness for mimetic effects in orchestral composition, more than one mature production of his will sufficiently prove. Madame de Staël records how her enjoyment of the performance of his "Creation," at Vienna, by a band of four hundred, was marred by some of the composer's crotchets (not technically speaking). How at the words, "let there be light: and there was light," the instruments played at first very softly, so as scarcely to be heard, and then suddenly broke out into a tumultuous crash, to signify the genesis of the daylight:—upon which stroke of art a certain wit, *homme d'esprit*, pleased madame by observing that "à l'apparition de la lumière il fallait se boucher les oreilles." Then again Staël the Epicene, as Byron rather ambidextrously styles her, noted with disapproval how the music trailed and dragged while the serpents were being created, and recovered its brilliancy and animation with the

birth-song of the birds. In Haydn's "Seasons," she complains, these *allusions* are multiplied exceedingly: *concerti* she calls them, which a healthy taste would reject. Not but that certain combinations of harmony can recall some of nature's many marvels, but these analogies (she maintains) have no reference to imitation, which is never anything better than a *jeu factice*.

The real resemblances among the fine arts one with another, and those which exist between the fine arts and nature, are dependent upon feelings of the same kind as those excited by them in our souls by a variety of means. One cannot but agree with Lady Eastlake that Haydn's servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of "awful thunder" is not so easily accounted for. —are so many blots on his glorious "Creation." The verdure-clad fields, the purling brook, the mild light of the moon as she "glides through the silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite song with which Haydn always overflows. But, as Lady Eastlake adds, his "rising sun with daring rays" is an utter failure—and is by her compared to a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth.

Again, in the fine trio, "Most beautiful appear," while the bass voice sings the words, "Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave," the lashing of the water by the animal's tail, as Mr. Hogarth remarks, is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. "Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the cloud of insects, and the crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class."

That Mr. Hogarth, provided the *amusing* be excluded, can go far enough in his estimate of music's potential imitativeness, is clear from his criticism on Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In that work he tells us we seem to feel the freshness of a summer morning—to hear the rustling of the breeze, the waving of the woods, the cheerful notes of the birds, and the cries of the animals; to stray along the margin of a meandering brook, and listen to the murmuring of its waters; to join a group of villagers, keeping holiday with joyous songs and dances; to watch the sky grow dark, hear the thunder growl, and witness a storm burst on the alarmed rustics, whose cries of dismay are audible amid the elemental strife. "The clouds pass away, the muttering of the thunder is more and more distant, all becomes quiet and placid, and the stillness is broken by the pastoral song of gratitude. Nothing can be more beautiful or more true to nature than every part of the representation. It requires no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal." It was remarked at the time, by an Edinburgh Reviewer, that in this passage the enthusiasm of the author had carried him off his feet; and that the concluding part of the last sentence put one not a little in mind of a certain captain mentioned in "Peter Simple," who describes his mother as being so splendid a pianoforte player, that upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar. The reviewer insists that this is scarcely more ludicrous than it is to say, that the descriptive powers of the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, great as they undoubtedly are, or any instrumental music unaccompanied by words, ever can place imagery before the mind, with a distinctness equal to poetry or painting. Beethoven himself, it is added in corroboration of this view, has furnished us with an explanation, in words, of the different scenes he intended to delineate; which implies

his consciousness, that the graphic power of his pencil, without such explanations, could never be made to convey any definite idea of visual objects, or to give anything more than the general character of certain emotions, or to excite certain trains of association.† For executants of *Lieder ohne Worte*, who claim to see a perfect and unmistakable meaning in every bar, need to be reminded, in their too far-reaching clairvoyance, of the subjective philosophy of Coleridge's line,

O lady, we receive but what we give.

Grant that music may be said to paint nature: but how? Rousseau says that it commonly abandons the impossible attempt to paint nature direct, for the practicable one of throwing our feelings, by means all her own, into a state resembling that which the object to be painted would actually produce. Instead of painting a tranquil night, which is in itself impossible, music imparts to the soul the same sensation, by exciting the self-same feelings that a tranquil night is apt to inspire.

Goethe's way towards fixing an "aesthetic base" for music, in the shape of certain axioms which assume that it must be either sacred or profane, either solemn altogether or altogether joyous, has naturally been contested with spirit. M. Chasles, in his impeachment of it—beginning, "What! music can be nothing but either joyous or solemn! The expression of impassioned love and of tender melancholy pertains not to music! The wailings of wounded spirit are beyond its range!" &c., &c.,—goes on to maintain, that music is on the contrary, an almost infinite science, the domain whereof let no Goethe dare restrict or curtail; and concludes: "There are but two usurpations which must be forbidden to music:—the pretence of painting to the eye, which is an absurd trespass on the grounds of painting itself, and that of reasoning, which is a silly aggression on the province of thought."‡

Gustave Planche, again, in his critique on Mozart's masterpiece, argues at some length the question of the limits of musical expression. To seek in music for a means by which to translate the human passions, individually, one by one; to try to express by sounds, not only the tumultuous movements of the soul in their most striking generality, but also the details, and minutiae even, of those movements,—is nothing less, in M. Planche's opinion, than to ignore or betray the mission of musical art. But, on the other hand, to see in music a mere amusement, more or less lively, an occupation for the ear only and not at all for the brain; to exclude passion from the orchestra and from the voice; to derive nothing in the combination of sounds, beyond an ingenious artifice, designed to produce certain impressions which sometimes excite to an intoxicating degree, which at others are so voluptuous and *nonchalantes* as to induce balmy sleep; this he accounts a no less important mistake. He would have a musician abstain from trying to express, in dramatic music, sentiments of a limited or exact kind; such, for instance, as ambition or jealousy; and to choose the most general and indefinite, the most constant and vivid, of emotions, such as joy, anger, tenderness, and never to risk an entrance on those narrower routes which can be trod by the poet alone without stumbling.¶

For music, as all but those who have no music in their souls well know, is capable, in the words of Hartley Coleridge, of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or, dying away to silence, may symbolise the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain extent, he says, express action, as action consists in motion; but beyond this it cannot go. "It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagination. True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a con-

ductor. But, nevertheless, those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion; because in all these the feeling suggests the thoughts, and not the thoughts or imagery the feeling." These remarks are apropos of certain analogies of expression between music and poetry. and an anonymous essayist of Hartley Coleridge's school (if not Hartley himself), in a tractate on Poetical Description, has pronounced the imitative quality of poetry to differ altogether from that of painting, but to bear a strong analogy to that of music, her consort sister in days of old. While painting, as he says, "acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect, music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say. "Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy." Virgil's line, imitatively graphic, with its five dactyles in a row.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitū quatit ungula campum,

is meant to express the thundering gallop of horse, as Mr. deQuincey points out, in which the beats of the hoof return with regular intervals; and Homer in a celebrated line has sought to express mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of a stone. The critic just named assumes either poet to have sought a picturesque effect; but he reminds us that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. "Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effect in Kotzwarra's "Battle of Prague," with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music."†† Yet how many of us, in our pianoforte days, held those "Battle of Prague" mimicries to be first-rate, and declared the accuracy of imitation to be perfect—especially (what we knew such a deal about) the cries of the wounded. Was it not your case, madam?—unless indeed you are, happily, one of a generation that are yet in their teens. You were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were childish and you were a child. And when you were a child, you, like others, apostles included, thought as a child, spoke as a child, understood as a child; but now that you are become a—woman of a certain age, you have long ago put away childish things, among them the "Battle of Prague." You will never wear pinafore or fight that battle o'er again.

Art, according to Goethe's English biographer, is picture painting, not picture writing. "Beethoven in his Symphonies, may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic, if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions."*

Music, then, must tell on the feelings to be music at all. And as an instrument of expression, it deals with feelings in general classes, not in individual illustrations. Sydney Smith rules that music "can express only classes of feelings; it can express only melancholy, not any particular instance or action of melancholy." The tune of *Lochaber no more*, for example, is referred to, as expressing the pathetic in general; actual words must be employed before we can recognise in it that particular instance of the pathetic, where a poor soldier takes leave of his native shore, and his wife Jean, with a presentiment that he shall see them never again. Whenever we hear an

air to which we know no words, it can inspire only general emotion; when poetry applies the general emotion to particular instances, musical expression has attained its maxim of effect. It is said, continues the portly priest of St. Paul's, "that the 'Pastorale,' of Corelli was intended for an imitation of the song of angels hovering about the fields of Bethlehem, and gradually soaring up to heaven; it is impossible, however, that the music itself can convey any such expression—it can convey only the feelings of solemnity, of rapture, of enthusiasm; imagination must do the rest."‡ Had the Reverend Sydney happened to be in his average mood of jocularity, one can imagine the exuberance of fun he could have poked at, or out of the pseudo-pastoral theory about Corelli's Pastorale.

A fellow reviewer of his, starting from the same text, of Scottish melodies, indulged in some reasonable strictures on that craving for novelty which has led composers into the field where music is weakest,—that of direct imitation of natural sounds by musical notes,—a species of rivalry, the hopelessness of which makes us feel the good sense of Agesilaus' answer, when asked to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale,—"I have heard the nightingale herself." Musicians are shown to have attempted not merely to imitate sounds by notes, but even to represent motion—to describe the seasons—to convey the impressions of color—or even to narrate the incidents of a battle or a campaign; for the ingenious organist of Ferdinand III., Froberger, is said to have presented a very striking musical representation of Count Thurn's passage over the Rhine, and the danger of the transit, "in twenty-six cataracts, or falls of notes."§ Indeed, adds our reviewer, "when a taste for this sort of mimetic music is once introduced (the proper sphere of which would be the comic opera), it is wonderful how even the greatest genius gives way to the contagion, and follows the herd,—for a greater than Froberger, Handel, has now and then ventured upon similar tricks of sound. In the 'Messiah,' at the passage, 'I will shake the heavens and the earth,' he has introduced a sort of musical pun, by repeating the word several times on a chain of musical shakes, 'as if,' says a critic, 'the quivering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world.' And in his 'Israel in Egypt,' he has undertaken to represent, by musical notes, two of the plagues of Egypt, viz. the buzzing of flies and the hopping of frogs."¶

(To be continued.)

* See the *Saturday Review*, No. 80.

† See George Hogarth's *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*, vol. i. p. 292 sq.

‡ Compare, or contrast, with this cavil at Haydn's *Fiat Lux*, the following ardent tribute to the present King of Hanover:

"But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—*And there was light*—called forth by the creative words *Let there be light*! At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and convincingly brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him."—*Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*. Hannover, 1830.

To which estimate of a musical Monarch may be here appended that of a critical Queen's Counsel:—

"The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle; but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fullness and suddenness of the shock."—*Hayward's Biog. and Crit. Essays*, II. 223.

§ De Stiel, *Des Beaux-Arts en Allemagne*.

¶ See the eloquent essay on Music in *Quarterly Review* for September, 1843.

* Musical History, &c., by George Hogarth, vol. i. p. 311.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii. p. 41.

‡ See De Stendhal's *Correspondance Inédite*, Ire série, xi.

§ Etudes sur l'Allemagne: Goethe, § 1.

¶ Etudes sur les Arts: Mozart.

¶ Biographie Bossini: William Roscoe.

¶ What is Poetical Description? Blackwood, 1839.

†† De Quincey's *Homer and the Homerides*, part III.

‡ G. H. Lewes, *Life and Works of Goethe*, II. 426.

§ Sketches of Moral Philosophy, lect. 18.

¶ Which reminds us, by the way, of an incidental remark of Mr. Hayward's in his essay on the Imitative Powers of Music (reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*).

"On the whole, we are inclined to think that, when Lock's blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously prescribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined." &c.—*Biographical and Critical Essays*, by A. Hayward, Q. C., II. 223.

§ Sir J. Hawkins, vol. i. Preliminary Disc., p. 8.

¶ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxix. p. 199.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Sketches of French Musical History.

XV.

COMIC OPERA.

1800—1830.

We come now to Adrien Boieldieu one of the first glories of the French school. He was born at Rouen, December 15, 1775, son of a secretary to the archbishop, and began life as a singing boy in the cathedral. He was a pupil of Broche, the organist of the church, whose pitilessness and severity filled "little Boiel" with such terror at even the sight of him, that one day, having accidentally let a drop of ink upon a book belonging to his ferocious master, he fled alone on foot to Paris to escape the danger to which he was exposed. At the age of sixteen he was already a very fair performer upon the pianoforte, possessed happy melodic ideas and some slight knowledge of harmony.

Meantime a passion for the theatre was becoming strong. His slight savings were used only to enable him to hear the works of Gretry, Dalayrac and Mehul; and often for want of money he contrived means to hide in the theatre, during the morning before a performance.

A comic opera, which had proved successful at Rouen decided Boieldieu to go and try his success in Paris. He therefore disappeared one day at the age of nineteen from his father's house with his score under his arm, thirty francs in his pocket and hope in his heart. On the second day he entered Paris, covered with dirt and worn out with the fatigue of his foot-journey. The Opera Comique was naturally not anxious to put a work of an unknown author upon the stage; he had therefore nothing to do but wait, search for a new text, give lessons and for want of scholars to tune pianofortes.

He had however faith in himself. The Erards received him kindly and he also made the acquaintance of Rode, Garat, Mehul and Cherubini. He began to have a reputation in society. Garat and all the amateurs delighted in singing his graceful romances, for which his publisher paid him the insignificant sum of twelve francs each. In 1795 *Fiévée* gave him to compose *la Dot de Suzette*, a little opera in one act, which had a success, thanks to the freshness of the music and to the fine and spirited performance of Madame Saint Aubin. The next year Boieldieu composed *La Famille suisse*, a score in which reigned a style simple and natural, and a charming gracefulness.

In 1798 *Zoraine et Zulmare*, a drama in 3 acts, established the author's position upon the stage of the Theatre Feydeau. At the same time his instrumental works,—a concerto for the pianoforte, sonatas 1, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 8, four duets for the harp and pianoforte, concerto for the harp, and three trios for harp, pianoforte and violoncello—led to his admission into the number of the professors of the pianoforte at the conservatory *Beniowsky*, and *le Calife de Bagdad*—the latter

of which has been performed over seven hundred times, fixed forever the high reputation of the composer. In 1802 *Ma Tante Aurore* was the fashion to an unexampled degree; but Boieldieu, unhappy in marriage, which had joined him, March 19, of that year, with the danseuse Clotilde, went off to Russia in April, 1803. The Emperor Alexander gave him the appointment of chapelmaster, on having met him upon the frontier, and the composer wrote for the imperial theatre of St. Petersburg *Rien de trop, la jeune Femme colere* (a comedy by Etienne), *Amour et Mystere*, *Abderkan* (text by Andieux), *Calypso*, *Aline reine Golconde*, *les Voitures versées*, *Un Tour de soubrette* and music to the choruses of *Athalie*.

The political clouds between France and Russia having been dissipated, Boieldieu felt a desire to see France again; he obtained his dismissal towards the close of the year 1810, after seven years' residence in St. Petersburg. On reaching Paris he found the sceptre of the Opera Comique in the hands of Nicolo. Dalayrac was no more; Catal had nearly given up composition; Cherubini, disgusted with the obstacles which met him in his career, had ceased to write; Mehul displeased with the inconstancy of the public seldom gave a new work to the stage. Nicolo alone exhibited an inexhaustible fecundity; it was in contesting the field with his new rival, that Boieldieu's genius took a novel and magnificent flight. Two female singers at this time divided the favor of the Parisian public; one Madame Duret possessed a voice of great extent, sonorous and, even but slightly thick and her respiration was short; the other, M^{lle} Regnault (afterwards Madame Lemonnier) had a charming voice, great intelligence and a marvellous facility of vocalization. Nicolo had given both opportunity to distinguish themselves in his *Cendrillon*; but the preferred the talents of Madame Duret which was one reason for Boieldieu to give M^{lle} Regnault the powerful aid of his genius. *Jean de Paris*, represented early in 1812, obtained a splendid success at the Theatre Feydeau; Elleviou, Martin, Juliet, M^{lle} Regnault, and Mad. Gavaudan seconded the composer by an irreproachable execution. The connoisseurs noticed in the score a correct style, and an instrumentation brilliant and full of color. *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*, performed in 1813, gave its auditors a new model of scenic perfection. Then followed a number of occasional pieces, after which the public received with great applause *La Fête du Village voisin*. Notwithstanding the poverty of the text, the music embroidered upon that canvass is full of spirit and melody. Boieldieu had aided Herold in gaining a footing upon the stage by writing with him the opera *Charles de France*; at a later date too he sought and obtained for Catal the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In 1817, after Mehul's death, the Institute having elected Boieldieu to the vacant chair, the new member felt himself obliged to justify their choice by a new masterpiece. *Le chaperon rouge*

(July, 1818) was a perfect triumph. Its style is grander, ideas more abundant, and color more varied than in the author's preceding works. But the great labor bestowed upon it, threw Boieldieu into a state of health, which made a long period of rest necessary. For a time he retired into the country; but, being appointed a professor of composition in the Conservatory, he amused and recreated himself by imparting to the young pupils the result of his long experience.

In 1821 he joined Kreutzer, Berton, Cherubini, and Paër in the composition of *Blanche de Provence*. In 1824, he composed also one act of *Pharamond*. At this time Boieldieu doubtful of the public favor hesitated to re-enter the theatre with a work entirely of his own composition.

Guilbert de Pixérécourt, then director of the Opera Comique, persuaded him with much difficulty to make the experiment, and Boieldieu composed *La Dame blanche* which was received with unanimous transports of enthusiasm, Dec. 10, 1825.

This masterpiece has never left the stage and is, we believe the *only work*, which never was omitted from the list of acting works after its first representation. Nothing new can be said upon its solo pieces, its duets, trios, chorus and finales. It belongs to that type of the Comic opera which can never grow old, no more than *Richard, le Deserteur*, *Montano*, and *Joconde*. Simple its modulations, with no forced harmonies, and full of real melody, this score retains the grand style of its author, who remains always *himself*, in the midst of the general movement impressed upon the music of that time by the influence of Rossini. But in this work Boieldieu's power culminated; he dreaded the idea of producing inferior works.

He therefore caused the text of *des Deux Nuits*, entrusted to him by Bouilly to be revised by Scribe. But notwithstanding skilful and extensive changes, the play did not completely satisfy the public, upon its production in 1829. Hope deceived gradually brought Boieldieu to the tomb. Having resigned his place as professor pecuniary anxiety as to the future was added to laryngial pthisis. He made a journey to Pisa without benefit. Forced at length to return to his employment as professor, his health grew still more feeble. The baths of the South were ordered him; but reaching Bordeaux, he became frightened at the progress of his disease, and returned to his country seat at Jarcy near Grosbois where he breathed his last in the arms of his family and friends, Oct. 8, 1834.

Mimetic Music.

(Concluded from page 32.)

The present King of Hanover signalized himself, while Crown Prince, by a treatise on Music, which advances not a few rather hazardous interpretations of imitative effects. His Majesty's blindness may have tended to intensify his quickness of ear, in catching at remote resemblances, and hearing a voice we cannot hear, and understanding in detail what only affects us in the mass.

This exceptional acuteness is observable in some at least, of his musical hermeneutics, while in others he but expresses what the average mind may be presumed to feel. One or two of his favorite examples may be worth glancing at. In Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" the royal critic sees presented the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, the affection severally of a father, mother, and daughter, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unlooked-for deliverance, all exhibited not only with "inimitable art," but with incomparable completeness. Weber's "Summons to the Dance," as a musical representation of an incident in social life, is alleged to be remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched; "the invitation of the gentleman, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this is accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener by the music." *Est-il possible?* may some stolid souls exclaim, who never expected a tithe of the meaning in Weber's *pièce de circonstance*. But all this comes of having good ears, and a working brain between them; just as some ingenious criticism on Shakespeare's text, or Spenser's, may be due to good eyes, not only of microscopic but of milestone piercing power. But once again, and more seriously; in the introduction to "Norma," we are told, may be found "the representation of a neighboring wood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and this is the first drop-scene of the opera—the grove of sacrifice—fitly delineated. Assuredly the striking qualities of this tone picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest." The prince's Quarterly Reviewer inferred that he was doubtless himself the blind listener in question, and accepted the fact as one no-way surprising; for with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest, train of association—a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest scenery—might suffice,

And as a sort to which belongers win
Unhoped-for entrance thro' some friend within;
One clear idea, center'd in the breast,
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

"But when it is formally inferred, from anomalous instances of this kind, that a succession of sensible images, including both sounds with their varieties and landscapes with their details may be brought home to the ordinary run (or even to any considerable class) of listeners, through the medium of instrumental music, our thoughts recur involuntarily to Dick Tinto's picture, or Lord Burleigh's nod, or those victims of mesmerism who undertake to ascertain the contents of a long letter by sitting on it. Set a chosen body of connoisseurs to hear Beethoven's 'Symphony' or 'Weber's Summons to the Dance' for the first time, without telling them what the composer is aiming at, and we much doubt whether they will exclaim in chorus, at the proper time, 'That is a troop of reapers, and that the rippling of a brook!' 'Now the storm is coming on, and now it is going off!' 'Now they are flirting between the dances, and now he is taking her back to her mamma!' It might be edifying to summon a large jury of good men and true, in matters musical—say a septuagint of them—to investigate the meaning of some fresh and untried *Lied ohne Worte*, in all its broad lights and supersubtle shades of symbolism and significance—to shut

them up, each man in a separate cell, like the Seventy of Alexandria, and require from each man separately a full and particular account of what language the music under examination did verily speak. The result—an amalgam of three-score and ten interpretations—would surprise some people, the composer himself not the least; for he, honest man, would no doubt be quite as much astonished at finding all he meant, without meaning it, as ever was Monsieur Jourdain himself, at the incredible apocalypse of his lifelong (but hitherto unconscious and unpremeditated) achievements in prose.

Knowing ones there are, beyond all question, connoisseurs and something more, who could throw new and dazzling light on the meaning mentally attached by Mendelssohn to every movement in his overtures, say, for example, that to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Neither would they be persuaded though he rose from the dead to deny it. Of course that *allegro vivace* is Philostrate (master of the revels) stirring up the Athenian youth to merriment. Of course that *pomposo* passage is Theseus wedding Hippolyta with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling. That *roulade* is Puck putting a girdle about the earth in forty minutes. That *prestante* bit is Helena on the scamper after Demetrius. That *moto contrario* expresses the perplexity and cross-purpose of the lovers in the wood. Surely you recognize at once in that *fantastico* interval the craze of Titania for ass-headed Bottom? And who can fail to identify that *carezzando* movement with her stroking his amiable cheeks, and sticking musk-roses in his sleek smooth head, and kissing the fair large ears of him, her gentle joy? As unmistakably does that *asprezza* betoken the coarse prosaic manner of bully Bottom, as though he were actually (as he wished) munching your good dry oats, and disposing audibly of a peck of provender or a bottle of hay. That *allegro vivo* as literally represents the ministrations of Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed. Nor less manifestly does that *burlando* or *burlesco* import the performance, by Quince & Co., of the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe—including the *agitato* of the nervous Prologue, the *debile* of Flute's small voice, the *furioso* of Bottom's bluster, and the *con veemenza* of Lion's roar.

It has been observed by one whose words come with authority, on a subject like this, that, properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer; but it depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. "Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar." We may love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light, tripping measure, or the "sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones;" but we have another feeling for the mimicry, instrumental or vocal, of the greenwood choir, pretty warblers as they are. Let not him therefore who, in this sort of servile imitation, and mechanical mimicry, would

tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

let not him come hither, come hither, come hither, but betake himself elsewhere, out of hearing—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world" of art and good taste. As an accomplished critic, already quoted, has remarked, the mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the "Lachrymosa" in the Requiem, the faltering tones of "qua resurget," which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!"—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the Gazza Ladra. "The broad humor of the catch and glee family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewling of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a

staccato of course by way of a *spù*, were favorite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contralti, which *baa* like like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician." † *Dulce est desipere in loco*; but even the sapient are liable to trifle occasionally out of place.

It is agreed that all dramatic music must be full of imitation; and herein has been said to lie its greatest charm and its greatest snare. The vague yet forcible suggestiveness of really characteristic melody, may be illustrated by what Mr. Thackeray remarks of Irish scenery—that he thinks it just like Irish melodies—sweet, wild, and sad, even in the sunshine. "You can neither represent one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colors, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you." ‡ Henri Beyle discourses admiringly on certain *cantilènes* which express the passions, and avers (in contradiction to an argument we have previously referred to) that *jealousy* is expressed by the aria *Vedro ment' io ruspiro*, sung by Count Almaviva in Mozart's Nozze di Figaro: he adds, § that in the whole of Rossini's Otello he can discover nothing so expressive of jealousy, "ce tourment des cœurs tendres," as in Mozart's air aforesaid. Of that passionate serenade in the Don Giovanni, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, which "breathes the very soul of refined sensuality," Mr. Leigh Hunt once said, that you see the gallant before you, with his mandolin and his cap and feather, taking place of the nightingale for that amorous hour; and you feel that the sounds must inevitably draw his mistress to the window. "Their intenseness even renders them pathetic; and his heart seems in earnest, because his senses are." ¶ The notes of the dramatic composer must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it, says Lady Eastlake; the composer must give us definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much and over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to it—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. Of this, "what grander example is there in the world than Handel's Hailstone Chorus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended over our heads,

Down comes the deluge of sonorous hail,

shattering everything before it: and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses 'Fire! Hailstones!' only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semiquavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever conveyed." **

So writes one of the devoutest of devout Handeliens, one who is, perhaps, more than a little kind, not to say just a little blind, to a lapse or a foible here and there, on the great master's part, in the exercise of his mimetic faculty. Handel, as another critic observes, must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his "Messiah," than of the resemblance discovered, or thought to be discovered, between a passage in one of his serenatas and the walk of a giant ††—

See what ample strides he takes;

and the "attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the oratorio of 'Joshua,' almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor (first

brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews), who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotatory motion at the mention of the globe."†† In every art and science there are quackeries afloat, by which quacks make a name, and from which genius has not always the self-respect to turn aside.

Some themes there are which, by their very nature, afford a tempting subject to imitative ingenuity—and an indulgence in which is not without apologists among even the strictest sect of high-artists. Storms and tempests, for example, convey a sense of sublimity which, "however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers," must ever, as Lady Eastlake§§ says, make them favorite subjects for audiences and composers. Freely she avows that even that old favorite, Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strumming schoolroom associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies the predilections of childhood. It was not, she says, the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be "just like thunder," but at which she felt inclined to stop her ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of the gay chirping rictornel, in four sharps, which tells you all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-by, is like Thomson's Seasons set to Music—is the grandest and most fearful of storms, as M. Oulibichef says, "which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;" but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment

Its beauty all, and grateful song around!

At the same time, her ladyship contends that it is not from any work of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts, according to another Quarterly Reviewer, is, or ought to be, the same: to present the images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. "Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best; and Parrhasius's curtain, which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital, which visitors were wont to run against, rank in art far below the most outrageous libel on nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces in musical composition . . . on the broad general impression produced by them than on their imitative facilities."|| It is not, avers the fairer critic, in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. "It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in 'The flood stood upright as an heap,' or the wandering of the notes in 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the 'Messiah,' which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words, 'Comfort ye,' are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of expression, in which the composer has to draw

solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart."¶¶ Comparatively speaking, one might say of mere imitation, as Hamlet of flute-playing that 'tis easy as lying,—and too many of us know how easy that is, especially if white lies may count. But the eloquence of real musical expression is of another quality—the gift of the elect—one of those prerogatives which pertain to the chosen few, and mark them out a right royal priesthood, a peculiar people—the chartered expositors of a language which the adroit many can second-handily imitate, but which only themselves can originally and adequately express.

* See Quarterly Review for July, 1859.

† Lady Eastlake.

‡ Thackeray: The Irish Sketch-book, ch. xxiv.

§ Œuvres Posthumes de Stendhal, Lettres à ses Amis, I, 48.

|| The Round Table, essay xxxix.

¶¶ Lady Eastlake's Essay on Music.

†† Polyphemus, in "Acis and Galathea."

‡‡ Hayward's Essays, II, 221.

§§ See her essay as reprinted in Murray's Railway Series, pp. 4-5, 51-55, passim.

|| Quarterly Review, No. 122, p. 510.

¶¶ Lady Eastlake.

Musical Societies in New York.

The "Liederkränze," formed in 1847, is the oldest German Society in the city, and now numbers 600 members, of which number about 200 are active and take part in the rehearsals and concerts. The whole society meets for rehearsal twice each week, and the male voices meet once alone for the practice of glees, etc. They are able, with patient and careful drilling, to perform most of the classic music of the old masters. Three or four public performances are given each season, and they are frequently called upon to sing the choruses at the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society. They have done so twice this year, and are at present rehearsing Schumann's new work, "Paradise and the Peri," for performance at the next Philharmonic concert. It is a first-class society, ranks high as being one of the most careful and well trained in the city. They are ably conducted by Mr. A. Pauer, and have for President Mr. Fred. Rapp. Whatever is undertaken by them is sure to be done well. They have been quite prosperous, and are about to build a hall for their own accommodation. The proceeds of their public concerts are devoted entirely to charitable objects.

The "Arion" Society is also composed of Germans, and was formed in January, 1854, from the "Liederkränze." It now numbers 150 members, of which 50 to 60 are singers—all males. They are conducted by Carl Bergmann and Carl Anschütz—two of the most popular German musicians in the city—and meet for rehearsal Tuesday and Saturday evenings. They give three vocal and instrumental concerts each season. This year they have been particularly successful, and were sustained by an orchestra of 50 performers, with some of the best soloists to be found in the city. The music was of the highest order, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt and Wagner being represented in the programme. They are sometimes called upon to sing the choral parts of the opera at the Academy of Music, and 40 voices from this society rendered the famous drinking chorus in the first act of Halévy's opera, "La Juive," with fine effect, when it was produced here last winter. In July of last year they took the prize at the great musical festival held at Buffalo.

The "Teutonia Männerchor," another German society, was formed in 1852, and numbers about 100 members male and female. They are prosperous and enterprising, under the lead of Mr. J. Mosenthal, the distinguished organist of Calvary Church, and meet twice a week for rehearsal.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn was incorporated pursuant to a general act of the Legislature, on the 5th of May, 1857, since which time it has been steadily increasing, both in size and public favor, and now numbers 948 associates, 150 professional, and 100 complimentary members—in all 1198. Five public concerts and fifteen rehearsals are given annually. During the past winter, each of their concerts given within their spacious auditorium of the Academy of Music—an enterprise, by the way, that originated in the success of this society—was attended by upwards of 3000 persons; their programmes comprised the highest class of musical compositions, rendered by a full orchestra of 40 performers, and the best vocal talent of the opera troupes of New York.

All pecuniary receipts over and above the expen-

ditures are devoted to elevate the character of their performances. Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, here, as with the Philharmonic Society of New York, officiates as conductor at both rehearsals and concerts, and Mr. J. Noll as leader.

A Society styling itself the "Polyphonic Association," was organized for the purpose of the encouragement and promotion of music and musical talent in Brooklyn, Oct. 4, 1860, which has increased rapidly in size, and bids fair to become a large and influential society. It already numbers nearly 200 members, among whom are some eminent artists and professors, though it is composed mainly of young men, amateurs, who derive much benefit from it as a means of musical intercourse and social advancement. They meet twice each week for rehearsal, and hold semi-monthly "reunions," to which members with their friends only are admitted. Besides these, they give five private concerts, to which none but members of the association are admitted, and all the pieces are performed by artist and amateur members. Five public concerts are given each season. These are rendered attractive by the auxiliary aid of artists who do not belong to the Society. At the last one, given at the Brooklyn Athenæum, Dr. Clara W. Beames, with his pupil, Miss Marie Brainerd, Mr. George Simpson, and Mons. Henry Appy, the violinist, all from New York, assisted. Its government is vested in a board of 25 directors, chosen annually, who appoint the President and other officers. A different musical conductor is appointed for each concert. It is supported by entrance fees, fines, assessments, proceeds of concerts, &c.

Unlike most of the older associations, this one combines instruction with practice, and classes are taught by Professors who are members of the Society. This is an excellent plan, but the present system of teaching is sadly defective, and we regret to observe that upon this subject much ignorance prevails among our countrymen, which it will require time and experience to remove. Many persons argue that not all, but only a select few can learn to sing, on the ground that all do not possess the voice. Even professors and teachers fall into this error, and most unphilosophically undertake to cultivate the voice without any reference to the ear and understanding. Two years ago, when a large free class for musical instruction was formed in this city, from two to three hundred applicants were refused admission, because the "Professor" in attendance decided that they had no voice! Many who aspire to learn, and feel that they are capable of attaining a great degree of proficiency, are denied the pleasure, as well as deterred from undertaking it, on account of the difficulties to be surmounted and obstacles overcome. This arises from the want of method and system in the usual mode of teaching, which presents it as an empirical, rather than a positive and truly mathematical science, which it really is—a science as easily accessible to all as chemistry, mathematics, or any other of its departments.

That all who are able to speak, are also able, with a proper system of instruction, to sing; and that all should be as well able to read music at sight, as to read language, has been abundantly proved, as well by the experience of our public schools,—in almost all of which music is successfully taught,—as by the more complete and decisive experiments which have been in continual operation for upwards of ten years in Paris and throughout France. The classes of Monsieur Emile Chev ,—whose system has been adopted by the Conservatoire, and is now recognized by the highest authority throughout Europe, as the only scientific and practical method of teaching music,—numbering from 800 to 1000 pupils, (composed mainly of the *ouvrier* population of Paris) can sing part music at sight, in the most difficult intonations of the major and minor modes with perfect aplomb and command of voice, without any instrument to guide them; and not only do they become one and all executors, but complete masters of the science. As an illustration of their capabilities in this respect, I annex a paragraph, translated from "L'Opinion Nationale" of March 13th, 1860:

"One evening, a few weeks ago, Mr. Richard Wagner presented himself at Monsieur Chev 's class-room, where eight hundred pupils were hearing a lesson, and handed to the professor a manuscript piece which he had just composed and desired to hear read. M. Chev  gave his class in charge to his son, went into an adjoining room, transcribed Mr. Wagner's composition (a fugue for eight voices), on a huge blackboard, and had it taken to the pupils. Instantly, the whole class, without the aid of any instrument, without any other indication than the tone by a tuning-fork, sang Mr. Wagner's music—note, Mr. Wagner's music!—and sang it with such ensemble, such perfection of intonation, solidity of rhythm, and correctness in the shades of expression, that it was

more like finished execution than reading at sight. Monsieur Wagner went away confounded with astonishment, after having thanked the unique choristers and their admirable Professor, saying he had never witnessed such a feat in his life.

Such results are truly extraordinary. Pupils of a course where *hundreds* are taught together, where *all* who present themselves are received without any choice whatever, do what artist choristers of the Conservatoire Society and of the opera could not do. But some will say, such results can be obtained only after years of labor. We answer: the pupils of the course held by M. Chev , at the Polytechnic School, as we ourselves witnessed, read at *first sight in parts* after a very few lessons. After a few months they were able to read at sight without any hesitation, all the pieces of the repertoire of choral music."

A powerful contrast is here presented with our societies, where notwithstanding the members are picked, and none admitted except those who are supposed to be able to read music at sight, a piano accompaniment—or one of some kind—is *obligato*, and an incessant drilling is required to attain even *mediocre* perfection.

Perhaps the best illustration of our poverty in this respect is to be found in the small, weak and inefficient choruses which appear at our operatic entertainments, offering a strong contrast with the powerful and well trained *corps* of the Haymarket, London, the Grand Opera, Paris, and others on the Continent. There is no reason why ours should be so much inferior, except that from want of a proper system of teaching, the science has not yet been brought within reach of the masses. A great error, to which our people are liable, is to suppose that *noise* and *velocity* constitute music.

Such ideas as these were suggested by listening to the performance of an oratorio, a short time since, and observing the imperfect manner in which it was rendered, in spite of the regular weekly rehearsals of the same piece, during the previous five months.

If my space permitted, I could give some interesting facts concerning the shallowness of some of our "reputed" musicians, their lack of real knowledge of the science, and the mode pursued by them to hide their defects; but these must be reserved for another occasion.

To all who perceive the great influence music is destined to exert in furthering the development of race, and reflect upon the significant truths above quoted, this subject commends itself as one of some importance.—*Transcript.*

Eugene Scribe.

During something like half a century, the bright and indefatigable dramatic author—who has just died suddenly—filled the stage of Europe; and with works of such a variety, in every prose form of composition as to suggest the presence of a well-spring of perpetual youth in the man who could be so fertile, so buoyant, so ingenious to the last. Instead of our wondering at his living held out so long, the surprise of his having died late or soon, comes like a shock.

Of the story of Scribe's early life—his parentage and training—we are not in case for the moment to speak. Probably since the year 1815, or thereabouts, the only biography of special interest which could be written of him would be a list of his plays. On many of these it would be interesting to annotate with reference to the changes which have passed over French society during the last marvellous fifty years. In his earlier works will be found traces of the Empire, with its confusion of ranks and families, for the arrangement of which even the first Napoleon's strong will and grasp over organization proved insufficient. Then came the reigns so fondly looked forward to by the nobles of the Faubourg as periods of blissful rehabilitation for their order, and which proved, when they came, so unsatisfactory in any thing like progress or fulfilment. Their conventionalities, too, will be found reflected in Scribe's "Th  tre," which, during its first twenty years of production, was principally restricted to pieces of a limited scale and peculiar quality befitting a minor theatre at Paris. Such was the Th  tre de Madame, in spite of its protection from La Duchesse de Berri. It was not till Louis Philippe came to the throne that those with Academical honors in view—the quest of which has turned so many a staid French brain—Scribe entered on five-act prose plays, which were to bring him into comparison with Beaumarchais and other predecessors who had eschewed verse. Of these, the first, and the most famous, perhaps, was "Bertrand et Raton." In this, an amount of sly, political satire was put forth, such as, under the reign of Charles Dix, Scribe knew his world to well to have ventured. There is a group of these heartless come-

dies, all more or less clever. From this style the academician, once set in his seat, passed into those dramas of intrigue and complicated incident by which we have most lately known him. It may be doubted whether anything analogous to these is to be found in any other literature—whether any other dramatist has ever employed so much power of their interweaving into a tissue countless incidents, which never could happen in one and the same history—and this with such exquisite adroitness and hardihood, that the spectator was enthralled into forgetfulness of the absurdities inherent in the combination. Scribe worked much with collaborators; and, provided that any inexperienced man brought him an idea or a situation (character, of course, in such authorship can go for little), he could find in those sufficient material and suggestion. Then, he had the art of commending the compound and the structure by an ease of style, a common sense—a common-place, too—of sentiment—a neatness of sentiment—a neatness of reply, a use of wit, sparing and never soaring, which went far to reconcile the wildest contradictions. There was no depressing genius or superiority about him, to stir antagonism among the gifted, or to oppress the thoughtless by too deeply troubling them to think.

One more outline must be added to the above few and rapidly sketched ones of a man whose complete portrait must wait for some future day—this in commemoration of Scribe, as a writer for music. His opera-books are many; the verse in all of them is miserably flat and prosaic; the stories of some are excellent—of one (we mean "La Juive") incomparable. In this capacity M. Scribe will go down to posterity as the companion of MM. Auber and Meyerbeer.

The outward man in society was cheerful, simple, and gay—rarely, if ever, brilliant. The fortune he amassed by his dramatic rights and copyrights must be something very large—it being understood that, as regarded all matters of gain and profit, he knew how to bargain shrewdly as well as to save discreetly. For better, for worse, however we see at present no one within or without the precincts of the French theatres in the least qualified to take his place.—*London Athenaeum.*

Abbe Vogler and his Pupils.

(From the German, by J. H. KAPPEL.)

Almost every morning, about ten o'clock, even in stormy weather, a short, thick, somewhat stooping man, in the simple black dress of an Abb , might be seen hastening either into the castle or old theatre of Darmstadt. Usually, a number of young men were collected around him, with whom he joked and laughed. In the theatre, he conducted rehearsals for morning concerts and theatrical representations; in the castle, he conversed on musical theory, with the grand duke, who, since the year 1807, had employed him in Darmstadt, as spiritual counsellor and court chapel-master. Together, they played the newest duets, criticized operas, or counselled concerning their chapel. Occasionally, the grand duchess Louisa would be present, and participate in the conversation of the thoughtful artists. Since the Prince had left the military service of Russia, and undertaken the government of his own lands, music had been the favorite art, into the depths and purity of which, he had penetrated far, by his own study and the aid of Vogler.

At that time the means necessary for bringing out a great musical work were, indeed, scarce. An orchestra must be created, a theatre constructed, and a musical library founded. Vogler quickly conceived a plan to accomplish these objects.

The most skilful hautboist, who had been employed in the army, was elevated to the post of court-musician, and accomplished masters of a single instrument were attracted thither from all parts of Germany. Vogler understood the establishment of a chapel quite perfectly, for he had already called into existence a similar institute at Mannheim and Stockholm. Still, male and female singers were required, by whom the chorus of the opera and mass could be performed. These also were soon supplied. The prince collected in one of the great halls of his castle, the so-called concert hall, many females from the most cultivated families, and gave to all the best advantages for a musical education. Numerous male amateurs soon presented themselves, and music became to many an individual the stepping stone of promotion.

By desire of the grand-duke, Vogler had constructed an immense organ, according to a simplified plan of his own, upon which he conducted a choir. The grand-duke stood, usually, by his desk in the middle of the hall, gave the time with his baton, and thus directed the whole performance. On Good

Friday, these sacred concerts reached a calminating point. All the company were then collected in the concert hall in mourning dresses. Vogler elicited from his gigantic instrument the deepest notes of pain and joy; and two hundred cultivated, noble voices sang a requiem of the great master's. More sublime and highly finished music could not be heard at that time, in all Europe; and it is said, *Vogler oft-times strove in vain to conceal the tears which his own playing excited.*

The power of his masterly execution is further illustrated by the following incidents: During one of his long journeyings, he stopped at Swabia. There he heard that the gifted Schubert, whose songs and poetry for the people he greatly admired, had been already ten years in Hohenasberg condemned to trial for a political offence; there, in a rocky prison, far from music and song, of which he possessed profound knowledge, he disgracefully pined. The commander of the castle, after many entreaties, permitted Vogler to see and speak to the fettered Prometheus, on the plea that he was a poor musician, who desired to make trial of his skill on an instrument of his own invention, the Orchestron, before so competent a judge. Vogler began to play, permitted the tones to resound with tremendous power, then die away in gentle cadences. One might hear the thunder roll, the storm howl, and the rain pour down. Schubert could no longer restrain his emotion, but, falling on the musician's neck in an ecstasy of delight, he cried "Either you are the devil or Abt Vogler." And from that hour the two became intimate friends. Schubert soon after received his freedom and a situation as chapel-master in Wirtemberg service.

At one time, also, the study of Vogler's great pastoral mass was pursued with all musical skill and diligence, in the city church of Darmstadt. The master himself played the organ, and, in rehearsals, the grand-duke stood, with head bent forward, the baton in his hand, upon the chancel opposite the organ. The effect of the interludes was so impressive, that after the conclusion of one such, the grand-duke exclaimed in the highest excitement: "Thunder and the devil, Vogler, play not so skilfully; no one can sing after such playing, and I surely cannot keep time!"

A circle of remarkable young men had gradually collected around the first composer and theorist of his time. They were come from all parts of Germany, in order to become initiated into the depth and purity of the musical art, under him who had been a pupil of the great Father Valotti at Padua.

To Vogler, it was reserved to revive an old, almost dead art, and to give each and every piece a peculiar character, by his skilled instrumentation. In this his greater pupil, C. M. von Weber scarcely approached him.

In the year 1810, circumstances brought together, as pupils of Vogler, those young men, who, at the present day, are regarded as masters in the musical world. They were Carl M. von Weber, G nsbacher, Meyerbeer, Peter von Winter, and Freiherr von Poissl. The first three dwelt with Vogler in his own house, which the grand-duke had caused to be vacated for his use. There this artist family practised a strange housekeeping. The earliest morning found all the company assembled in the saloon, where they conversed Socratically on musical composition and the art of singing. Each brought to the teacher his recent exercises. Vogler condemned or praised without reserve, while he always gave reasons, or pointed out errors, according to his own system. Sometimes he corrected with his own hand, and gave many striking examples from the old masters. Here was truly a musical academy. Many times Vogler, in enthusiastic excitement, would step before the table, the young men standing around in a circle, and extemporize profound lectures concerning the art of composition, fugues, and singing. His pupils listened in silent amazement, for, at those times, words flowed from his lips, such as could not be daily heard. When the hours of labor were passed, lighter performances succeeded, but those usually led to earnest study.

Vogler was accustomed, in order to test the genius of his pupils, to place before them such exercises as the following: He would take one of his numerous musical snuff-boxes, place it upon the piano and cause it to play. The pupils must then extemporize variations to the snuff-box, upon the piano, violoncello, violoncello or flute.

In this ingenious art of musical improvisation C. M. von Weber principally excelled; and him he always declared to be his most productive scholar.

Vogler never permitted an entire opera to be composed under his direction, but induced his pupils to study—to investigate thoroughly the most difficult music by the best authors, and thus to comprehend the true spirit of the art. "You must think freely

and independently," he would always; "your genius must be restrained by guidance. When you are able to spell, you can learn to read by yourselves." In this manner Von Weber transposed Vogler's opera Samori, for the piano, and also composed many variations. Meyerbeer wrote his cantata, "God and Nature;" also later in the same place, but independent of Vogler, the opera "Jephtha." Günsbacher wrote organ pieces. By careful analysis of the most superior works, the pupils were led to discriminate; and by never attempting any great work of their own, they acquired skill in originating musical ideas, and secured the aid of Vogler in the great art of instrumentation.

After the conclusion of theatrical or concert-rehearsals, Vogler usually hastened into the castle to dinner; for he was a constant companion of his princely friend, at whose table the graces and muses always presided, and where keen wit was esteemed the best seasoning. Whenever Vogler appeared in state costume, he was an object of undisguised amusement. Short and thick, with head somewhat bent forward, his long hands, with long fingers, (which in their full extent, could reach two octaves) hung almost to the ground. In the character of an Abbé and Knight of the golden spur, his dress consisted of short black trousers, terminated by stockings one red and the other white, black shoes, with a golden spur on the right foot. From the collar of his wide-skirted dress-coat fell the little mantle, upon which was affixed the sign of his order, and with which the wind often made wild sport. On a red band he wore the emblem of merit from the house of Hessen Darmstadt, and on the left side, a huge sword. While now the jovial master devoted himself, at the rich table of his friend, to the enjoyment of the repast and social conversation—to the spirit of Champagne and Hockheimer, the gifted scholars, at home, stormed the well-filled cellar—and destroyed the life of many a bottle, until one after another, as evening approached, looked around for a quiet little place in which to repose. When the master returned, late at night, he always noticed with alarm the death-like stillness of the house. He knew immediately that strange spirits had been at work—and in order only to preserve the reputation of the house, though inwardly smiling, he sometimes reproved in this manner, "You little children, what have you been doing here?" To which they humorously replied; "Papa would you pull your own?"—thus, in the language of an old adage, the staggerers triumphantly put the staggerer to bed.

The richest among the young men was Meyerbeer, the poorest Carl M. von Weber—but as all possessed one spirit, so they all carried but one purse; and, in after years, under all pressing circumstances, the noble Meyerbeer became a banker for his friends.

Each one was accustomed, after having completed his work to engage in some favorite pursuit. Meyerbeer, for instance sat often for the whole day, in some one of the various pleasure gardens and listened to the singing of birds. Von Weber delighted to spend an hour, frequently, at a famous inn, opposite the castle, especially because there, the country people from the Odenwald, Oberhessen or the Rhine found accommodation. For he loved the peasant life, and ever listened with pleasure to their simple ballads. There it was, from the lips of those peasant vocalists, that he procured some of the most beautiful melodies for the songs and later operas.

Vogler loved his pupils as children—they him as a father. He flattered none, but expressed to each an opinion of his peculiar ability. Thus, he foretold to the composer of "The Freischütz" and "Oberon," a splendid future—and he assured Meyerbeer, that he was possessed of remarkable talent which by untiring industry, would enable him to accomplish great things—and that he would become distinguished for the original construction of his music.

On the 6th of May 1814, Vogler died, from a sudden stroke of apoplexy. Two priests and a few friends followed his coffin ornamented with a golden Lyre and a laurel wreath to the grave, in the old church yard, near the chapel, where his princely friend caused a marble monument, with a suitable inscription to be erected to his memory. His pupils had been previously scattered in various parts of the world, but the fame of their increasing celebrity had reached the ears of the old master. One of them, before his journey to London, in Jan. 1826, visited the burial place of his revered instructor. Little did he then anticipate, that his own spirit, so consecrated to music, would ere five months should elapse be enjoying the harmonies of a higher sphere. Yet so it was, and his body soon lay mouldering in Moorfield's chapel London.

Günsbacher lived as a valued organist in Vienna. Polsal conducted, for many years the opera at

Manich. Winter died in the same place having acquired an enviable reputation. Meyerbeer has celebrated his world's triumph in the world's metropolis according to the prediction of his prophetic teacher.

The Star Spangled Banner.

In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet as it sailed up the Patapsco; and when they came in sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag distinctly flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not been surrendered. It suddenly ceased sometime before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, at length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it before he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

We add to the original words the new verse (the 5th), by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

Where is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vanishingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refugee could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

VERSE BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When a land is illuminated by liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strikes a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,

We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—There has been no winter, in my recollection, when we have had so many really good concerts as during the past. I have again two to record. On Thursday the third concert of the Arion took place, with the following programme.

PART I.

1. Sinfonia in C—"Jupiter,".....Mozart
2. Thurmerlied, Double Chorus and Orchestra. (First time).....G. Rebling
3. Fantasia for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra. Beethoven Solo Piano, W. Barth, member of the "Arion." Ladies Chorus of the N. Y. Sing Academy and "Arion." (First time.)
4. Choral Overture.....O. Nicolai Organ, Chorus and Orchestra. (First time.)

PART II.

5. Overture—"Rienzi".....R. Wagner
6. The Church, Chorus without accompaniment.....Becker
7. Drinking chorus—"La Jolie".....Halevy
8. Racy March.....H. Berlioz

Several of these pieces were new to us, which made them all the more interesting. In the Fantasia of Beethoven, the choral part reminds the hearer strongly of the fourth movement of the Ninth Symphony; the airs are similar, the whole treatment of the one is very like the other, and the resemblance even holds good in the difficulty and *unsingableness* of the vocal part, which is extremely high and fatiguing. This is one of the reasons that the performance of this number was not as satisfactory as all the others. The piano, too, was in the hands of a gentleman who played well for an amateur, but could not give the artistic rendering which the composition needs to make it thoroughly appreciable.

Another interesting feature was Nicolai's Choral Overture, of which Mr. Dwight has spoken so ably in one of his several letters, that I need not touch upon it further. The choruses were admirable, and the orchestra did ample justice to the compositions which it was their part to reproduce.

I must turn to upon the all-absorbing, exciting topics of the day even here. The music of the drum and fife is understood by every one, and is at this time fast superseding all others. The spirit of the times was manifested at the Philharmonic on Saturday night, as it takes the first place everywhere else. Owing to the departure of many members of the Society and frequenters of the concerts with their several regiments, the audience was not quite as large as usual; but there were still quite enough persons present to represent the general enthusiasm. In the audience almost every one, lady or gentleman, wore the red, white and blue, in some shape, and the members of the Liederkränze were all decorated in a similar way. The concert was an uncommonly fine one, and had the merit of being just long enough. Mozart's G minor Symphony opened the programme—and was exceedingly well played. Then followed an aria by Mendelssohn, "Infelice," from Miss Brainerd. This lady, who has but rarely appeared before the public of late, and kept herself so quiet that some of her friends do not know where to find her, sang very well indeed, and looked all the better, in the eyes of the patriotic audience for wearing a

sash of the Union colors across her breast. When she had finished her aria, there was a call from various quarters for the "Star Spangled Banner," upon which Mr. Eisfeld came forward, and announced that the piece desired would be sung by Miss Brainerd and the Liederkrans, with accompaniment of the orchestra, at the end of the programme, and that the audience were requested to join in the chorus.

Mr. Saar next played a solo on the piano. This was a transcription of his own, from Tannhäuser, a most effective piece, eminently characteristic of the whole opera. The Overture to Egmont, the martial elements of which made it quite appropriate, ended the first part. The second part consisted of Mendelssohn's Walpurgis-Nacht, very finely sung by the Liederkrans. It made a much finer impression, with a large chorus, and full orchestra, than when it was sung some years ago by the same Society, then not as large as now, for a charitable purpose. The solos, however, with the exception of the tenor, Mr. Steinway, were hardly worthy of so fine a chorus. The music must be heard more than once or twice to be appreciated; it does not fall easily upon the ear, like most music of Mendelssohn's. The last two choruses, however, are uncommonly fine.

This finished, Miss Brainerd reappeared, sheets of paper with the words of the song were distributed among the audience, the American flag was suspended from the proscenium, and the orchestra played the introduction to the Star Spangled Banner. Unfortunately it was set very high for Miss Brainerd, which marred the effect of the solos; but the choruses were grand! Four or five verses were sung, and during the last the enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. Flags and handkerchiefs were waved, cheer followed cheer, and there was a tumult such as the decorous, sober Philharmonic has never yet witnessed. It was soul-stirring and exciting to the last degree, yet underneath lay the mournful thought of how many of these brave large hearts would be stilled, how many others would bleed with anguish, before another winter would reassemble some of us within those walls!

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 28, 1861. — This is the programme of our last Concert but one. The musical year ends in May.

1. Overture, "Don Juan".....Mozart
2. { a Chorus, "Lord! thou alone art God!" } Mendelssohn
3. { a Chorus, "To God on high" } Beethoven
4. Cavatina, "Come per me sereno,".....Sonnambula.....Bellini
5. Violin Solo, "Première Concerto".....De Bériot
6. Chorus, "Crucifixus".....Lotti
7. Overture, "Meeres-Stille und glückliche Fahrt".....Mendelssohn
8. Duo for two Pianos, "Variations brillantes et Rondo".....H. Herz
9. Andante from "Symphonie in C".....Beethoven
10. Duo from "Othello".....Rowini
11. Finale from "Lucresia Borgia".....Donizetti

Next year our only music promises to be that of military bands. It may not come to the worst, and should we escape war, we may again have a "Philharmonic." This concert was in nothing behind the others, and as to care and effectiveness a good way ahead, in some things. The Overtures could hardly have been better, and the Andante was perfect. The orchestra proper was composed of only fifty-one performers, as the theatre orchestra has gone. The chorus number now over one hundred. The Cavatina was sung by Miss ANNIE DEAN. The violin solo was by Mr. KARST, CHARLES BALMER at the piano. These were executed in a style and with a finish that left little to be desired. The Duo for two pianos, by Mr. BODIE and Miss LIZZIE CUTTER, an effective arrangement of Dolce Conento, was received with great favor, and was indeed well played. It being a very warm evening and warmer political times being also on hand, there were only about 2,600 in the audience.

The finest block of marble buildings in the West has just been erected by Mr. DARBY, and in them the Society have secured new and elegant rooms, finished expressly for them and furnished with every

convenience. They are the best rooms I ever saw. Their first year will soon end. It has been a perfect success, being conducted by musicians, having talent, energy and money. As to the second year, we shall see what we shall see.

Prof. SABATZKY gave a grand amateur concert here for the benefit of the church of the Annunciation. It proved to be a success, and lightened their hearts while weighing down their purses. Every such concert develops more latent musical talent than I ever gave this city credit for. One young lady played a beautiful air on the harp, a thing not often done. I have commenced a series of articles on the "Churches and Church Music of St. Louis." We have some splendid organs, together with first-class organists and choirs, and I intend to make several readable articles out of and concerning them. More anon.

Blind "Tom," the celebrated negro boy pianist gives a grand concert here next week, and we shall see how he bears out the puffs we have so often read. "BROWX."

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Gallery of Fine Arts.

This is the first time in our experience when anything in public affairs has made it seem of doubtful propriety to bestow especial attention upon topics belonging exclusively to the fine arts. In this day of threatening, undefined calamity—in this hour of peril to law and order, from accumulative treason and organized outrage—in this moment of mortal conflict between the positive principle that upholds liberty and equality by order self-imposed, by individual freedom and opportunity voluntarily limited for the general good, and which secures stability by organic subordination of the parts to the whole; and the negative principle which would displace them by tyranny of a class and slavery of the mass, it seems almost like treason to think of aught that does not directly concern our national danger. And yet it must be proper to take some thought about its possible consequences to the institutions of the State in its normal condition, thus rudely broken, among which art holds an important place and demands particular consideration as being more seriously menaced by the advancing misfortune whose front aspect proclaims the overthrow of the only existing government that maintains the inestimable blessings of law and equal rights, and the loosing in its place, fell anarchy! whose demoniac shape now hovers on the Southern horizon, with fiery eyes glaring upon us all through the lurid clouds of civil war.

We are to note, this is not an ordinary war. War has its different phases of evil and virulence; and its most malignant, hateful form appears when members of the same national family (all alike blessed with unprecedented prosperity) engage in mortal struggle—the one side, for mere defence of life, the other for desecration, destruction and spoil. The simple state of hostilities, when one nation is contending with another, by means of their regular armies, upon territorial or commercial pretences; or, as we may say, arguing questions of national privilege with their bayonet tongues and cannon mouths, does not necessarily, or even ordinarily preclude the continuance of peaceful occupations. This should be observed, although the actual presence of any war is always, certainly inimical to art—especially to its domestication. But even in such cases, still the labors of the artist are often the highly valued auxiliaries to the soldier's harder duties,—as the deeds of destruction of the latter frequently afford the potent matter for the former's most successful creations. Works of art in music and poetry, if not also, in painting and sculpture, in their power of varied inspiration, are oftener than might be supposed, the prime cause of

the noblest deeds and aspects of arms in "glorious war." In true chivalric combat, the warrior's invincible mail is woven with the subtle threads of sentiment from the poem's web, and his heroism repays that service with themes for new warp and woof in the poet's lofty strain, which shall again sweep round to become the hero's strength and nobleness. But in a war like this now over the country, threatening return towards barbarism, and involving all classes in its dire scope, no citizens are more vitally interested in the speedy victory of the right than the artists. Revolution, aiming at anarchy, in its progress—imprisons art; in its triumph—annihilates it. Perhaps, in even this calamitous kind of strife, many or all the mechanic arts, with agriculture and local trade, may live and here and there, sometimes thrive amid the havoc of hostile armies; but the fine arts, with poetry, literature and pure science, sink or perish with sudden blight, touched by the bloody hands, or darkened by the sulphurous clouds of such a war. All the spiritual powers of order beauty, and goodness, are driven before the diabolical forces of sacrilegious riot. It is an unnatural convulsion, and its elements are chaotic. It rends the symmetrical fabric like an earthquake, and its work is ruin and horrible noise. It is unlike a disingenuous natural strife, of honest purpose, in its necessitous course, evolving power and beauty, and in its result establishing a new good for man; as the elemental tempest, in drenching the fields and ravaging the forests, purifies the air and increases the fertility of the earth. And as there may be music in the wildest war of wind and water, a tuneful note in the "rattling thunder;" so in the mere clash of arms, there is a melody in the cannon's roar, time and dreadful rhythm in the rallying drum-beat or the deadly "coughings of musketry;" but before the infernal howling of a mob, all the ministers of harmony, strong or weak, vanish from the disastrous land.

The passing evils of war, in respect to art, are as nothing to its possible consequences in the subversion of righteous government. Immaculate law of freedom, government, serene in power and permanence of right, with order of enlightenment producing unity, are only the first of the essential conditions to the existence of a true and prosperous art. Exchange of these for anarchy, not merely removes them (which with all other conditions, are blotted out) but it destroys the very life of art in its germ. An illiberal, even a tyrannical government, if stable for a period, is not incompatible with some show of grand art. Artists, in many instances, have achieved brilliantly, if not nobly, under despotic law, which seemed secure; but without law, and within the baleful folds of rebellion and revolution, they are lost and forgotten.

There is another view which it is expedient the artist should take at this conjuncture. In time of general war, art should not, nor can it be projected from its source in the mind and feeling to appear on external matter; but it ought to work within, and by its inspiration amalgamate art with man's personality to embody itself in his acts, which will then be heroic, poetic or pictorial. Nay, more, there is a moral beauty in self-sacrifice and noble deeds of men, on the perilous field, which developing in combined movements along the marshalled lines of battle flow into measured and sweet cadence, and the "still, sad music of humanity," living and tangible, rises and swells to a sublime strain with the watchword of civilization, liberty and law!

In contemplation of their own relation to this crisis, they should not be unmindful of the fact, while all classes must be ready to make sacrifices for the common cause and eager to respond to the call of duty however dangerous, that not themselves alone must give up their cherished pursuits, their honorable culture, and their exalted hopes, perchance, at the moment when years of self-imposed discipline have

prepared for successful effort, and turn to devote themselves to the strange, abhorred task of self-defence against savage, unprovoked attack. * *

We must ask indulgence for having so far delayed the leading purpose of this article, which was to refer to the somewhat novel impressions we have derived in visiting the Athenæum Exhibition at this exciting and momentous period.

In other times, in the presence of collections of works of art, our thoughts and feelings were wholly impersonal, having reference only to external matters and abstractions. Now, we feel a social element perhaps, allied to the sentiment of friendship; as if their presence somehow isolated and protected us from the actual circumstances which surround us so distressfully without. The personifications, and embodied characters of art, seem to look out upon us from these silent scenes, with expressions of sympathy. And for that, they become more beautiful and dear to us. The quiet and the harmonious repose of the galleries, cast a grateful influence upon our over-excited minds, under which too active thought is soothed to the resting state favorable to the happy sway of emotion and imagination. And, as we have seen, in the real world, the fragrant morning dew impart purity and brilliance to the soft or rugged forms of nature, so do our moistened eyes shed upon the mimic scenery of art a more tender brightness and a more winning splendor, revealing, withal, many charms unseen before. The motionless faces of familiar portraits, beam upon us with unwonted beauty or strange tenderness of significant expression. Landscapes grow more alluring, their fields appear in softer verdure, their untroubled skies seem clearer with brighter gold and deeper sapphire, and the shadows of the clouded heavens wear a melancholy cast. And in the subjects of human import, the various tableaux seem to hint a strange meaning, showing sometimes an almost startling reference to eve is now passing and not complete.

Allusion has been made, above, to the unfortunate necessity which compels the artist from his settled vocation and all its attendant habits. But, of course, not every individual is likely to be included in the practical requisition, and not all of those who are will experience the change to the full or an equal extent. Very many will still be privileged to ply their art in some way; and to all these the changed course of events will be portentous of change in the spirit and matter of art.

It has already been observed that the exigencies of the times were developing fine traits in mankind, not new, perhaps, but seldom shown in times of peace. In every direction, self-sacrifice, courage and other noblenesses, are constantly being manifested, which will afford matter for the artists' work, of far greater potency than exists in the subjects which have most engaged them during the last ten years. Life episodes, of thrilling interest, of melting pathos, and of grand import, will supersede the hacknied idealities of sentimental or romantic art, the commonplace materials and compositions of *genre*, or landscape, or the yet lower objects of still-life. And the pantheistic or materialistic method and tendency of the present schools, may rapidly give place to the higher and more vital influences of the new schools, which will reestablish the severed union of art and nature — of the ideal and the real. And, haply, on the return of the armies, whose going forth gave the motive of the change, men shall behold on the painter's canvas and the sculptor's marble, renewal of the scenes and acts of life in which themselves were actors, or deeply interested witnesses.

Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG, gave a social musical Soirée at the rooms of Messrs. Hallot, Davis & Co., on Wednesday Evening last, April 24. We regret that we were led to suppose that the concert would not take place as announced, and so did not attend. We learn, however, that it was well attended, and that Mr. P. won good opinions from his hearers.

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 4, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

The Star Spangled Banner.

It would be difficult to say how many times we have heard this, the best of our national airs, within the last two weeks; at concerts, declaimed with fiery energy by accomplished fingers, in the streets and in the public meetings by the sonorous tones of brass bands, often sung in spontaneous chorus by all who had heart to feel or a voice to sing, it has met us everywhere, and everywhere it is heard with a loyal enthusiasm and earnest excitement that prove that there is something in it, something that has, perhaps, been overlooked and not sufficiently appreciated. On another page will be found the words and an account of the circumstances under which they were written. In the days of peace that have gone by, this generation has perhaps thought these lines to be bombastic, and that they deal in forced and artificial figures of rhetoric, but none can read them now, with the commentary furnished by contemporaneous events upon the record of our earlier history, who will not find the glow of truth in every line, who will not see a terrible reality in what we had thought to be only far fetched and exaggerated figures of poetic speech, who will not feel in every word the ardent glow of a patriotic fire which burns as brightly now as it did in the breast of him who penned them long ago. And to-day, there are thousands who not long since may have inquired with a sneer if we have any national airs, whose voices will tremble with emotion as they join in the stirring strains and whose eyes will kindle with fire as they behold the stars and stripes flaming through the air wherever they may turn their gaze. Two weeks have proved the existence of an universal loyalty, without exception or reservation, to the sacred Flag and the Government whose emblem it is.

The song has great merits that have not generally been allowed to it heretofore. A competent critic says of it —

This song has one of the noblest melodies ever written. In breadth and grandeur of theme, in intensity of musical effect, in magnetic inspiration, it is almost unrivaled. It is far in advance of the French Marseilles Hymn, the British "God save the Queen," or the Austrian "God save the Emperor," and its only rival in the world is the Russian national hymn by Lvoff. But unfortunately, it has some defects which injure it for a popular melody.

In the first place, it is not American in origin. In the next place, the melody has so wide a range from low to high that few voices can be found capable of singing it with effect.

And thirdly, the tune is not capable of an easy and convenient arrangement into parts, so that it can be sung, in chorus, by male voices alone; for it is, of course, by such that it must be given, as a general thing.

The English Anthem is much better in all these respects, though it lacks the fire and spirit of the Star Spangled Banner.

The flag is looked upon with a loyal veneration and enthusiasm that in our day, at least, it never knew before, and the song has taken a place in the hearts of this people that was never given to it before and from which it will be long before it can be displaced. With all its faults, it has taken that place, and the poet and the musician will be indeed immortal whose genius can give us a better.

Concerts.

That of the Handel and Haydn Society on Saturday evening, in aid of the Government was quite well attended, and we are told that the receipts amounted to nearly 400 dollars. Three concerts by Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels gave \$525, and a performance at the Howard Athenæum, on Saturday evening, yielded some \$300. A very substantial result for these patriotic efforts. The

Handel and Haydn Concert went off with much spirit, as may be well imagined from the programme, which was given in last week's Journal. The patriotic airs were brilliantly given, and applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. Some stirring Handel choruses were well sung, and the audience joined in the noble strains of *America* with the Society and orchestra.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION Concert on Wednesday was poorly attended. The more solemn music of the Dead March in the streets claimed the attention of all who had ears to hear. The next Concert, and last but one, will take place Wednesday Afternoon, May 8th.

Mrs. VARIAN has come here at an unfortunate time. Public attention is turned into other directions than to any form of art and has no curiosity for any new thing or person, so that the large and refined audience that assembled on Friday evening (of last week) was a most flattering evidence of the desire to hear her.

Mrs. Varian showed herself to be quite a remarkable singer, in extent and power of voice, certainly, and in the spirit and intelligence with which she sings. Chickering's room is too small, however, for her to appear to advantage, and the Music Hall would give a wider scope to her best points. Every song was much applauded and several were encored. At the end of the concert she sang with fire and effect, "The Star Spangled Banner," giving the new verse by Dr. Holmes, which the reader will find on another page. A scarf of the stars and stripes, and the Phrygian cap of Liberty on her head, made a graceful and appropriate costume and added to the effect. The song was prodigiously applauded and cheer rang through the hall, at the close. Mr. SIMPSON gave great pleasure by his expressive voice and his singularly sweet and sympathetic style, such as no tenor among us possesses. Mr. HOFFMAN showed himself a skillful pianist, and was cordially applauded.

Music Abroad.

Pesth.

We would fain inscribe Joachim's name in letters of fire in the heaven of art, for all those who have sought only passing comets and meteors, where a vivifying sun sends forth its warm beams. Let us allow the most glorious phenomena of a single day with their satellites and attendant moons, to pass by; they never loved art, and were never penetrated with its sunny rays, for the light with which they shone played on the surface only, while all within is cold and dark. What is Hecuba to them? If, by means of the hollow Trojan horse of their vanity and desire to please, they can subdue the multitude, the Troy of art itself may afterwards be ruined, and the high queen perish for what they care. Among the very few apostles of music who preach the pure unsophisticated doctrine of the divinity, and whose soul is filled with faith and enthusiasm, we must reckon, without question—Joseph Joachim. Look at him yonder, with his quiet, unpretending demeanor, externally resembling a bronze statue, though he is inwardly a flaming volcano, which speaks electrically, through his finger-tips, to your heart! Not producing momentary heat, but permanent warmth; not dazzling but illuminating, not merely extensive, but much rather intensive—such is Joachim's play. That he is the greatest violinist of the day is a fact attested by all who by greatness, understand—greatness of soul. What coyness, incomparable purity and neatness, there is in his execution! It seems as though Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose quartets he plays in such an unrivaled manner, could all be heard at once, in his feeling and ravishing tones. In the most difficult passages, or in the simple sustained tone, it is the same—in every instance we find song; in every instance the deeply penetrating determination to produce music, and music alone; nowhere is there the slightest ostentation displayed in difficult and rapid passages, which the unprofessional hearer does not remark—nay, the existence of which he does not even suspect—and which sweep by us with the same placid repose as a fleet upon the wide ocean. Of all living violinists, Joachim is the most perfect representative of the classical style; nay, his whole being is classic and sterling merit itself. With the greatest outward calm he executes the most elevating, feeling, and powerful productions that musical art can produce. Not only do the great composers live again in him, but also the old Italian violinists, such as Tartini, Pugnani, &c., telling us how in times gone by, they played and trilled before the devil himself, *Trille du Diable*.

Berlin.

The Singakademie gave, at their late concert, Rudolph Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Return*, a work preceded by so favorable a report as to excite great expectations in musical circles. Emanuel Geibel has arranged the text from Moore's "Sacred Songs," with connecting passages from Holy Scripture. The oratorio describes in four cantos, named respectively "Captivity," "Deliverance," "Reconciliation," and "Promise;" Israel's fall into sin and subjugation, its release from the Babylonian captivity, the returning favor of God, and His call to his chosen people. The idea of the oratorio has, in the oldest times of church-music, found the most various interpretations; and in the freedom which the composer has permitted himself with regard to the old established rule of church-music, we cannot therefore see any authorized subversion of its principles, nor can we in any way represent the work as faulty in its own peculiar department. With regard to the strictness and form of the music, the composer as a rule adheres to the main conditions of the oratorio; he oversteps, however, in many respects, the customary uniformity of the biblical elegiac mode of composition, and gives to his work the general lyric form, which produces more warmth, and excites deeply the sensibilities of the hearer. In but one instance have we to criticize the composer for having overstepped the usual limits in this respect; it is in the quartet and chorus at the end of second part, "So when the dread clouds of anger." Here he has exceeded the general boundaries of sacred music, and has fallen into the operatic style. The general impression of the work is, however, that the composer has been perfectly equal to his difficult task, and that he has gained for himself a good name among the first composers of sacred music of the past and present. We think more highly of the work, as it moves in a certain freedom of invention, without in any way transgressing the main principles of its allotted sphere. A most imposing effect is produced by the choruses of male voices in unisons, with orchestral accompaniment, quasi-recitative, a style we meet sometimes in Glück's and Weber's works. In its lyrical element, the work is remarkably rich and exciting; it is likewise so in the language of sound, whether in expressing the deepest feelings, or in describing the situation. The effect of Herr Schachner's being perfect master of the most modern instrumental effects assists not a little in giving this work an advantage over many solid older compositions. Schachner's inventive genius and his thorough musical accomplishments are most fully seen in the chorus, No. 13, "Go forth to the mount," with the (as fugato treated) "Since the time." We hope soon again to have the pleasure of hearing this well-deserving work. As to its performance by the Akademie, we may say that it was performed in such a manner as to procure the best introduction to the composer's work. The solos, in the hands of Mad. Harriers Wipperf, Fraulein Boer, Herren Geyer and Krause, left nothing to desire.—*Berliner Blatt*.

Vienna.

Joachim has taken leave of us, but, we trust, only to return very soon. This worthy man, as genuine and admirable in his private as in his professional character, must, on his side, have contracted friendly feelings for a city, which, like Vienna, has been so lavish in its marks of approbation. The recollection of Austria will, we feel sure, follow him like some warm spring breeze from the south, as far as the heaths of Lüneburg. May Joachim soon experience home-sickness. This is the only ill we wish him. His third concert, the last but one—in the Musik-Verein—began with Spohr's concerto in E minor, Op. 7, played with all the roundness and sweetness by which Spohr himself once enchanted his hearers, and, at the same time, with a grandeur of tone peculiar to Joachim. Beethoven's Violin Romance in G major followed as pendant to that in F, which was performed some days previously. A *Fantasia with full band* (Op. 131), by Schumann, was new to us. As Joachim possesses none of the vanity of a virtuoso, it was, we suppose, a feeling of tender respect that induced him to select this piece which is as difficult as it is unsatisfactory. Schumann wrote it in the decline of his faculties, and dedicated it to Joachim. It is a dark chasm, over which two great artists stretch out their hands to each other. Tortured, gloomy and obstinate, the *Fantasia* drags on its length in continuous figuration and with very little melodic substance. It is extremely seldom that the wearisome effect produced by it is broken by a clever instance of harmony or orchestration.

On taking leave of the Viennese public, Joachim followed up the more select *soirées* in the rooms of the Musik-Verein, by a grand musical rout. Since the concerts of Jenny Lind, we never remember having seen the grand Redoutensaal so full, or the

Josephsplatz so besieged and barricaded by carriages. On the occasion, Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* merely served as a march to usher in the numerous late-comers, who wandered in long files to their places. The audience were not perfectly settled before the "Hungarian Concerto." This, which Joachim had performed at his second concert, was repeated by desire. In so doing, he rendered a service to the public, and to his own reputation as a composer. The "Hungarian Concerto" is one of those characteristic pieces which interest us at first time of hearing, and please at the second or third.

Like many others, we ourselves thought the work more expressive and sympathetic than we did at its first performance, which, by the way, was given in two confined a space. Grand and richly scored compositions, like fresco paintings, require distance in order to be properly appreciated. In the first movement there were many lengths—among them the cadence—the existence of which we can no more deny than the restless monotony of the finale, but the pathetic grandeur, which pervades the entire work, the marked character of the motives, and the clever manner in which they are worked out, not merely greatly excited our feelings, but, moreover, satisfied us, artistically speaking. The remaining pieces Joachim played were a fugue by Bach, and Mendelssohn's oft-heard concerto in E minor. Joachim's great aim was the plastic and well-marked expression of sustained melody, and grandeur combined with unity of style. How perfectly the softest tenderness and the most transient brilliancy may be united with the above qualities was proved by his rendering of the adagio and of the final movement—the latter being taken in the most rapid time. The public seemed to find it a difficult task to part from him. It was not till he had been called on several times that he took leave of us—a conqueror and a friend.

England.

MSS. OF BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.—Can any reader of the *Musical World* give information where the original manuscripts of Beethoven's First Symphony (in C), second ditto (in D), and Sixth, the "Pastoral," are now preserved?

The score of the "Pastoral," was sold in Vienna some years ago to a "gentleman in Holland," according to the statement of one of the firm of Artaria & Co., the well-known publishers. Should the ms. be still preserved in that country, its possessor would confer a favor upon the public by publishing its title exactly, together with the date, if (as Beethoven was in the habit of doing) the composer has dated it himself.

Ries says of the ms. of the Second Symphony that Beethoven presented it to him, but that some one borrowed and never returned it. As it is not likely to have been destroyed, any information relating to it would be of importance, especially the date of its composition.—A. W. T.—*Musical World*.

HERR FORMES.—This great German bass arrived in London yesterday. There is no longer any doubt about his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. The probability expressed in the Covent Garden prospectus is changed to a certainty. Herr Formes will make his first appearance at the new theatre—his first at the Royal Italian Opera for five years—next week, or the week following, as Walter in *Guillaume Tell*.—*Mus. World*, Apr. 6.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The arrangements for the next festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester (to be held at Hereford), are complete, so far as the engagement of the principals, band, and chorus, and the fixture of the programme is concerned. Mr. Townshend Smith, the conductor and talented organist of Hereford Cathedral, has succeeded in securing the services of the principal vocalists: Mlle. Titiens, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mrs. Weiss, sopranos; Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Susan Pyne, contraltos; Mrs. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Montem Smith, tenors; and Mr. Weiss and Mr. Winn, bass. This is an unusually bright array of talent for Hereford, but the festival is to eclipse all that has gone before. The performance of sacred music will be as follows: First morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*: second morning, *The Last Judgment* and part of *Samson*; third morning, "Spring" (Haydn), "Requiem" (Mozart), and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*: fourth morning, Handel's *Messiah*. There will be morning prayers at the cathedral each morning, as at Worcester last year. At the evening concert Benedict's cantata *Undine* will be given, among the instrumental pieces will be Beethoven's pastoral symphony, and Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, with the overtures to *Euryanthe* (Weber), and *Anacreon* (Cherubini).

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

That handsome volunteer. *Emile Berger*. 25

A song for the times. It is very pretty and will doubtless become popular.

Memorare. Quartet and Chorus. *Lambillotte*. 50

A fine Offertory for Catholic Church service. Lambillotte's compositions for the church, on account of their flowing melody, simplicity of construction and the little difficulty they offer to organists and singers, have long enjoyed the greatest popularity among choirs of moderate ability, and need no recommendation.

The birds' awakening. Trio for female voices.

Concone. 30

Can be sung by single voices or by a chorus of fifty on a part. This and the other numbers, forming a set of similar pieces, under the title of "Les Harmonieaux," are adapted to operatic selections by Concone, author of the celebrated Singing exercises, and are highly popular in the female academies of France.

Sing for the night. Song & Chorus. *H. Pond*. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Moon behind the hill. (Guitar accompaniment.)

T. B. Bishop. 30

A well known song and a great favorite.

Instrumental Music.

The girl I left behind me. Quickstep. *Turner*. 25

This old air—none the less pretty for that—has received new significance in the present times. All the bands play it. This Quickstep is very prettily arranged, easy of execution and should be committed to memory by every patriotic young lady.

Merry midnight Polka. *Henry Farmer*. 25

A fresh, graceful little Polka, very good to dance by.

Miserere, from "Il Trovatore." Transc. *C. Voss*. 35

Notwithstanding the large number of arrangements of this air, which are now circulated, this piece will soon obtain precedence with advanced pianists. It is a perfect adaptation, bright and finished.

Young Recruit Grand March. *Brinley Richards*. 35

A lively march with Kuehn's spirited air for its principal theme.

Books.

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM, containing Full Instructions and a Choice collection of Music for the Fife and Drum, including all the Signals and Calls used in Military Service. By O. W. Keach and B. A. Burditt. 50

This work is offered to the public as a thorough and concise method of learning the art of Drumming. Hitherto, books intended to give instruction in Drum beating, have been almost useless, owing to the unintelligible manner or system of instruction. In the "Modern School," the System of Professor Keach, (recommended by Edward Kendall, who excels as a Drummer as well as a Bugler), is adopted as being the best, imparting to the pupil, who faithfully adheres to the rules and practice, all that is needful to make a good Drummer.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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Sketches of French Musical History.

XV.

COMIC OPERA.

1830—1860.

HEROLD, ADAM, AUBER, HALEVY.

The desire of giving some analysis of the finest works of the French school forces us to pass in silence the names of composers of the second rank; and yet, although our attention must necessarily be given to the best composers, there appear, from time to time, works, which though of inferior excellence, cannot well be omitted from the library of a man of cultivated musical taste; such works are included in our list of select comic operas, given as an appendix to the present work. We confine ourselves here to compositions of superior merit.

Herold, son of a pianoforte teacher, originally from Germany, was born at Paris, Jan. 28, 1791. Notwithstanding his natural disposition to music, his father did not destine him to that difficult and ungrateful career. He was placed at the age of ten years in the school of M. Hix, rue de Matignon, and there the precocious child distinguished himself in those solid studies, which are so useful, however much one may be gifted by nature, to enable a man the better to comprehend and impart to others the ideas to which he may devote himself. Herold learned art as an amusement, but the premature death of his father led him to adopt it as his vocation. In October, 1806, he entered Louis Adam's pianoforte class in the conservatory, and obtained the first prize at the examination in July, 1810. He studied harmony under Catel and composition under Mehul with such success that after one year and a half of study he was able to obtain the first prize of the Institute, in August, 1812. His composition on this occasion, *Mademoiselle de La Valliere*, exhibits proofs of a remarkable genius for music. In November of the same year, Herold journeyed to Rome, where he spent the three happiest years of his life. He then went on to Naples. Here its beautiful sky, pure air, and the enthusiasm of the people developed in him an irresistible desire of production. This found vent in a two-act opera, which was brought upon the stage entitled *la Gioventù di Enrico Quinto*, and which was quite to the taste of the Neapolitan public.

Upon his return to Paris, toward the end of 1815, Herold found in Boieldieu, who had discerned his genius, a generous protector. That master gave him a part of an occasional piece *Charles de France*, to compose, and, under this high patronage, in 1816 he made his first essay upon the Parisians; his share of the music was so successful, that the text of the *Rosieres* was immediately confided to him. We feel in the three acts of this work the inexperience of the young man, but still certain strokes of fancy are strikingly beyond the general average of the music of that day. *La Clochette* followed. In the score of this work there is far more dramatic force and

passion than in its predecessor; there was immense progress also in his instinct for scenic effects, but the novelty of his instrumentation was not at once comprehended. During the next eighteen months Herold wrote fantasias for the pianoforte, and other works of the kind; tired at length of waiting for a good text, which is not always at hand, he at last wrote the music for the *Premier Venu*, a cold though intellectual comedy in three acts, which Vial had received from the theatre Louvaia. In spite of an excellent trio by three men, feigning sleep, the opera obtained no success. Abandoning the text writer, Herold adapted new music to the old opera of the *Troqueurs*; but that superannuated form was not to the taste of an audience of 1819. A fatality seemed to pursue the great composer. A piece entitled *L'Amour platonique* reached its general rehearsal; but then it was found to be so feeble that its author withdrew it, and it was never performed in public. In 1820 Planard gave Herold *L'Auteur mort et vivant*. This comedy was not adapted to music and its success did not equal the hopes of the composer. Discouraged Herold gave up dramatic writing for three years, composing music for the pianoforte and filling the duties of accompanist to the Italian opera. But the desire to write for the stage began again to torment him. *Le Muletier*, brought out in 1823, established itself after a struggle in the list of acting works, and was followed by *Lathénie* and *Vendôme en Espagne*, which forced a just recognition of the author's talents. *Le Roi René* and *le Lapin blanc* failed; for Herold had allowed himself to fall into an imitation of Rossini. But *Marie*, an opera given in 1826, marks his return to his own style. Almost all the several pieces of this work gained a deserved popularity. He had now become the director of the vocal music at the opera, and wrote ten ballets and the fine overture of *Missolonghi*, executed with success at the Odeon. *L'Illusion*, a piece full of charms gained Herold the decoration of the Legion of Honor. *Emmeline*, brought out in 1830, was unsuccessful. The next year *Zampa* came and placed the author in the first rank of the French school. We find in this work an abundance of themes, dramatic force, and a genius for instrumentation and accompaniment, which have not yet been surpassed. The subject is one peculiarly fitted for opera by the amplitude of its forms, and the richness of its concerted pieces.

Meantime the health of Herold began to fail. After *la Medecine sans Medecin*, a little piece in which one feels the touches of genius, *le Pré aux Clercs* was brought out just before the death of the French Rossini. The man of genius had no time in which to enjoy his triumph. He died of consumption, Jan. 18, 1833, at Thernes, near Paris, and was buried in the cemetery of *Pere Lachaise*, not far from his master Mehul. He left one unfinished score, *Ludovic*, which was completed by Halevy and given successfully in 1834.

Adolphe Adam was born in Paris, July 24, 1803. His school education was begun at the establishment of M. Hix, where he was a fellow-pupil of Herold, and concluded at the College Bourbon, his family intending him for either the law or medicine. But the bent of his nature was towards dramatic music. His earnest importunity at length obtained for him a teacher of musical composition, M. Widerker. In 1817, he entered the conservatory, studying the organ with Benoit harmony and counterpoint with Reicha. Boieldieu afterward instructed him in free composition. To this excellent course of instruction he owes the freedom of his melody, the clearness of his accompaniment, and that brilliant and lucid orchestration, which always serves as a relief to the voice, but never smothers it. His father who knew the difficulties of a musical career, still opposed him, but Adam persevered, became an organist, then entered the orchestra of the Gymnase as triangle player, was soon advanced to the kettledrums, and then became chorus leader at the same theatre. During this period he composed a great number of graceful airs for the Vaudevilles, most of which became popular. Everybody remembers *la Bateliere*, *Hussard de Felsheim*, *Mal du Pays* and other pieces famous at that time. Having obtained the second prize of the Institute in 1825, Adam, now 22 years of age, made a journey to Holland, Germany and Switzerland, where he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Scribe. The celebrated author proposed to the young man to compose the airs of one of his vaudevilles destined for the Gymnase. Adam accepted the proposition with joy, obtained a great success, and refused the money sent him by Scribe, with the remark that he was fully paid by the honor of having been joined with him in a work. This disinterestedness gained him in process of time, the excellent text, *le Chalet*, which made and fixed his reputation throughout Europe.

Adam's first appearance as composer at the Theatre Feydeau, was in February, 1829, in a piece by Saint-Georges, entitled, *Pierre et Catherine*. He then composed *Danilova*, *Josephine*, *le Morceau d'Ensemble* and *le Grand Prix*, after which he went to London and brought out an opera and ballet. But the fogs of the Thames were not to the mind of Adolphe Adam.

Le Proscrit and *Une bonne fortune* announced his return to the Opera Comique; and on Sept. 25, 1834, he brought out *le Chalet*. This is in every respect a success, a masterpiece; it is the type of a complete whole, which has not been equaled since. We shall not undertake to give a complete list of Adam's operas; but will cite such as obtained the most decided success. They are *la Marquise*, *le Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *le Fidele Berger*, *le Brasseur de Preston*, *la Reine d'un jour*, *le Roi d'Yvetot*, *le Toreador*, *Giralda*, *le Farfadet*, *la Poupée de Nuremberg*, *Si j'étais Roi*, *le Bijou perdu*, *le Sourde*, and finally, *les Pantins de Violette*, which latter was brought out anonymously at the Bouffes Parisiennes. He also finished

Lambert Simmel, which the unfortunate Monpou author of the *Deux Reines* and *Piquillo*, had left incomplete. Nor must we forget a long list of ballets for the Grand Opera, of which should be mentioned *la Fille du Danube*, *Giselle*, *la Jolie fille du Gand*, *le Diable a quatre*, *Orfa*, and *le Corsaire*. In 1846, Adam founded the Theatre Lyrique, and thus opened a new sphere for young composers. He also revived the *Aline* and *Felix* of Monsigny and many other old works forgotten by the present generation. He was Berton's successor in the Institute. Among his pupils are Saint-Julien, Poise, Cohen, &c. He wrote many pieces of church music full of sentiment, and handled the critic's pen in the Constitutionnel and in l'Assemblée nationale with a spirit, erudition and impartiality very remarkable. Struck down suddenly in the midst of all these labors, Adolphe Adam died May 3, 1856, regretted by his family, his friends and the Parisian public, which knew and loved the inextinguishable fire of his eminently French style.

Although Auber, born at Caen in Normandy, Jan. 29, 1784, was nineteen years older than Adolphe Adam, we have spoken of the latter before the present head of the French school, because pitiless death so prematurely put an end to the career of one of our most fruitful and graceful composers. We now come to the most illustrious of our contemporaries. Auber, the son of a picture dealer, and pupil of Ladurner upon the pianoforte, was sent while still quite young to London, to enter upon a mercantile career. Returning to France, he wrote as an amateur, romances, a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, concertos for the latter instrument for Lamare and one for the violin, which was played by Maras at the conservatory. *Julie*, a comic opera with quintette accompaniment, had a success in a private theatre, and a second work with orchestra composed for the theatre of Prince de Chimay presaged the future glory of its author. He studied composition with Cherubini and wrote at that time a mass for four voices from which was taken long afterwards the noble prayer in *Masaniello*. Reverses of fortune led him to devote himself to art, when to use his own simple expression, he had the happiness to become acquainted with Scribe. For a dramatic composer it is a necessary condition that he find in the writers of his texts, that analogy of ideas and sentiments, which may give to their works the unity without which is no durable success. In 1813 Auber brought out his first work for the stage of the Theatre Feydeau, a piece by Bouilly entitled *le Sejour militaire*. Six years after, *le Testament ou les Billets doux* was unable to sustain itself upon the boards of the Opera Comique; but *la Bergere Chatelaine*, *Emma*, *Leicester* and above all *la Niece* (1823) made the talents of the young master most favorably known. *Le Concert a la Cour* and *le Maçon*, masterpieces of sentiment, spirit and taste obtained for this author in May, 1825, the well merited cross of the Legion of Honor. *Fiorella* followed and then the year 1828 saw the birth of two more masterpieces totally opposed in style, but of the first order; *La Fiancee*, a comic opera as graceful as it is excellent and *La Muette* (*Massaniello*), which had the glory of preceding *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*, and still maintains itself side by side with those immortal works.

Fra Diavolo, an opera in three acts, intro-

duced its author to the Institute in April, 1829. With *le Philre*, *le Serment* and *Gustave* followed, and *Lestocq* and *le Cheval de bronze* gained new successes at the Opera Comique. In 1836, *Aceton*, a delicious piece, introduced the celebrated songstress, Madame Damoreau, to the public. She triumphed anew in *l'Ambassadrice* and *le Domino Noir*. *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *la Part du Diable* and *la Sirene* (1844) are the last works in what may be called Auber's second style. Delicacy, subtlety and an intellectual art take in them the place of the sentiment and breadth of expression, which are so preëminent in *Le Maçon*, *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*, the masterpieces of his first manner.

Haydée, to our apprehension, marks the third and last manner of the author. In it the comic opera is ennobled and almost touches the line of the grand opera. *Marco Spada* (1852) gave Bataille the opportunity of winning laurels, and *Jenny Bell* and *Manon Lescaut* have since given Mlle. Duprez and Madame Cabel scenes in which to bring out in high relief their peculiar excellences and exhibit their admirable talents. *Marco Spada* and *Le Cheval de Bronze* have had ballets added to them and have been transferred to the stage of the grand opera; they still delight the ears of the public with the immortal freshness of their melodies.

Auber's style never grows old. His vocal music is always fine; his harmony is irreproachable for its skill and purity; his instrumentation is clear, elegant, and sonorous; it is still a model of style for the French comic opera. His overtures are generally excellent. The auditor feels that his style is formed in the school of Mozart, Haydn and Rossini. It is neat, precise, firm, always original, never extravagant. His music is always recognizable from all other. He possesses individual character, and this is the stamp of genius with which the deity seals his elect. Auber has also written religious music in the purest taste. At present he is the chapel master of Louis Napoleon and director of the Conservatory.

We have already spoken of our illustrious master, Fromenthal Halévy. He was the son of Israelitish parents, and was born at Paris, May 27, 1799. The "French Meyerbeer" was admitted into the conservatory and joined the *sol-feggi* class of Cazot, Jan. 30, 1809. He studied pianoforte with Charles Lambert, harmony with Berton, counterpoint, fugue and composition with Cherubini. He was allowed to contest the prizes of the Institute in 1816, and three years later bore off the highest with a cantata entitled *Herminie*. After two years in Italy, Halévy made his first theatrical attempt at the Theatre Feydeau, in 1827, with *l'Artisan*, a comic opera in one act, text by Saint Georges.

This essay was followed by *le Roi et le Batelier* written in conjunction with Rifaut; then by the *Dilletante d'Avignon*, which gave the young artist a favorable reputation. *La langue Musicale* came next, text by Saintine; in 1833 he gave at the Opera Comique *Les Souvenirs de Lafleur*, text by Martin, and then produced the *Ludovic* of Herold, the score of which he had completed. He was appointed professor of *sol-feggi* at the conservatory in 1815, and succeeded, in turn, Daussoigne as professor of harmony, and Fétis as professor of high composition. In 1835 *La Juive* and *L'Eclair*, two works, totally diverse in form, opened the doors of the Institute to Halévy.

He was elected as Reicha's successor in July, 1836. In *L'Eclair* universal applause was bestowed upon the duet of the two sisters, in which the characters of the coquette and of the sentimental girl are so happily contrasted; the air of the sailor, where the vicissitudes of his calling are so finely brought out; the delicious duet of love, "Ah! si tu voulais finir ma peine"; and the sweet melody "Quand de la nuit l'épais nuage." Elevation of idea here is combined with delicacy of sentiment.

Le Guittarrero gave the tenor, Roger, opportunity to display his remarkable talents, which afterward shone with such lustre in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, a delicious work brought out in 1846. *Le val d'Andorre* was a new success for its author; Bataille, who created the part of the old goatherd, made of that eminently picturesque character a striking type of truth and nature.

La Fée aux roses and *La dame de pique* brought out all the light and easy vocalization of Mlle. Lefebvre and the great talents of Madame Ugalde. Then came *Le Nabab* in which Couderc played so finely, in which Bussine and Madame Miolan sung with such perfection: this was followed at the Theatre Lyrique by *Jaguarita l'Indienne* for Madame Cabel, and at the Opera Comique by *Valentine d'Aubigny*, in which Mlle. Duprez played the principal part with her usual distinction. At the opera was brought out the *Juif Errant* and *La Magicienne*.

M. Halévy is the only composer who has had equal success both at the Grand and the Opera Comique, a double glory too rare not to deserve particular notice.

Moreover, the illustrious professor has produced a school already numerous and distinguished. Among his more known pupils, we may name Boulanger, Gounod, Bazin, Victor Masse, Deldevez, Danola, Hignard, Delioux, Mathias, Semet, &c. We close this notice with the remark that Halévy is a man of high education, and is a fine writer, as his notices of David d'Angers, Paul Delaroche and Adolphe Adam prove.

The duties of perpetual secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts could not be confided to a man more capable.

Musical Education and Instruction.

By Dr. MARX, of Berlin.*

THE RIGHT OBJECT AND THE RIGHT MEANS.

What is really the proper object of all musical education and employment?

Joy in the Art—we declare as the first object. A joyless occupation in it—and how frequently do we meet it! how common is the observation, unfortunately, that in the learning and practising of music, the original delight is quickly extinguished, never to be felt again in its pristine vigor and productiveness—is fatal to the artistic sense, and is, indeed, more injurious than total disoccupation, since it not only misapplies the time which might have been otherwise profitably employed, but also destroys our capacity of receiving satisfaction from art.

But the joy must be really artistic—not foreign; and still less must it be opposed to art. We would hereby deprecate the tickling vanity which loves to make a display of extraordinary technical facility, and plumes itself on difficulties overcome. Nothing is more foreign nor further than this littleness from true art, whose high calling it is to raise us from the narrow limits of per-

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sonal feelings, into the region in common, of universal joy, love, and inspiration; nothing is more inimical and destructive to the true sense and enjoyment of art, than this poisonous mildew, which overlays artistic activity and its productions. Nothing more surely draws the mind from the purifying atmosphere of art, into the petty, narrow strivings and contentions of self-seeking vanity; than this eager ostentation of personal skill; and, in fine, nothing manifests more clearly to an intelligent mind, the wide gulf which separates vain from true art, than this exchange of its outward means, for its inward soul and object. How general, however, is this striving in our parties and concerts! How rarely is the joy of the listeners the object of our concert players and amateurs! How much nearer have they not at heart, to astonish the less proficient, and to startle the unartistic crowd with newly invented contrivances, with a technical composition of a Chopin, or a study of a Thalberg, or whatever the latest finger-artist may be called. And how often is it not the teachers who urge their pupils to this pernicious competition, simply in order to obtain more scholars! The lowest, most unreflecting, merely corporeal pleasure of music, the most superficial enjoyment of a skipping dance, is more artistic, more productive and nobler, than this monstrosity, which is so widely diffused amongst us. The feeling performance of the most trivial song or the most simple waltz, is a stronger proof of the ability of the scholar and of the teacher, than those precocious and forced, though in reality cheap productions of vanity.

The corporeal pleasure caused by art, awakens by itself a spiritual participation; and this *spiritual participation in art*, we regard as the highest object to which our employment therein is to be directed. If we do not close our heart and sensibilities, by caprice and ill-directed exertion,—if we do not ourselves destroy our feelings, and the natural operation of our minds, emotion will spring of itself from the corporeal apprehension of the artistic work; a more elevated life will flow through our nerves, and joy through our mind, such as the pure enjoyment of art alone can produce: the assurance of community, of well-being, will loosen the hard crust of egotism from our hearts, and bind us the more closely in sympathy and affection with the friends who participate in our pleasures. The heart opens itself willingly to new sensations and an altered state of mind occasioned by works of art, and receives them devotedly, pure, and free from all dross and sharp asperities of real personality; it is a communion of one soul with others, full of the internal feelings of humanity, and yet exempt from all oppressive materiality, or other disturbing objects. And thus this shadowy being, invoked by the musician's art, waves its life of high significance before us; we live in it, in pleasure or pain, as the spirit of the artist wills; with him, faultless and untouched, our personality becomes involved in a manifold spiritual existence, and we experience in ourselves the countless riches of this spiritual life, together with our narrowly limited corporeal reality. Herein we behold long-departed beings and circumstances—those pure forms which Gluck evoked from Greece and the enchanted East: the patriarchal simplicity and dignity of that people, out of whose darkness the light of the world was to come, in *Handel's* songs: the mad confusion of the Pharisees and their party, before the holiness of the new covenant, in *Bach's* immortal works. All these pass before us; ages long in oblivion, seem sensibly present.

Whatever can move the human heart in innocence, joy, delicacy, and childish humor, the most lovely play of the imagination, and the most mysterious sensations of our spiritual essence,—all that Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven could feel or imagine, is laid open to us, and becomes our own.

The real indwelling in art, and sincere devotion to it, are essential conditions in artistic education; without them we cannot participate in its inestimable gifts; *they are absolutely indispensable.*

It is not the possession of great artists, nor of great works of art, which insures to a nation or

to its gifted individuals, a genuine artistic education, and thereby the full enjoyment of the art. If such were the case, no nation could be more assured than ours of the highest musical education; since, during the last century, at least, our musicians have produced the most lofty and most pregnant ideas that have ever been embodied in sound. We have, on the other hand, experienced within a single century, after three noble exaltations, in the day of Bach and Handel, of Gluck—Haydn and Mozart,—and of Beethoven; also three several depressions from our upward flight; nay, if we will believe the loudest and most numerous voices of the day, it would seem that in many minds *even the remembrance* were lost of what in former days were universally acknowledged to be our brightest landmarks to excellence.

Playing and hearing only, cannot be relied on as a sufficient means of education, although they must be the foundation and companions of musical cultivation; for we hear bad music as well as good; and we know that the weak and the spurious produces its effect (often quicker and to a greater extent) as well as the elevated and genuine. We must herein the more readily acknowledge the power of sound, that even in its perverted employment it still exerts a vast influence over the mind and senses,—apart, moreover, from the effect of secondary objects, of prejudice, and of fashion. Indeed, it is not to be denied, that the corporeal effect of sound acting in large masses, in conjunction with considerable talent, magnified, perhaps, by partiality into great superiority, in the performers, is capable of producing from very moderate or indifferent works an effect which may surprise artists of judgment; but the cause of that effect is not in the composition—it is the attributes of the large body or volume of sound, and of the influential partiality for the performers. Hence we may perceive how small the claims may be of many a vaunted work of art, whose pretensions have been estimated by its immediate consequences. Those persons, however, are acting very injudiciously, who desirous of no further struggle, seem contented and satisfied with the good that exists. It will indeed endure, without further exertion. It will be conveyed from artist to artist, and the magnificent structure of art will be completed, so far as may be permitted to humanity. But the communication the participation of artistic, and therewith *civilized elevation in our contemporaries*, cannot be allowed to remain stationary. The history of the world is reckoned by centuries, and at wide intervals. The moments of improvement progress like stars in the heavens, and with them as they roll; but the limited space of human life cannot dispense with its portion of their beneficent illumination.

In fine, the mere external, technical, mechanical, formal education, does not reach to the deep spring, where the lifestream of art is generated and preserved. It is but too often observable, unfortunately, how empty and unproductive this false external cultivation leaves the mind; how, in its pursuit, year after year, full of the noblest germs of life, and capable of the highest joys of art, are allowed to fade and wither away. It has been remarked but too frequently, that these disciples of technicality, these virtuosi, these amateur dilettanti, these thorough bass cognoscenti, and æsthetic critics, have the most unsatisfactory conceptions of art, that they have little sympathy with it, and are utter strangers to its nature and operation.

True artistic education, like true art, is not concerned merely with the technicalities, which make only a handicraftsman, nor with mere outward consideration, which, instead of living art, produce nothing but dead abstractions. It is governed by the essential nature of its duties, and assumes for its object the bringing into life and action the highest and fullest conception of art in each individual, and in the greatest number of individuals in the whole nation. In the pupil, it searches for the germ of artistic susceptibility and capacity. This spark it cherishes and frees from obstructions, and nourishes and strengthens into the power of life. It then contemplates the regions of art, and examines what

has hitherto been produced. Of all this, and of that which is most worthy, it endeavors to convey as much as possible to the scholar, according to the power of each individual. This education does not move the hand and fill the ear alone, but penetrates by the senses into the soul; through the deeply moved sensibilities it awakens the inward consciousness. And now the waves of sound may surge and roll—what the inward consciousness has apprehended, that which has become a sentiment and property of the mind, can be safely preserved and extended.

This, in brief, is the *object of true artistic education*,—to elevate the capabilities, mental and corporeal, to the highest point. This is the indispensable process, without which, high attainment in art is not possible. This is more or less the enlightened struggle of all who either wholly or in part devote their life and powers to artistic employment; this, whether it be acknowledged or not, it is the absolutely undeniable and indispensable obligation of all teachers to produce.

Shall it be considered an empty dream to desire for our country, so deeply gifted in the art of sound, a general *popular education* in music, in that high and only true sense? Does not this want and right proclaim itself from the deep in-born feelings of the people, from the overflowing abundance of their conceptions, from our countless artists, from our display of the richest productions of art in advance of nations? Shall our festivals be never more joyous with our *national songs*, which are more abundant, more varied, more melodious, and more deeply touching than those of any people on earth? Shall the evangelical church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the Catholic church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from Rossini's and Bellini's operas, and Auber's overtures, disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain, where in recent times, church music is dumb, even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object. We, a laborious people, strong in body and mind, must strive for a higher elevation than tender nature has conferred on her southern children to amuse their happy hours.

In so important a matter, however, the word or deed of individuals can do but little. The State only can produce the accomplishment of our aspirations. From this source much must be expected, if to good will, the power of finding fit agents,—not handicraftsmen who would propagate their own peculiarities, but men who would add the spirit of art to its form, mind to technicality; in short, men who have made true art the object of their lives.

We must at the same time, acknowledge that the condition and progress of art are entirely dependent upon the state of the political and moral relations and movements of the people. This has been already observed by many in the direction of art during the last ten years. But the history of art proves that her destiny in this regard has been governed by the highest wisdom and goodness. Let, therefore, each individual in joyful confidence do all he ought, and may, and can; and tranquilly await the result of doing his duty.

(To be continued.)

Joachim as a Composer.

It is in vain we listen for the most distant approach to a false note; it is in vain we wait for the slightest trick, such as those now practised by modern virtuosos, who, by false sentimentality, by distorting the notes, or by inordinately raising or lowering them, parody the feelings; it is in vain we seek to read on his features how difficult this or that passage is; it is not thus that he announces what he is going to play; he expresses in eloquent, true and warm words. It is not, however, only as an instrumentalist that he occupies the highest position; he does so also as a composer, as he has proved by his "Concerto in Ungarischer Weise." Thus artistically, and, above all,

nobly connected, Hungarian music has a truly great future in store for it. Joachim has taught us how great and elevating a work of art may be created out of the pregnant materials of Hungarian music, rendered on the violin. This is the means by which the type of Hungarian national music will ripen into artistically historical and universal significance; and we have a double reason for being delighted that Hungary possesses in its patriotic countryman a great instrumental artist, who bears the spirit of Hungarian music upon eagle's pinions through the wide world.

The concerto consists of three parts: "Allegro maestoso," "Romance," and "Finale à la Zingara." We might fancy we were enjoying the effect produced by a Symphony of Schumann's, in so correct and searching a mode has Joachim treated his Hungarian theme. The solo violin is the Speaker of the House, who descends from his official chair to commence with the other members—the orchestral parts, the debate, the members often obtaining, with their objections, the best of the argument. But the logic of reason, respect for the laws, and perseverance achieve a victory. The sparkingly free fancy of the first movement is succeeded by a wonderfully beautiful romance, while in the last movement the ennobled shades of Lavata, Csérnak, Bihari, and Rózsavölgy fit up and down, in inspiring staccatos and runs, before us. The difficulties to be overcome in playing the concerto can be appreciated only by violinists. The success achieved by its performance was truly something extraordinary; we trust it may induce the "composer," Joachim, to continue his labors in the branch of his art, to the glory of his fatherland and of Hungarian music. Bach's *Chaconne* and Tartini's *Teufelsdröcke* were the other pieces selected by the concert-giver. Did we not fear having already afforded the artist's extraordinary modesty grounds for recrimination by the above true, though weak expression of our feelings, we would speak only in dithyrambic verse; but we forbear, and on this occasion will praise the audience, who knew how to honor not only patriotic sentiments but art in the artist—art which, it is true, by the way, streamed forth with most overwhelming power. Bach's *Chaconne*, notwithstanding the fact that Schumann and Mendelssohn wrote pianoforte accompaniments for it, is certainly more characteristic without any accompaniment at all, as it originally stood, and as Joachim played it. The combination of the conflicting parts, the strong and truly antique conception, and the sublime earnestness of the old master, can be grasped only after such an interpretation of them. Who can have played this difficult piece in Bach's lifetime, we wonder! We fancy that the *Chaconne* could, in those days, have been performed as a trio or quartet at the utmost. A no less sterling composition is Tartini's *Trille du Diable*. The inspiration and poetry exhibited in the execution of the first andante movement, which is so unaffectedly simple, weigh down a whole legion of virtuoso tricks. The last movement with the double trill which the devil played to Tartini in the latter's dream, and whence the sonata afterwards sprang, enjoyed, in truth, a demoniacal success. The audience, even when the piece had been repeated, would hardly leave the rooms. But who likes to part with such an artist, who keeps in his magic bow a host of spirits, all obeying the soul of their master, Mlle. Métyr kindly assisted the concert-giver by singing several songs.—*Pesth Lloyd Zeitung*.

Mason & Hamlin's Melodeons and Harmoniums.

The manufacturing of these instruments in Boston has become a branch of industry of much importance, calling into requisition no small amount of capital and giving employment to numerous operatives. We presume that everybody knows that they are extensively used in churches and public halls in place of the more expensive and cumbersome organ; in fact, nearly all our village churches now use the Organ Harmonium, an instrument not much larger than a pianoforte, but which gives the full swell and volume of sound of an organ itself. (?)

The principal manufacturers of these instruments, Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, have just completed an entirely new and extensive manufactory on the site of their old one which was destroyed by fire, and in so doing have shown that degree of Yankee energy for which Massachusetts men are so celebrated. Their old works were burned down the 14th of last January, on the 10th of April following, less than three months after, a large five story building was completed on the same spot, corner of Cambridge and Charles streets, complete in all its departments, with machinery of the most approved description. The new machinery and improvements in this factory, give it a decided advantage over any other of the kind in the country.

The whole building throughout is heated by steam, supplied by a splendid 20 horse-power steam-engine, made by the Corliss Steam Engine Co., of Providence, which also drives all the machinery of the factory; the boiler is situated in a building entirely separate from the main building, the shavings and fuel kept in a fire-proof brick vault, and other precautions taken to render the premises secure against accident by fire.

The lower or basement floors contain large drying rooms, where the stock used in the manufacture of instruments is subjected to a thorough heating and drying process; a portion of the first story is used for the wareroom and offices, while the other half is occupied by numerous planing machines, circular saws, jig saws, turning machines, boring machines, &c., of the latest and most improved description. Upon this floor is also the testing or finishing room, in which every instrument is thoroughly examined and tested by an expert before it is packed for transportation, in order to prevent all mistakes and ensure satisfaction to the purchaser.

Above, in successive stories of the building, and in different rooms, the various departments of the work are carried on—the veneering, the polishing, fitting the keys, varnishing, action making, tube board making, turning, fly finishing, &c. Various machines are in operation in these different rooms driven by the motive power of the establishment, and performing work with almost human intelligence. In the glue, varnish and staining rooms the heating of those materials is done by steam, artificial heat being obtained from no other source. The ceilings in all the rooms are plastered, quite unusual in factories, but a further preventative against fire.

We have spoken above of the popularity of these instruments. We are informed by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin that some four hundred churches have, up to this time, been furnished with their Harmoniums, which are much preferred to pipe organs by churches of moderate dimensions. The instruments made by this firm have also been sold in every State in the country, besides being exported to Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the Sandwich Islands,—like all Yankee inventions, penetrating every part of the known world. Their superiority is attested by the fact that they have invariably received the first premium where they have been brought into competition with others at exhibitions. No less than twenty-six awards have been received by the manufacturers the past five years from institutes, &c., in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities. They are also preferred and recommended by all musical instructors and organists.

Of the Harmoniums there are five different sizes, made with from six to twelve stops, with and without pedal bass, at prices varying from two to five hundred dollars. Of the Melodeons there are eight styles. They are made with one and two sets of reeds, one and two banks of keys, and range from four to six octaves. The prices of these are from forty-five to two hundred dollars. The high reputation which these instruments have attained is due not only to a liberal expenditure of means, but also to the thorough and efficient manner in which they are made, the strictest attention and care being given to every detail in their make, thereby producing a perfect whole.

The establishment of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin is among the best appointed manufactories in the city limits. It is open, we understand for the inspection of the public, and is well worth a visit from musical amateurs and those interested in industrial progress a model establishment of the kind.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

Musical Correspondence.

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1861.—*Dear Journal*!—

After a long drought in musical circles, we have at length been favored with a stream of gushing melody from that celebrated artiste, Madame Ines Fabbri, who not long since astonished your Boston public with her extraordinary powers of voice and dramatic execution. And it is to express my extreme satisfaction with all I have heard of her that I now write.

From all I can learn her fine talents are already sufficiently known and appreciated, in your city to render further comment on my part useless. But I would, nevertheless, add my mite to the ample store of praise so deservedly bestowed upon her by all American Journals, among which in regard to musical matter yours ranks first in Canadian estimation.

Mad. Fabbri is considered by most of our musical

critics as the greatest artiste who has visited us since Jenny Lind. The wide range of her talents was evinced in her skilful rendering of the aria from the first act of *Traviata*, the tragic scene from *Nabucco*, and a grand scene from *Martiri*, all of which were produced in a style deserving of the highest encomium.

Herr Richard Mulder, is a pianist who ranks in our estimation very high, perhaps second to none. He surmounts the difficulties of the instrument with the greatest ease, and his fantasia on airs from *Lucia*, and "the Cascade," show him to be a fine composer.

Mr. C. R. Adams, of Boston, is probably well known to you. He possesses a fine tenor voice the peculiar sweetness of which renders all his selections exceedingly effective, and in the scene and duo from *Martiri*, with Mad. Fabbri showed also some pretensions to being an actor.

I enclose programme of the concert and until further news (musical of course) presents itself, remain

Truly yours,

BERTRAND.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Grand Fantaisie de Lucia, for Piano—Mulder—Executed by Richard Mulder.
Branzi—Verdi—Grand Scene of the First Act, Sung by Madame Fabbri.
La Favorite Romance (Spirto Gentil),—Donizetti—Sung by Mr. Adams.
Homage to Bellini (Fantaisie Brillante),—Mulder—For the Piano, executed by R. Mulder.
Nabucco, Tragic scene (in appropriate costume)—Verdi.

PART II.

La Cascade, Etude for the Piano—Mulder.
La Traviata, Scene of the First Act—Verdi—Sung by Madame Fabbri.
Come into the Garden Maud—Bald—Favorite Ballad, Mr. Adams.
The Universal Carnival—Mulder—For the Piano, executed by R. Mulder.
I Martiri (in appropriate costume) Grand Duo and Scene. Pauline..... Madame Fabbri
Polluto..... Mr. Adams

PARIS, APRIL 19, 1861.—A young artist has made her debut at the Italian Opera who promises to take her rank among the celebrities before long. Her name is Trebelli, her family name Gillebert. Thus it will be seen that her real name spelt backwards with the G left out gives her assumed stage name Trebelli. So much for an Italian termination. Young and handsome she proved the power of her voice and the excellence of her playing in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* also in Rossini's *Semiramide*. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano and is pronounced by many here the equal of Alboni's, in some respects. Her success was decisive.

At the *Théâtre Français* M. Legouvé gives a new piece *Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien*—However this may be his *Madone de l'Art* which is still being played at the Odeon is not calculated to increase the fame of this illustrious academician. "The Madonna of Art" is simply a poor weak play that lives only by the talent of Mme. Ristori. An Italian actress Beatrix loves a German prince and is loved by him in return; but Beatrix is as virtuous as she is talented, she will not be his mistress, she cannot be his wife though he presses her to accept his hand. She is the first to show him the fallacy of such a marriage and with an excess of generosity not explained in the play she abandons all thoughts of love to become a Madonna of art. Such is the whole plot, good in its fundamental ideas, but weakly carried out. It was a happy thought however, for the Italian actress thus to appear for the first time in a French play in the character of an Italian. The very irregularities in her pronunciation thus cease to be a blemish, for Mad. Ristori has not yet divested herself of the intonations of the language of Alfieri. It is in the simplest phrases that this Italian tone, it would be too much to call it accent, is the most sensibly felt. When there are outbursts of passion that very cadence adds force to the evenness of the French phrase. One realizes how great is the talent of the artist who has had the courage to act in a language not her own when seeing her side by side with the artists of the Odeon, these who at other times appear

so good, seem unnatural and forced in their play. There are in the Madonna of Art two episodes as it were in which Beatrix can show her power a little in spite of M. Legouvé. In that small unnamed German principality where she is a guest she is asked to recite some passage, she does so choosing a scene from Schiller's Joan of Arc and one from Romeo and Juliet. Here the author has merely weakened the original of both scenes and yet those are the passages in his play which alone enable Mad. Ristori to display a talent equal to the situation to be rendered. "La Madone de l'Art" is played five times a week and long before the performance commences every seat in the house has been taken.

At the porte St. Martin a Spanish legend has been worked up with all the extravagance of melodrama by G. Vaquerie son-in-law of Victor Hugo, the piece is called *Les Funerailles de l'honneur*. It was hissed at the first representation. This theatre is now closed for a few days as the *Tour de Nesle* is to be reproduced soon.

Of novelties there are few enough of importance. At the Bouffes Parisiennes *Le Pont des Soupirs* by Offenbach. At the Theatre Dejazet another parody on Tannhäuser by Clairville *Le panse aux Aïres*. At the Variétés *L'Amour en Sabots*, a vaudeville by Labiche and Delacour. At the Delassements Comiques, *Photographies Comiques* by A. Flan and Ernest Blum. At the Folies Dramatiques *Cesarine Borgia* vaudeville by Tréfeu and *Les seize ans de Lucienne* by Elie Trébut.

Three German operas are about to be produced. "King George," by Ehrlich—"Wittekind," by Raphael and "The Love Ring," by Stukersky.

A new opera "Shakespeare," by Maestro Benvenuti, is announced in the Italian journals.

Staudig the German singer died on the 24th of last month. His intellect has failed him a few years ago. In early life he was on the point of taking monastic vows. He never succeeded in the Italian opera.

For Easter music we have had at the opera Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The church music during holy week has been noticed in some of the Paris papers in connection with concerts &c.

The receipts of the theatre of the capital during month of March were 1,606,868 francs.

To night at the Opéra Comique will be given *Royal cravate*, music by the Duke de Massa, words by the Count of Mesgrigny. F. B.

Church Music in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1861.—In speaking of the churches of St. Louis we will take the church of Rome first, surpassing as it does in numbers, both of churches, congregations and wealth all others together. No other city in the world has so many nationalities, so equally represented, as this. Here, true to her principles, the Catholics in their appeals to the sense have spent immense sums on buildings and decorations, and of course, while so much is done for the eye, the ear has received its due share of attention, consequently we have the same fine old organs, and the same thrilling music we have so often listened to in the cathedrals of the old world. In our rambles let us stop first at St. John's Church, corner of 16th and Chestnut. This is a new church, one of the most costly, and has the finest organ and choir in St. Louis. Father Brannon takes the greatest interest in the choir. They have a nice room fitted up by the side of the organ, and furnished with sofas, easy chairs, a library of classical music, &c., &c. Nothing more comfortable. The first organ ever heard in public worship in this country was sent from London to the King's Chapel in 1714. The organist came with it, there being none in America. The first organ ever built in this country was made by Edward Bronfield, who died Aug. 18th, 1776.

The fact is stated on his tombstone. The organ in St. John's Church is excelled by few in the United States. We have not room for a detailed statement, but we question if there is an organ of two sets of keys on the continent which can be compared with this one in effectiveness. The number of pipes or stops is not always a true index of the capacity of an organ. In this organ there are no half stops. The largest metal pipe is 16 feet high and 39 inches in circumference its tone being C C C. The largest pipe is C C C C 32 feet Bourdon. The pedal organ contains double stop diapason, violoncello and viola or octave viol, being the most powerful in the country, except the pedal organ of the instrument in Tremont Temple, Boston. The whole number of pipes is 1529 and 34 stops. The organ is supplied with a set of composition pedals whereby the player gains the effect and variety of 3 banks of keys. The compass of the pedal organ is from C C C C to C C and the great and swell organ from C C to G in alt. The case is 21 feet by 33, beautifully finished in white, but space forbids us from saying more.

The organist is worthy of his instrument. He is a young man who used to play when a boy in Dr. Gray's church, Boston, and afterwards in the Tabernacle, New York. He has no rival in the whole West, and many a player have I listened to in, even your city, who could not hope to bear from him the palm. It would be useless for me to describe a first-class organ player, your readers know what that is as well as I do. His name is A. J. Ulman. No organist is better supported.

Arnold Scharvens, bass, is one of our best singers, having enjoyed all the advantages of Europe. It is impossible for us to notice each one in particular and to do each justice. A. W. Howe, baritone, Wm. Anderson, 1st tenor, Geo. Dennison, 2d tenor, are among our best singers. Anderson is also from Boston, and used to belong to the Handel and Haydn Society there. The soprani, Miss Virginia C. Ivory and Miss Fanny Lord and the alto singers, Miss Julia Orcutt and Miss Dora Sutherland complete the principal solo singers, the choir having an effective chorus. There is not in this city a better singer than Miss Ivory; we were very much surprised indeed when we first heard her, as we knew of no such voice in any choir. This choir sing all of the music of the Catholic church and while we have listened to the glorious music of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, &c., we could not but think, what we now affirm, that we would like to see the equal of this choir in the West. "Brown."

The World of Weimar.

It must not be supposed that because Schiller and Goethe are no more, and that because the happy contingency which united a literary circle in Weimar in the time of Karl August does not favor the times of Karl Alexander, that that prince is doing nothing to keep up the Athenian character of his tidy little capital.

It is now, if not the metropolis of literature, at least the metropolis of music; by no means, however, a republican metropolis, for the Government has become a perpetual dictatorship in the hands of Liszt, who reigns supreme as ever over the piano, and tells the prince and people of Weimar what they ought to believe in and to love. Whether Liszt however great a genius, may be called a great composer, some may be inclined to doubt; for the music in which this maestro glories is anything but composing, and, to uninitiated ears like my own, the nearest idea that it conveys is that of a melodious and harmonious thunderstorm, mixed with occasional broadsides from half a dozen line-of-battle ships. It is music which, a German critic has said, would make a deaf man hear, and a hearing man deaf. It is heard in perfection in those whirlwind operas of Wagner, in which the harmony mounts and mounts and mounts, with a swing and sweep which seems to take all the house up to the ceiling with it, until it busts and falls about our ears in a general explosion of brasses, scattering clapping of kid-gloves like crackers.

The apotheosis of this distinguished artist has

taken place in his lifetime. He is everywhere the oracle on matters of musical taste. He has a fine house on a height commanding the city, said to have nine pianos among its furniture. Here he receives the homage of torchlight processions and gifts from fair maidens' hands. At every musical exhibition he alone, by common consent, is allowed the privilege of a "bravo," while his silence is the severest censure that any artist has to apprehend, unlike that of the severer count in Lord Byron's "Beppo." For Liszt is a thoroughly genial genius. When he appears in a room, with his long, large, enthusiastic face, spare figure, flashing eyes, and streaming hair, all know that the reign of matter-of-fact and daylight disagreeables is past, and the advent of the artist is hailed by all as the beginning of enjoyment, as might have been the coming of the musical sun-god Apollo, when he shed his vocal beam on Memnon's statue. He is surrounded by a host of lesser stars; and a greater treat for the ears can scarcely be conceived than any musical entertainment at Weimar under his auspices. He is in his glory at the court-concerts, where he directs the band. If Liszt is the prince of the piano, so we have here a fair muse of vocal melody in the person of the Frau von Milde. This lady's voice seems to have been created expressly for the Weimar theatre. It is never astonishing in its strength, like that of Grief or Alboni; but, without the exact measure of fulness, it approximates, in its weird sweetness and delicate flexibility, to that of Jenny Lind. But Jenny Lind would have been too much for our quiet little theatre, as we wish to dine pleasantly every day, and not to feast; so we are perfectly pleased, evening after evening, by the singing of our sweet prima donna. As an actress, she is not demonstrative, and rather falls short of than overleaps the mark in action; but in dignified quiet parts—the parts of princesses, especially in the romantic operas of Wagner—she is quite at home. By some she is considered beautiful, but none will deny that the expression of her countenance is as angelic as her notes. Perhaps the most pleasing of all her parts is that of Fidelio, the lady in page's dress who rescues her husband from death in prison. She is supported by another singer of very high merit, and a decidedly good actress, the Fräulein Wolf; and there are other ladies who sing well, as well as some who look very well—for instance, Fräulein Baum. The gentlemen, also, are fully adequate to the parts they have to sustain. We have the Herr von Milde, the fortunate husband of the prima donna whose imposing face and figure fit him well to sustain the parts of heroes and warriors; Knop, a Hungarian of sweet and delicately-managed voice, as barytone, the latter gentleman being also a very good comedian; Roth as basso, and, from his portly figure, a good king or emperor; Meffert as tenor. This gentleman's action, at first somewhat extravagant, has been moderated since his residence in the tasteful Weimar, and he often gives general satisfaction. Schmidt and his lady are also good, both as actors and singers. In fact, the whole singing staff, including the inferior parts, is excellent. When we pass to tragedy and "drame," we are pleased by the fine acting of Fräulein Daun, especially in such parts as those of Minna von Barnhelm of Lessing; while other parts, especially those where maidenly naivete is a characteristic, are appropriately rendered by Fräulein Röckel, a young, beautiful, and daily improving actress.

The weakest part of the theatrical repertoire is the ballet; the strongest is perhaps the band, as would be expected in the musical metropolis. This is generally under the direction of Herr Lassen, the composer of the opera of *Frauentob*, in the style of Wagner. Weimar has to lament the recent death of another distinguished resident composer, Monsieur Chelard, formerly "Capelmeister." His opera of *Macbeth*, altered from Shakespeare, is occasionally given, with vociferous applause from those who love the romantic opera, or Music of the Future, as it is somewhat quaintly called by its admirers, its claims being modestly allowed to be not fully admitted at present, or being more pretentiously put forward as too great for the understandings of the present generation.

Whether the operas of Wagner will ever be popular in England, depends much on the set of the tide of fashion—fashion being there in some measure independent of taste; and we should think it highly probable that before long they will have their day, and keep it till the fashion is over and the houses cease to fill. In France, however, I should doubt if the experiment, which is to be tried shortly, will succeed, French taste being as yet too strongly wed to the classical school of music; and French taste is one of those few things in France which is essentially conservative and unchangeable. The object of these Wagnerian operas is the reproduction of the

costumes and life of the middle ages with the same faithfulness with which Kean has restored on the English stage the periods of the Shakspearian drama. This object is effected with success at Weimar by the diligence of the *costumier*, and the rich state of theatrical properties. Crowds of people are placed on the stage, till the actors nearly outnumber the audience, and long and splendid processions, civil and ecclesiastic, defile round; and there is great flourish of trumpets and loud music everywhere—in front, in the middle, and behind—with an echo also, if an echo is admissible by means of rocks or buildings. The spectacle is certainly imposing on these occasions, but there appears to be a proportionate sacrifice of individual parts. We are withal strangely reminded of the decline of Roman art, as complained of by Horace in his epistle to Augustus. And, strangely enough, what we have said of the stunning noise of these representations found its parallel in the Augustan age. But I need not say that the taste of Horace was, of course, classical; and I rather fear I shall be considered to be espousing the heretical side, and perhaps be burnt—at least in effigy—in front of the Göthe-Schiller statue, for the Wagnerists, like all new sectaries, are intolerant of opposition. Their noblest aims consist in endeavoring to give a more national character to the operatic drama and to infuse a high moral into it. * * *

The practical objections to these Wagnerian operas consist in the expense and trouble of putting them on the stage, as contrasting with what is required for those of simple construction, and in the sacrifice of melody to harmony, the individual voice being generally greatly subordinated to the tempestuous music of the band. I confess, possibly through ignorance, that *Fidelio* and the *Barbiere di Sereglio* give me more pleasure, even when sung in a German translation. What is called in England the legitimate drama still holds its own at Weimar. Shakspeare receives honors which are seldom accorded to him in the land which he has helped to make immortal. The adaptation of *Winter's Tale*, translated by the Intendant, the Herr von Dingelstadt, is truly admirable; and Lear is done full justice to by the new tragedian Herr Lehfeldt; while Fräulein Röckel is a perfect impersonation of Cordelia. On the occasion of the representation of that stormy and exaggerated piece *The Robbers* of Schiller, a singular scene is presented in the Weimar theatre. The students of Jena come over in large numbers, and sit in the place of the orchestra, distinguished by the motley caps which denote their native provinces. Then they join in the songs which occur in the course of the piece, and interpolate one or two of their own. The full burst of their young voices is a fine variation of the usual musical accompaniment. This eccentric privilege was first granted to the students of Jena by the Grand Duke Karl August. The Weimar theatre does not correspond to its world-wide fame, either in external appearance or internal decorations. No one would know it to be a theatre from the outside; if it were in England, it might be supposed to be a kind of building devoted to the miscellaneous and somewhat incongruous purposes of Exeter Hall, or perhaps a tabernacle for popular Spurgeonism, while we were ourselves misled, on entering Weimar, by the much more than trivial appearance of the pillared building of the Reading Museum. The double statue of Schiller and Goethe which stands before it in the Carlplatz, gives it, however, a dramatic character which it does not possess of itself.

Besides the Goethe-Schiller statue, there stand in the public spaces of the town two other statues, one of which represents Wieland standing near a fountain in the square called by his name, a kind of antiquated *beau* of benignant expression, and otherwise reminding the beholder of Voltaire; and the other, Herder, close to the scene of his labors, the large church of the town. This statue appears the least remarkable in any way, but it presented lately a very quaint appearance, when the head and shoulders were covered with snow, being as a contrast of a portentous black aspect.

While I have been taking you round to see the statues, I forgot the interior of the theatre. The Weimar theatre, though not beautiful, has a characteristic which has been often observed before, that of friendliness. It seems by its construction to make the whole audience what has been called "*altogether*." The Grand Duke's box *par excellence* is in the middle, opposite the orchestra, and he has two other private boxes at each side of the stage. When he is present, and supposed to be present, he sits, as also the Grand Duchess when she is present, in the exact centre of the state box. The right and left balconies diverge on each side. The people taking places in them are supposed to be in the company of their Royal Highnesses, and therefore in evening dress. When the Grand Ducal party arrive, they all rise and bow,

their Highnesses bowing to the right and left; and the same ceremony is repeated at the close of the representation. When their Royal Highnesses are present, but supposed not to be, they sit in the private boxes, and in like manner do those members of the audience who wish to be *incog.*, taking their places in the pit or the orchestra stalls. The gods in the gallery are the best-behaved Olympians that it has ever been my fortune to know of, forming a perfect contrast to the screaming, whistling, bear-garden of an English gallery. The utmost enormity they are ever guilty of is that of letting fall a play-bill or two on the heads of the inhabitants of the nether world. As for the actors and actresses, they are personally dear to the spectators, and seem more like private friends than artists ministering to their amusement. If they do not sing well or play well, one is sorry for them, but there is not a thought of expressing disapprobation. If they surpass themselves, they are called for and receive their homage gratefully and gracefully, and the hearty hand-clapping expresses less surprise at the performance than love of the performer. In connection with this loving relationship between the stage and public of Weimar, is the entire respectability of the lives of the members of the dramatic body at Weimar. Scandal would almost as soon dare to attack the established clergy.

In fact, the family-party nature of the Weimar theatre makes it a not much greater effort to feminine feeling to appear on the stage, than to act at private theatricals or to take a part in a charade. There is so much good-feeling that Hettstedt, the favorite comedian, interpolates jokes on his fellow actors, and even on the audience, which are invariably well received. In connection with all this good behavior, as connected with the performances, is the perfect accessibility of the theatre. Ladies come and go unattended with as much ease as if they were visiting at the house of a friend. The hats and cloaks are left in the corridors unticketed, and nothing is ever lost. The theatre at Weimar is a model of what every theatre ought to be in everything; but external and internal appearance, which might certainly be improved.—*Blackwood for April.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Concerts.

MADAME VARIAN's concert last Friday evening drew a full house and was in many respects highly successful. We understand that she was seriously ill and therefore was not able to do herself full justice; still she showed her power and culture and was heartily encored in nearly every piece. Mr. Simpson has so sweet a voice that it makes one regret he does not sing better. He rarely uses his chest tones, and never opens his mouth sufficiently; and besides his lips are so immovable that it is impossible to understand whether he sings in English, Italian or German; he might as well give us a series of vocalises. As we said before his voice has a very smooth and pure quality of tone, and his taste is evident in every strain. It is a pity he could not open his mouth, articulate clearly, and enter with more spirit into the music. His selections were admirably made, and in spite of his defects he was heard with pleasure. Mr. Hoffman, the pianist, accompanied the singers tastefully, and in his solos showed some skill. His scales are even and true, and his power much beyond the average. We did not discover in his playing much sentiment or poetry, and his banjo-imitations in answer to an encore were far from agreeable to our ears.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We omitted last week to mention the excellent concert given by this club, complimentary to their conductor Mr. F. Suck. The hall was well filled so that the compliment must have been a substantial one, as the Club departed on this occasion from its usual rule, and sold tickets.

The programme was an admirable one and performed throughout in a manner that would have

done credit to many orchestras that we have heard here in old times. Especially full and strong in the strings, the club is weakest, as those old orchestras were, in the wind instruments. Doubtless skilled amateur players will in time spring up to fill those parts also, thus rendering it unnecessary to ask professional aid.

PART I.

1. Quartette for stringed instruments.....Haydn
Allegro—Minuetto and Trio—Andante—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Fantasia on an original theme. Solo for Violin, with
Orchestral Accompaniment.....F. Suck
3. Concert Overture.....Kalliwoda

PART II.

1. Variations on the Austrian National Hymn for
Stringed Quartette.....Haydn
2. Grand Symphony in D Major.....Mozart
Allegro Moderato—Andante—Minuet and Trio—Finale;
Allegro con brio.

The Mozart Club has made a most successful and creditable beginning. Another season will doubtless give it increased strength, and skill. We shall look forward to its next season's entertainments with pleasing anticipations.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION concert on Wednesday afternoon attracted a crowded house. The programme was one that deserved such an audience.

PART I.

1. Union March.....Fahrbech
Arranged by A. Hehncke.
2. 7th Symphony, (Op. 92).....Beethoven
1. Poco Sostenuto. 2. Allegretto. 3. Presto.

PART II.

4. Finale Allo con brio.
3. Overture—"William Tell,".....Rossini
4. Potpourri—From "La Juive,".....
Arranged by A. Hehncke.
6. Turkish March—From the "Ruins of Athens,".....
Beethoven
6. Grand Finale—From the opera of "Tannhäuser,".....
R. Wagner.

The Germania Band performed the first and fourth numbers of the programme in a very effective style. The Symphony was not played throughout with the same excellence with which the first movements were given. The Turkish March is the one to which Mr. Dwight referred in one of his recent letters. Its barbaric quaintness is exceedingly interesting and characteristic. The next concert is to be the last of the series.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—Our types last week made Dr. Holmes's new verse to this song anything but what the author intended. We reprint it therefore, as it should be.

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained when our birthright was gained,

We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

The original song by Mr. Key was first published in the *Baltimore Patriot* on the 20th of September, 1814, under the title of "The defence of Fort McHenry." The melody, we believe, is an old English one and in Moore's *Melodies* appears as "Anacreon in Heaven."

BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were reelected by a unanimous vote:

President—Thomas Comer; Vice-President—F. Suck; Secretary—Louis Rimbach; Treasurer—S. S. Pearce; Librarian—C. H. Eichler; Auditor—C. F. Frieze; Associates—Messrs. Rametti, A. Stein and A. Kamerling; Trustees—Messrs. T. E. Chickering, George T. Bigelow, J. P. Bradlee, S. E. Guild and John Bigelow.

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH died in New York, on the 3d of May, after an illness of four months. Our readers will recollect an interesting sketch of his life and works in a letter of our correspondent Trovator, in this Journal of April 20th. The enthusiasm for his art which first led Father Heinrich to adopt it as his profession seems never to have left him even in his sickness and old age, as his occasional contributions to these columns attest. His circumstances were very straitened during the latter part of his life, and his most pressing wants were recently relieved by the ready kindness of his early friends in this city and New York.

MR. SOUTHARD, the musical composer, formerly of this city, and lately a resident of Hartford, has organized a Light Artillery company there to be enlisted for the war. The company numbers 90 men and embraces the best personnel we have ever seen in a volunteer corps. About half a dozen are skillful musicians; one is a French teacher who formerly served in the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*; one is an English artilleryman; besides there are blacksmiths, wheelwrights, teamsters, machinists, gunsmiths, tailors and laborers; all stalwart, earnest and temperate men. So that in case of emergency the gun-carriages can be mended, the horses shod and groomed, arms repaired, clothes and tents made, and the camp enlivened with music.

A concert was given last week for the benefit of the company which resulted in a handsome sum.

The transition from giving piano lessons and playing church voluntaries, to "the tented field" where rifled cannon and howitzers are ready to hurl the missiles of death against traitors, must be sufficiently startling. But our friend though slight in person has an indomitable spirit, and we have no doubt if his health is spared he will distinguish himself whenever there comes an opportunity. We may have a new "Lyre and Sword" song, or another "Piff-paff," or Battle Symphony. The awful grandeur of an actual contest must be very different from the conception of it which a man has in the privacy of his chamber.

MR. L. HINSDALE SHERWOOD, who has been a diligent laborer in the field of music, as the principal of a musical academy at Lyons, New York, has lately transferred the Institute to Springfield, Ohio, to be connected there with the excellent female seminary of that place.

NEW YORK, MAY 6. — MASON & THOMAS' Series of Soirées was brought to a worthy close last Tuesday, by one of the finest concerts it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. There were but three pieces on the programme, which, however, in point of value and interest could not be surpassed. They were some of the best specimens of three distinct classical epochs in music; the old Italian, the German of half a century ago, and what may be called the Renaissance, i. e., the modern school of the same nation. The most modern, however, the Music of the Future, was not represented. The compositions performed were Tartini's *Trille du Diable*, performed by Mr. Thomas in a manner that satisfied even those who had heard the same piece repeatedly from Joachim, Beethoven's marvellous Quartette in E flat, op. 74, and Schumann's Piano Quartette, in which Mr. Mason took part. The two last mentioned pieces have been produced here before, but the first was entirely new to a New York audience. It is wonderful, in its large, broad, melodious opening, and those weird, mysterious trill passages, which can well be imagined as being composed after a supernatural pattern.

And so we bid adieu to these artists, thanking them for many an hour of pure, elevated enjoyment, and hoping that another winter will let us greet them again in renewed vigor and increased excellence.

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MUSICAL GENIUS. — "Seek not, young artist," says Rousseau, "the meaning expressed by the word genius. If you are inspired with its flame, you feel it. Are you destitute of genius, you will never be acquainted with it. The genius of a musician sub-

mits the universe to his art. He paints objects by sounds; he gives a language even to silence itself; he renders ideas by sentiments, sentiments by accents; and the passions he represents are drawn from the recesses of the heart. By his aid, pleasure assumes new charms; the grief to which he gives utterance draws forth our sighs; he is continually burning, but never consumed. He expresses with fire even the coldest subjects; in painting the horrors of death, he conveys to the soul that sentiment of life which never abandons it, and which he communicates to all hearts formed for its reception. But alas! his strains avail nothing to those in whom seeds like his own are not implanted; and his prodigies are scarcely felt by those who are incapable of imitating the fervor that gives them birth. Do you wish to know whether any spark of this devouring flame inspires you? Be quick! hasten to Naples—listen to the masterpieces of Leo, Durante, Jomelli, and Pergolèse. If your eyes are filled with tears, if you feel your heart palpitate, if joy agitates your bosom, if sorrow involves you in transports, take Metastasio in your hand, and labor: his genius will inflame yours; you will form a creation after his example. Stimulants like those will animate your genius; and the eyes of others will afterward restore you the tears your masters have caused you to shed. But if the charms of this grand art leave you tranquil and contented, if you feel no ravishing transport, if you discover nothing beautiful, dare you ask what is *genius*? Vulgar mortal! profane not the sacred appellation. What would it avail thee to know it—thou who canst not feel it? Compose in the French style and peaceably retire."

MUSIC.—Why do we all enjoy music? Because it sounds sweet. But why does it sound sweet? That is a mystery known only to God.

Two things I may make you understand—two things which help to make music—melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other, so as to give us pleasure; there is harmony in music when different sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time, so as to give us pleasure.

But why do they please us! and what is more, why do they please angels? and still more, why do they please God? Why is there music in heaven? Consider St. John's visions in the Revelations. Why did St. John hear therein harpers with their harps, and the mystic beasts, and the elders, singing a new song to God and to the Lamb; and the voices of many angels round about them, whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand?

In this there is a great mystery. I will try to explain what little of it I seem to see.

First—There is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make these laws of music; he has only found them out; and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly: all he brings out of his discord and ugly sounds. The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school; and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children music; because they said it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of laws.

And therefore music is fit for heaven; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven; a life of melody and order in themselves; a life of harmony with each other and with God.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

Music Abroad.

HERR STAUDIGL.—Staudigl died (in a lunatic asylum at Vienna) on the 24th of last month, aged fifty-four, the greatest German singer whom the past quarter of a century has seen. It is noticeable that his peculiar voice, a sound, strong, extensive bass, has always "grown" (as is said of plants) greatest, both as to quantity and perfection, in North and South Germany; but his distinction was, that he could turn that voice to fullest account everywhere, save in opera in Italian. There he failed; where countrymen of his, in every musical requisite his inferiors, have succeeded. Staudigl entered into life, if we mistake not, as one destined to take monastic

order. His intellect had failed him some years prior to his decease. As a hearty, genial man, a great musician, with a noble voice (for whom, by the way, Mendelssohn wrote the part of Elijah), kindly farewell and regret are due.—*Athenæum.*

MADAME LORINI.—Virginia Whiting Lorini has just concluded an engagement at Berlin, and is now at Brussels, where she is creating a *furor*. The Independence Belge of March 5, writes thus of our Boston prima donna:

Virginia Lorini achieved last night, if possible, a still greater success than last year in the performance of Semiramide, carrying away the audience by her energy, fire, and inspiration. She should be heard in the cavatina "*Bel raggio lusinghiero*." The tenderness and purity of her phrasing formed a marvellous contrast to the large, majestic style of her rendering the story which precedes the oath. She has proved herself a true artist. There are few prime donne who can be said to know by heart thirty operas. This does Madame Lorini; and more, she renders them in a manner which places her in the highest rank of lyric artists. She never descends to trickery, never transposes, but sings the composer's own music in the truest manner, there being no difficulty too great for her to master by the perfection of her method.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the third concert of the season, the newly-constituted orchestra, which now obeys the baton of Professor Bennett, gave still more convincing proofs of its efficiency. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony in B flat, No. 3.....Haydn
Air, "O cara imagine".....Mozart
Concerto, E flat, pianoforte.....Beethoven
Overture (Athalia).....Mendelssohn

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale.....Beethoven
Aria, "Sei miei sospiri".....Stradella
Overture (Oberon).....Weber

Each of the instrumental pieces is a masterpiece, and so well known that comment would be superfluous. The execution, more especially of the two symphonies, was splendid. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance this season. His charming voice is admirably suited to give expression both to the well-known air from *Die Zauberflöte*, and the expressive melody of Stradella. The concerto of Beethoven was executed by Mr. Otto Goldsmidt. The members of the orchestra applauded him loudly at the conclusion of his performance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — *La Favorita* was repeated, and further opportunity was afforded of examining the merits of Signor Tiberini. The new tenor has certainly created a favorable impression, but as yet we do not feel bound to chronicle him as the successor of Mario. As he had been proclaimed a true singer of the Rossinian school, it would hardly be fair to pronounce a definite opinion on his capabilities from hearing him in Donizetti's French opera; and, under the circumstances, we do not think the management was politic in bringing him out in *Fernando*. First impressions go a long way, and it may, by and by, come to pass that it would have been more to Signor Tiberini's advantage had he appeared in the *Barbieri*, or *La Gazza Ladra*. Signor Tiberini's voice is a pure tenor, part chest, part head. The quality is not particularly sweet, nor sympathetic, and there is a slight huskiness about the middle tones, as if the voice had undergone a good deal of wear and tear—which, however, we do not think is the case. The *falssetto* is beautiful, and managed with great art. It is in the employment of the head voice, indeed, that the new tenor produces its best effects, and that he occasionally recalls the manner of Rabin. As a vocal artist we are inclined to rate Signor Tiberini highly, although certain eccentricities in the romance of *Fernando*, "*Spirto Gentil*"—the triumphs of Signor Mario and Giuglini—inclines us to qualify our verdict. At present we shall refrain from expressing ourselves further. Signor Tiberini appears to-night as Arturo in *I Puritani*, one of the most trying parts in opera, and no doubt next week we shall be enabled to estimate him at his real value.

On Thursday evenings, April 18 the *Prophète* was given for the fourth time with brilliant success, to the greatest house of the season. The novelty on this occasion was the substitution of Mad. Rudersdorff for Mlle. Corbary in the small but important character of Berta. The powerful voice, dramatic accent, and intellectual acting of Mad. Rudersdorff gave a prominence and interest to the part. The performance of the *Prophète* ought to attract the town for some time to come; but as *Guillaume Tell* is pos-

itively to be brought out on Thursday, the opportunities for hearing Meyerbeer's great work must consequently be limited.

This may be the place to add a report everywhere current, that Mad. Griai and Signor Mario have rejoined the Royal Italian Company.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The principal feature at the third concert was the reappearance of Mr. Ole Bull, after an absence of more than twenty years. The hearty reception accorded to the Norwegian violinist showed that his old admirers had forgotten him, while those to whom he could only be known by reputation (the majority present?) were no less ready to give him a welcome on that account. In the school of playing which he has adopted, Mr. Ole Bull is no doubt a master, and acceptable to a section of the musical public. This was proved by the applause and "encores" to both his solos. The first a *fantasia* of Paganini's, on "Hope told flattering tale," was a remarkable and original display after its fashion—the air sustained while the left hand gave a *pizzicato* accompaniment, "harmonies" in abundance, "double stopping" (ditto), all sorts of variations, tricks and devices calculated to astonish his hearers. Instead of repeating the *fantasia*, Mr. Ole Bull substituted a short dance-tune, which showed still further his fertility in eccentric resources. Mozart's "La ci darem" formed the subject of the second *fantasia*; and certainly never was its character, its charming melody, more thoroughly caricatured. The audience insisted so strenuously upon an "encore," that there was nothing left but to comply, and an arrangement (with prelude) of "God save the Queen" again exhibited the peculiar qualities we have already mentioned. That a great many will go to hear Mr. Ole Bull, there is no doubt; but that he will retain a permanent hold upon a London public we question. Within the last twenty years a more healthy taste has been engendered. Certain it is that those who go week after week to hear the quartets and sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn at the Monday Popular Concerts, will not care to listen a second time to playing which, sacrificing everything intellectual to the mere trickery of execution, can never be dignified by the name of art.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The musical public owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Monday Popular Concerts, for making them acquainted with a number of compositions, which are not only "caviare to the general," but, in many instances, unknown even to musicians; except the few whose opportunities and research are quite quite exceptional. It was a good thought to give Mendelssohn's *Ottet* and Spohr's double quartette in E minor, both on the same night, as it afforded an occasion to contrast works, equally great in their way, although utterly opposed in character. Both produced a marked impression, and as the players in each instance were MM. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Wiener, Watson, Schreurs, Webb, Paque and Piatti, the execution left nothing to be desired. The novelty of the evening was one of the early sonatas of Beethoven's (Op. 26, in A flat, for pianoforte alone, played by Mr. Charles Hallé (from memory) with all the correctness and refinement for which he is famous. This being the most universally familiar of all the sonatas of Beethoven, needs no description. *Andante con variazioni* and the *Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un Eroe*, appeared to make the most impression; but the whole work was so well received as to induce us to hope that we may hear it repeated. The sonata of the 26th was composed about the year 1801, when the success of a funeral march in Paer's *Achilles*, of which every one was talking, prompted Beethoven to show what he could do in the same style; hence the *Marcia funebre* (the 3d movement), than which it is impossible to imagine anything more solemn and impressive. M. Vieuxtemps' own admirable and interesting sonata in B flat, for viola and pianoforte, was given for the second time, and although the latter instrument plays but a subordinate part, it being rather a solo for tenor with accompaniment, the excellent taste of Mr. Charles Hallé added materially to magnificent playing of M. Vieuxtemps, who is as eminent a master of the viola as of the violin. The vocal pieces were confined to two: Mozart's "O cara imagine," and Mendelssohn's "Garland," both rendered with admirable expression, intelligence and neatness, by Mr. Tennant, who is fast (and deservedly), rising in public estimation.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Beethoven's *Mass* in D, was given on Friday, the 12th inst., before an audience which filled every part of Exeter Hall. A work which occupied the illustrious musician more than three years in composing, and takes but an hour and a half in its performance, may well be accepted as a masterpiece; and being quite exceptional, in style and character, if not thoroughly understood at first hearing, the deficiency must be attrib-

ed rather to the want of pretension on the part of the auditors, than to any shortcoming of one who was unquestionably the most intellectual and profound musician of his age. How long is it since the last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven were declared to be incomprehensible,—wild emanations of a disturbed mind,—written when the composer had lost his hearing, and could not judge of the effect? Were not the same remarks applied to his later quartettes, and yet these are now not only understood but familiarized to the public and appreciated by large audiences each week at the Monday Popular Concerts. If there are portions of the *Mass solennis* that may sound strange to unaccustomed ears, let us be sure that whatever Beethoven did was with a purpose; and as the work was written when he was in unusual health and spirits, and was not finished until nearly two years and a half after the occasion for which it was designed (the installation of Beethoven's pupil, patron, and friend, Cardinal Archduke Rudolph), we may conclude that further acquaintance with the work will make clear that which may at first appear obscure. The *Mass* in D has been but little heard in England. At the festival for the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn, in 1845, it excited such interest that its production was deemed advisable by the London Philharmonic, who gave it shortly after. It was not until 1854, however, that the Sacred Harmonic Society ventured on the *Mass solennis*; nor was the experiment over successful.

On the present occasion, however, a vast improvement was exhibited. The music taxed both singers and players to the utmost; and if the realisation occasionally fell short of the conception, the elaborate complications of the work must be remembered, and the credit allowed for the generally admirable style in which it was rendered by band and chorus. Mad. Rindersdorff and Sainton Dolby, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas, were the soloists, and their very arduous duties were accomplished with the most artistic skill. A word of high praise must be given to M. Sainton for his masterly performance of the violin *obbligato* to the "Benedictus." As the *Mass* is to be repeated at the next concert of the Society, we may recur to the subject.

EXETER HALL.—On Wednesday evening Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham* was performed for the first time in London at a grand concert given in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, and with all the success to which its great merits so justly entitle it. When this admirable work was produced last year at the Norwich Festival we gave a full analysis of it, and can add nothing now to the praise then bestowed, unless it be the statement that a fresh audition served to confirm us in the highly favorable opinion already expressed. Herr Molique, on the occasion under notice, was assisted by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wallworth and Mr. Sims Reeves; a band of first-rate efficiency, including nearly all our ablest orchestral performers, and a chorus selected from the best choirs, whether amateur or professional, which the metropolis can boast. Thus Herr Molique's oratorio was afforded the best possible chance of being understood and felt by the London public, and the general result, so frequent was the applause, so numerous were the encores, must have completely realised the anticipations of the most elevated admirers of the eminent German composer. The fine march in E flat was enthusiastically remanded; and similarly honored were the chastely harmonised and beautiful trio "Let all those rejoice," sung with perfect precision and expression by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the touching air "Hear my prayer," most sympathetically rendered by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; and the song "Pour out thy heart before the Lord, given by Mr. Sims Reeves with all the fervor and masterly skill by which his singing is always distinguished. Mr. Stanley's powers were most strikingly exhibited in the heroic war-song, "Arise, and let us go by night," and the deeply pathetic air, "The joy of my heart is ceased." Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Wallworth did ample justice to the parts entrusted to them, and Mad. Sainton Dolby fully sustained the high reputation she has long enjoyed, by her inimitable execution of the principal *contralto* music. The band and chorus were highly satisfactory throughout, under the guidance of Herr Molique, who conducted his own work with the skill and tact of a consummate master. In short, *Abraham* was thoroughly successful, and will, we hope, be shortly repeated in London, either by the Sacred Harmonic or some other great musical society capable of doing it justice. The hall was crowded in every part, and judging from the high prices paid for admission, the pecuniary result must have proved very beneficial to the excellent institution in behalf of which the concert was given.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Once more with thee. Song. F. Woolcot. 25

A melodious song, well justifying the reputation of the author of "Bell Brandon."

Rose of Hazeldean. Song. J. W. Cherry. 25

Cherry has given to the singing *dilettanti* a host of light graceful ballads, which, if not destined to live down to the next generation, are among the best productions of the day, and will always be heard with pleasure. This ballad is of just this class.

When a lover kneels. (Vien un giovine.)

"Der Freischütz." 35

A new and carefully corrected copy of this playful air of Annabel, with the Italian words added.

I'm not such an ugly man. Comic Song.

J. Herbert. 25

Most of our comic singers could make a capital thing out of this song. Let them try it.

Where the warbling waters flow. Duet. Guitar accompaniment. Curtiss. 25

Salut a la France. Guitar accompaniment. " 25

O haste crimson morning. Duet. " " 25

Vocal gems, long familiar to the musical public, now for the first time made accessible to the Guitariet.

Woodland Belle. E. Chapin. 25

An easy little song, written in a popular vein.

Instrumental Music.

The Music of the Union. Medley on National Airs. C. Grobe. 50

Comprising the melodies of The Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, The Red, White and Blue, Washington's March and Yankee Doodle, arranged effectively, yet not too difficult. As these airs have never before been put together into such compact and practical shape, the demand will be very large.

Belmont Polka. E. D. Ingraham. 25

Pleasing, and rather easy.

Woonsocket Quickstep. Handel Pond. 25

A very pleasing composition, by the author of various popular marches.

Books.

JOHNSON'S HARMONY. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1,00

This work is designed for the class of persons designated in the language of music teachers as "new beginners." It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 476.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

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Chevé's System of Musical Instruction.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1861.

This system is due to the conjoined labors of Galin, Paris, and Chevé of France, who elaborated the crude ideas suggested by Jean Jacques Rousseau upon the subject of musical notation, and have brought the system to its present state of perfection: in the country where it originated it is known as the "GALIN-PARIS-CHEVÉ" system. By its means, music is easily, thoroughly, and rapidly acquired, both theoretically and practically, and the voice and ear developed, even when these organs seem almost entirely wanting; large masses of people are taught in a very brief period of time to *sing the most difficult music at sight*, to sing well, to *write from ear*, and to comprehend the science perfectly. It also facilitates instrumentation, as the development of ear and voice, together with a knowledge of the principles of the art and of Thorough Bass, is the only *rational* preparation to thorough execution on any instrument. A superior execution is speedily attained, because the *mind* and *ear* being educated by the vocal and theoretical course, the hand will readily obey them; one who has perfectly mastered every possible effect of intonation and time, as well as the science, will have but little trouble in obtaining almost any desired effect upon the instrument.

There is no other system which can accomplish such results; other prevailing methods can no more compete with this, than can the old-fashioned stage with the railway. On this point, fourteen professors of music in the Government Schools of the city of Paris, in a letter to Monsieur Chevé, said; "We would not venture to bring in competition with your pupils of six months, the best part of those of ours who have had two years of severe schooling in the old system. The means by which pupils can be enabled to attack every difficulty of intonation and time in your method are infinitely superior to anything that has existed to this day."

It is admirably adapted for teaching in classes, giving rapid and positive results; it is also eminently adapted for the training of Choral and other Musical societies. A large society, called the "Galin-Paris-Chevé-Society" has been founded in Paris, which stands in high repute. It was called out on the occasion of the visit of the Queen of England to Napoleon, and is the only Choral Society ever called on by the Emperor on grand occasions. It underwent a severe test, and most thoroughly vindicated the merits of Chevé's system on the occasion of a trial of skill between the new system and any others which might venture to compete with it, proposed by a jury of twenty-four of the most eminent composers and professors resident at Paris, comprising, among others, Meyerbeer, Felicien David, Emile Prudent, Vieuxtemps, Ferdinand Hiller, A. Elwart, Lefebure Wély, and others, with Hector Berlioz as President. The programme, sent to all the societies of France, was

found so difficult that none other dared attempt it, and on the day appointed no other society appeared to undertake the task.

The following account, translated from "Le Souvenir" of June 28, 1858, is worthy an attentive perusal:

"We witnessed, on the 12th inst., a *'trial of skill'* which took place at St. Cecilia's Hall under the presidency of Monsieur Henri Réber, assisted by the *élite* of our artists and composers. A gold medal, tendered by Monsieur Chevé, was the prize to be offered to the Choral Society who might fulfil the conditions imposed by the programme. These conditions, we must confess, were so difficult to fulfil with equal success, that we were not surprised when, at the last meeting of the Jury, of which we had the honor to be a member, the Secretary, Monsieur Tajan Rogé, made known to us that, notwithstanding the programme had been sent to *all* the singing societies of France, *not one* had responded to the appeal.

"On the day of the trial, 200 of Monsieur Chevé's pupils, stood alone on the field in the presence of 1500 spectators, comprising the *élite* of musical amateurs. In this emergency it was unanimously voted by the jury that the Galin-Paris-Chevé Society, there present, should go through the programme proposed by themselves, to which they immediately proceeded.

"First, a Kyrie of Lesueur was admirably sung; after which, a chorus, drawn by lots, by the jury, among twelve, composed expressly for the occasion, and which had been delivered to the Society twenty-four hours only before the time of the performance. This chorus was so beautifully rendered that it was vehemently encored. Then came a fugue in four parts, drawn also by lots among others, composed expressly for the occasion to be *read at sight*. This was a solemn moment, and the two hundred performers, who read off this piece with an *ensemble* truly extraordinary, produced such a sensation on the audience that the hall rang again with the applause and the encores, in which the jury joined lustily. Next, the charming chorus and the "Prayer" in "Count Ory," of Rossini, were most brilliantly executed. Then came the *musical dictation*, one of the most striking features of the system, and one of the greatest benefits it confers on its disciples. How many artists would wish to be enabled to write under their own dictation a melody of such difficulty as this one of Professor Schloësser's, composed by him expressly for the occasion! Professor Schloësser's Solfeggio, dictated by Monsieur Chevé, was written down, then translated into all the different clefs and keys by the performers, and then sung by them. After this truly remarkable feat, the concert terminated with the chorus of "the Reapers" and "the Storm," from Elwart's Symphony of "Ruth and Boaz." These two pieces, which contain eight real parts, and offer extraordinary difficulties, were followed by tremendous applause from the whole room and jury together.

"The decision of the jury relative to the prize to be awarded, was unanimous with that of the audience. It was not Monsieur Chevé's fault if no competitors had come to dispute the medal with him. His pupils had fulfilled all the conditions of the programme with honesty, cleverness, and skill. The jury, twenty-four in number, awarded the medal.

"All the pieces were sung without any instrument."

The system has withstood the severest test of criticism and experiment in France and through-

out Europe, for the last fifteen years, and has won there an unbounded popularity, vanquishing both routine and prejudice; it has at last superseded the old system in the Conservatoire of Paris.

An interesting and highly successful experiment was made at Lyons, France in 1842-43, by Mons. Chevé upon some soldiers of the Military Gymnasium of that city, a brief account of which we condense from the official report. "Lieut. General Baron de Lascours commanding the 7th division, confided 150 soldiers to the professor, by whom they were accepted without regard to their respective ages, capacity, or talent for music, and, on the 1st. October, 1842, the first lesson took place. The men, with few exceptions, began the course very reluctantly, and, only to obey orders. At the end of the first month, the Professor, wishing to classify the voices, made each man sing separately. The result would have been discouraging to most teachers. More than three-quarters of the men were not able to sing the scale. Twelve declared most positively that they would not open their mouths. These were immediately dismissed. The rest, that is 138 men, were kept, notwithstanding the complete absence of musical talent of the greater part, many not being able to distinguish one tone from another. Many confessed that they had not sung a note since the course had begun, but promised that in future they would take part in all the exercises.

"The number of lessons were five a week. No practice was required between the lessons. It must be observed that during the months of October, April and May, there were several weeks' interruption on account of service.

"In December, Lieutenant-General de Lascours, accompanied by many of his friends, came to a lesson. The visitors were much struck with the progress made by the pupils. They had acquired wonderful proficiency in intonation and time, read easily all the different clefs and keys, and sang part music at sight, without any instrument to guide them—one of the peculiarities of the system being that no instrument is ever used in teaching.

"On the 25th of April, 1843, seven months after the opening of the course, the General and other officers with Madame Lascours and many ladies, and in fact all the notabilities of the city received an invitation from the class. The programme was as follows: 1. A Quartette by Webbe. 2. A Languedocian air for three voices, by Des Rues. 3. A trio from the opera of "Cedipe à Colonne," by Sacchini. 4. Reading at sight every kind of interval, major or minor. 5. Reading at sight upon all the clefs. 6. Two canons for three voices, by Silher. 7. A quartette from the "Clemenza di Tito," by Mozart. 8. The quartette in "Iphigenia in Aulia," by Gluck. 9. A trio from the "Magic Roe," by Berton. 10. Finding the tonic on all the clefs and keys. 11. Writing from ear. 12. Reading (at first sight) a trio from the "Magic Flute," by Mozart. 13. An

"Ave Maria" for three voices, by *Choron*. 14. "The Gondolier," a canon in three parts, by *Des Rues*. 15. A Quartette from the "Magic Flute," by *Mozart*. 16. A chorus from the opera "Tancredi," by *Rossini*. 17. The prayer in the opera of "Joseph," by *Méhul*.

"It would be difficult to express the astonishment of the audience. The surprising accuracy with which the men, *one and all*, sang at sight the most difficult intonations in the major and minor modes, the facility with which they read all the clefs and keys, the readiness and exactness with which they *all*, without any exception, wrote down tones vocalized to them, struck all present in the most forcible manner, and fully convinced them that the means employed by Mons. Chev  are infallible in their results, and that, as soon as they are used on a large scale for the benefit of the whole population, the foolish prejudice that some people *cannot sing* will be done away with forever."

Twenty-five thousand of the operatives in Paris have studied under this system, and its patrons include the Emperor and Aristocracy, the Polytechnic, the Normal and the Preparatory schools. We translate the following notice bearing upon this point, from "La Presse" of Dec. 30, 1860: "To-day at one o'clock, the *Galin-P ris-Chev  Society* will give their second musical entertainment in the hall of the *Cirque-Napol on*. More than four thousand invitations have been given out by the committee, which is composed as follows: Count de Morny, President; Rossini and the Prince Poniatowski, Vice-Presidents; Felicien David, Lef bure-W ly, the celebrated composer and organist at *La Madeleine*, and a number of other equally distinguished musicians; with Ernest L pine as Secretary. Many personages of the highest rank will by their presence enhance the * clat* of this artistic *f te*." The names of this committee are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the system and of the esteem in which this Society is held in Paris. Nor is the knowledge of it confined entirely to France, but it is taught in the principal cities of England, Belgium, and many parts of Germany. It was lately introduced into Russia, under the auspices of the Emperor Alexander.

In America it is comparatively little known as yet, and we have but one representative of the system among us, but many advanced and intelligent minds have scrupulously examined into its merits and given in their adhesion; among these might be mentioned Mr. Henry C. Watson, Editor of "Frank Leslie," who thus speaks of it:

"New York, December 1, 1860.

"I have examined the famous system taught by Mons. Chev  in Paris, and consider it eminently practical. It has reduced the theory of music to a comprehensive system, which can be readily understood by pupils of ordinary intelligence. The many obscurities and incongruities of the old system, both in construction and nomenclature, are dispensed with and scientific arrangement has been made a means of simplifying a study which should be universal, but of which the groping of pedants hitherto, by surrounding it with unnecessary difficulties, circumscribed the knowledge to a very narrow circle.

"Every good citizen must wish this system to succeed, for by it thousands can be taught to enjoy the rational amusement of singing in concert at *sight*, and *well*; receiving at the same time a clear knowledge of what they are doing and how they do it—advantages which no other system of class teaching

affords. The more the practice of music prevails among the people, the more domestic, orderly, and happy the people will become.

"The certificates of the remarkable results of the teaching by this system, as tested in Paris, are signed by many of the most eminent composers and professors of music now living. A system which has met with the unequalled approval of such men as Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Vieuxtemps, F. David, F. Hiller, Prudent, Elwart, &c., must have in it the elements of sterling and singular excellence, which should recommend its adoption by the community at large—a consummation which, for the sake of the art and of social improvement, I most earnestly and sincerely desire."

Mr. Henri L. Stuart, of New York, speaking of the effects which would follow its introduction into the schools and among the people of this country, says: "The young would become intelligent critics upon the pretensions of their teachers; the mature would be improved and enlightened; professional empiricism would give place to rational and scientific instruction; and charlatans in music, under this system, would be as readily exposed as in any other branch of knowledge common among the people, such as reading or spelling."

Its results, if once fairly introduced here, would be so much greater than in the countries above-mentioned—owing to the superior intelligence of our people, their progressive tendencies and the wonderful eagerness with which they seize upon every improvement in educational methods—that we sincerely hope the day is not far distant when our countrymen will turn their attention in this direction, and think less of the "Almighty Dollar," and more of those things which are less perishable. AMATEUR.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music

Sketches of French Musical History.

XVI.

THE OPERA COMIQUE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

We shall close the series of contemporary composers who have obtained letters of naturalization upon our second lyrique stage by favor of the public with notices of Clapisson, Thomas, Grisar and Mass . Should this series of papers attain to the honor of another edition, we engage to give in it additional notices of new and successful candidates for the good will of the public.

The family of M. Louis Clapisson was originally from Lyons, and not from Bordeaux as is generally supposed. His grandfather was a musical instrument maker at that city, and his father after making the Egyptian campaign, married a Swiss woman and settled at Naples under King Joachim Murat. He had been a pupil of the celebrated hornist, Punto, and was appointed first hornist at the theatre of San Carlo; in 1775 he took the same position in the theatre at Bordeaux. The son of a virtuoso and skilful composer, the boy Louis, who was born at Naples Sept. 16, 1809, developed very rapidly his fine and happy musical organization. Continually at the theatre, he soon became familiar with the masterpieces of our repertory and had already attained a high degree of skill upon the violin and pianoforte, when his vocation drew him to Paris, whither he came in 1829, in spite of his father, and with but fifty francs in his pocket to defray all his expenses during a winter of extreme rigor. Strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens the young Provincial became hungry and entered mechanically the restaurant of the Bains Chinois. There a sumptuous breakfast was set before him; green peas (in winter), fine wines, the best of everything—nothing was

wanting. But the bill; away went more than half the small capital of the poor musician, who had not dreamed of such a termination to his breakfast. Some days later, after he had paid his last half franc in a caf , the future member of the Institute knew no longer what course to take, when by chance—or rather providentially he cast his eye upon the small street advertising placards. One of them noted a place for a violinist in the orchestra of the theatre Comte; he applied for it and was lucky enough to be accepted; he then confided his sad position to the skillful and kindly director, who hastened to give him an advance payment of his small salary to relieve his immediate necessities. He afterwards studied in the elder Habeneck's class at the conservatory, joined successively the orchestras of the Vari t s Gymnase, and the Italian opera, and finally entered that of the Grand Opera, as a second violin, like the distinguished Berton. He studied composition with Reicha and wrote a string quartette which was executed by the brothers Tilmant, was praised by Onslow and published by Frey. Some time afterwards Clapisson composed his vocal quartets and choruses to *Vieux Paris*, which were successfully executed at the conservatory. In 1837, Madame Lemoine published the first "Album de Louis Clapisson" in which was the famous *Postillon de mam' Albou*. A great number of Melodies, chansonnettes, romances, &c., made the name of the young author popular, whose productions are always characterized by the elegance of the vocal part and tunes of harmony as correct as they are original.

Aug. 24, 1838 the young master produced his first work at the Opera Comique, *La Figurante ou l'Amour et la Danse*, revealed to the public the graceful talents of the composer. With this work Clapisson paid his compliments to the city of Bordeaux, his adopted home; it was a just tribute of remembrance and gratitude. The next year, he composed for Mari  *La Symphonie*, text by Saint Georges. In this work a novel and permanent effect in his harmonies, produced by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra is worthy of remark. *La Perruche*, a piece by Dumanoir and Dupin, gave the actor Chollet and the composer Clapisson, opportunity for a new and well-earned success. After *Le Pendu* and *Fr re et Mari*, appeared the *Code Noir*, a work in 3 acts, greatly appreciated by artists. *Les Bergers Trumeau* preceded *Gibby la Cornemuse*, in which Roger, Bussine and Mlle. Delille were applauded to the echo. *Jeanne la Folle* and *les Myst res d'Udolphe* had not all the success desired. But *La Promise*, which at the Theatre Lyrique, preceded *la Fanchonnette* and *Margot*, established definitely the reputation of the author, who was now judged worthy of a chair at the Academy. The instrumentation of *la Promise* is every way remarkable. Clapisson has gained his own position by steady and laborious efforts; he will encourage none in the composer's career but those, who are really worthy.

Amboise Thomas, the son of an artist, was born at Metz in Lorraine Aug. 5, 1811, and began at a very early age the study of the violin and pianoforte, delighting parents and friends by playing to them little airs of his own composition. In 1828 he came to Paris to pursue his studies in the conservatory. Endowed with an extraordinary musical memory, thoroughly acquainted with the old works in the repertory of the theatre, the young Thomas made rapid progress, studying the pianoforte under Kalkbrenner and Zimmermann and composition under Dourlen, Barbereau and Lesueur. He gained the first prize for the pianoforte in 1829, the Roman prize in 1832. During the tour which the latter prize enabled him to make he learned to appreciate the Italian school thoroughly in its melodic and vocal excellence. While fully recognizing its vicious abuses mere formulas and its frequent commonplaces, it cannot be denied that the true traditions of the art of

singing come from Italy; that it is the land where one meets most frequently beautifully full and sonorous voices thanks to the influence of that warm and generous climate. At Vienna Thomas found a lively class of German composers, who willingly admitted the Italian style into their works to a certain extent, leaving to their compatriots in the North the cold expression of a ~~obscure~~ germanism.

After three years of travel, Thomas returned to Paris, the place above all others, of the purest dramatic taste (?). In 1837 he brought out *la Double Echelle*, his first work for the Opera Comique, and one generally appreciated. At that time he published a quartette, a quintette, trios and other chamber music, with or without the pianoforte; these various works prove both his talent as a pianist and the thoroughness of his studies in composition. Abandoning instrumental music for the theatre, he gave in order *le Perruquier de la Regence*, in 3 acts by Chailot, *Le Panier Fleuri*, a piece reproduced at the Theatre Lyrique, and *Mina*, in which Mlle. Darcier and Roger contested for victory as actors and singers.

Thomas's modesty and indisposition to intrigue withdrew him now for a time from the stage. But in 1849 his position was fixed at the Opera Comique by the success of the *Catd*, a delicious farcical piece in two acts, and of the *Songe*, a fine score in which color and style are perfectly sustained. *Raymond*, a melodrama, still continually upon the stage in Germany, and *La Tonelli*, in which Madame Ugalde was captivating for her fire and effective performance, were followed by *La Cour de Célimene*, a comedy rather cold, written by Madame Miolan. *Psyche*, a work exceedingly touching and finely played by Mlle. Lefebvre preceded the *Carnaval de Venise* destined for Mad. Cabel. The eminent merits of Thomas's works led to his appointment as assistant to Halevy in the Conservatory, and finally to fill the place of Adam, as professor. He has already succeeded Batton, as general inspector of the branch school of the Conservatory.

Many ballets, among which the *Gipsy* had a real triumph, a solemn *Mass de Saint Cécile*, &c., prove the flexibility of the talents of M. Thomas. Having been elected in 1851, successor to Spontini in the Institute he now owes us a pendant to *la Vestale*; the amplitude of his style, the richness of his orchestration, his great knowledge of vocal resources, whether solo or in chorus, are important qualities, which he possesses in a high degree, and lead us to foretell his advent upon the broad stage of the Grand Opera. Should he find a subject suited to his noble powers, the list of grand French works will be enriched by another masterpiece. As this goes to press we are happy to confirm the success of the *Roman d'Elvire* a new comic opera by him.

Albert Grisar, born at Antwerp, Dec. 26, 1808, was destined to a commercial career in his infancy and sent to Liverpool to fit himself for that profession. But his tastes did not coincide with the designs of his parents. Music had been taught him as a part of his education—he desired to make it the business of his life. He therefore stealthily left Liverpool in July, 1830, for Paris and sought the counsels of Reicha. From that time bookkeeping gave place to harmony. Meantime revolution broke out in France and Belgium, and Grisar during the siege of Antwerp still continued his studies.

A simple romance, *la Folle*, laid the basis of his reputation; its melody, was so expressive and original in form as to become the fashion. *Le Mariage impossible*, a comic opera played at Brussels in the spring of 1833, gained the young composer a gift of 1,200 francs to aid him in completing his musical education. He returned to Paris and published a great number of delicious romances. In 1836 he made his first appearance as composer upon the stage of the Opera Comique, with a work in two

acts entitled *Sarah*, in which is a considerable degree of dramatic force. *L'An Mil*, in one act brought out in June, 1837, had perhaps the fault of being too grand a subject for so small a framework. Then came *Lady Melvil* and the *Travestissements*, pieces at first played at the theatre de la Renaissance, after which Grisar was long silent. He then went to Naples to gain inspiration in the native land of buffo music. Upon his return he brought with him *l'Eau merveilleuse*, a rich subject already treated by Auber and in *le Philtre* and *l'Elisir d'Amore*; then he wrote *Gilles ravisseur*, a masterpiece which may well be placed beside the *Tableau parlant* and the *Rendezvous bourgeois*. His farcical, *Bonsoir Monsieur Pantalon*, has continued to draw out peals of laughter, now rare in the theatre; true, the text was marvellously to the composer's purpose. *Les Porcherons*, a work in 3 acts, was greatly applauded. Nothing is fresher than the chorus of gardeners, which opens the first act; nothing more vigorous than the bacchanal scene at the rising of the curtain for the third. *Le Carillonneur de Bruges* and *les Amours du Diable* were less fortunate; yet in the first of these, the beautiful chorus upon the national flag and in the second, a trio of the grandest dramatic effect must be mentioned. *Le chien du Jardinier*, a piece in the vein of the *l'Epreuve villageoise* of Grétry, marks the return of Grisar to his natural style.

We will close this rapid notice of our living composers with Victor Massé, the only one of the younger generation, who has as yet gained a position in the theatre. Born at Lorient, in Brittany, he began his musical studies as a fellow pupil of Rachel at Choron's school. After the suppression of that useful establishment, from which so many fine musicians have preceded, Massé entered at the Conservatory, the pianoforte class of Zimmermann. He studied harmony with Douren and the higher branches of composition with Halévy, gaining the first prize of the Institute in 1844. He then journeyed to Italy and studied profoundly, whatever that classic land of art possessed of wealth in poetry, painting, sculpture and music. The beauty of the climate, the superior organization of its inhabitants, the wonders of nature and art impregnated the happy imagination of the young artist. He is possessed of great sensibility and understands profoundly all the resources of the orchestra; hence Victor Massé has an immense talent as a colorist. He is the Diaz* of music. Harmony, in his skillful hands becomes a pallet from which he draws his tints and shades. His orchestration managed understandingly and most skillfully for effect, adds to the magic of his warm and picturesque style. He is a conscientious artist, one who loves his work, and will not quit a phrase until he feels it impossible to improve it. He may deceive himself at times, for no one is infallible; but at least he never allows a work to leave his hands until he has exhausted all the resources of his brilliant powers. When he has succeeded in rendering an idea, he seeks to accompany it in a manner conforming to the scene to which it belongs, and exercises his wits to find all the forms in which it may be clad, so as finally to gain a full assurance, that it could not be better expressed. In this manner alone can assiduous labor cause a new idea to produce its best fruits.

Victor Massé's first work for the Opera Comique, was *la Chanteuse voilée* in one act, text from the facile pen of Scribe, and was brought out in November, 1850. It was a Spanish subject and so plastic as to be peculiarly fitted for his genius. Mlle. Lefebvre, who was then in all the splendor of her fresh youthful talent, lent the fortunate composer, the best efforts of her marvellous vocalization and her graceful natural acting. Audran was all that could be wished in the character of the painter Velasquez, and Bussine made a fine contrast with his powerful and

* Diaz one of the most famous living Parisian painters in respect to color.

sonorous voice. Massé's instrumentation, which was perhaps rather redundant, cleared itself in *Galatée*, a piece in two acts written by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier. The poem is from the Greek adapted to our epoch. Pygmalion gives life to his statue but dissatisfied with the faults of the woman, prays Venus to change her again to a statue. This termination, though not conforming to the fable, has furnished the musician with scenes, new and varied, upon which to employ his pencil. The choruses behind the scenes are of an exquisite character; the invocation to Venus sung by Mlle. Wertheimer, produces a powerful effect; the air of Paresse, so well given by Mocker, the drinking song, a little overdone, perhaps by Madame Ugalde; the part performed by Sainte-Foy, and as well, all combined to render the whole a complete masterpiece.

The success of the *Noces de Jeannette*, revealed to the public Massé's talents in rural subjects. The romance of the needle, deliciously sung by Mlle. Miolan, offered a happy contrast to the part of Coudere, the actor, who is the very type of the rustic; the song of Margot given with full lungs, exhaled the true country odor. *La Fiancée du Diable*, a work in three acts, had little success; *Miss Fauvette* hardly more. *Les Saisons*, from its descriptive character, was better fitted for a ballet or an oratorio than for the stage. *La Reine Topaz* obtained a success at the Theatre Lyrique. Venetian color abundantly applied upon a picture of large dimensions, the prodigious vocal agility of Mad. Cavalho in his songs of *l'Abeille* and the *Carneval de Venise*, the beauty of the costumes and decorations, the perfect adaptation of Meillet, Froment and Balanque to their parts, all these were elements of powerful attraction to the public.

Les chaises à porteurs is a pretty picture in the style of Boucher. Victor Massé is sometimes a little too much of the realist—never to forget the ideal is the true source of perfection to the artists.

Joseph Staudigl

Born April 14th, 1807 Died March 28th, 1861.

Wöllersdorf, in Lower Austria, was Staudigl's birthplace. His father, one of the imperial rangers, wished to bring him up as a gamekeeper, and, in after life, the celebrated singer certainly distinguished himself as a sportsman. His real vocation, however, soon manifested itself under the guidance and fostering care of the village schoolmaster at Wöllersdorf. In 1816, the boy went to Wiener Neustadt, where he was placed under the chorus-master, Herzog, and when his treble had changed into a powerful bass, received, as a novice, into the Benedictine "Stift" of Mölk, the prelate at the head of which was an ardent lover of music. Staudigl next proceeded to Vienna, and, after enduring considerable hardships, obtained an engagement as chorister in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. It was here that the manager, Herr Düport, became acquainted with him, and, on the occasion of one of the principal singers being suddenly taken ill, gave him the part of Pietro in *Masaniello*. Staudigl was successful, and his artistic career, properly so speaking, now commenced. Not all at once, but gradually, and by most incessant industry and indefatigable practice, he imparted to his voice that evenness, richness, flexibility and power of endurance, which everywhere excited admiration. He devoted, likewise, although not until in after years, the greatest attention to dramatic expression. He could never, it is true, manage to get rid entirely of the Austrian dialect, or divest himself of a certain negligence inherent to his personal appearance; but his performance during his best period—that is to say, from about his thirtieth to the end of his fortieth year—were efforts of the highest rank, being mostly insurpassable, in a purely musical sense, and distinguished, as a whole, for their agreeableness and imposing certainty.

It was not, however, till after his visit to London that his talent was generally appreciated to the full extent it deserved. The admiration entertained for him by his countrymen received an evident impulse from the applause and money he gained from the unmusical, but in many respects artistically inclined, and artist honoring capital of England. He remained at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, under Ballochino, till 1845; he was then secured for the new operatic enterprise in the Theatre an der Wien (under Franz Pokorny), where he undertook the duties of a sort of upper stage-manager, and sang with Jenny Lind, in the remarkable performances, never to be forgotten by the lovers of music, given by that lady.

The unsuccessful result of Pokorny's enterprise, and the straits of his former comrades at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, during the crisis of 1848, caused Staudigl to return to the scene of his earliest triumphs. He was appointed stage-manager-in-chief under Holbein. He was engaged with Cornet a year (1853—1854), and then dismissed, because his voice and, still more, his memory were seriously impaired, but he was dismissed in a manner which, although not unexampled in the Austrian imperial theatres, could not fail to wound the feelings of an artist who had been so generally admired, and whose merit had been proved, for a long series of years, by such admirable performances. If, in addition to this, we take into consideration the bitter effect produced by criticism, even though perfectly justified, when it tells a singer—as it is bound to tell him—when his best period has been passed, and the moment for honourable retirement has arrived; if, moreover, we take into consideration pecuniary losses (simultaneously with the loss of his engagement), a shattered constitution, and other causes of distress, occurring at the same time, we shall have no great reason for immoderate astonishment at the fact of Staudigl's mind becoming deranged in the summer of 1856.

Staudigl's last new part was that of Falstaff, in Thomas's *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*, in the season 1853—1854, while his last appearance took place on the 18th February, 1854, as Ruben in Auber's *Fils Prodigue*. His last new oratorio part was that of Zacharias, in J. Hager's oratorio *Johannes der Täufer*, on the first of March, 1855, and his last public appearance that on Palm Sunday, 1856, at the Burg-Theatre, as St. Paul, in Mendelssohn's oratorio of the same name.

Staudigl's voice was one of those which we may call *beautiful* (*schön*), without running any risk of being accused of abuse of that much-abused term. It flowed forth, with exactly the amount of force that might be desired, in every portion of its natural compass; hence its incomparable correctness, guided by the finest musical ear; hence the irreproachable gradation of tone; and hence the power, so often admired, of preserving clearness of enunciation under all circumstances, and, at the same time, despite the difference of the words, of invariably commanding a degree of agreeable roundness and fullness, frequently quite extraordinary, and always satisfactory; and hence everything constituting the *first foundation* of perfection in the art of singing. This correct intonation—which, also, is a greatly abused and misunderstood term, for let the reader reflect, for a single moment, how few singers can at once pitch their voice properly, without the help of an aspiration, and a hundred other objectionable means—this correct intonation, we repeat, enabled Staudigl to pass, on the one hand, without any sudden break, from great vigour to gentleness of tone, and, on the other, to develop to a certain degree, the flexibility of his voice—a flexibility usually known, in the widest acceptance of the term, as *bravura*. Rossini's runs and roulades were, perhaps, somewhat out of Staudigl's line, but the *bravura* of the German, as well as of the French style—of Handel, on the one hand, and of Boieldieu on the other—not forgetting the magnificent shake, which is so prominent a feature in both these schools, found in Staudigl a perfect master. We may, therefore, safely affirm that flexibility of

voice cultivated to such a pitch, without any sacrifice of quality, a flexibility in which most basso singers are totally deficient, was quite sufficient for the comprehensive round of parts it fell to Staudigl's lot to undertake.

To excellence of intonation, light and shade, strength, softness, and flexibility, were added a most happy, natural, and unconstrained connection of the registers, and a power acquired by incessant and systematic application, of drawing breath only at long intervals (*langer Athem*)—all tending to increase the natural value of so rare a voice. The pleasing impression produced by its peculiarly agreeable and harmonic sound, flowing, we might almost say, from the singer's very soul, cannot be recalled by words, or satisfactorily described; and, when we speak of its melting and metallic character, of its softness and richness, of its evenness and certainty, we are giving only an approximate idea of something which a person must himself have heard to appreciate properly.

If we reflect on the manner in which an artistic education is commenced, we are instantly struck by the absurd and defective plan usually pursued. Yet this fact is taken too little into consideration. People reproach artists with having learnt little or nothing, forgetting that nothing has been done even now, to afford them an opportunity for learning anything. For instance, can the incipient actor find a school for dramatic, rhetorical and mimetic instruction, by means of which he may hope to mature and develop his natural gifts? But the incipient singer is still worse off. Though the actor does not find a school, he finds particular *models* which he can follow, and certain theatres in full activity, where, under a simultaneous course of diligent self-study, and the healthy influence of others he may work himself in, and rise to high artistic excellence. The *instrumentalist*, again, finds in his conservatories, however one-sided and limited their field of action may be, in addition to the requisite elementary instruction, a starting-point for further artistic development. In this case, also, we have to do only with *exclusively musical* qualities and acquirements. How different, and how much more difficult, is the position of the *operatic singer*! How much is expected from him! He must have enjoyed a *musical* education, just like the *instrumentalist*; but he must develop, to the highest possible pitch, the tone, strength, evenness, and flexibility of his voice, and, by continuous and careful application, keep up all these qualities at their proper height, a task infinitely more difficult to accomplish with the human voice than with an instrument; he must acquire a natural, healthful, and noble style; he must obey the rules of musical intonation as strictly as the *instrumentalist*, at the same time preserving clearness of enunciation, and giving the words correctly, both in a declamatory and colloquial sense; in addition to his musical qualification, he must, the moment he goes on the stage, make himself master of those external aids—such as walking, standing, and regulating his features and demeanor—which alone are found quite sufficient to tax the powers of the actor; he must, finally, combine with musical conception and working out of his part, the dramatic treatment, which is all that the actor has to consider, and create out of all this a complete artistic whole. He must become a good actor, without ceasing to be a good musician. It is enough for us to enumerate such demands as these, to see at once the difficulty of satisfying them, if only approximately.

A knowledge of the great difficulties which the singer has to overcome, should teach us not to be immoderate in our demands upon him, and, keeping within the bounds of possibility, though invariably advocating ideal excellence, which the critic cannot entirely avoiding doing, not to lose sight of the peculiarities distinguishing each

* An instrument is ready to our hand, while well-defined and universally valid rules teach us how to use it. Now, although in cultivating the voice, we pre-suppose certain general rules, much of the practical treatment depends on the disposition of each individual, and the state he happens to be in. The voice itself is subjected to the varying influence of the body and mind; it is not a lifeless thing on which we must foster, tend, watch, etc.

separate branch of art. The singer ought to have in him something of the actor, a something which he should endeavor to develop; but he must not become an actor, if he would not entirely ruin the singer. Staudigl was more especially an accomplished singer, and, although the histrionic part of his performances was open to many objections, the general impression of those performances was an especially satisfactory one, and not only the musical, but also the musically-dramatic effect, was indisputably artistic. The peculiar nature of this state of things, by no means infrequent with operatic artists, is to be best explained by a specification of the various good qualities and defects which are mixed up in such individuals.

Louis Niedermeyer.

The tomb has again opened for one of our contemporary celebrities. Louis Niedermeyer departed this life at Paris, on the 14th inst. in his fifty-ninth year. Born on the 27th April, 1802, at Nyon, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, situate on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, Niedermeyer was descended, through his mother, from a Protestant family, which had been compelled to leave France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, a native of Wurzburg, had settled and married in Switzerland. Being himself endowed with great musical talent, he was the first master his son ever had. Louis Niedermeyer, when fifteen years old, was sent by his parents to Vienna, where, for the space of two years, he received lessons on the piano from Moscheles, and in composition from Forster. After having published, in the above city, some of his first essays, consisting of pieces for the piano, he proceeded to Rome, where he continued the study of counterpoint, under the tuition of Fioravanti, master of the Pontifical Chapel. He next went to Naples, where Zingarelli undertook to complete his musical education. It was during his stay in Naples that the young artist composed his first opera, entitled *Il Reo per Amore*, and produced at the Teatro del Fondo. He was then eighteen years of age. In 1821 he had returned to Switzerland. To this epoch belongs one of the most charming inspirations of his youth, an inspiration subsequently destined to be crowned with complete success. We allude to the music of *Le Lac*, which he composed to M. de Lamartine's words, and in which the musician proved himself as much a dreamer and a colorist as the poet. In the following year he proceeded to Paris, where he first attracted attention by several sterling compositions for the piano, and afterwards, thanks to the friendship and patronage of Rossini, who had been acquainted with him in Naples, was enabled to get a two-act opera accepted at the Théâtre Italien. It was entitled *Casa nel Bosco*, the book being translated from the comic opera, *Une Nuit dans la Forêt*. This work was performed in the month of July 1828, but despite a certain melodic charm about it, with only trifling success.

Gentle, timid, and modest, Niedermeyer was little calculated for the incessant struggles to be expected by every dramatic composer at the outset of his career. He soon gave way to a feeling of disgust, and, notwithstanding the reputation he had already achieved by the publication of various pieces of vocal and instrumental music, left Paris in 1833, for Brussels, where he took a lively interest in the institution founded by M. Gaggia. Here he discharged, for eighteen months, the duties of professor of the piano. A situation of this kind did not afford many opportunities for a composer to distinguish himself; Niedermeyer resolved, consequently, to return to Paris, and once more to try his fortune at the theatre. At length the doors of the Académie Royale de Musique were flung open to him, and, on the 3rd March, 1837, he brought out at that establishment *Stradella*, an opera in five acts, words by M. M. Emile Deschamps and Emilian Pacini. This grand score, on which the composer had founded justifiable hopes, was at first coldly received. Subsequently—in 1843—*Stradella* was revived, reduced to three acts, and in its new form ran for a considerable number of nights. Several pieces from it obtained, and still continue to obtain, great success at concerts. In the month of December 1844, Niedermeyer, in conjunction with M. Théodore Anne, produced, at the same theatre, *Marie Stuart*, an opera in five acts, containing, among other remarkable pieces, a most charming romance, which has become a popular favorite. In the following year, government did justice to the talent and character of the artist, by creating him a knight of the Legion of Honor. In 1846, he was summoned by Rossini to Bologna, for the purpose of working under his direction, at the adaptation of the *Donna del Lago* for the French stage. This adaptation was performed, in

the month of December in the same year, at the Grand Opera, under the title of *Robert Bruce*. Lastly, in the month of May 1853, Niedermeyer brought out his five-act opera, *La Fronde*, words by M. M. Maquet and Jules Lacroix. About the same time he conceived the idea of establishing, on the model of the old institution founded by Choron under the restoration, but suppressed after the revolution of 1830, a School of Religious Music, intended to form, by the study of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, singers, organists, *maitres de-chapelle*, and composers of sacred music. By the assistance of M. Fortoul, then Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, he obtained a subsidy from the State, and in the course of the year 1853, opened his school, M. Dietsch being appointed to assist him as "Directeur des Etudes." This establishment, situated in the Rue Neuve Fontaine-St.-Georges, Paris, and in which a literary education, as far as the subjects of the third form, is given to the pupils simultaneously with their musical instruction, was not long in prospering and sending out a number of distinguished proficientes, who have been appointed to various cathedrals and churches in France.

Niedermeyer watched over the interests of his school with unvarying solicitude, and neglected nothing which could tend to improve the course of study there. Thus, by no means satisfied with the altogether arbitrary manner in which the plain-chant is generally accompanied, he devoted his most serious attention to this interesting part of religious art, and, in 1855, published, in conjunction with M. J. d'Ortigue, a *Traité d'Accompagnement de Plain-Chant*, founded upon new principles. It was, also, with a view to diffuse among all classes a taste for religious music, that, in 1856, he established a paper called the *La Maitrise*, the editorship of which—now entrusted to M. d'Ortigue—he resigned in 1858. He was employed in terminating a grand work on the accompaniment, for the organ, of the plain-chant of the church service, when death suddenly surprised him. His funeral took place on the 17th instant, in the Cimetière du Nord. Two speeches were delivered, one by the Pastor Coquerel, and the other by M. Elwart, before his prematurely opened tomb, and in the midst of his pupils and numerous friends, who had hastened to pay him this last mark of respect.

Niedermeyer leaves a son, aged twenty, and two daughters, to whom he bequeaths no fortune, save an unblemished name. He obtained long since the recognition of his right to French nationality. We have already mentioned the works he produced on the stage. He wrote, also, a great many separate vocal pieces. Among the best known are: "Le Lac," "L'Isolément," "Le Soir," "L'Automne," "La Voix humaine," ou poems of M. de Lamartine; "La Route du Sabbat," "Océano-Nox," "La Nuit," "Puisqu'ici bas toute Ame," to words by M. Victor Hugo; "La Noce de Léonore," "Une Scène dans les Apennins," and several other pieces, to words by M. Emile Deschamps. He also set to music Manzoni's ode: "Il cinque Maggio," Millevoys's "Poète Mourant," and Casimir Delavigne's "Ame du Purgatoire," besides composing several masses, one for grand orchestra, and a large number of religious pieces for the voice and for the organ, etc., etc.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XIII.

MUSIC IN BERLIN—BACH.

With the musical wealth of a whole winter in Germany opening before me two expectations, two desires were uppermost. One was, to hear as much as possible of the operas of GLUCK; the other, as much as possible of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. For these are just those noblest legacies of musical genius, which an American cannot have at home, however intimate he may be with Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the rest. He must go to Germany for them, as he must go to Italy for Raphael and Titian, or to Vienna for St. Stephen's cathedral, to Venice for St. Mark's. The former wish was reasonably well gratified, although (in respect to quantity) not well enough.

Berlin was just the place for it; the only place where Gluck comes frequently, with all due honor and fair treatment, upon the stage. I was fortunate enough to hear there the *Orpheus and Eurydice* twice, and the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris* each once; and with one of the true lyric queens of our day, (although her voice is sadly damaged), Frau Jachmann (Johanna Wagner), in the parts of Orpheus and of Clytemnestra. Enough here to say, that all my anticipations were made good; that all that I had been told of the classical dignity, the truth to nature, the unflagging dramatic interest, the absence of all forced, false or sickly expression, and the inspired, pervading beauty of each work as a whole, in Gluck's operas was fully realized. The only regret was, the impossibility of repeated hearings, so that one might really get to know the noble strangers. More of this hereafter.

With regard to BACH, too, my opportunities have been abundant; and it is simple truth to say, that nothing else in this Art tour has, nothing else could have, so met the deepest want, or so enriched my musical experience. Each new leaf that I have turned of him has deepened my conviction that he was as great in genius as in learning; that his ideas are as wonderful, as inexhaustible as his skill in handling them; that there is feeling, soul, religion in his music, and not mere contrapuntal mathematics; that his fugue work is more beautiful, and more appealing to the inmost soul of us, than curious,—more like happy inspirations, tipped with true imaginative fire, than like calculated combinations; and that Nature, after all, the rich imaginative, poetic nature of the man, played the largest part in it. But above all, his music testifies to the profound religious nature of the man; it was the daily, hourly offering of a sincere, a rich, all-absorbing, manly, cheerful, childlike piety; an offering in which all his faculties gathered themselves up for a complete, ideal act, to realize the beauty of holiness. His music is the type and the expression of those experiences, those instincts in us, which relate us to the Infinite and make us conscious of a spiritual world and destiny. Hence it is, that we feel something mystical (in the best sense, not opposed to clear) in his music and his life; and that his Fugues awaken somewhat the same wondering and infinite sensation, the same insatiable appetite, with which we gaze and are charmed upward and upward by the soaring, fluid lines and details of an old Gothic cathedral tower and spire; endless variety ascending, losing itself in the sublime whole, which but repeats, or rather realizes, the type of form of each particular. These two types of form, the Gothic cathedral in architecture, seem in its great specimens, and the Bach fugue in music, have a wonderful affinity with what is deepest in us; one listens with insatiable appetite, like love. Their suggestion is a story without end, and never tedious.

It is the idlest kind of talk, this, which treats the partiality for Bach, and for such polyphonic, such fugue music as he wrote, as mere pedantry. It is ignorance or impudence to say that such things are wholly done by rule, that they are the cold and uninspiring product of the mere mathematical, combining intellect. No art could live a century upon such capital. A posthumous enduring and increasing fame is a thing that has roots and grows. The interest which the best

musicians and the most musical persons now take in Bach, after his works had lain a good part of a century almost forgotten or rather not yet known, (like Shakespeare), is proof enough that there must be something in him; that his fugues, church cantatas, arias, &c., are made of more immortal stuff than any skill or learning. Musical Germany finds no task more rewarding, more inspiring, than the exploration of those countless scores in manuscript which he has left; and it is doubtful whether any music at the present moment is exerting a greater influence,—not directly on the great mass of music-lovers, but not the less surely through those who have penetrated the nearest to the sanctuary in the temple of this divine Art. The great "monster concert" master, Jullien, was once complimented on a certain something like a fugue, which he had introduced into his opera "*Pietro il Grande*," (which brought a hundred horses upon the stage). "Oh," said the great man, "that is nothing; any musician can compose a fugue. It is wholly mechanical; it is only to take a little theme, and treat it according to the rules, and all the rest follows precisely as it must; there is no room for invention in it." He had nothing to answer to the question: "How then comes it, inasmuch as everybody wrote fugues in Bach's and Handel's time, that their's have lived, and nearly all the rest have passed away? Does it not appear that while some fugues are sticks, others are living branches from a tree with roots? and that there may be all the difference between one man's fugue and that of another (on the same subject too), that there is between a song by Shakespeare, such as "Hark, hark, the lark," and one by one Miss Matilda in the poet's corner of a newspaper?"

But I did not intend an apology for Bach, or a defense of fugues. And this is no time to go into the discussion of deep questions. I am simply reporting what I have seen and heard, with some hint of the impressions it has made on me. Whether the Bachists be right or wrong (and so far as any are exclusives they are wrong), it is certainly a fact that no composer, old or new, so occupies the attention of the most earnest musicians and amateurs in Germany just now, as Bach. No works are sought out, edited, studied, practised, professed, listened to, talked over and written about with more eager curiosity and enthusiasm than his. It is that people feel that they have opened here a well of living waters; that they have found here something old, long buried out of sight under the rubbish of the past which really is fresher, newer, more original and more refreshing, than any thing produced in our own time. And what a monument to the man's memory, what a witness to the power with which his music speaks to the best musical and spiritual instincts and perceptions of the present age, is that magnificent edition of his works, from the press of those princely Leipzig publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, of which a volume is put forth yearly under the auspices of the Society for the publication of Bach's works! Ten noble volumes are already before us—the most beautiful specimens of music engraving and printing (these and a similar edition of Handel, since commenced), which exist in the world. And let us take a little pride in knowing that the series has some eight subscribers in our own Boston! None of us may live to witness the completion of the

series; for the unpublished manuscripts which Bach has left are as innumerable, as the scores are in almost every case important and elaborate. The publication enriches nobody but the subscribers and the world. That is to say, there is no money made by it. It is published purely as a monumental work by the Bach Society; the price covers the expense of the publication and no more; so that the subscribers are really themselves the publishers, and the Society is their committee, which manages the thing for them. It really adds to the value and attraction of the books, that they are free from all taint of trade.

A traveller through old cities has many treasures shown to him. But nothing which I have seen, in palaces and churches, in galleries and libraries, has seemed to me so rare a treasure as one which I saw in the Royal Library in Berlin. The musical department of that library contains 50,000 works. (Our "Diarist" has told us that before and has written us many a letter from the midst of his labors in its recesses, copying out the "conversation books" of Beethoven, in which people pencilled their questions and remarks to the deaf giant during so many years). There, near a window, so as to be readily removed in case of fire, stands a huge chest of drawers and shelves, full almost to bursting with autograph scores of Bach. Besides those of the published works, the great Mass in B minor, the Passion music, both according to the text of Matthew and of John, the Christmas Oratorio, the Organ Preludes and Fugues, the "well-tempered Clavichord," &c., here are found upwards of 270 different church Cantatas,—elaborate compositions, consisting of Symphonies, Chorals, Fugues, Arias, Duets, &c., of which Bach wrote a fresh one for each Sunday of the year, for many years, while he was cantor of the Thomas Church in Leipzig. Many of these are among the grandest and most wonderful creations of religious music; and not a title of them are yet published or known. Many more are hidden here and there, no one knows where, or are destroyed. The librarian has even picked a loose shred of a rumor, that some of them have found their way, a long while ago, to America. Surely so rich a collection must in time draw to itself whatever scattered manuscripts of Bach exist.

While speaking of this library, let me name some other treasures which it possesses. I saw there Beethoven's complete manuscript of the Ninth, or Choral, Symphony! a strange mass of hieroglyphics, filled with erasures, alterations, and mere hints and sketches; yet very fascinating, (and as if they would fain tell their meaning picture-wise) the tangled, sprawling curves and dashes looked. I saw, too, books full of first sketches, mere jottings down of principal ideas, for works which he designed to write; among them, a design for each of the several movements of a tenth Symphony. What a contrast between the look and character of these autographs, and that of an autograph opera by Mozart! In the latter no erasures, no corrections; all as neat and clean as if it had been copied for a photograph edition. And such was Mozart's creative method as he himself tells us in the letter to the Count. Every thing came to him whole and complete; all its parts lay clearly in his mind at once, in due relation and proportion; he had only to copy out thence upon paper. It was the pure way of inspired genius, the Raphael way. Many works

of Palestrina, and the old Italians, of Orlando Lasso, Handel, Haydn, all the lesser Bachs, of Cherubini, of nearly all the known, and many unknown, masters exist here in manuscript, or in the only known printed copy.

Of course Bach does not reign equally in all the German cities. His great works are chiefly to be heard in Leipzig and Berlin. In the former place the Bach movement, so to speak, of these times began; for there are centred the Bach traditions, and there Mendelssohn sounded the signal of the newly awakening interest in him. There his *Passions*-music and other great religious works are performed in the church, and from the choir, where Bach himself was cantor: and there it has been my good fortune to hear his *Weinachts-Cantata* (or Christmas Oratorio) and his *Johannis Passion*, produced by the indefatigable, single-minded, modest laborer in the pure cause of Art and Bach, Herr Riedel, with the singing society which he has raised up for the purpose. Berlin, as the great northern capital of Germany, and with great resources and ambition, must have everything, and upon a larger scale than anybody; and so her many excellent societies bring out more great works of Bach in the course of a season, than can be heard anywhere else. It was my luck to secure much and to lose much of this. Could I have staid there until Passion week and later, I should have heard both the *Matthäus* and the *Johannis Passion*, and also the great Mass in B minor, called his greatest work. Or could I have contrived to be upon the Rhine that week, I might have heard the Matthew Passion upon three successive days in Darmstadt, in Aix-la-Chapelle and in Cologne—the latter under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, who is the right man to keep alive an interest in Bach in those regions. But what I did hear in Berlin makes a formidable list. For instance, five of the Cantatas, including two of the grandest works I have ever heard, even by the side of Handel's Oratorios, namely one upon the Choral: *Ein' feste Burg*, and one commencing: *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*; performed by that admirable society, the "Bach-Verein," which has for its director one of the most sterling musicians and composers of the day, George Vierling. Also many Motets and Chorals, many organ Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Sonatas, &c., violin music, arias sung in mixed concerts, &c.

In Vienna, where I arrived just before Easter, Bach is little cultivated. Ever since Beethoven and Schubert's time, the Italian taste has reigned among the light-hearted Viennese. As a musical city, it is more like Paris. But there is already an awakening in a higher direction. There is a circle of young musicians in Vienna, among whom I may name Hellmesberger and his fine Quartet, Eppstein, the pianist, Ruffinaccia, &c., who serve the highest cause of classical Art in a right noble spirit. These men love Bach, as well as Beethoven. Joachim is an immense favorite there, and through his masterly violin performances, has even made Bach more than palatable to Viennese audiences. Vienna, too, has the honor of publishing altogether the best and most high-toned musical journal, which now appears in Germany. Its editor, Herr Selma Bagge, is an enlightened, earnest and unselfish champion of the True in Art; and whoever among German musical men has an earnest word to say upon any important topic is very apt to seek the Vienna

journal for his organ. There has appeared recently, in several numbers of it, a review of Robert Franz's admirable arrangements of Bach's arias, which shows the most profound and delicate appreciation of Bach's style and genius, and of his mission in the world, that I have ever seen. It is said to have been written by a young composer of much promise, living in Halle, a pupil and friend of Franz, by name Saran.

Let this pass for an introduction, and in another letter I will try to recall more particularly what I have heard of Bach. D.

A New Mass.

Mr. J. FALKENSTEIN, who has been the organist and musical director at the Endicott street Catholic church for a term of years invited some of his friends to a rehearsal of a Mass composed by him and executed by the choir and orchestra of the church with the aid of some of our resident musicians on the evening of May 4th. Mercantile Hall, where the rehearsal took place, was filled with an appreciative audience.

Composing a new piece of music may be set down as an undertaking much more delicate, at the present day, than writing a new book. Not only have the various emotions of the human soul been treated in tones in the most varied manner, but they have been so expressed by the immortal masters in ways beyond which hardly anything seems possible. From the *Matthäus*-passion of Bach, to the *Missa solennis* in D by Beethoven—mentioning these two works merely as outposts of a host of glorious, sublime compositions and not forgetting the Requiem by Mozart nor the Masses by Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini and others; from Handel's *Susannah*, *Judas Maccabeus* to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—so much grand, devout and truthful musical expression has emanated from the minds of these chosen men that it is, in this as in other departments of musical art, an almost hopeless endeavor to find a new form wherein to clothe a new musical idea.

The musical critic has a difficult task to perform with reference to new compositions in church style. Filled with the severe and yet so warm and deep beauties of Bach and Händel, having the grand and solemn mysteries of the Requiem by Mozart and the *Missa Solennis* by Beethoven indelibly graven in ones memory, it is difficult to disengage oneself from these impressions in order to find the standard, by which to measure a new applicant for musical fame. Having to consider the means with which a composer has to work, if writing for practical purposes, it was well for an impartial critic to have had occasion of hearing the composition, the name of which heads this article. And after observing that a part of his orchestra is not of the highest order, we are surprised at the happy tact and practical skill with which Mr. Falkenstein worked out the instrumentation of his modest composition. Indeed we think in some places Mr. F. attained orchestral effect with his limited means, which do him much credit and show that he is a practical musician of great ability. Proofs of this are furnished throughout the whole of the work. The orchestration, as far as the middle parts are concerned, suffered somewhat from the absence of violoncellos and bassoons, which could not be procured. This caused certain passages to sound thin, especially where, as is often done and we think not to advantage, the violins go *unisono* with the singers. We especially observed this in the "Incarnatus." The "Kyrie" is good, so are various parts of the "Gloria," in which imitations in the bass instruments produce quite a good effect. The first movement of the "Sanctus" struck us as especially good good, expressing happily a mysterious holy emotion. In the "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei," the soprano singer has some fine soli, and revealed a full sympathetic voice, which, with proper cultivation, we think, would be a valuable

addition to the ranks of our resident singers. A fine part occurs also in the "Dona nobis pacem." Some of the finest instrumental effects are in some pieces for the brass instruments in the "Gloria," "Credo," and the "Hosannah" of the "Sanctus." Especially good was the chorus of the "Agnus Dei," with its accompaniment of brass instruments. And so was the "Amen" at the close of the mass.

The style of the composition reminds one of Mozart. Although there are no positively new ideas in the work, and the harmonies, though very good in many places, have been used before, yet there is so much skill in the Mass, many graceful flowing melodies in the various brief movements and so much practical ability in the very short and modest work, that we sincerely think Mr. Falkenstein ought to essay some greater work or at least a more elaborate orchestral composition. We might add that portions of the mass seemed to have more of a lyrical, operatic character than is desirable for a mass. But then we remember what good old father Haydn said, when similar objections were raised against some passages in his masses, "Why should I not pray to my God with merriment and rejoicing?" said the good old man. Every one ought to do all things in his own way is surely a good and just maxim.

If we may take the liberty, we should suggest to Mr. Falkenstein a study of the works of Bach. There are some passages in his mass that show that he likes to write in a seyerer style. The old maestro is the best food for aspiring talents and we think Mr. F. would find it to his great advantage to make himself familiar with the motettes and airs of Bach as well as his masses and oratorios. *†

THE LAST AFTERNOON CONCERT of the season was given by the Orchestral Union on Wednesday, May 15th, before a crowded house. There did not seem to be a seat vacant. The programme was unusually rich.

1. Overture—"Die Hebriden".....Mendelssohn
2. Concert Waltz—"Gedanken Flug".....Strauss
3. Symphony No. 9—(op 88).....Mozart
4. Overture—"Oberon".....Weber
5. Romanza in G—(For the Violin).....Beethoven
Performed by Carl Mädel.
6. Armen Ball Polka.....Strauss
7. Soldiers' Chorus, Prayer and Barcarole.....Meyerbeer

The four classical pieces were very well rendered. We were glad to find a delicate shading of *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* in all of them. Mr. MEISEL played the Romanza by Beethoven with much purity and taste and received a deserved applause. All the other pieces especially the very effective extract from the "Star of the North," were performed very well, and the concert formed a brilliant close to a successful series.

We see with pleasure that the "Orchestral Union and the Germania Band propose to give a series of Saturday evening concerts. Particulars see in another column. *†

Mr. Bendelari's Concert.

MR. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, with his musical club, made up from his pupils, gave a concert at Mercantile Hall, on Saturday evening last, for the benefit of the families of the Boston Volunteers. We need not say that such a body of singers, drawn from the most cultivated society of the city, did not fail to draw a crowded house, or to give a most substantial benefit. The programme gave us the names of some fifty ladies and twenty gentlemen who make up Signor Bendelari's club, and we should be well pleased to be able to give some fuller account of this very delightful concert. The voices were all very fresh and beautiful, and several of the singers showed the highest style of amateur accomplishment and cultivation, most creditable to their instructor. The concert closed with a spirited air and chorus, composed by Signor Bendelari, who, like most of our adopted citizens, is full of patriotic ardor, which found spirited expression in this song, *Rule Columbia*, which was admirably sung by Mrs. HARWOOD and full chorus. This was the programme:

1. Chorus, I Lombardi, Jerusalem.....Verdi.
2. Solo, Linda, O Lucia.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Maria Padilla....."
4. Solo, Giuramento, Manegili.....Mercadante.
5. Solo, Tancrède.....Rossini.
6. Duet, Bianco e Faliero....."
7. Solo, Separazione....."
8. Pazzo Concertato, Macbeth.....Verdi.

PART II.

1. Ave Maria.....Florimo.
2. Solo, Lucia, Reguava.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Giuramento.....Mercadante.
4. Solo, Jeanne d'Arc.....Bordesti.
5. Quartette, Carnevale di Venezia.....Petrella.
6. Solo, Cenerentola, Non più mesta.....Rossini.
7. Rule Columbia.....B. Augusto
Mrs. Harwood, and Chorus. [A. Bendelari]

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON.—Our troops in the Federal City, beside giving proofs of their expertness as mechanics of every sort, show that there are not a few among them possessed of no little skill in the divine art of Music. We read that on the Sunday after the arrival of a Massachusetts regiment, divine service was performed by its chaplain, one of the privates officiating as organist, while others made up an efficient choir.

We have received (with a complimentary ticket) the following programme of a concert to be given, May 9th, by the LIGHT GUARD, Company A, 71st Regiment, New York) at the Navy Yard Barracks at Washington—a *Matinée d'Invitation*. We regret that circumstances forbid our acceptance of the invitation, and hope that some friend may send us a Washington letter. With HARRISON MILLARD (a private in the regiment) for conductor, and Dodworth's famous band for orchestra, our readers will readily believe that the concert was well worth attending. Here is the Programme:

1. Quickstep, "Thou art far away".....Millard.
Dodworth's Band.
2. Song, "Yes! let me like a soldier fall".....Wallace.
Mr. Millard.
3. Quartet, "Come where my love lies dreaming".....Foster.
Glee Club.
4. Song, "The Monks of old".....Glover.
Mr. Camp.
5. Finale of "La Traviata".....Verdi.
Dodworth's Band.
6. National Ode, "The flag of the free".....Millard.
Mr. Millard and Chorus.
7. Trio, "Love's young dream".....Moore.
Millard, Woodruff, and Camp.
8. Fantasia on "Il Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi.
Dodworth's Band.
9. Miserere from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.
Mr. Millard, H. Dodworth and Chorus.
10. Duetto, "I would that my love".....Mendelssohn.
Dodworth's Band.
11. Patriotic Song, "Viva l'America".....Millard.
Mr. Millard.
12. Full Chorus, "Star Spangled Banner".....Bey.
Director, Mr. Harrison Millard.
Band Leader, Mr. Harvey Dodworth.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1861.—"Tom" was born in Georgia, owned by a man named Jones. He was an idiot from birth. His father and mother were offered for sale. Price \$1,500 without Tom; \$1,200 with him. A Dr. Bethune purchased him. His daughters had a piano and used to play a little; the kind of music girls play, not much of anything. Tom used to spend his time rolling in the mud, but as soon as the piano struck up come in the house he would; there was no keeping him out. One night the piano was heard after the family had retired. They went in the parlor, and there was Tom playing *every tune he had ever heard*; the first time trying. Tom is blind; has not common sense, cannot converse on any subject, although he will go to church and coming home, repeat every word of the sermon. Sightless from birth and untutored, his soul runs over with the spirit of music. He produces the sweetest melody that we can conceive of, with the utmost accuracy. His brain is a repository of the richest musical gems, which scintillate and flash beneath his ebony fingers, assuring us that this unenlightened little child could only have been taught by the finger of God. Without a moment's instruction, the son of ordinary Southern field hands, he sustains himself a linguist, composer, and musician. He claims to be the only person who can play three airs at once, but I have heard Theodore M. Brown do that often, and Gottschalk play four, in Buffalo. Tom repeats any piece no matter how long or difficult on hearing it once. He repeats the music correctly and the words, verbatim, of any song in any language. He does not understand a single rudimentary principle of music yet composes gems of rare artistic ability. He sits down to the piano, plays any duett with any one, never having heard it before, and then changes stools and plays the other part, thus composing and remembering. He plays also with his back to the piano, standing up, completely reversing his fingers. He does not know a *flat* from a *sharp*, nor the name of the key. He plays the most difficult operatic music without missing a note, or striking a false one. He was caressed and petted as all negro children are on a plantation, especially those affected with the terrible infirmity loss of sight. But when the veil of darkness was drawn over the sight of this poor negro boy, a flood of light was poured in upon his brain, and his mind became an opera of beauty written by the hand of God in syllables of music.

I have sat in some considerable impatience sometimes; I did the evening I heard Jenny Lind, the

first ever I heard Lagrange—but I confess I was more impatient to see Tom. The door opened and a gentleman led forward a grinning, idiotic, Congo boy, whom with some trouble he controlled. Tom is a full-blooded negro, and appears more like an ape than a man. He is eleven years old. He bowed as if his head was coming off, and while the gentleman was talking, kept playing and grinning, rolling his eyes, &c. During the evening he would drum on the piano, at intervals, clap and laugh when the audience did, and had to be closely watched all the time. He was led to the piano and took his seat. He threw his head back, and commenced with all the ease, yet *vim* of a master. He did all they claimed for him. Beautiful, and difficult selections from the various operas, and, in short, all the modern piano music. I am astounded, I can not account for it, no one can, no one understands it. Sunday afternoon I visited him, and for the first time we discovered a new property. I placed him at the other end of the room, and as I struck the piano at random, he immediately told every note I struck, whether black or white. He does not know their names. I struck very quickly, giving him no time to think, and kept him saying black and white as fast as he could speak; he never missed once. Monday evening they did the same at the Concert. His hand is very peculiarly shaped. From the ball of his thumb up to the first finger is an inch longer than common. The organs of time and tone are entirely wanting. He can be taught nothing. He has no intelligence. He is in all respects, save in music, a blind, idiotic negro, can not carry on any conversation. We well know the difficulty of giving concerts on the piano alone, and I never knew but one man who could do it, Wm. Mason. Tom gave fifteen in Louisville, but the troubles here broke up all concerts. To show his wonderful imitative powers he delivered a long speech of Senator Douglass' which he heard him deliver in Virginia. It was perfect, and yet Tom did not even know the meaning of a word. In playing at a concert, he does not know his pieces by name, for he does not know the names. The agent says, "Now, Tom, play the piece you played such a time," &c. Tom runs the chromatic scale with his thumb and first fingers only. In fact, his whole fingering is unlike everything else before known. He plays his pieces in any key. No matter what the piece, he will play it in a dozen different keys, full chords and all, right off, changing as fast as you wish.

His playing arises partly from his strong imitative powers, even himself not understanding why. If the audience clap so does Tom. If they should hiss he would hiss too. In the midst of his concerts he will say, "Oh, I feel like playing such a piece," and plays it. All he plays he has learned in a year.

Now, in conclusion, you may ask me one question, "Do you wish us to understand that Tom plays as well, all things considered, as Wm. Mason, Gottschalk, &c. Fairly, then, I do not. But Tom has never heard them yet. He can only play what he hears, and as he hears it. He has only heard the best players of the Southern States. He has not failed yet. Whether he will meet one who can play a piece he cannot, is a problem. He cannot come North, as he is a slave. (Bring him on! He will be safe, even in Boston; our word for it.—Ed.) He goes direct to Europe, and we shall see what we shall see.

It is the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed, to see that blind, idiotic, repulsive negro, who looks and acts much more like an ape than anything else, at the piano, discoursing such music. What is passing in that mind, walled in as it were by a wall of adamant? He cannot tell. No one can. BROWN.

PARIS, APRIL 26, 1861.—At the *Théâtre Lyrique* the new opera *La Statue* is a decided success. The music is by M. Reyer, words by Jules Barbier and Carré. The plot is taken from the Arabian Nights. Hector Berlioz thus speaks of the music of Reyer:

"The partition of M. Reyer reveals from the first a musician loving style, character, and true expression. The form of some of his pieces is not always strongly marked, but in all there may be found the qualities that are the chief charm of Weber's works, a depth of sentiment, a natural originality in melody *une harmonie colorée*, and an energetic instrumentation free from all brutality and violence."

Alternating with *La Statue*, Gluck's *Orpheus* is being given at the Lyrique, which is justly called the Odeon of the opera. Mad. Viardot ensures the success of this classic music.

At the *Italiens* Donizetti's *Polinto* has been much applauded. Pacani, Penco, and Graziani personated the chief characters. On the Emperor's birth-day, both he and the Empress were present for the representation of *Un Ballo in maschera*.

At the Grand Opera, the Huguenots continues to

draw more strangers than Parisians. Mlle. de Taisy has continued her *debuts* in Lucie de Lammermoor.

Royal-Gravate is played at the Opera Comique. It is by two young noblemen, the sum of whose years would not amount to fifty, MM. de Mesgrigny and de Massa.

By special favor the *Salle du Conservatoire* has been accorded by the Minister of State to Leon Kreutzer, who is to give a grand concert on the 4th of May. Among the concerts of the fortnight may be mentioned those of Mme. Anna Barthe, of MM. Marchesi, Jacquard, and Lefort. A beautiful concert may also be mentioned, given by the blind of the *Institution Imperiale des jeunes aveugles*. They were seconded by several artists of the *Conservatoire*. A Christmas Carol, by Gounod, was sung by the blind pupila, also a beautiful composition executed by them entitled *Les Saisons*, the work of M. Paul, their professor.

Thé chief theatres have produced nothing new. At the Odeon, Mad. Ristori still continues as Beatrix in the Madonna of Art. A parody of this piece is announced at the *Palais Royal*, under the title, *La Matrone de l'Art*. M. Lagouvé then alone occupies the two principal theatres of Paris. At the Français his *Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien* and at the Odeon his Beatrix do not seem to be on the point of being soon replaced.

La Tour de Nesle has been in preparation for some time and is announced to-night. After some difficulty the role of Buridan has been given to Mélingue, who formerly identified himself with this character. After the *Tour de Nesle*, the Porte Saint Martin is to give a great drama entitled "Nero," by MM. Latour de Saint-Ybars and Edouard Plouvier. Taillade will play the chief role.

The Theatre des Varietes has given two pieces, *Menuet de Danae*, by Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy — a half sentimental drama — and *Hercule et une jolie femme*, a gay vaudeville, by Varin and Michel Delaporte.

The Hippodrome resumes its representations next Tuesday. A military drama is to be given, entitled, *Souvenirs d'Afrique* or *Les Crêtes de Beni-Fraoussen*. M. Arnault was the first to introduce these pantomimes with such display of scenery in the open air. This year he proposes to offer the spectacle of a combat on rugged mountain sides. Arabs, Zouaves, *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are to take part in the action. It will be the first time that such equestrian manoeuvres will be seen at the height of several stories. But this is not all the Hippodrome promises. There are among other novelties to be a parody of a bull-fight and a Ballet of frogs.

It is needless to say that "The Prisoner of the Bastille" is drawing crowds and will probably continue to do so for the next month or two. F. B.

Concert Spirituel.

This was the name given to a class of concerts established at Paris, in 1725, by Anne Danican-Philidor, a brother of the celebrated chess-player. The first performances were all in Latin, but afterwards this restriction was abandoned. The managers of these concerts obtained a license from the Royal Academy of Music, and all artists were obliged to appear at these entertainments. They took place during Easter, when the theatres were closed, and among the performers who appeared during their continuance might be seen all the actors, more or less celebrated, who were attached to the Royal Academy through a number of years. Some of the exercises must have been strange in appearance. It was the custom for debutants to appear first on the stage in short prologues, and not to undertake, at once, the impersonation of a long character. When the Concert Spirituel was inaugurated, these debutants were made to appear in character, and perform certain Latin compositions. Imagine an assemblage of musicians and choristers assembled for the performance of music. Upon the stage successively appear the candidates for theatrical honors. They are not clad in the costumes of the surrounding crowd,

but in the garb of some fanciful character which they are ultimately to assume on the stage. A shepherd bedecked with ribbons, arrayed in satin, crook in hand, a shepherdess with abbreviated skirts, and a liberal display of charms unconcealed by an indierect bodice, nymphs and bacchantes in drapery yet more *degagé*, warriors, kings, magicians, successively appear to sing psalms, litanies and other Latin religious compositions. A strange incongruity of effects, surely; as bad as the anachronisms of some old painters who dressed Adam and Eve in pourpoint and petticoat, and the angel Gabriel in cuirass and phillibeg. At a later period the Latin psalms were given up, and the debutants were allowed to sing the music of the parts they were to assume in their own vernacular tongue. To be sure our modern concerts, where occasional pieces are "sung in costume," bear some resemblance to these old entertainments; but we should think it strange now-a-days to see little Miss Francis standing in pink tights on our Music Hall stage, trolloping out a Credo, or Signor Ferri, in his feather costume of Papageno, thundering forth a *De Profundis*. To arrive at a full understanding of the effects of past customs and manners, we must put our own people in the same conditions upon our own platforms and judge accordingly.

Besides these vocal performances were instrumental compositions emanating from the first composers of the day; and the Parisian public was made acquainted for the first time with the power and effects of individual instruments in the hands of skillful soloists, as well as the orchestral effects of the early symphonies.—*Boston Musical Times*.

What Mozart was paid.

The German papers inform us that Castelli, the Austrian literary Nestor, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has just published the first volume of his *Memoirs*. From these, among other interesting matters, we learn that his dramatic poem of *The Swiss Family*,* which has been translated into every language, and played hundreds of times at Vienna, brought him in altogether, for his rights as author, the sum of eight florins!

This fact will nevertheless cause little surprise; theatrical annals furnish us with only too many instances of the kind; and those who are curious about the fortunes of composers in former days, may satisfy themselves to their heart's content by examining the contents of Herr Jahn's last great work. Thanks to the zealous, diligent, thoroughly impartial, and extraordinarily voluminous biography of Mozart, we know how much the compositions of the illustrious German musician realized for him in the shape of pecuniary emolument—at least in the most important instances.

In the Registers of Accounts of the Vienna Theatre (an interesting and valuable collection), we read, for 1788-1789, page 45:

"Paid to Ponte (Lorenzo), for writing the book of *Don Giovanni*, 100 florins."

And a little further on, (page 47):

"Paid to Mozart (Wolfgang), for composing the music of *Don Giovanni*, 225 florins."

For the score of the *Magic Flute* (such is the genuine title of this masterpiece, not the *Enchanted Flute*,† as many have been accustomed to call it, owing to a careless translation of the title on the score printed in Germany), for the score of the *Magic Flute*, 160 ducats were paid by Schikaneder, manager of the Imperial Theatre, who reaped an immense profit by the bargain. No other work of Mozart's has enjoyed such continued popularity and success throughout Germany. The first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place on the 30th September, 1791.‡ In the month of October the opera was played twenty-four times; the bills of the 23d November, 1792, announced its hundredth, and those of the 22d October, 1795, its two hundredth performance.

Again, the same munificent honorarium was the guerdon of Mozart, respectively on account of *Die Entführung* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

And what about those operas of Rossini which were originally produced in Italy? One example may suffice. The incomparable *Barbiere di Siviglia* was disposed of for an "obolus," which not only purchased the right of republication but that of representation also! It must be admitted that the composers of the present day look more carefully after their interests.

* Set to music by Weigl.

† The flute is not enchanted, but enchanting. In plain language, it enchants others. The Italians were therefore right in calling the opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and not *Il Flauto Incantato*.

‡ Little more than two months later (Dec. 5, 1791, at Vienna) Mozart died, in the 35th year of his age.

—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So you're going to the wars, dear. G. Danskin. 25

The sentiment of this ballad fits so precisely the situation of thousands of families in the North, and the music to it is so well written, that it will surely make a hit.

Over the rippling sea. T. Cattrau. 25

Pretty words adapted to the beautiful Neapolitan air "Santa Lucia," omitting the florid and difficult Finale by Braga, with which this melody made its first debut. The air impresses itself at once so vividly upon the memory that it must, in course of time, become a universal favorite.

Give me thy blessing, mother. J. W. Cherry. 25

A gem for musical evenings at home. It is plain and lies naturally in the voice. The title-page is handsomely illustrated with the picture of a young sailor taking leave of his mother.

I'll twine a wreath of roses fair. F. Woolcot. 25

A simple and pleasing ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Rifle Corps Waltzes. D'Albert. 35

Rather easy and eminently pleasing. It is one of the most melodious sets of waltzes by this favorite author.

Quintet finale from "Martha." Transcription. A. Baumbach. 35

One of the most striking and best recollected pieces in the Opera, which has furnished the composer the leading theme for the Overture, and which, in this piano arrangement comes out with all the splendor that anything short of the brass-chorus of an orchestra can give it.

Shells of Ocean for three Performers. T. Dissell. 30

Very good for class-practice, quite easy. It will teach children to keep time better than anything else.

Il suon dell' arpe. Duet from "Polinto." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

A brilliant arrangement of this deservedly favorite duet, acknowledged as one of the finest and most inspired creations of Donizetti, and linked with some of our most pleasant recollections of Pizzolomini.

Books.

JOHNSON'S HARMONY. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1,00

This work is designed for the class of persons designated in the language of music teachers as "new beginners." It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 477.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

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L'Année Musicale.

L'Année Musicale ou Revue Annuelle des théâtres lyriques et des concerts, — des publications littéraires relatives à la musique et des événements remarquables appartenants à l'histoire de l'art musicale — par P. SCUDO — Deuxième année — Paris-Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie 1861. 1 vol in 18, pp. 405.

Since Louis Fignier's excellent scientific annals have met with such deserved success, the example has been followed by others, so that now every art yearly gives rise to a work in which its progress and history during the preceding year are minutely recorded. This is but as it should be and the general reader as well as the special student has thus laid before him a series of facts, which otherwise he might seek for in vain in files of old journals and magazines.

Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux mondes* has now given us the second year of his *Année musicale* comprising the chief events of the art of 1860. The name of the author, whatever may be thought of his particular views and exigencies, is a recommendation to a work that has no pretensions above that of stating facts clearly agreeably, and fully. There is no need of being a musician to feel the tenderness of his well-known romance *Le fils de la Vierge*, much less to appreciate the literary qualities of his sketches in *Critique et littérature musicales* — *La musique ancienne et moderne* and in *Le chevalier Sarti*. In the present volume Scudo, as far as the nature of the details in which he enters permitted, has preserved those valuable qualities of style, that elegance and ease which make his criticism acceptable to all classes. Musicians accept the work as a valuable repository of facts, while the general reader is thankful to the author for the light he throws upon subjects in which all must be interested.

"The Musical Year" is not universal, it is merely national, comprehensive for France merely, detailed for Paris only. Forty pages, no more, are devoted to the rest of Europe. Whatever has been presented in the capital is studied at length. Thus the new compositions produced by the four lyric theatres, the Grand Opéra, the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Italien and the Théâtre Lyrique, as well as accounts of the various concerts fill the first five chapters; the remaining five being taken up with musical bibliography, the obituary notices and news, home and foreign.

The work opens with a notice *Pierre de Médicis* by Prince Poniatowski, a detailed criticism such as the author gives at the appearance of every new composition of interest, to the readers of the *Revue des deux mondes*. Farther on Offenbach is treated rather unceremoniously. Offenbach and Richard Wagner, we beg the pardon of the exclusive friends or foes of either, even musical party animosity runs high now; Offenbach and Wagner, strange as the collocation of the two names may seem, are the antipa-

thies of Scudo. To the latter he devotes several pages when giving an account of his three concerts at the Italian Opera. He does not look upon Wagner as an ordinary artist, but "like almost all remarkable men of our time he is gifted with more ambition than fecundity, with more will than inspiration." It is the love of effect he condemns. Rhythm and harmony he accords to the author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. "His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects is wanting in variety and suppleness," the various parts of the orchestra are in direct opposition with each other; there is little originality. "The style is monotonous in spite of the efforts of a vigorous will and the resources of an incontestable talent."

When Scudo keeps within such criticism, we can like and follow him. We remain free to judge for ourselves whether by applying the rules of art we may have mastered or by appealing to our own natural sentiments. Though some technical learning may be necessary to explain beauties and defects in art, we may be thankful that it is within the reach of all to feel them according to our capacities. The writer who can clearly show us the secret springs of our feelings is welcome as a teacher. In his company, under his guidance we shall be willingly led to higher appreciation. But let the critic in art as well as in letters never fall into the personalities of a partisan. We are right in mistrusting him at the first step he makes in the path. Abuse justly calls forth sympathy and he who decends to it has half lost his cause. Scudo has descended to it in his notice on Richard Wagner; even more in that on Offenbach when speaking of the *Papillon*.

A valuable feature of the "Musical Year" is the multiplicity of facts presented. Thus the changes in the *personnel* of the various lyric theatres are given. The orchestra and singers of the Grand Opera number 215. The names of the chief are given in classes, thus we find four first tenors, seven baritones, ten sopranos, &c. The numerical divisions of the chorus and orchestra are also given. The musical bibliography is all interesting showing what France has contributed within the last year. Quotations are freely given showing the character of the works cited, foreign productions are not passed over in silence. The musical method of Chev , who has now public courses in Paris, gave rise to several pamphlets which are analyzed.

The details in regard to musical publications, the notices of the chief publishers, all contain valuable information. In 1860 no less than 4,051 pieces were published in France, being nearly three times the amount issued in 1850; of this according to the author's statistics more than 7,600 pounds were sent to the United States; the whole amount exported having been above 53,400 pounds. The same calculations are made for musical instruments. The new regulations for the military bands are given; each regiment

having for infantry 40, for cavalry 27 musicians. There are pages in every portion of the work that are of interest beyond the special information they contain, as those on Chinese music for instance. A letter from a French officer in China upon this subject being inserted at length.

The *Année Musicale* concludes with a few pages that may serve to show the musical tendencies of Scudo as well as the general appreciation of art in France.

"The year of which we have recounted the facts has produced nothing very remarkable in the art which is the object of our studies. No new composer has arisen nor any salient work calculated to learn a lasting impression. At the theatre, as well as in the other parts of the vast domain of music, all that has been done is mediocre, and nothing announces that the laborious period we are traversing is near an end."

We abridge, else the quotation would be too long. Men of talent abound; the secrets of the art are studied, but we live on the fruits of the past. Weber, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, have found successors, only unequal imitators in Germany. In Schumann and Wagner Scudo sees a reaction of which Liszt is the *ne plus ultra*. France though not richer is at least freer, there is "no false theory" it waits that some artist may come to dispel "the moral numbness that seem to have settled on the public for the last ten years."

"If it is difficult to deny the state of poverty and languor into which the spirit of musical invention has fallen within fifteen or twenty years, there is another fact quite as undeniable; it is that the taste for this consoling art is spreading more and more and is penetrating new layers of the population. Without speaking of Germany, of Holland, of Belgium, of Switzerland and of the whole North of Europe, where music has always been popular and taught to children with the first elements of the language of country, France has also taken part in the movement of regeneration. Never has the administration been kinder to the men who devote themselves to elementary musical instruction, and never has it been better disposed to recognize the salutary power of this civilizing art."

In the communal schools music is now taught: The *Orpheon* under the direction of MM. Pasdeloup and Bazin gives instruction to poor workmen. The teaching of Emile Chev  is organized on an extensive scale. "All these means of propagation," the author proceeds, "prove that the knowledge of music penetrates into the heart of the nation and that it becomes an element of public instruction."

The Philharmonic societies that exist in a large number of cities, the numerous professors formed by the *Conservatoire de Paris*, who go and reside in the provinces, spread both in the middle and in the higher classes, the knowledge of instrumental music and better taste. The multiplied editions of the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

Weber, Mendelssohn prove that France which invented the *Vaudeville* and the *Science du gai savoir* is aspiring to become a musical nation. Professional artists have never been better versed in the principles of their art, never better educated, or more enlightened than in our time. A knowledge of the principle of harmony, counterpoint; the composition and history of music generally spread among our artists and among many distinguished amateurs. In fine, the musical art, as well as that of design, the treasures of intelligence as well as that of material wealth are spread over a vaster surface and are no longer the exclusive portion of a chosen few. This is the true character of modern civilization in which music plays so important a role." F. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music. I.

THE LION-PIANIST AS A COMPOSER.—SKETCHED
BY BENDA.

According to a common belief, every man who makes music his profession, is also a composer. This is an error. One may be an excellent performer and yet be incapable of inventing an original melody of only eight measures. The goddess of music does not always dwell entire in her devotees; she prefers to surrender herself but half, either as the performing or the creative genius; and it is only when she falls desperately in love that she abandons herself entirely, heart and hand, to her chosen favorites. Then the world receives its Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Spohrs, and others, who are equally great as composers and players.

It is no more difficult for the musician, who is endowed with creative talent and has practiced the rules of composition to a good degree, to compose a piece of music than it is for the gifted literary man to write a poem. The musician, like the poet, takes his seat at the table and writes down what his imagination suggests or what he conjures up from the depth of his mind. Only now and then he resorts to the instrument for a moment, merely to have the key, or just to hear how a new and complicated harmony sounds on which he may have ventured. For the rest he trusts to his lively imagination, which clearly reflects not only every tone, but every combination of tones; and even when composing a piece for the instrument itself (the piano) he writes down the most brilliant, and at the same time the most practicable passages without the aid of that instrument. Of Mozart it is said that he generally had the whole piece ready in his brain before committing it to paper. There is nothing surprising in this. Music to the true composer is a language; he may think over before, or during the art of writing what he has to say in that language. Some persons when about to write a letter have the whole epistle ready before they seize the pen; while others first take pen and paper, expecting that one thought will suggest another, as they write along. The same is the case with composers of music.

However, all is different with our hero, the Lion-Pianist. A delightful performer, with a touch so exquisite that he produces magical sounds indeed, he is nevertheless entirely destitute of productive talent and unable to fancy to himself a single tone. But compose he must,

lest he should fail in his mission and the world be deprived of the fruits of his muse. Therefore, he makes it his business to ransack the scores of opera-composers, whose melodies he extends by certain liquid passages, of which a number, say two or three, have imprinted themselves on his nimble fingers with such tenacity that they ever after reappear in all he plays and writes. Thus he advances rapidly from one *opus* to another; but if we take a couple of these his works and compare them, we shall find that they resemble each other as closely as ever twin-brothers did. Notwithstanding their inferior value, inferior in every respect, his pieces are eagerly sought by the publishers and dearly paid for. They are beautifully, nay, daintily printed, and generally dedicated to persons of high rank and fortune, who return the compliment in the shape of breast pins and diamond rings, or even a saddle-horse, if the pianist has been known to evince equestrian proclivities.

There are, however, moments when he is disgusted with the occupation of transcribing and paraphrasing the music of others, and when he feels as if he must compose a piece that shall be all his own, not a tone borrowed. So he resolves to write a *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse*, as he calls it. He is determined now to practice the noble virtue of temperance, so as to abstain from all intoxicating feats of modern piano-trickery; in brief, the piece is to be in the classical style. As he is unable to compose one measure without the aid of the instrument, as before intimated, he sits at once down at his favorite Grand and thunders away for a while, just to fructify his imagination a little. Presently he stops, draws a long breath and sets out in search of a melody with which to begin his intended *Méditation*. He grinds out one note after the other, and when he has collected a number, sufficient to form a strain, he finds to his consternation that it is nothing but the fac-simile of a worn-out melody, with which everybody is acquainted. "That won't do!" So he jumps up from the stool and walks a few times about the room when his attention is caught by the large mirror, which adorns the apartment. He places himself right before it and is delighted, as ever, with his elegant figure, his graceful attitude and his expressive features, which he cannot but admire anew. Thus inspired with fresh courage, and after a twist or two at his moustache, he lights a cigar and cheerfully resumes his seat at the instrument. The result is the same as before. After a few more vain attempts he gives it up for the present, thinking he is not in the right mood and must wait for a more favorable moment. But I will not tire the reader with a long description how this composer (?) finally manages to have the piece done. Be it known that it is a most painful work, of which those only can form an idea, who have watched it. You would split wood, or work at a blacksmith's shop for a whole day than engage for an hour in this tantalizing occupation.

The *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse* has since been published—as usual in the most beautiful type—and is already in the hands of many of the lovers of musical tit-bits. It is spread over more than a dozen pages; but if we cancel the many repetitions, and, besides, divest it of all the superfluous flourish with which it is fringed and freckled, there will hardly remain music enough to cover half a page. The matter

of the piece may be best defined in the language of the poet Percival, as "poor and vapid thoughts which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments that overload their littleness." Nevertheless, the composer himself is infinitely fond of it, and well he may be, considering the infinite pains it has cost him.

Now, what is it, that can induce a man, who by nature, by habit and occupation is destined to lead the gay, happy life of a butterfly, to take upon himself at times such a cross? Vanity and ambition are the principal motives which ere this have impelled inferior natures to perform miracles. As his style of playing is of the most showy, dashing kind, an exhibition of technical feats and artifices, intended to astonish the multitude,—so he avails himself of whatever may serve him to indulge this same unartistic propensity for display. He is not satisfied with the reputation of a skilful performer, too ambitious to leave the path of the composer untried. How much more the world would admire and applaud him with the laurel of the tone-poet wreathed around his brow!

It will be necessary here to mention that the lion-pianist is rarely without an *aide-de-camp*, who has, to take upon him a part of this Sisyphus like labor, to fill up certain gaps, and copy the illegible places, in the manuscript. This aid, it must be known, is also a pianist, but of inferior ability. He pretends that his real object in attaching himself to the virtuoso is to catch the secret of his exquisite touch or to receive occasionally a lesson from him, though he knows as well as any one that a lion-pianist considers giving instruction equal to taking an emetic. At first sight it would seem that he acted as the agent of the great performer, that he planned and arranged his concerts and transacted similar business for him; but this is rarely the case, for he is anything but a business man. The truth is, he has more time than he can usefully employ; besides he deems it a great distinction to be called the companion of "the man, whose every hand represents an orchestra." The lion in his turn, being an exceedingly sociable fellow, likes to have some one about him, with whom he can smoke, talk and laugh, and to whom he can relate his love adventures (we can easily fancy that the girls are wild with him). Thus the aide is invited to share the lion's champagne dinners and suppers, and sometimes to accompany him on a short professional tour. However, if we watch the twain closely, it appears doubtful, whether their connection is that of friend and friend, or of master and servant; for he, the aide, is despatched on all sorts of errands and often spoken to in a commanding tone. But then, the champagne suppers, the delicious havanas and the capital "sundries" compensate for a good deal of humble treatment and easily reconcile him; though there doubtless have been cases when he thought it better to "secede."

The career of a lion-pianist, we may add, so long as he is young, is an enviable one; but, when age approaches, he becomes an object rather of pity. The public have long since given him to understand that they are weary of his five or six pieces; and the critics told him that he plays worse than fifteen years ago, and by this time they are convinced he is a charlatan of the first order. The poor devil has now to atone for the folly, which both the public and critics committed in

making a lion of him. They feel ashamed of having worshipped a false idol and now take revenge. Then the lion grows pensive and begins to reflect on his position, till he at last concludes to finish his erratic course and prepares him a home. If this thought prevails, we shall see him turn up again as the husband of a half decayed countess—or a princess even—himself a newly created baron and appointed chamber-virtuoso to her royal highness, the reigning grand-duchess of Reuss-Schleitz-Kimmelbach; which distinction was conferred upon him to raise him in some measure up to the level of his high-born bride. There are, however, many other forms, which he is likely to assume. He may come forth as publisher and dealer in sheet-music; or as the manager of an Italian opera company. But, not always does he succeed in suppressing his nomadic instincts. In that event we shall one day hear of him as concertising in remote, half-civilized countries, among the antipodes, where he treats the semi-barbarians to the same five or six pieces with which he has made all cultivated nations disgusted. As China and Japan are now open to foreigners he will surely not wait very long to wend his way thither in the hope of being once more the petted lion and enjoy the Indian summer of his former triumphs.

The Organ.*

NINETEENTH STUDY.—CLASSIFICATION OF PIPES INTO REGISTERS, WITH A GENERAL DIVISION OF THE REGISTERS OR STOPS OF THE ORGAN.

We have done nothing as yet but examine the pipes. This prosaic name, "pipe," becomes singularly poetical when the sonorous bodies, ceasing to be regarded as isolated objects, are put together into those many distinct classes of homogeneous qualities of tone in which we find each of the influences we have last considered, such as *scale, form and material*, harmoniously blended one into the other. For then, each of the various classes of pipes occupies an important place in the musical system of the divine instrument, and takes a new name, that of a *register*, or stop. The organ, considered as a mass of pipes, without division or classification amongst them, may be compared to a chrysalis, a creature shut up within a case, and without any apparent powers of acting,—it takes its wings and begins to show signs of life as soon as it has got its registers.

The necessity of putting pipes of the same quality of tone upon the same register is so obvious, that it seems almost superfluous to mention it. If, first of all, an open pipe, wood or metal, were put upon the sound-board, and then next to it a reed-pipe, so that in putting down the note C E G on the key-board, a wooden flue-pipe would speak; and in putting down the note D next to it, a reed-pipe would speak, and so on indiscriminately, and by jerks as it were throughout the register, without any regard to different qualities of tones, it is but too evident that the result would be an unendurable concert of ill-matched voices, even though the notes followed one another in the proper order of the scale. One pipe would emit a harsh sound, the next to it a weak, feeble sound; cries and sighs would be jumbled together, expressions of anger would be heard alongside tones full of a plaintive sweetness; in fact, there would be nothing but a series of sounds clashing one against the other, and each upsetting its neighbor in a way contrary to all right notions of musical unity and propriety.

The rule is, then, to put as many pipes of the same quality of tone in each register as there are notes upon the key-board. If this is not always done, that is to say, if there are not always as many pipes in a series of the same quality of tone as there are notes upon the key-board, this is because, in some cases, if pipes of the same quality

were carried through the whole extent of the key-board, either above or below, the quality would become too feeble in volume in the upper notes, and too full in volume in the bass notes.

Each series of pipes of the same quality of tone is planted in a line upon the sound board, and each stop or register, for these tones are synonymous, obeys the action given to the small movable slide of wood, the mechanism of which has been already described. It is this slide, which is called a register, because it acts as a register or rule, to direct or control the wind in its way to the feet of the pipes. The same name is given to the knob which is fastened to it, and appears in front of the organ-case ready to the hand of the player. Upon this knob, or immediately under, is inscribed the label, which designates the special quality of tone that particular series of pipes will produce when, by means of this mechanical contrivance, the wind is brought into connection with them. If, for example, the player wishes to produce the effect of an orchestra, instruments of a bright and brilliant quality, he draws the knobs of the trumpet, the clarion, and the bombard, and he has at once upon his keyboard those stops or qualities of tone which, by their grand and solemn sounds, supply him with the effect he desires. If he wishes to produce the effects of sweet and soft-toned instruments, he pushes in these high-sounding registers and draws out the *viol-da-gamba* and stops with open pipes, wood or metal: and when the massive voice of the people intones that venerable plain chant, the origin of which may be traced up to the very first beginnings of Christianity, the player, who is the director of their song, draws out a number of stops which, combined together with a skill no less original than it is admirable, form, in fact, but one stop, under the common name of *plein jeu*. It is this stop which, while it calls to mind combinations in harmony the most ancient, is for this reason all the more suited to be the accompaniment to large masses of persons singing in unison.

The player, then, of the organ has at his disposal sounds of all kinds, and we can well understand how, for him as well as for the composer, it is most important he should have a profound knowledge of the resources which he has at his command, in order that he may know how to use them with the best effect on every occasion, either separately as solo stops, or when all are combined together in full chorus.

From the above description of them we shall have no difficulty in recognizing those distinct classes of organ stops: 1. Open flue pipes, wood or metal, called also foundation stops; 2. Musical or mutation stops; 3. Reed stops, which the Germans also call loud stops, *starken Stimmen*.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

Joseph Staudigl.

Born April 14, 1807. Died March 28, 1861.

(Continued from page 52.)

Staudigl enjoyed more especially a musical education. An innate taste for what is musically logical, and a zealous course of study for the improvement of his voice, were of the greatest service to him. He pleased, nay charmed, his audience by the unerring correctness of his musical accentuation, by the fervor of his musical declamation, by the well-calculated distribution and regular gradation of the various phrases and periods, by the unrivalled clearness of his musical exposition, and by his artistic repose, which nothing could disturb. He was, indeed, sometimes led away by the consciousness of possessing so fine a voice, and took undue advantage of it. He did not, it is true, go so far as to make the tone appear forced; but still, by dragging the time, merely to show off his own powers, he laid himself open to censure.

Staudigl neither possessed what is termed specific histrionic talent, nor was his education of such a kind as to enable him to make up for his early deficiencies by a course of after-study. His bearing was always slovenly; his dress was

wanting in neatness and taste; and, indeed, his whole demeanor and appearance were marred by the absence of dignity and ardor. His features, although not without expression, could not express with sufficient rapidity any sudden change of feeling, any more than delicacy or tragic grandeur of soul; while, finally, his pronunciation always retained traces of the local Viennese dialect, disagreeable even in spoken dialogue. So many and such indisputable defects necessarily affected his performances in a highly prejudicial manner. He compensated, however, for a great deal by his remarkable power of conception and happy reproduction, which, partially resulting from instinct and partially wrung with great labor from adverse elements, was always realized in strictly musical outlines, admitting the dramatic element, so to say, only as a component part, among many others, of the musical expression.

The satisfaction given by almost each of Staudigl's impersonations, as a whole, as well as the greater or less musical perfection and the greater or less histrionic weakness of every separate part are readily explained by what has been said. Of his Figaro and Leporello, for instance, it might justly be asserted that the musical portion, taken by itself, was adequately rendered, while the attempt made to invest the parts with dramatic character was a failure. Leporello was a mere dull, stupid jester; while in Figaro, which Staudigl had studied with great care, and of which his conception was by no means incorrect, the subtlety or even sly keenness he intended to portray was never satisfactorily apparent. In the Italian barytone parts, such as Ashton in *Lucia*, Alfonso in *Lucrezia*, and Chevreuse in *Maria de Rohan*—which, yielding to that immoderate desire to sing which led him beyond the natural limits of his voice, he was fond of playing—the highness of the music sometimes prevented him from doing the latter full justice, while the outward bearing and appearance, which are of more account with Italian "tyrants" than the portrayal of inward motives, did not find a fitting representative.

But, while we see that characters partly of a subordinate description, and partly not adapted for Staudigl's artistic idiosyncrasy, were not represented in a completely satisfactory manner, his finest and most praiseworthy efforts were in far more difficult and important bass parts. Unfortunately, the restricted extent—which, it not increasing, is, at any rate, permanent—of our operatic repertory, limited Staudigl's field of action. It is, however, sufficient for us, if we would prove his excellence, to remind our readers of his Sarastro, Osmin, Rocco, Caspar, Jacob, Bertram, and Marcel. These were performances worthy even of a "dramatic" vocalist, parts on which the masters of old and new opera lavished their melodious treasures, and decked with grandly planned or delicately worked-out touches of character, parts which must be played, if due effect is to be given them. Now Staudigl gave them this due effect. Without any special histrionic powers, without a prepossessing personal appearance, but, on the contrary, with a great number of personal imperfections (already mentioned), he managed to present us with art-pictures, distinguished, as it is impossible to deny, for admirable conception and imposing, sure realization, the result of long and assiduous study. The effect he produced was grounded on a perfect knowledge of musical style, on an intimate acquaintance with the particular dramatic expression contained in melody and in musical compositions, and capable of being musically realized, as well as, lastly, on the consciousness that his task was a predominately, if not an exclusively, musical one.

Staudigl's own disposition, about which there was a certain mild phlegmatic character, naturally enabled him to appear with more advantage in the part of Sarastro than in any other part of his repertory. Anything lyrically sentimental also suited him, as is proved by the part of George in Bellini's *Puritani*. Even if we consider such comic characters as Osmin in *Die Entführung*, and Staudinger in the *Waffenschmied*, in opposition to those more delicately drawn, as

being the ones best adapted to Staudigl's artistic taste, and therefore easier for him to play, there still remain the characters previously mentioned, as well as many others, the execution of which is beset by the most varied difficulties, and yet which were never so magnificently played by any one as by him. Thus, for instance, there was, in the first place, his Rocco, a wonderful conception, carried out, to the very finest touches of character, despite his defective pronunciation, with a degree of dramatic roundness and finish no actor could ever surpass, and that too with the most scrupulous and unvarying regard for the correct musical intonation; there was his Marcel, a fine picture of a bluff, good-hearted man; there was his Caspar, and there was his Bertram, both unmistakably, and yet so differently, marked by the demoniacal element. In Caspar we behold keen but vulgar wickedness; even the short passage, "Nur ein keckes Wagen ist's, das Glück erringt," was alone sufficient to prove Staudigl a master of dramatic singing, not to mention his rendering of the wild and boisterous drinking song or of the stormy vengeance-air. In Bertram, on the other hand, the supernatural character of the gloomy knight, though marked with great clearness, was never degraded into the likeness of a demon of melodrama. Staudigl gave great prominence to the knightly element, to which he imparted, by a certain air of crafty observation, a coloring obtained by no other representative of the art, not even excepting the wildly-genial Formes. Cool and temperate, but not the less deeply cutting, was the irony, the bold and deliberate contempt for every bitter feeling, while the boisterous passion, by which Bertram is distinguished from a mere cold and negative Mephistopheles, was brought out with fearful energy. But the distinguishing mark, and the peculiar excellence of this impersonation—an excellence, by the way, which can never be sufficiently praised—consisted in the fact that the dramatic accent was never strongly marked at the expense of the musical intonation, but that, on the contrary, the magnificent whole—as we cannot too often repeat—sprang naturally from a thorough comprehension of the musical exigencies of the part. Proofs of this are afforded by nearly every separate passage in it; for instance, "Ich lache," then "Robert, ja, dich lieb' ich mehr als mein Leben," and, above all, the unrivalled "Du hast's gewollt, du zarte Blume," &c.

Was it not by the irresistible power of *fine singing* that Staudigl charmed all opera-goers, as Edmund in Nicolai's *Heimkehr*? The assumption of this part—which, as the first step to Staudigl's unfortunate mania of singing music distressingly high for him, was certainly a most fatal one—proved indiscribably effective, on account of the dash and spirit he infused in it. Was it not the same power of song which enabled him to create so energetic an impersonation out of Rossini's *Tell*? We might name other parts; but our consideration of Staudigl as a histrionic singer has already led us very far, and we have still to speak of him viewed in a different light.

That Staudigl should, from time to time, have undertaken to instruct vocal aspirants, is simply a proof of his good nature. His lessons were never lucrative. His imitators, too, have not been fortunate, with the sole exception of the *dilettante* and Imperial vocalists, Panzer, who really has something of the master about him.

Staudigl was invariably most unfortunate in all operatic matters with the guidance of which he was mixed up. At any rate, the fact of his being stage-manager-in-chief could not effectually check the failure attendant on Pokorny's laudable speculation, which began so brilliantly. As a member of the committee at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in 1848, he manifested the most active zeal without much greater success; while, as stage manager-in-chief there, under Holbein, he certainly reaped no laurels, although, as is usual in such regions, it was impossible to find out what the stage manager *might* do, as well as what he really had done and had neglected to do.

Staudigl was always distinguished for his talent as a singer of sacred music—as distinguished, at

least, as the partially defective management and organization of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna would allow him to be. His thorough musical education proved here of great use to him, and he was far from paying any respect to the tolerably general prejudice that sacred music should be sung without expression.

This last remark calls to our remembrance the admiration universally and justly entertained for Staudigl as an *oratorio-singer*. In the concert-room the singer, in his black dress-coat, with his music in his hand, together with the narrative form in which recitative runs, all necessitate a kind of expression somewhat different from that employed in the operatic style. When, however, narrative rises to animated description; when prayer assumes a more than ordinarily pressing and urgent tone; when some deeply-moving situation is depicted, and music is to be the interpreter of the singer's continually-changing emotions, a greater amount of vivacity in words and tone, and a highly dramatically-objective expression, properly so called, may be justifiable even in oratorio. The most reassuring guarantee that Staudigl would, in most cases, not overstep the proper limit, was afforded by his own moderation as an individual. It is therefore far from astonishing that many persons should maintain that oratorio was more especially suited to his talent; but in saying this, and in awarding more than due praise to the oratorio-singer, they were plainly guilty of injustice to the theatrical singer. It was more especially in oratorio that his mode of delivering recitative showed how much of his inspiration he drew from the exciting influence of the stage.

After oratorio comes the concert-room, with its airs, its ballads and its songs of all sorts—an endless field in which much that is good is mixed up with a great deal that is worthless and absurd. For a long series of years did Staudigl labor in this branch of his profession; and our sketch would be incomplete if, after having described the histrionic singer, as well as the master in the sacred and semi-sacred style, we were not also to mention the world-renowned song singer (*Liedersänger*). In his mode of singing songs, we again come across all the good qualities and some of the defects we have already mentioned, namely, beauty of tone, correctness, warmth of expression, and clearness of exposition, but at the same time touches of the Viennese dialect a partial dragging of the time, for the purpose of showing off his voice. His conception was certain, intelligent, and calculated for dramatic effect, such as was not adapted, perhaps, to the *alla camara* expression of the "Lied," taken in its original acceptation, but admirably suited to the enlarged proportions which it has now assumed.

There was sometimes, it is true, just cause for complaint that, in the choice of the songs as well as in the other details of his professional labors, Staudigl was not sufficiently penetrated by true artistic feeling, but, on the other hand, we must, in mere justice to him, recollect that the period when his powers were in their prime was the period of "virtuosity," a period when our musically-renowned Vienna was in a state of musical incapacity. Had Staudigl, whose mind was for five years plunged in darkness, been able to take part in the great change for the better which came over musical matters during the years of his affliction, it is very certain that he would have valiantly aided in rebuilding the new temple of music in Vienna; for, though he had undoubtedly sung rubbish enough in his day, he not only sang good music well, but was fond of singing it, and greatly pleased whenever he had an opportunity of doing so.

John R. Paine, the American Organist.

The Berlin *Voss'sche-Zeitung*, of April 21st, contains the following notice of a young organist and composer, with whose name the readers of the *Journal of Music* have already been made acquainted:

If now-a-days more than one of our organ-players of no small pretensions would tremble at the thought of being tested by Mattheson's 'Exemplarischer Or-

ganistenprobe,' still there are some *masters* of the instrument before whom Mattheson *redivivus* would respectfully uncover his head. True, their number is small, and the harvest of young men in this, as in all fields where we seek pure musical talent, is remarkably thinly sown. So much the more gratifying is it, therefore, to find such a talent engaged, with hearty zeal and indefatigable practice, in acquiring thorough command of the grandest of instruments—that for which Sebastian Bach alone composed a series of works extensive enough to occupy an organist for life. And such a talent we found on Friday last in a young musician, John R. Paine, of Portland in the United States. He played before an invited audience a series of pieces by L. Thiele, Sebastian Bach, and Mendelssohn, in which he exhibited a perfect mastery over the mechanism of the instrument, and an almost equal power over the peculiar difficulties which make a satisfactory performance of Bach's works so rare an event. Mr. Paine's style is clear and smooth, and his pedal playing is superb. These qualities he exhibited in a marked degree in the first movement of Sebastian Bach's organ trio in G. To give the three voices (for two manuals and pedals) clearly and with equal individuality, and yet to produce them as a beautiful whole, and in the joyous character intended by Bach, is one of the most difficult tasks that can be given to the organist. Equally successful was the performance of the other pieces, especially Bach's *fugue* in G, the majestic character of which could not have been brought out with a more free and dramatic expression by any one except the very greatest masters.

Mr. Paine also exhibited himself as composer in the best light. He played variations of his own upon the Old Hundredth psalm tune, a choral in universal use in America (in England, too, for that matter) and concert variations upon Haydn's Austrian Hymn. These pieces were so happily laid out in form that their interest constantly rose to the close; they proved his sound contrapuntal knowledge; his great taste in the combination of the stops of various color; and the author's possession of a fine fancy, from which much may be hoped and expected. In but a passage or two—in the first and second variations upon the choral—did it seem to us that Mr. Paine had not yet fully emancipated himself from the school. As we learn, he is a pupil, both on the organ and in counterpoint, of our unsurpassable organist and contrapuntist, A. Haupt. Hence we the more rejoice to greet in this young foreigner, who, now returning to his native land, will be a proof equally distinguished and honorable of the high state of German (musical) art, and the greatness of one of that art's ablest representatives.

Mr. Paine is at present in London, and we learn will soon be furnished with an opportunity of appearing before a London audience, both as an executant and as a composer.

EASTER CELEBRATIONS AT BETHLEHEM, PA.—I want to tell you about the Moravian exercises during Passion Week which I had the pleasure of attending.

A distinguishing feature of the Moravian Cultus is the love of music which everywhere exhibits itself in the beautiful forms and ceremonies of their religion. Great pains is taken to form a correct musical taste, and the study of it is begun very early in life. Reared from infancy among the delightful associations of tone, enjoying the instructions of competent masters, and acquiring a knowledge of the productions of the best composers, they become able to separate the chaff from the wheat, and this accounts for the pure harmony that distinguishes the Moravian choral service. A great portion of their music was composed for the church and exists only in MSS. This is of the highest order, and is, for the most part, written in full orchestral score.

The exercises of Passion Week are very impressive, and attract great numbers of visitors from all parts of the country. They begin on the Sunday preceding Easter with a recital of that week's life of our Savior, beginning: "And as he went, a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them by the way." This is continued throughout the week, the Acts of each day being read, and a number of beautiful German chorals are introduced at certain interesting points of the narrative, expressive of such sentiments as the congregation is supposed to feel.

The exercises on Good Friday are particularly interesting. On this day, some of the most solemn scenes of Holy Writ are passed in review and every remarkable passage in the sufferings of Christ is accompanied by a suitable hymn sung during the intervals. In the morning and afternoon the choir sang two fine anthems one of which was from Gregor, the

other I was not familiar with, most probably one of their MS. selections. In the evening, the choir and the orchestra of the church rendered three of their German anthems in a most beautiful manner. The full-toned organ, the sweet, plaintive tones of the violins, the subdued melody of the flutes, the soft, dream-like obligato of that most beautiful toned of all stringed instruments, the violoncello, and the voices of the choir blending together so harmoniously, and according so perfectly, impressed me with feelings that I shall never forget.

On Saturday afternoon, the general Love Feast was held, and printed odes, part in German, and part in English, were distributed throughout the congregation. As soon as the bell ceased ringing, a quartette of trombones began playing a number of chorals which floated through the air entrancing every listener. On this occasion the music performed were selections of the highest classical order. First, the *Kyrie eleison* from Beethoven's Mass in C; then a fine anthem "Holy Redeemer," by La Trobe; a selection from Spohr's "Last Judgment," and another very fine selection from their MSS.

On Easter morning at four o'clock the sweet tones of the trombones were heard greeting the sleeping inhabitants with an Easter choral. At half past four we were wending our way to the church where service similar to what I have already described was gone through with, until sun-rise, when the congregation, preceded by the orchestra, proceeded in procession to the grave-yard, where the Liturgy of the Resurrection was gone through with. Here was a scene not soon to be forgotten! The sun was just rising, and the little clouds floating about were streaked with faint rays of light. The robin and the lark were pouring forth their morning hymns, which was the only sound that disturbed the solemn stillness of the moment. Then the voices of all present accompanied by the orchestra, arose upon the air in hymn, while the impressive words of the Litany, and the outpouring of the harmonious themes to which the trombones are so well adapted, and the entire services, summoned up thoughts which will ever be held in remembrance.—*Cor of Easton Times.*

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Our Paris correspondent writes:—"Among the instruments collected by M. Clapissin, and now purchased by the French government for the Museum of the Conservatory of Music, are many of great interest in an artistic and archeologic point of view. One of these is a harpsichord, with two key-boards, dated 1612, but the work of several artists and different epochs. The body of the instrument dates from Louis XIII.; the stand from Louis XIV.; contains panels by Teniers and Paul Bailly. Among the spinets are an Italian one of the time of Louis XIV., with ornaments of engraved amber, and garlands of flowers, Cupide by Poussin; another, of the reign of Francis I., in ebony, richly inlaid with ivory, with the inscription *Francisci Portalopis Veronen Opus*, 1623; and a third, of the sixteenth century, in marquetry, the corners of the key-board being ornamented with caryatides exquisitely carved in box-wood.

"A small piano, made at Vienna, of the time of Louis XIV., in the form of a harp, has a sounding-board of gilt wood and Chinese lacquer, ornamented with Venetian looking-glass, beautiful paintings in Martin varnish, and inlaying of turquoises. Among the harps is one that belonged to the Princess de Lamballe, bearing her name inside; among the lyres, one which belonged to Garat, bearing his initials, and enriched with paintings by Prudhon. There are theobes in ebony and ivory; guitars in tortoise-shell, ivory and marquetry; mandolines and mandores of all nations; odd-looking instruments played by turning a handle; violins of all dates and countries, several of them in tortoise-shell, beautifully inlaid; specimens of all sorts of string and wind instruments, showing the starting point and gradual progress of the instruments now used in orchestras.

"The collection also contains a numerous gathering of nondescript instruments of various style and form, many of them of a most extraordinary character, showing how much abortive industry has been devoted to the endeavor to create new species of musical instruments. Immense patience and research have been employed by the collector in getting together the assemblage, unique in its way, and of great value to those who make a study of the history of music."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL.—"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you seek to break the spell, the silence closes in your own words, like the ocean on a pebble you

throw into it. The wind sighs afar off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir drowsily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!' Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft, liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp, and buzz and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The sun makes me musical," said the forest.

What makes things musical.—"Storms!" said the Sea. In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or, now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind blows its wild trumpet-peal, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the sea.

What makes things musical.—"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living, sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then, we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have been drawn out on the rock and hammered and fused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical," said the Harp-strings.

ANALYSIS OF BIRD-MUSIC.—A correspondent, whose letter is dated "Oak Valley, Mid-Marc," has favored us with a long and pleasant account of the aspects of nature in the spring time, as they appear around him, from which we are happy to give the following extract. The remainder of his letter would hardly be appreciated in a political and commercial newspaper like the New York Evening Post:

"The golden day is past. Another opens, untired with its new future. It bears the product of its predecessor—the birds which the 'sweet south' brought on its golden wing. Do the birds arrive at night? for we behold them first in the morning, though I have seen thrushes arrive at nightfall. It may be they escape our notice, which, in the morning, is attracted by their singing. And they seem not to regard the fatigue consequent upon their long flight; but, true to their industrious instinct, chime the note of arrival at the first peep of dawn. I thus became aware of the presence of the blue-bird, whose song was the first sound that fell upon my ear early in the morning, half mingling with my dream ere I was well awake. It had just arrived, the old familiar note—faint, not from fatigue, but the tranquility of the bird's nature seen also in its flight. It is a spiritual bird, with a celestial hue, warbling in our springs, and building often about the habitations of men, seeking a home in the ark of the martin, which it enchants with the circles of its gentle flutterings.

"All welcome the birds. The first messenger note springs a thrill of joy in the winter-bound heart. Childhood leaps up at the sound; the maiden claps her hands; and age feels its youth at the accustomed surprise.

"Different from the blue-bird is the phoebe, a plain domestic, with its dual note, yet piping the cheeriest of any, because bearing the happiest burthen in its song, 'Spring day! spring day! spring is coming!'

"One thing I have always observed with pleasure—it is the variety in the bird choir. No two species sing alike—none badly. Take your position in a grove or meadow, and mark the tone—which gives

you the character of the bird—and see what diversity there is in that. You can see a resemblance to words in some notes. The happiest expression is on the wing; the most plaintive on water. We love a bird best when it sings among grasses and in the shrubs and tree branches, or in deserted dwellings—at least the pensive-minded and the meek do. Some birds seek an elevated position to sing—the groundbird its stake; the robin its tree; the bobolink sings every where, in the grass, upon a twig of slender reed, but most rapturous on the wing. The crow is a music-spoiler; he has no devotion in his song, no uplifting of the bill, but a rapacious cry for plunder.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It was no wonder that the revival of *I Puritani* (April 20th) should create excitement among the frequenters of the opera. There were many reasons. Signor Tiberini in Arturo was to essay his second part, one indeed, in which Rubini alone, of all tenors, had made a lasting impression, although Signor Mario looked and acted the cavalier nobleman infinitely better. Mad. Tiberini-Ortolani, too, was to make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in Elvira; and Herr Formes, after several years' absence, again to exhibit his splendid voice and dramatic talents in the part of Giorgio—undertaken for the first time, we believe. No wonder, then, that the stalls were anxious and the boxes eager. Another cause of attraction might be cited in Signor Ronconi, who resigned his old part of Giorgio, the music of which was too low for him, for that of Riccardo, in which he was perfectly suited, and felt at his ease. So much for expectation. The performance, if it fell something short of what was anticipated, was excellent in the main. Signor Tiberini sang even more skilfully, and exhibited a more thorough command of his voice as Arturo than as Ferdinando. His singing in the quartet, "A te, o cara," was in its way perfect; and in the duet, where the Puritan Colonel stops Arturo, as he is about to effect the escape of the Queen, he exhibited the finest declamatory powers and a largeness of style for which we had not given him credit. It seems, however, that Signor Tiberini could not have been in his best voice on Saturday, as he evaded the high passage in the aria, "Ella e tremante," in the last scene, whereby he disappointed sundry of his admirers. He made amends, nevertheless, at the second performance on Tuesday, and sang the famous passage of Rubini with infinite ease and perfect intonation. The debutante, wife of Signor Tiberini, is, no doubt, as our readers have guessed, the lady-like and light-voiced Mlle. Ortolani, who so much pleased the *Academies* of Her Majesty's Theatre some few years since in this very part of Elvira, creating quite a *furor* in the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," and winning distinction by her skill, both as vocalist and actress. Mlle. Ortolani is not Grist nor Bosio, but herself, and will doubtless do the theatre real service in many characters for which she is well suited. Her voice still vibrates as of old, but she has gained strength or facility, and betokens decided improvement. In places where she had not to form her notes, such as the opening movement of the aria, "Qui la voce," and some *cantabile* bits in the first finale, she sang charmingly and with much grace, and won universal praise. Herr Formes had been laboring under indisposition for some days previously, and was hardly up to the mark. He showed, nevertheless, that the power and depth of his voice remained unimpaired by his transatlantic trip, and that his energy and feeling were as striking and superabundant as ever. Indeed it was generally remarked that the voice of the great German bass was more rounded and mellowed by time, a matter of congratulation to his numerous admirers. The music of Giorgio is not quite in Herr Formes' line, nor does it lie altogether within his register, his voice being far deeper than that of La blache. His finest efforts were in the duet with Elvira (act 1, sc. 2), and the grand duet with Riccardo. "Suoni la tromba," in which he and Signor Ronconi declaimed so vociferously that they might have been heard—if not quite at Bologna, as Rossini wrote of Tamburini and Lablache, but at Boulogne. Signor Ronconi is more at home in Riccardo than in Giorgio which we are glad to see he has resigned, as the music was too low for him. His performance of Riccardo is a remarkable one, historically speaking, the best by far since Tamburini, and the music of Bellini is thoroughly congenial to his real Italian style and method.

After the opera Mlle. Salvini appeared in the ballet *divertissement*, *Les Amours de Diane*, and achieved great success in sundry striking and original pas.

The first performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, which was to have taken place on Thursday night was postponed until Monday, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Faure.

GRISI AND MARIO.—The report that these popular singers have rejoined the Royal Italian Opera, is now verified.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Twenty hearings would not suffice to make the general public thoroughly comprehend a work so extraordinary as Beethoven's Mass in D, which was repeated on Friday week. To the Society especial thanks are due for affording an opportunity of hearing a composition so little known, or likely to be known, its difficulty and exceptional style placing it beyond the means of any other body of executants. While protesting against the alterations that have been effected (having unbounded faith in Beethoven) we must compliment Mr. Costa for the energy and perseverance conducting to a result so highly satisfactory. Band and chorus entered thoroughly into their task, and as the *Missa Solennis* has twice attracted an attendance in no way inferior in number to the crowds who usually flock to the better known masterpieces, we have but little doubt but that the next season it may be repeated, and eventually become familiarised to the public, although it can never be as well known as the oratorios of Handel or Mendelssohn. *Mada. Radersdorff* and *Sainton-Dolby*, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lewis Thomas were again the soloists. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for next Friday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fourth concert, on Monday, April 29th, was attended by the largest audience of the season. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in C minor, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); Aria, "Un'aura amorosa," *Cosi Fan Tutte* (Mozart); Solo, contrabasso (*Mayseder*); Overture in C major (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sinfonia in F, No. 8 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Thus my cherish'd love," *Jessonda* (Spohr); Concerto, violin, in A minor, No. 5 (Molière); Duetto *Il Conte Ory* (Rossini); Overture, *Anacron* (Cherubini). Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett.

A column might be written about such a programme, more especially as the general character of the performance was quite on a par with its variety and excellence. Nevertheless, our crowded space will admit of but very few remarks. Mendelssohn's symphony was played to perfection. Additional interest was attached to this, as the work which first introduced its composer to the Philharmonic Concerts, and, indeed, to England. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous of his earlier productions; and, though classed in his own catalogue as "Symphony No. 13," the first of his published symphonies for the orchestra. Thus, among other things withheld by those who have the superintendence of Mendelssohn's MSS., there are no less than 12 symphonies, any, or all of which, if only half as good as the one in C minor, should be brought to light forthwith. The scherzo, as it now stands, is an abridgement of that belonging to the famous octet arranged expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and a clear foreshadowing of the magical fairy music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The execution of Mendelssohn's symphony; of that of Beethoven in F—the bridge that conducts from the "second" to the "third" style of the great "Tone-poet"; of the overture in C major (Op. 115) by the same master (for which again the musical world is indebted to the Philharmonic); and of Cherubini's familiar dramatic prelude, were further proofs of the judicious discipline exercised by Professor Bennett, and of the highly efficient materials he has to work with. The palmiest days of the Philharmonic—when it stood "alone in its glory"—could hardly furnish an instance of a more admirable performance than that of the symphony in C minor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the eighteenth concert, in the instrumental part, was taken from the works of Mendelssohn, and included—quintet in B flat (executants, MM. Vieuxtemps, Rice, Doyle, Schreurs and Piatti); *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Charles Hallé at the instrument); grand sonata in D major (op. 58), for pianoforte and violoncello (played for the first time); and (also first time of performance) the players being Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Webb and Signor Piatti. After the sonata, Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti had to appear on the platform. A finer specimen of the master than that with which the concert closed could not have been presented, and few left their seats until the last notes of the quartet in B minor had finished. The grand air "In diesen heil'gen Hallen,"

from the *Zauberflöte*, and a song from Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, displayed to advantage the deep and powerful voice of Herr Hermanns, who appeared at these concerts last season.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mlle. Titiens, who made her first appearance as an oratorio singer, created something much stronger than a merely favorable impression, her *debut* being a complete success. Mlle. Titiens is a mistress of the art of enunciation, her words being clearly articulated and correctly accented, which is so much the more noticeable as her experience of our language must be necessarily limited. With the power and quality of Mlle. Titiens' voice the public is already familiar, and we have no doubt that in the new line she has chosen the German songstress will become as great a favorite as she is on the lyric stage. To attempt any description of Mr. Sims Reeves's singing in *The Creation* would be superfluous; suffice it that he was in magnificent voice throughout,—that he sustained the whole of the tenor music by which the oratorio was a decided gainer, and that his delivery of the recitative "In splendor bright," and the air "In native worth," was wholly irreproachable, while in the concerted music his voice rang out with a clearness and beauty that charmed all hearers. In the first and second parts Herr Formes contributed his services as principal bass, and the value of so splendid an organ and so weighty a style of delivery, may be easily imagined. To Mad. Radersdorff and Mr. Stanley fell the music of our first parents (Part III.), and both were in the highest degree satisfactory. After the oratorio the national anthem was sung, Mlle. Titiens taking the first and last solo verses. The duet between the barytone and bass (Mr. Santley and Herr Formes) in the other verses, was beyond our comprehension. There were 13,000 present.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—The gifted and celebrated sisters Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, after the great sensation they have created in Paris, are achieving a series of brilliant triumphs in the French provinces and in Belgium. We find in the Brussels journal, *L'Independance Belge*, accounts of the *debut* of both sisters in that city. They first appeared in the *Sonnambula*, Mlle. Carlotta sustaining the character of Amina, while Mlle. Barbara, with a true artistic feeling, supported her sister by taking the secondary part of the heroine's mother, to which she gave new interest and importance. Their next appearance was in the *Travatore*, in the characters of Leonora and Azucena, in which last part Mlle. Barbara produced an immense effect by her powerful acting, her beautiful contralto voice, and her perfect style and execution. The above journal describes the public as being enchanted, and says that there never had been such a performance of this opera in Brussels.—*Illustrated London News*.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MAY 3, 1861.—A pamphlet has just appeared entitled *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris*. It is by Charles Baudelaire the translator of Edgar A. Poe's works. It seems to be a defence of the German composer against the ungenerous attacks of French press. If it possesses more than the mere merit of a *propos* I shall speak of it later.

The musical season is drawing to a close, the *Conservatoire* has given its last concert. The fragments of the *Damnation de Faust* by Hector Berlioz are spoken of as having attracted much attention.

At the Italiens Mad. Penco has appeared as Norma; no novelties are spoken of either here or at the Grand Opera, which continues to give the *Huguenots*.

At the Opera Comique we have had *Salvator Rosa*, represented for the first time last Tuesday, April 30. This is an opera in three acts by Duprato, words by MM. Eugène Grangé and Henri Trianon. The *libretto* presents a charming series of incidents, it is in itself a touching piece worthy of the composer. The artist who contributed to the success of *Salvator Rosa* were, Crosti, Warot, Lemaire, Nathan, Paliati, Madame Lemercier and Mad. Saint-Urbain.

It is to be remarked that of late three pieces of 1832 have been revived. Of these one is well known to the American public, *La Tour de Nesle* is rather more known in the United States than in France

though it always enjoyed great popularity. The piece is given at the Porte Saint-Martin with the display of scenery that may be expected from this stage for fairy spectacles. There is a slight change even to admit of all the prestige of scenery. There is a solemn entry of the king into the old, old streets of his good city of Paris. He is on horseback under a *dais* between the Queen and Buridan, also on horseback. The people follow in crowds, there are soldiers and a numerous cortege.

It is a lesson in the history of the middle ages. The provost of Paris, the various guilds, the university corps, the Parliament, the peers of the realm with their pages—all with their respective emblems form a curious, entertaining spectacle. The clarions sound, the King, surrounded by his court takes his seat, the stage presents a most picturesque group when suddenly other men and women rush in, mariners from the port de la Grève, who, with more beauty than art-truth execute a charming ballet. In this appear Epinosa and Mad. Montplaisir. Beyond this *La Tour de Nesle* in the drama as we all know it. At the especial wish of M. Gaillardet, the name of Alexander Dumas figures as *collaborateur*.

Of other old dramas may be mentioned *Atar Gull* which has met with a legitimate success. The *Fenestrelles de l'honneur* by M. Aug. Vaquerie of which I mentioned the failure has given rise to several pamphlets on the present state of the dramatic art in France. It is expected that M. Vaquerie's piece will be presented again at the Odeon under more favorable circumstances. F. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1861.

Soiree of the Pierian Sodality and Harvard Glee Club.

We had the honor of an invitation to this soiree, which took place at Lyceum Hall in Old Cambridge on Thursday, May 16.

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|---|-------------|
| 1. War Song..... | Kuckon |
| 2. Peatber Waltzes..... | Lanner |
| 3. Toper's Glee..... | Zelter |
| 4. Serenade. (Quartette)..... | Mendelssohn |
| 5. Symphony—Piano Quartette—Adagio Cantabile—Andante Minuetto—Finale Allegro..... | Haydn |
| 6. Soldier's Love..... | Kuckon |
| 7. Hark above us..... | Kreutzer |
| 8. Sicilian Vespers..... | Verdi |
| 9. Parting. (Quartette)..... | Otto |
| 10. O wert thou..... | Kuckon |
| 11. Andante, from Symphony No. 7..... | Haydn |
| 12. {Chapel..... | Kreutzer |
| 13. Serenade..... | Kienbohn |
| 14. L'Etoile du Nord. (Quadrilles)..... | |

The programme was, with one exception, made up of German pieces, the audience of a majority of young ladies and gentlemen. Both went very well together. The audience admired the Germans (next to the performers of course) and the Germans (we can speak for one of them at least, whom we know to have been present) admired both the audience and the performers. Mutual admiration-society, is it? Well we confess, we do admire youth. "In juvenile delectus." There is something refreshing and fascinating in youth and we enjoyed the delightful influence.

The Glee Club was especially happy in its selections and was encored after every piece if we remember rightly. And right well did they acquit themselves both in their pieces on the programme and those sung in answer to the enthusiastic calls for more. The Pierians would have increased the effectiveness of their performances by altering their instruments to a pitch somewhat more uniform. However, their pieces were well practiced together and played with spirit. They also received several encores. The liberality of the Glee Club was manifested by a medley of patriotic and other airs, "thrown in" after the 13th number of the programme. Altogether it was a festive and gay evening, furnish-

ing new evidence that the liberal Arts still furnish at our venerable yet ever young *Alma Mater*, and that there are some at least among her sons who beside their other studies find time and inclination to devote themselves to the production of the "sweet concord of sounds."

May the *PIERIAN SODALITY* and the *GLEE CLUB* continue to flourish. *†

MRS. J. H. LONG'S CONCERT.—A concert complimentary to this lady was given on Saturday evening last at the rooms of Messrs. Hallett & Davis. Mrs. KEMPTON and Miss WHITEHOUSE assisted with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mr. CARL PETERSILEA as pianist. Mrs. LONG was in unusually fine voice, so, too, were Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse, and the vocal portions of the programme were admirably rendered by the three ladies. We regret not to have heard the first part of the programme, but learn that Mr. Petersilea performed very creditably the Sonata by Weber. Liszt's Concerto Paraphrase requires a degree of power and unerring facility beyond what he yet possesses. A large audience was in attendance. The following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Quartette, in E flat.....Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Aria, "Ab mon als".....Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Long.
3. Grand Sonate in C, op. 24. (first time).....Weber.
Carl Petersilea.
4. Song, "Ye merry birds".....Gumbert.
Mrs. Kempton.
5. Duo, "Fra Queste Braccia".....Donizetti.
Mrs. Long and Miss Whitehouse.
6. Ballad, "Tyrolenne".....Haas.
Mrs. Long.

PART II.

7. Trio, "On the Ocean".....Concone.
Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kempton, and Miss Whitehouse.
8. Canonette, from Quartette in E flat.....Mendelssohn.
Quintette Club.
9. Duet, from "Giuramento".....Mercadante.
Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kempton.
10. Two Part Song, "The Wanderer".....Frans Abt.
Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse.
11. German Song, "Farewell, Good Night".....Kucken.
Mrs. Long.
12. Concerto Paraphrase on Mendelssohn's Wedding
March and Fairy Dance.....Liszt.
Carl Petersilea.

CAMBRIDGE.—The detachment of the battalion of the College students now on guard at the State Arsenal embraces some of the best of the singers of the college, who make the neighborhood resound on these pleasant moonlight nights with the brightest of the gems of German song. The Turkish Drinking Song, Integer Vitae, the Sword Song, and other choice pieces for men's voices, including many of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, we have heard admirably sung there in a style that would do no discredit to the famous Orpheus Club. It is pleasing to observe the steady progress of the art of Music in the University, since it has become a regular study, and no little credit is due to the efforts of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor in this department.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Our city and suburban readers will not forget the concert of this evening, which commences the new series of evening concerts. The programme is an excellent one.

New Publications.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. Ticknor & Fields.

Contents: Agnes of Sorrento; Greek Lines; The Rose enthroned; A bag of meal; Napoleon the Third; Concerning things slowly learned; American Navigation; Denmark Vesey; New York Seventh Regiment; Army Hymn; The Pickens and Stealins Rebellion; Recent American Publications.

The April number of the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW has been sent us by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Contents: 1. Pearls and Mock Pearls of History.

2. Euphuism; 3. Lord Dundonald; 4. Spiritual Destitution in the Metropolis; 5. German, Flemish, and Dutch Art; 6. African Discovery; 7. Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt; 8. Indian Currency, Finance and Legislation; Iron Manufacture. These are published by L. Scott & Co., New York, at \$3, or all the four great English Quarterlies and Blackwood's Monthly for \$10.

Musical Chit-Chat.

TANNHAUSER IN PARIS.—Tannhäuser, the modern German Opera, *par excellence*, has suffered a most decided defeat at the hands of the Paris public. Notwithstanding the august presence of both Emperor and Empress during the first two representations, the genteel audience manifested their disapprobation by vehement hissing, but principally by a merriment which to the author must have been very provoking. After the third performance which took place on a Sunday evening when the house is mostly filled by persons from the middle classes, who might reasonably be supposed to be unprejudiced, the piece was withdrawn. As the bonus of the author was stipulated at 500 francs for each performance, of which half went to the translator of the book, Mr. Wagner has realized the sum of 750 francs.

The reader will recollect that Tannhäuser was brought out at the express command of the Emperor. Rumor said it was the penalty which the Emperor had to pay to the Princess Metternich, wife to the Austrian ambassador, for a lost bet. The Princess showed herself, at any rate, a zealous partisan of her countryman. When the storm in the audience first broke out, she and her suite from a prominent box tried very hard to turn the tide. But it only caused the hissers to turn towards her. She left the theatre before the curtain fell. When she passed down the corridor, one of the marshals of France, meeting her, said, "Ah, Madame, to-night you have taken a most cruel revenge for Sollerino." The story is good. The Frenchman says now, *Je tannhause*, instead of *Je m'ennuie*.

The Germans console themselves, as well they may, that France has never yet seen the greatness of Shakespeare, nor acknowledged the genius of Goethe and Schiller, nor understood Gluck, Mendelssohn, Weber, and Schumann, and is therefore not very likely to be charmed by an opera which, book and music, is at least as peculiarly Teutonic as Weber's Freischütz or Spohr's Jessonda. Besides, Wagner the writer had much damaged the cause of Wagner the composer. If Mr. Wagner, instead of heralding his views as the salvation of the lyric drama and his works as the beginning of a new musical era, claiming precedence of all the great masters whom France worship, if, instead of all this he had relied solely on the inherent power of his music, his opera might have fared better. To be sure, the legend of Tannhäuser, which to the German mind has deep significance and many fine poetic traits, has nothing fascinating to the Frenchman. It is the difference of nationalities more than anything else which will forever prevent the acceptance by the Paris musical public of the Tannhäuser as the great work which it really is.—*Leipzig Signal*.

HONOLULU.—The dilettanti of the Sandwich Islands have established a Philharmonic Society, which, not satisfied with rendering plain classical music, has gone into the grand opera business. Startling, as it may appear, Verdi's *Trovatore* has been performed in Honolulu. His majesty, Kamehameha, who fortunately possesses a very fine voice, took the role of Manrico, and his royal spouse filled that of the Gipsy Azucena.

MUSICAL SOIREE.—Last evening Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte gave a musical soirée at her residence in Hancock Street, to which the parents and friends of her pupils, including several distinguished amateurs, were invited, forming a brilliant society. The programme was very interesting, consisting of a duet by Von Weber, nine solo compositions played by the youngest pupils of the school, Duet Sonata by Mozart, Nocturne by Gutmann, Allegretto and Moon-

light Sonata by Beethoven, Allegro by Mendelssohn, Home, Sweet Home by Thalberg, Nocturne by Chopin, Sonata Pathétique by Beethoven, and Duet by Von Weber. The performances of these difficult compositions by youthful pupils was a complete vindication of the excellence of the class system of pianoforte instruction which Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte has been teaching in this city for the past five or six years. When we heard girls eight or nine years old, taught in classes, playing one of Weber's duets, and the solos which followed, and playing them well, and young ladies of from thirteen to sixteen interpreting with such intelligence, purity and vigor the other portions of the programme, we were more than satisfied with the results of a system which we have so often commended and advocated. The unequivocal approbation of the refined and competent critics who were present at Mlle. de la Motte's last soirée, justifies the confidence which the public have placed in her abilities, and guarantees her continued success.—*Evening Transcript*, May 17.

MUSIC IN LEGISLATIVE HALLS.—Music hath charms for our Legislature. A majority of the representatives have musical ears, good voices, and know how to tune them aright, either for the grand old chorals or the patriotic songs that are just now sung in halls and churches, on the streets and in the drawing-rooms, at work benches and in the schools. The members lifted up their voices yesterday forenoon, in melodious song, and again in the afternoon, after adjournment. They did the "Star Spangled Banner" in splendid style, as if the banner were advancing at a charging step upon the enemy; "America" was given grandly; "Old Coronation" majestically, and "Auld Lang Syne," as a closing exercise, soothingly. And why should they not sing, these legislators? Let them break forth in song. They have done good works for the old Bay State; they have endorsed the spontaneous uprising of the people; given a strong and willing helping hand to the government of the Union, and their aid, without stint or mercenary calculation, to uphold the honor of its flag.

The members review their labors with satisfaction; they look upon the mailed hand of the general government raised to strike all enemies to its peace, prosperity and integrity, and they see through the cloud that now envelopes us, peace once more establishing its benignant sway; returning prosperity and the hum of productive industry for the harsh notes of war. Do they not do well to sing, and make the old Representatives Hall vocal with their gladness, and the venerable cod which has overlooked the discussions of half a century, a participator in their joyful hopes for the future? If the "chivalry" are disposed to ridicule psalm singing Massachusetts, we bid them remember that the "Old Ironsides" of Cromwell, from whom some of us, at least are descended, were valiant in battle and "mighty men of war," notwithstanding that, before they engaged in the conflict they sang the psalms of David. Men who put their trust in God, the justice of their cause and keep their powder dry, are not to be encountered with impunity.—*Atlas and Bee*, May 23.

A HINT TO MUSICIANS.—See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all the wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, standing about, and half devoured with *ennui*. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a half-penny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful; it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and mere difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—*Sydney Smith*.

Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles: and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest.—*Horace Walpole*.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia.

It is interesting to read the anecdotes of the first productions of celebrated works, the changes made in them in accordance with the experience of their first effects, and the manner in which they were received. We translate some of the incidents attendant upon the production of the now celebrated Barber of Seville.

The overture was originally composed in 1814, for *Aureliano in Palmira*, then changed to *Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra*, both of them serious operas, and was afterwards attached to the Barber.

The air which Bertha, the duenna, sings, is nothing but a Russian contra-dance, which was in vogue in Rome at that time. Rossini is said to have introduced it in compliment to a captivating Muscovite lady. Certain passages of this buffo air re-appear in the allegro, and in the fine cavatina of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago*.

The motive of the allegro of the trio fine Zitti, zitti, is borrowed from the bass air sung by Simon, in Haydn's "Seasons." Simon sings it in C, while Rosina, Almaviva and Figaro sing it in F.

Signora Giorgi-Righetti mentions many circumstances regarding the first production of the opera which have the value of coming from one who shared in its performance. Sterbini was the author of the libretto, and when it was known that Rossini was to rewrite the work which Paisiello had made famous, his enemies endeavored to injure him by talking of it everywhere as a contemptible thing to do. This was the merest nonsense, as the lyrical dramas of Metastasio had all been, dozens of times set to music by as many composers. Paisiello was no stranger to these intrigues. A letter of his was shown to Rossini, in which he charged a friend of his in Rome to make every exertion to ensure its failure. However this may have been, on the day of its first representation at the Argentina, the enemies were at their post, and the friends, somewhat disheartened at the recent failure of *Torvaldo*, did not exhibit any great warmth of support. Signora Giorgi-Righetti says that Rossini was weak enough to allow Garcia, whose ability he greatly admired, to replace the air sung under Rosina's window with a Spanish melody of his own; thinking that, as the scene was laid in Spain, this might give a local coloring to the work. But the public sentiment rendered this an unfortunate thing.

Almaviva's guitar had not been tuned, and Garcia had to tune it on the stage. A string broke, which the singer was obliged to replace; and in the mean time the laughter and hisses had become general. The song was foreign to the Italian taste, and was badly received, while the pit began to hum over Spanish floritures. After the introduction came Figaro's cavatina. The prelude was at first listened to; but when Zamboni entered with another guitar, a shout of laughter went through the audience, and the hisses made such a noise that the aria was not to be heard. When Rosina appeared on the balcony, the public, who admired the lady, was ready to applaud her air; but when it heard only the words; *Segui, o caro, deh segui così*, they were the signal of a new outbreak. The duet of Almaviva and Figaro was accompanied by shouts and hisses, which completely drowned it; and the work seemed to be an utter failure.

Finally Rosina appeared and sang the cavatina. the youth, and beautiful voice of Signora Giorgi-Righetti, joined to the favor which she enjoyed among the Romans, combined to procure for her a brilliant success. Rossini arose from the piano, bowed, and turning to the cantatrice, said in a low voice:—"Oh natura!"—"You may give it your thanks," replied Signora Giorgi, "for without it you would never have left your seat."

But this happy moment was of short duration, for the hisses recommenced at the duet between Rosina and Figaro. All the hisses in Italy seemed to have met in the theatre, and the music was utterly lost in the noise they made. When the curtain fell, Rossini turned to the audience, shrugged his shoulders, and clapped his hands. The public was touched at this contempt for its opinion; but no mark of disapprobation was returned. It revenged itself at the second act, not a note of which could be heard. Rossini remained calm throughout, and left the theatre as quietly as though it had been the work of a stranger. When Garcia, Zamboni, Botticelli and Signora Giorgi-Righetti went to his rooms, after changing their dresses, to console him for his failure, they found him sound asleep.

The next day he wrote the beautiful cavatina *Ecco ridente in cielo* to replace Garcia's unfortunate air. Garcia sang it the same evening at the second performance. Rossini hastened to prune from his work everything which might be justly condemned, then went to bed and pretended to be sick, that he might

not be obliged to officiate in the evening. The Romans went the second time with altered dispositions, and desired to hear the work to which they refused to listen the evening before. This procured the triumph of the composer; for it was impossible that a people so musical should not appreciate the beauties profusely spread through this delightful work. The silence of the audience was only broken this time by applause; still there was no enthusiasm. But the success grew at each representation, and finally became a transport of delight. In Rome, as elsewhere, there were connoisseurs who at once comprehended the merit of the work, and went to Rossini to compliment him on its excellence. This change of fortune and opinion did not astonish him; he was as sure of success on the evening of its first reception as he was a week after.

It is rather singular that the first representation of the Barber at Paris was a repetition of the Roman failure. The same cause produced the same effect; for Paisiello's work was there again opposed to that of Rossini. It is true that Mme. Ronzi de Begnis did not inspire the part of Rosina, for which she was not fitted. By a singular fancy, the public at once demanded Paisiello's Barber, and nothing could have more contributed to Rossini's success. Paër, who was troubled regarding the young rising maestro, Paër, director of the Théâtre-Italien, appeared to yield to the importunate request of the public, which, perhaps, he had instigated. He hastened to produce Paisiello's opera, not doubting of the success which awaited it; but the result was the opposite of what he expected. The traditional power of his music had lost its vitality; nobody knew how to sing it in its pristine simplicity. Besides this, the form was old-fashioned; there were too many airs and recitatives; concerted pieces were rare, and the instrumentation meagre. It was an utter failure. Rossini's work was resumed, and possessing, as it did, all the advantages which its rival lacked, it enchanted the whole public. Mme. Fodor had assumed the part of Rosina, and the representation was given with a perfection yet unequalled. Garcia and Mme. Fodor were the models of Almaviva and Rosina; Pellegrini, a gay, intelligent Figaro; de Begnis an excellent Basilio; Graziani, a vivacious and malicious Bartolo. To give an idea of Garcia in this rôle, which he made entirely his own, I will say that Rubini always seemed to me a mediocre Almaviva, when I remembered the bold, marked rounded accents of Garcia's full voice. Who can give us that sonorous avalanche of notes when the exasperated Count curses the unfortunate troupe of musicians:

Ah! maledetti andate via,
Ah! canaglia via di qua?

It was sublime!

(There must have been some trifling difference between such a performance and the buffoonery to which we Bostonians are accustomed in this scene.)

Rossini had written several portions of his opera, when Sterbini brought him several pages of verse. "There is considerable," said he, "for Figaro's entrance; but you can take what you want, and leave the rest. Rossini immediately began to hum as he read. "I will not suppress a verse, not a word," said he, "they shall all move to the clarinets." After a second reading, he sat down to the piano, and sang *Largo al factotum*, with its instrumental coloring. "Bravo! perfect!" cried Sterbini. "Yes! that may be made into a pretty good cavatina. I will keep it a few days in my head, and give it a little polish, and write it out afterwards." "Not so! you shall write it out at once, just as it is. I want it just so. The diamond sparkles enough as it is. We must secure it for fear of losing it."

Like very many other chefs d'œuvre of the human mind, the Barber, unrecognized at first, depreciated and condemned, has become one of those universal favorites which never lose their charm and rank among the foremost efforts of musical genius.—*Boston Musical Times*.

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN.—A committee of prominent citizens of New York, consisting of Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Hamilton Fish, George Wm. Curtis, Richard Grant White, Luther Bradish, John A. Dix, Moses H. Grinnell and others, announce that a prize of five hundred dollars will be awarded for a national hymn, which must be, not a war song, but purely patriotic; to consist of not less than sixteen nor more than forty lines, exclusive of a chorus or burden, which is regarded as essential, and to be of marked rhythm and popular melody. For the words and music from the same hand, five hundred dollars will be paid, or a gold medal of that value will be awarded. For the hymn alone, or for the music alone, (if original), two hundred and fifty dollars will be given.

Special Notices.

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A cradle-song or lullaby of very simple construction, perfectly in accordance with its intent and purpose. Melody and harmony are nevertheless striking and show the clever pen that has written so many popular melodies.

On to the conflict, on! *J. W. Turner. 25*

One of the many soul-stirring songs which the impending war has given rise to. It will, no doubt, have a fair share of the patronage now bestowed on patriotic songs.

His hand upon the latch. *R. Denton. 23*

Charming words, describing the young wife's happy anxieties while expecting the husband's return from his daily toil, until "his hand is upon the latch." The music is not less fine.

Instrumental Music.

America. Transcription. *F. Beyer. 25*

A full and telling arrangement of the National Anthem, "My country, 'tis of thee." It is one of the well-known and comprehensive collection of the National Airs of all Countries, edited by Beyer.

When the swallows homeward fly. Transcribed. *Ad. Baumbach. 35*

A fine arrangement with which the composer has evidently taken great pains. Its general excellence will ensure a large circulation for it notwithstanding the many arrangements of the same air which are now in the market.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00.

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hack-nied that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore the words and the music are one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted on him positive pain."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 478.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

II.

THE FASHIONABLE CONDUCTOR.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

This charlatan is of quite modern origin. His rise commenced with the decline of the classical school, which is now so much lamented. In proportion as the means were made the end, in proportion as external show and stunning noise took the place of true music,—our friend gained ground, till finally we see in him the personification of what may be called the clap-trap art. At present—thank Heaven!—he is still an exotic plant in America, but in feudal Europe, in the fashionable capitals, as Paris, Berlin, London, he is an *institution*, an indispensable ingredient to metropolitan high life. He ministers to the wants of the *blasés*, whom he feeds with musical confectionary, with polkas, gallops, or fragments from Italian operas. But this is not his object. According to his advertisements he gives *cheap* concerts with an orchestra of fifty performers—*for the sake of improving the public taste!* May be that the public taste is an object of his earnest solicitude; but in quite a different sense; for, surely, as soon as a better taste and judgment are diffused among the public they will no longer listen to his music. Our friend is too shrewd not to know this; therefore, he exerts himself to the utmost to keep the popular taste down. He is passionately fond of his baton, particularly as it affords him nightly an opportunity to glorify himself, to show himself off. A more self-conceited fool was never born. The show-bills announce in big letters that the concert this evening will be given under the *personal* direction of *Monsieur le maître de chapelle*. Though he is never missing; though he conducts every night in person, yet the public must be put in mind of the grand fact.

Now let us go to see him. The musicians are already at their desks waiting for the chief. There he comes! Look, how carefully his hair is curled! How matchless his cravat, his vest, his dress coat, in short, everything down to his patent-leather boots! He advances up to his stand. What a graceful bow! How pleasantly he smiles! (Believe it who may; it has often been said that many go to his concerts merely to see him make that capital bow). Presently he seizes the *bâton*, looks about him if the performers are ready and gives the signal to strike up.

Monsieur is too polite to conduct with his back turned to the audience, as small conductors do, who suppose their business to be alone with the players, and accordingly front the latter. Oh, no! This would not only imply a breach of etiquette but would mar the whole affair in many respects. The musicians are grouped so that he stands quite prominently out from among them, his front to the public, who now may enjoy the full unobstructed view of his glorious figure. The piece played is an opening march on oper-

atic airs composed by the chapel-master himself. Monsieur fights the air terribly with his stick, throwing a savage glance now to the player on his right, now to that on his left, or behind him, who may be a little too slow or too fast. Anon he puts on an air of approval, he nods, he is pleased with the performance; he begins to smile; he looks as if he were moved by the music, as though he were lifted and carried along by the gentle waves of harmony. In fact, his face expresses far more than the music. It is finished. Monsieur throws down his baton and retires quite fatigued as it seems. He draws his embroidered and perfumed handkerchief—which he has his own way of displaying—to wipe the perspiration from his heated forehead. He then sits down on a sofa in the background of the stage, but so that he can see the audience and be seen by them; the latter is of infinitely more consequence. Occasionally he takes his lorgnette and eagerly looks about as if to search for some acquainted face. Of course, he takes it for granted that all present have come merely to see and admire him; especially the ladies, whose heads he supposes he has completely turned the wrong way.

The programme, made up of the highest kind of music, as intimated above, culminates in a grand potpourri, also arranged or composed by Monsieur himself. In this piece he has recourse to all sorts of mechanical contrivances in order to produce the most striking effects, from which it takes his auditors frequently a good deal of time to recover. The potpourri is to represent, musically, some scene or scenes from common life, as detailed on the programme. Sometimes it is a railroad catastrophe which is being unfolded to our ears. The train is ready to start. We hear the rushing of the escaping steam, the bell, the rattle and clatter of some dozen cars, dashing along with lightning speed. Suddenly the alarm whistle sounds, but too late; the catastrophe, a general smash-up, is inevitable.

At another time it is perhaps a chase to which Monsieur treats his listeners. The stag is flying by, the hounds are close behind him; and such capital barking! But the best joke is when he represented how light grew out of chaos. A few minutes before the commencement the gas is lowered so that an almost total eclipse reigns all over the house. The music begins with low, dissonant, long-drawn chords, resembling the growls of bears and wolves before supper. The audience seem fairly frightened, when, all of a sudden, a clear, full, triumphant major chord resounds, played by the whole body of instruments as loudly as possible,—and simultaneously with it—a great conductor!—appears the dazzling blaze of some three hundred restored gas flames. Thus it grew light.

While these jokes are passed off, which, as before observed, form the climax of his programmes, Monsieur is perfectly excited. Besides his baton he sometimes takes his foot, his head, or both his arms, to indicate the time. Occasionally he calls out in an angry voice to the drummer, or to the

man who has charge of the barking machine, to play with more spirit. His chief attention, however, is directed to the audience; he is anxiously watching what effect tricks produce on them, expecting every moment that a storm of applause will break loose. And, indeed, he has not to wait very long before they give vent to their delight in the most vociferous acclamations. Yes, applause never fails him. He is firmly settled in the favor of his auditors. Both the public and the press extol him and promulgate his fame. He is called the prince of leaders, the Napoleon of conductors. But this shall not prevent us from opening their eyes and showing their pet to be in fact the prince of charlatans, the Napoleon of musical quacks. How such an individual comes to command an orchestra composed of the ablest performers, as they generally are, would be a puzzle, if we did not know that shrewdness, cunning, arrogance, impudence, recklessness and similar qualities, have frequently risen to a position which for true virtue it was impossible to obtain. He is indefatigable in aping the fashionable world. He employs as his hairdresser the first Parisian coiffeur, who counts his customers chiefly among lords and barons; and so in similar things. When, for instance, it has become the fashion among the aristocracy to learn Spanish, Monsieur quickly engages the most fashionable master of languages and learns Spanish too, and then takes good care to make it known among his friends.

Though most of his musicians are far better artists than himself, he treats them as if they were ten times his inferiors; he often rules as a despot, especially at such times as his receipts are good and he is able to pay them their salaries promptly, knowing that it is difficult for an orchestra performer to find lucrative employment. He places his men under heavy fines for any breach of good conduct, while he himself continually violates those rules. Thus, for instance, a member is fined so much for coming a few minutes too late to the rehearsals; but he, our Monsieur, is rarely if ever punctual and cares nothing if the whole orchestra are waiting for him ever so long. It has frequently happened that he has ordered a rehearsal to take place, say at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the musicians were punctually each at his place; but where is our master, where is the conductor, where is Monsieur? A deputation is finally dispatched to his residence (at the most fashionable hotel in the city) to see what has befallen him; perhaps he may be sick. The deputation returns with the information that they found the master still resting on his laurels which he freshly gathered last night, where a new potpourri of his, with many new tricks, was performed. They found him still sleeping. On opening his eyes he told them he had been invited to a late supper at Lord Horse-neck's, and that, my Lord having urged him so much to drink he could not resist the temptation of taking a glass too much of his Lordship's choice wines and in consequence he felt terribly sick in

his head and unable to rise.

On the other hand he has proved the most unscrupulous swindler, who instead of money has paid his musicians with promises, till, finally he has escaped to parts unknown, leaving some fifty young men looking in vain about for means to pay their board.

But the avenging Nemesis sometimes overtakes him when he is least aware of it. I have seen a whole orchestra rise as one man against such a charlatan conductor after they had patiently borne his despotic sway for a long time; as sometimes a whole country with an inexplicable unanimity after long and patient sufferings, shakes off the yoke of a tyrannical prince and establishes itself as a republic. They ordered Monsieur to get him hence, chose one of their members for a conductor and continued the concerts much to the benefit of the public taste and the art in general. Monsieur seeing that it was impossible to regain his position and being unable to appease the cries of his seven children for their daily bread came back later and begged to be received as a common member of the society. His fate excited sympathy so that it was proposed by some to give him a situation as kettle-drum player of whom the society just then stood in need. However, on mature reflection it was resolved not to engage him by any means, since from his intriguing spirit it was reasonably to be feared he would leave no opportunity unused to disturb the harmony of the society, secretly undermine it and ultimately cause its dissolution, in order to establish his autocratic sway again.

He went about for a while dressed in the same fashionable style as formerly, still boasting of his many acquaintances among the aristocracy. It is true he was sometimes seen with the before mentioned Lord Horseneck; but this is easily explained when we remember that my Lord was not only a great lover of music but himself the composer of several Grand Quadrilles which frequently, under a fictitious name, were performed by our Monsieur at the concerts. Far from envying him such acquaintances we sincerely wish his Lordship may not so soon cast him off, but exert his influence to save him from the brink of destruction to which he is hurrying on rapidly. And so we will leave him.

Audi Alteram Partem.

RICHARD WAGNER, in *Re himself* and "TANNHÄUSER."

"TO THE EDITOR OF —."

"Paris, 27th March, 1861.

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—I promised I would, some day or other, give you a full account of everything relating to the Paris *Tannhäuser* business. Now that this has taken so decided a turn, and that I am enabled to obtain a comprehensive view of everything connected with it, it affords me a kind of satisfaction to come to a conclusive opinion of the whole from a calm narrative, written as if for my own perusal. None of you can, however, form a correct idea of the true state of matters, without my touching upon the real motives which which induced me to go to Paris in the first instance. Let me, therefore, start from this point.

"After having been prevented, for a space of nearly ten years, from refreshing myself, if only periodically, by witnessing some good performances of my dramatic compositions, I at last felt irresistibly impelled to think of settling in some place where in time it might be possible for me to enjoy that living contact with my art which was so necessary for me. I hoped to be able to

find such a place in some retired nook in Germany. In the summer of 1859 I made the most earnest appeals to the Grand Duke of Baden—who, with the most touching kindness, had previously promised that my latest work should be brought out at Karlsruhe under my own direction—to use his influence, so that, instead of making only a temporary stay, I might be allowed to take up my permanent residence in his dominions, since I should otherwise have no course left open to me than to proceed to Paris, and settle there. The fulfilment of my request was—an impossibility!

"I proceeded to Paris in the autumn of the same year, still calculating upon the performance of my *Tristan*, for which I thought I should be summoned to Karlsruhe on the 3d December. I believed, that when the work had once been brought out under my own superintendence, I might then trust it to theatres of Germany. The prospect being able to pursue the same course with all my subsequent works was enough for me; and, such being the posture of affairs, the sole charm Paris possessed for me was the fact, that from time to time I might hear an admirable quartet or a first-rate orchestra, and thus at least keep up a refreshing connection with the living organs of my art. But everything was suddenly changed, on the receipt of letters from Karlsruhe, informing me that the production of *Tristan* there had proved impossible. My painful position immediately suggested to me the notion of inviting, for the following spring, some well-known and clever German singers to Paris, so that, with their assistance, I might get up, at the Italian Opera, the model-performance, which I so much desired, of my new work. To this performance it was my intention to invite the managers and stage-managers of such German theatres as were well disposed towards me, thinking that by the plan I should obtain the result I had hoped to achieve by the performance of Karlsruhe. But, as it would have been impossible to carry out the plan without including the Parisian public, it is necessary that I should endeavor to enlist their sympathies for my music beforehand. It was with this object that I gave the three concerts in the Italian Theatre. The highly gratifying result of these concerts, as far as success and approbation were concerned, could not, unfortunately, further the principal enterprise I had in view. I became fully aware of the difficulties besetting an enterprise of the sort, while the impossibility of obtaining the simultaneous attendance of the German singers I had selected compelled me to abandon my design.

"While, thus hemmed in with difficulties on every side, I was again casting my eyes borne down by heavy care, towards Germany, I heard, to my great astonishment, that my position was warmly discussed, and my cause kindly advocated, at the court of the Tuileries. This kind interference on my behalf I owed to the extremely friendly feeling of many members of the various German embassies in the capital, a feeling of which I had previously been in complete ignorance. Matters went so far that the Emperor, having heard a most flattering account of my work, generally known as *Tannhäuser*, from a German princess whom he particularly respects, gave orders for the immediate production of the opera at the Académie Impériale.

"I cannot deny that although, in the first instance, highly gratified at this unexpected testimony of the success of my works in circles from which I had for so long kept personally so far aloof, I soon began to look forward with great anxiety to a representation of *Tannhäuser* in the theatre mentioned; for who saw more clearly than I did that this great operatic theatre had long been estranged from every earnest artistic tendency; that requirements very different from those of dramatic music had asserted their supremacy and that opera had become simply an excuse for ballet? The truth is, that of late years I have had very many applications to bestir myself about the performance of one of my works in Paris; I never thought, however, of the so-called Grand Opera, but—for an experiment—rather of the modest Théâtre Lyrique. This I

did for two reasons; at the latter theatre no particular class of the public leads the taste of the rest, and—thanks to the poverty of its resources—the ballet, properly so-called, has not yet grown up to to be the centre around which everything else in art revolves. The manager had, however, been obliged to give up all idea of a performance of *Tannhäuser*, after having repeatedly considered it of his own free will, principally because he could find no tenor equal to the difficult task of supporting the principal character.

"Now, at my very first interview on the subject with the manager of the Grand Opera, I was given to understand that the most necessary condition to ensure a successful performance of *Tannhäuser* was the introduction of a ballet, and that, too, in the second act. I did not perceive the full import of this condition until I declared it was impossible for me to stop the action of the second act, above all others, by a ballet, in every respect meaningless; but that, on the other hand, a particularly appropriate pretext for a ballet was afforded by the voluptuous court of Venus, in the first act, where, when I first conceived the drama, I had myself thought it impossible to dispense with dancing. In fact, I was excited by the idea of strengthening this part of my work, a part which was unmistakably the weakest point in my original score, and I drew up an elaborate plan by which the scene in the Venusberg would be rendered a most important one. The manager peremptorily rejected this plan, and told me plainly that, in the performance of an opera, he had not only to consider the ballet itself, but so to arrange matters that it should come on in the middle of the evening, for it was not until that time that those subscribers to whom the ballet almost exclusively belonged entered their boxes, as they usually dined very late; a ballet executed in the beginning of the evening could not, therefore, I was informed, satisfy these persons, as they were never present during the first act. The same and similar explanations were subsequently repeated by the Minister of State himself, and all chance of a successful result represented as so dependent on my fulfilling the conditions in question, that I began to think I should be obliged to throw up the whole affair.

"While I was reflecting more seriously than ever on returning to Germany, and anxiously looking around for some spot where I might be enabled to produce my latest works, I was most favorably impressed with the value of the Imperial order, for it placed at my disposal all the resources of the Grand Opéra, and authorized me, in the most unreserved and unconditional manner to make whatever engagements I might deem necessary. Everything required by me was instantly carried into effect, without the slightest consideration of the cost, and an amount of care, of which before I had not the slightest idea, was bestowed upon the *mise-en-scène*. Under such unusual circumstances, I became gradually more and more impressed with the belief that I might possibly behold a complete, nay ideal performance. The notion of such a performance of one or other of my works, no matter which, had seriously engrossed my thoughts for a long time, in fact from the time of my withdrawal from our own operatic theatre. An opportunity which had never before been anywhere placed within my reach, was now most unexpectedly offered me in Paris, and that, too, when no exertions on my part had been able to procure me any favor at all approaching it on German soil. I frankly confess that this thought filled me with an ardour I had not known for a long time, and which a certain bitterness, mingled with it, only served, perhaps, to augment. I now saw nothing save the possibility of a completely beautiful performance; and, absorbed by my constant and anxious care to realize this possibility, every cause for distrust lost its power of affecting me. 'If I can only attain what I am justified in considering possible'—I said to myself—'what do I care about the Jockey Club and their ballet?'

"From this moment, all my attention was devoted to the performance. No French tenor, I was told by the manager, could be found for the

part of Tannhäuser. Having been informed of the brilliant talent of the youthful tenor, Herr Niemann, I pointed to him, though, it is true, I had never heard him myself, as the representative of the principal part, especially as he spoke French easily. An engagement, most carefully brought about, was concluded with him, at a great sacrifice. Several other artists, such, for instance, as the baritone Morelli, owed their engagements solely to my desire to secure their services for my work. As for the rest, I preferred certain rising and talented young artists—because I thought I might form them more easily to my style—to some first-rate singers already favorites here, because their too forward manner exercised a disturbing influence on me. The amount of care, totally unknown among us, with which the rehearsals at the piano was conducted, astonished me, and under the intelligent and delicate guidance of M. Vauthrot, the *Chef du Chant*, I speedily beheld our efforts attain a rare degree of maturity. I was especially gratified at observing how young French talent gradually understood my work, and warmed into a love of its task.

"In this way, I myself felt a new affection for this old work of mine. I once more went through the score with the greatest care; I completely remodelled the scene with Venus, as well as the ballet-scene preceding it; and more especially endeavored to adapt the vocal music most accurately to the words of the translation.

"I had devoted my whole attention to the performance, and disregarded every other consideration; but now my anxiety commenced as the truth flashed upon me that the performance would not be distinguished by that degree of invariable excellence I had expected. It is a sad thing for me to tell you in what respects I, at first, found I was doomed to disappointment. The most serious circumstance was, decidedly, that the singer of the difficult principal part grew more and more desponding the nearer we approached the night of the performance. The flattering hopes I had cherished during the course of the pianoforte rehearsals, sank lower, the more we had to do with the stage and the orchestra. I perceived that we were declining to the level of an ordinary operatic performance, and that all those expectations, which soared far above this, would necessarily remain unfulfilled. Viewed in this light, in which at the beginning I naturally had not viewed it, the only thing that could elevate such an operatic representation was wanting; I mean some highly talented individual, already an established favorite with the public, while I came forward with nearly all novices. I was finally, most disheartened by the fact that I could not succeed in withdrawing from the usual conductor the direction of the orchestra, and undertaking it myself, for this would have enabled me to exercise a great influence on the spirit of the performance; and the fact of my having been thus compelled, with sorrowful resignation (for I had not been allowed to withdraw the score as I desired), to consent to a tame and spiritless performance of my work, is still a cause of real grief to me.

"Under these circumstances, I was almost indifferent as to the manner in which my opera would be received; the most brilliant success would not have induced me to be many times present at its performance, so far was I from being satisfied with it. But, concerning the real character of its reception, you have hitherto, it strikes me, been purposely kept in the dark, and would, therefore, act very wrongly, were you to form an opinion unfavorable to the general Parisian public, however flattering that opinion might be to us Germans. I still think, on the contrary, that the Parisian public are distinguished for very estimable qualities, among which may be reckoned great quickness, and a truly large-hearted love of justice. The fact of an audience, an entire audience, to whom I was personally a complete stranger; who had been told, day by day, by the papers and idle prattlers the most absurd things about me; and who were the objects of all sorts of attempts to prejudice them against me—maintaining my cause repeat-

edly, for a quarter of an hour at a time, by the most exhausting manifestations of approbation, against a clique, must, even were I the most indifferent being in the world, fill me with feelings of the warmest description. But an audience actuated, as every dispassionate observer immediately perceived, by the most violent prejudice against my work, had been assembled on the night of the first performance, thanks to the zealous care of those who had the sole distribution of the places, and who rendered it almost impossible for me to introduce my few personal friends. If to this audience you add all the members of the Parisian press, who are officially invited on such occasions, and whose hostility towards me their notices alone are sufficient to prove, I really think I am entitled to speak of a great victory, when I inform you, in the strictest truth, that there was louder and more unanimous applause at the performance of my work, although that performance was far from being too spirited a one, than I myself ever heard in Germany. Several of the musical critics, or rather all of them, who were the real leaders of the opposition, which, at first, was, perhaps, nearly universal, exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent the public from listening to my work, but they were evidently alarmed, towards the end of the second act, lest they should be compelled to witness a complete and brilliant success. They, therefore, had recourse to a plan of bursting out into horse-laughter at certain cues, which they had agreed upon among themselves at the general rehearsals and by this means produced considerable confusion at the conclusion of the second act, for the express purpose of weakening the effect of a strong manifestation at the fall of the curtain.

The same gentlemen had also observed, at the general rehearsals, which I was unable to prevent their attending, that the success of the opera depended, in a great measure, upon the mode in which the third act was performed. An admirable scene, by M. Despléchin, representing the Valley of the Wartburg in the light of an autumnal evening, exerted, even at the rehearsals, on all present a charm which strengthened the proper feeling necessary for the following scenes, and, indeed, rendered it irresistible. As regards the artists, these scenes were the gem of the whole performance. The procession of Pilgrims was sung and placed upon the stage in a most admirable manner; Elizabeth's prayer, rendered by Mlle. Sax with touching and expressive perfection; and the fantasia to the evening star, given by Morelli with elegiacal tenderness, introduced so happily the best part of Niemann's performances, namely, the account of the pilgrimage, which always obtained for him the warmest marks of approbation, that it appeared probable to my most bitter opponent that this third act would prove exceptionally successful. It was, accordingly, this very act that the individuals in question attacked most virulently, endeavoring, by outbursts of violent laughter, as pretexts for which they were obliged to seize on the most trifling things, to prevent anything like the necessary devout, calm feeling reigning among the audience. Not led astray by these repulsive demonstrations, my singers neither allowed themselves to be discouraged, nor was the audience to be restrained from paying the most sympathetic attention to their performance, often rewarded with loud applause; at last, the artists having been called on with the most boisterous signs of approbation, the opposition was kept completely under.

"That I was not wrong in looking upon the result of this evening as a complete victory, was proved by the behavior of the public at the second performance, for it was then evident who were the opponents against whom, I should, in future, have exclusively to contend. I refer to the Jockey club, which I have a right to name, since, the public themselves did so openly, by crying out "*à la porte les Jockeais*." The members of this Club, whose right to be considered the lords and masters of the Grand Opera I need not inquire into more nearly, and who, by the absence of the usual ballet at the time of their entrance into the theatre, that is to say, about the middle

of the performance, thought their dearest interests grievously injured, had discovered, to their horror, that, at the first performance, not only had *Tannhäuser* not failed, but had actually been a triumph. From that moment it became their business to prevent this balletless opera from being presented to them evening after evening. With this object, they had, on their way from dinner to the Opera, purchased a number of dog whistles, and such like things, which, immediately after the entrance of these gentlemen, were employed against *Tannhäuser* in the most ingenious manner. Previously, that is to say, during the whole of the first act and up to the middle of the second, there had not been the slightest sign of any further opposition, and the most continuous applause had accompanied, unopposed, those portions of my opera which had first gained favor with the public. From this moment, however, no demonstration of satisfaction was of any avail. It was in vain that the Emperor himself, together with the Empress, proved, for the second time, his favorable opinion of my work; the condemnation of *Tannhäuser* had been irrevocably pronounced by those who regarded themselves as the masters of the theatre, and who all belong to the highest aristocracy of France. Until the conclusion of the performance, all the applause bestowed by the public was accompanied by whistles and flageolets.

"In consequence of the total inability of the Management to do aught against this powerful club, and of the evident disinclination of the Minister of State himself to become involved in any serious dispute with its members, I felt I could not expect the performers, who had served me so truly, to continue subjecting themselves to the horrible excitement so unconsciously inflicted on them (of course for the purpose of making them throw up their parts). I gave the management notice that I withdrew my opera, consenting to a third performance only on condition that it should take place on Sunday, that is to say, on a non-subscription night, by which plan the subscribers would not be irritated, while the house would be rendered available for the general public. It was not considered advisable to comply with my wish that this performance should be advertised in the bills as the '*last*,' and I could only inform my acquaintances personally that such was the case. These precautionary measures were, however, insufficient to allay the anxiety of the Jockey Club. The body fancied it perceived, in this Sunday performance, a bold demonstration, attended with danger to its interests, since, if the performance were an undisputed success, the hated work might then easily be forced upon the members. No one had the courage to believe in the sincerity of my assertion, that, in case of such a success, my withdrawal of *Tannhäuser* would only be the more certain. These gentlemen, consequently, gave up their usual amusements on the evening in question, and returning, once more fully equipped to the theatre, repeated the proceedings which distinguished the second performance. The indignation of the public, who were to be completely debarred from following the opera, rose to a pitch, which, I was assured, was perfectly unprecedented, and the social position of these elegant rioters—which it would seem is altogether unassailable—was, perhaps, the only thing that saved them from personal violence. Let me state at once that, astonished as I was at the unruly behavior of the gentlemen of this club, I was equally struck and touched by the heroic exertions of the public, properly so called, to see justice done me; and that it would never once enter my head to enter my head to entertain the slightest doubt of a Parisian audience, provided it assembled on neutral ground belonging to itself.

"My official notification of the withdrawal of the score, placed the Management of the Opera in a position of really great embarrassment. The Management acknowledge, openly and emphatically, that in the case of my opera they see one of the greatest possible successes, for they do not recollect another instance of the public declaring themselves with such warmth the par-

tizans of a work opposed by a particular set. They think they are sure of exceedingly high receipts from *Tannhäuser*, the house having been already let for several nights in advance. They are continually receiving information of the increasing indignation of the public, who find themselves prevented, by a party of most limited numbers, from calmly listening to and appreciating a much-talked-of work. I also hear that the Emperor is still most kindly disposed in the matter, while the Empress wishes to declare herself the patroness of my opera, and obtain guarantees against any further disturbances. At this moment, there is being circulated among the musicians, painters, artists and authors in Paris, a protestation addressed to the Minister of State, and referring to the unbecoming proceedings at the Opera House. It is, as I have been informed, signed by a large number of persons. Under these circumstances, I ought easily to pluck up courage and allow my work to be resumed. But a grave artistic consideration prevents my doing so. As yet, my work has not enjoyed a calm and dispassionate hearing; its true character, depending indispensably on the audience being thrown, in accordance with my intention, into a frame of mind embracing the whole of my production, and different from that of the ordinary opera-public, has not yet dawned upon the public, who on the contrary, could only confine themselves to brilliant and catching external features, which serve me merely as scaffolding, but which the audience remarked and received with lively sympathy. If I could and did obtain a quiet hearing for my opera, I fear, from what I have already hinted at, concerning the character of the performance here, that the inward weakness and tameness of the latter, which are no secret for those who are intimately acquainted with the work, and for the removal of which all personal intervention on my part was prohibited, must gradually be revealed, so that, for the present, I should not be able to look forward to a sterling and not merely an external success. Let, therefore, all the unsatisfactory events connected with this performance be kindly buried under the dust of the three battle-nights, and the various persons who bitterly disappointed the hopes I had founded on them, console themselves with the belief that they fought and fell in a good cause!

"For the present, the Paris *Tannhäuser* has been played out. But, if a wish of certain earnest friends of my art be fulfilled—if a project, seriously entertained by competent individuals, and which aims at nothing less than the speedy foundation of a new opera house for the realization of the reforms here mooted by me, be carried out—you may, perhaps, hear once more, even from Paris, of *Tannhäuser*."

"Be assured that you now know the complete truth as regards everything that has, as yet, taken place in Paris, in connection with my work; as your guarantee for this, accept the simple fact, that I cannot possibly be satisfied with a mere appearance, when my inmost wish has remained unfulfilled, and this wish can be gratified only by the consciousness of having produced a really intelligent impression."

"With cordial good wishes, I remain, yours,
"RICHARD WAGNER."

* The editor of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* observes, on the subject of the above letter:—"With regard to this modest example of self-defence in opposition to the decision of public opinion, we will simply refer our readers to the commencement of Cicero's Oration against Verres: *Nemo quumquam tam audacem, qm. arbitratur, qui tam multis testibus convictus—audet.* Est IDEM, qui SEMPER VIT."

Church Music in the Hands of the Reformers.

Exclusive choir singing was one of the abuses which crept into the Romish church, in connection with its gradual declining piety, in the centuries succeeding the third. The change from the primitive method was gradual. It commenced in the fourth century, at which time the choir was not expected to monopolize the singing, but only to lead it. This, however, gave them the opportunity of introducing a style of music, not only unfit for the church on account of its theatrical associations, but unfit for the use of the congregation on account of its intricacy.

The introduction of tunes too difficult for any but trained singers to execute, was the first step towards debarring the people from their ancient privilege of praise. They might still unite in some simple chorus or response, but this was rather by privilege than by right. Even this privilege was at length denied them and they were taught that the singing of God's praise was too sacred a duty for the lips of the laity, and belonged to the clergy alone. And the clergy, to make their monopoly of the singing still more exclusive, sang only in Latin. By the sixth or seventh century the voices of the people were effectually silenced, and for nearly a thousand years God was no longer praised as at the first. But this long night of darkness and silence slowly rolled away, and the light of returning day in Germany was ushered in with song. Its approach had been heralded by song a century before this, in Bohemia, in the time of John Huss and Jerome; and even in the fourteenth century, while "The Morning Star of the Reformation" was still visible, praise broke the silence of the waning watches in England. As in the mornings of the long days in summer, a few woodland notes may be heard here and there in the groves in advance of the general chorus which hails the day, so there were voices before Luther, both in England and on the continent, which anticipated the melodies of his time. But when the empire of the night was fairly broken, and this great chorister of the Reformation arose, he awoke the whole forest into harmony.

One of the first efforts of Luther in fulfilment of the great mission of his life, was to publish a psalm-book. Both hymns and tunes were composed mainly by himself. About sixty hymns were written by him, at a time when the history of fifteen centuries could not furnish more than two hundred hymns that had been used in Christian congregations. In this great undertaking he had a two-fold object: first, to restore to the people their ancient and long-lost New Testament right to the use of psalms in public worship in their own tongue; and secondly, by the graces of verse, and the charms of melody, to lodge the word of God effectually in their memory. He took care to embody in his verse the great foundation truths of the Bible, that, being sung over and over by the people, they might never be forgotten. This object he announced in a letter to Spalatin, written in 1524, in which he says: "It is my purpose, after the example of the ancient Fathers of the church, to make psalms or spiritual songs for the common people, that the word of God may dwell among them in psalms, if not otherwise. We are looking around everywhere for poets. I entreat you to help us. I would that new and courtly words might be avoided, and that the language be all suited to the capacity of the people, as simple as possible." So successful was Luther in this endeavor, that priestly influence might in vain have attempted to check the progress of the Reformation by destroying the Bible. Its doctrines were the soul of his songs, and the songs were embalmed in the people's memory.

They were sung everywhere. The singing habits of the early days of Christianity were fairly revived. "The hymns spread among all classes of people, and were sung not only in the churches and schools, but also in the houses and in the work-shops, in the streets and in the market-places, in the barns and in the fields." Wherever the principles of the Reformation were received whether in Germany, France, or Britain, psalm-singing was an almost universal practice. This was the blossom which the root of the new doctrines invariably produced. So contagious was this practice, and so wonderful the power of Luther's psalms in propagating his doctrines, that his enemies were obliged to adopt the same practice in self-defence. "The papists, finding that the people would sing them, and were almost running with delight in doing so, published hymn-books of their own, in which, with slight alterations, they incorporated almost all of the Reformer's pieces." The hymns found their way even into the French court; but they contained seeds of truth which it was not for the interest of the Romish church to have planted, and about the middle of the sixteenth century all Papists were prohibited from singing them. From that time, the name of "psalmodist," or "psalm-singer," was applied to the Protestants in derision. It became synonymous with Reformer, Huguenot, Calvinist, Heretic.

"Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor." He had reason to say this, for it was music next to theology, and sometimes more than theology, that gave success to his cause. "In the city of Hanover, the Reformation was introduced, not by preachers, nor by religious tracts, but by the hymns of Luther, which the people sang with delight." A Protestant contemporary of Luther says: "I doubt not that the one little hymn, 'Now rejoice, dear Christians, all,'

(the first one that Luther published,) has brought many hundred Christians to the faith. . . . The noble, sweet language of that one little song has won their hearts, so that they could not resist the truth; and, in my opinion, the spiritual songs have contributed not a little to the spread of the Gospel."

But all the reformers, German, Swiss, English, and Scotch, were equally zealous that the people shall consider praise as appropriately and peculiarly their part in the services of the sanctuary. With great effort did they achieve for the people this "freedom to worship God." And now, the advocates of exclusive choir singing in America are surrendering again, to Popery, the very territory which was acquired in the battles of the Reformation. They willingly relinquish to the Man of Sin a stronghold captured by the sturdy valor of such men as Luther and Calvin, and John Knox, and are content that the praise of God should be sung in Protestant churches in the Popish manner.—*Hymns and Chords*.

Who wrote the "Marsellaise?"

The question as to who is the real composer of the "Marsellaise" is again raised. A correspondent of the *Gartenlaube*, a Leipzig paper, asserts it to be composed by a German, Holtzmann of Moersburg, Hof-Capellmeister of the Count Palatine. The organist, Herr Hamma, at Moersburg, is said to have discovered Holtzmann's manuscript, which leads to the curious result that the song, afterwards known as the "Marsellaise," was originally sacred music, and copied by Rouget de Lisle from Holtzmann's Credo in his "Missa Solemnis," No. 4, and adapted to his words. It was always wondered how a dilettante in music, like the engineer-officer Rouget, could have produced in a couple of hours in one night, such a splendid poem of many stanzas in the most perfect poetical form, and at the same time the beautiful air, without which the song, although fiery and enthusiastic, would hardly have acquired its historical fame. It was, therefore always supposed that Rouget made use of the musical reminiscences for his words. But whence the reminiscences of such a fine air, was a question which puzzled many a critic. During the last two or three years it has particularly occupied the French musical savants, especially MM. Kastner and Castil-Blaze. Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, in reference to this new discovery, publishes a short historico-critical treatise on the subject, in the *Kölnner Zeitung*, from which we gather a few more interesting facts. So long ago as the year 1793—8 a rumor was current that the tune of the French National Hymn was a German air; it went so far as to ascribe poem and melody to George Forster. This rumor was hushed for a long time, till it rose again in 1830, when the "Parienne" was sung to an air notoriously German, a German national song, well known to the English-German Legion and the Hanoverian troops in 1814—15.

At that time a note was found in Bonchey and Roux's "Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution" (xvii., p. 204) to the effect that the "Marsellaise" had originally been composed by a German for Biron's army. In contradiction to this, Rouget de Lisle says himself in a collection of French songs: "I made the air and the words of the song at Strasbourg in the night following the declaration of war, end of April, 1792." It is related that the daughter of the Maire Dietrich played it on the piano on the following morning. M. Kastner, in his attempt to vindicate the composition for Rouget, repeats the words of the sculptor David, of Angers, who told him, "Rouget made the stanzas of the song in the night, and accompanied himself with the violin." But this would speak more against than for him, as he could not have composed words and music at the same time. M. Castil-Blaze, in the "France-Musical" of 1852, gives very different explanations. He states that on the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, who was secretly married to the Duke of Orleans, in 1782, a German song, with chorus and burden, was performed for the first time, which those who had been among the auditory recognized ten years afterwards as the melody to the world-inspiring song of Rouget's. German music in Paris at that time came into vogue through Gluck and his success. A. M. Julien, sen., violinist at the Italian Opera House, had produced that song in Madame Montesson's concert; it was received with enthusiasm by the highly aristocratic company, against which it turned such a sharp weapon afterwards. M. Deslauriers, publisher of Gluck's operas, and M. Imbalt, who directed the orchestra, were both present on that evening, and confided their secret to Castil-Blaze in the eighth year of the Republic, although Imbalt, who became music vender, in contradiction to his own opinion, from speculation and regard to the public voice, had printed the "Marsellaise" himself, in 1792, with Rouget's name as the composer.

Both assured M. Castil-Blaze, that the melody originally, with its first words, had a mild religious character. With Rouget's words, the song became first a Chant de l'Armée du Rhin, which the regiments at Strasburg and in Alsatia sang and played as a March. From there the song traveled to the south of France; and from thence, with the Marseilles batallions, to Paris, where it was ascribed to the above-mentioned M. Julien, and others, as Gosssec, Pleyel, and particularly Méhul, who had set it more completely. M. Castil-Blaze quotes several examples where entirely change the character of the tune: he comes very near the truth and the latest news from Meersburg, when he says: "If you hear in our churches the song 'Sainte Cité, demeure permanente,' and when the singers intonate the finale, 'O ma patrie, O mon bonheur,' do you see everybody get excited and rush to arms? By no means; you have heard the sentimental tune a hundred times, and you never dreamed that it was one and the same with the faithful burden: 'Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos battallions!'"

Prof. Bischoff observes, that neither by the older works of Walther and Gerber, nor by the newer musical biographical dictionaries, nor by any authority to which he has access, can he learn anything nearer of the Capellmeister and composer Holtsmann; but, he continues, there have always lived in the south of Germany, and there are still living, a number of composers of sacred music, of whom no one, beyond the narrowest circle of their activity, ever hears anything. —*Athenæum*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1861.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening the 27th ult., at Chickering's Hall, the Vice President in the chair. From the Treasurer's Report it appears that the financial condition of the society remains much as it was at the last annual meeting; the profit on the performance of the Messiah at Christmas, together with some two hundred dollars, and upwards, contributed by members, just about squaring out the expenditures of the season.

The obligations of the Society amount to \$1,362.58, to meet which, two first mortgage railroad bonds, valued in the present depressed condition of all such securities at \$1,400 and on which the interest is paid semi-annually, are held; exclusive of the valuable library and other property belonging to the society.

The reading of the Secretary's Report was listened to with interest, particularly those portions having reference to a change in the By-Laws, whereby a better attendance may be secured at rehearsals; and also in relation to an annual assessment; as a necessity of the times.

We call attention to the Secretary's report, below, for other valuable suggestions of vital importance to the society, and which, if adhered to must prove of inestimable value to the society.

Dr. J. Baxter Upham was unanimously nominated for the office of President, and a Committee appointed to wait on him, and ask his acceptance. The meeting was then adjourned to Tuesday evening, June 4th, when a choice of officers will take place.

SECRETARY'S REPORT, MAY 27, 1861.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Handel and Haydn Society.—Another twelve month has passed since we met for the purposes which have brought us together at this time, and another year has been added to those already numbered in the age of our honored institution; but, as your recording officer I have little to communicate beyond the simple announcement of the number of public performances which the Society has given during that time, and the general result of the same.

Early in the season, your Board of Trustees conceived the plan of carrying through a series of subscription concerts, to consist mainly of standard Oratorios by the great masters; but owing, it may be, to the peculiarly unsettled state of the country at that time, the project failed for lack of sufficient encouragement.

The usual weekly rehearsals were commenced at this new hall on the 30th September. *The Messiah* was performed, according to long established custom, at Christmas; and the result, both pecuniarily and artistically, was highly satisfactory.

Three other concerts were given during the season, each in connection with foreign vocalists, but neither one proved to be of any pecuniary advantage to the Society.

A concert in aid of the Massachusetts Volunteers was given by the society at the Boston Music Hall on the 27th of April, which was cordially coöperated in by prominent vocal and instrumental talent, rendering it a highly attractive entertainment; and, as every service connected with it was voluntarily proffered, it was confidently expected that a large sum would be realized, but, for certain inexplicable causes the total receipts were but \$378.50 which amount was handed over to the Governor of the Commonwealth in accordance with a vote of the Board of Trustees. Small though the sum was, it may contribute something towards upholding the honor of our national flag, and in bringing peace once more to our borders. With this concert the season closed.

The Society has appeared but five times before the public during the season, but the regular weekly rehearsals have been continued as usual, numbering since the commencement thirty-three. Four meetings of the society have been held during the season, and the Board of Trustees has been called together nineteen times. Nine persons have been admitted to membership, and three have been discharged.

I might here close my report, but it seeming highly proper that matters relating to the material interests of the Society should be freely discussed at times like the present, when we are met in council together; I venture one or two suggestions for your consideration.

It has become, I think, a well established fact that no Society can, in the present state of the public mind, sustain itself by its performances, relying on the public patronage entirely for support. It might have been so when this society was the only avenue through which musical compositions of importance could be brought before the public; but those times have long since passed, and we must prepare to meet the new demands made upon us. I speak of these things in no discouraging tone, but that we may look the facts squarely in the face, and thereby be enabled to unite in adopting some line of policy which may add to our usefulness as a choral society. I do not find that there are any societies in this country, so far as my knowledge extends, and I have taken some pains to inform myself on that point, that look to a series of public performances for their support. On the contrary, those existing under similar organizations to our own, and for similar purposes, are, without exception, supported by yearly assessments on the members. The Sacred Harmonic Society of New York assesses *ten dollars* each, and many others I could name have larger or lesser sums as the price of yearly membership. In view of those facts I would respectfully suggest the propriety of amending the By-Laws of the Society as to admit of an annual assessment of *five dollars* on each member. This sum would pay the current expenses of Conductor, Organist and rent of the Library room, with such librarian assistance and docr-keepers as we should require. The advantages to be derived from the adoption of this amendment to our By-Laws would be manifold. It would not only enable us to

meet our current expenses without the necessity of giving concerts in the vain hope of realizing a sufficient sum above the expenses to meet those obligations; but it would do vastly more for the Society in enlisting the hearty coöperation of each and every member who may remain as such, in whatever may be undertaken; and it would insure a fuller attendance at rehearsals; for when we pay for our privileges, we are more inclined to prize them, than we are when furnished without cost. I consider it a privilege to belong to an association of this kind, and more particularly so when it is the *first* of the kind in point of age, numbers, and efficiency in this country. In no other way can we become familiar with those great sacred creations of genius that have been but partially revealed to us, as yet; and were it not for the Handel and Haydn Society, or some similar organization, those works would have remained to us forever as sealed books.

Another, and a still greater advantage to be derived from this proposed change in the internal management of our society, would be found in the entire freedom from all "entangling alliances," temporary though they be, whereby we are too often forced to appear before the public wholly unprepared, in connection, it may be, with those who care nothing for us or the audience to which we introduce them, and as unprepared as ourselves for rendering satisfactorily the music assigned them. We have often voluntarily assumed positions before the public like that described above, in the vain expectation of realizing a sufficient sum thereby, to help out the yearly expenses, and have, as often been doomed not only to disappointment, but to the mortifying consciousness of having been engaged in an exhibition in no wise creditable to our musical reputation, or profitable to our treasury. From all such connections we could, if we would keep entirely aloof; and yet we should not be unmindful of the fact that vocalists in every respect competent to the requirements of the Sacred Oratorio are often among us, from abroad, and that the public should have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of such artists. Many of our own resident vocalists are so incomparably superior to those who have been associated with us from time to time in Concerts and Oratorios, that the public will learn to distrust the merits of all unknown artists who may be put forward by us, if more care is not exercised in the future.

Another important addition to our By-Laws is required by which the attendance of members upon rehearsals may be secured, on penalty of forfeiture of membership in certain cases without the tedious process of advertising in "three or more daily papers" for a roll-call, as now. This regulation is imperatively demanded, if we would retain our present high position among the musical societies of the country; and should our number be lessened from this, or any other cause, our efficiency as a choral body would not, in my judgment, be materially injured; for, although large bodies of choristers are quite essential to a correct rendering of the massive, and sublime works of Handel and Mendelssohn, yet a smaller number, well disciplined, would be far more effective than a large, but imperfectly drilled chorus can possibly be made. As at present, there is too little personal responsibility manifested by many of the members in the operations of the Society. With a little additional effort, our rehearsals might be better attended, and our public performances vastly improved.

A very material reduction of our annual expenses has been effected in the occupation of this hall, so generously tendered us one year ago by the Messrs Chickering, and it may be thought advisable to make yet other retrenchments, corresponding to the times, even should the annual assessment referred to above be decided on.

It might, perhaps, be well in furtherance of the

object, to go back for a season to the accustomed mode of conducting the rehearsals in the early days of the Society.

The By-Laws provide, Art. 4, that "at all meetings for the performance of music, the President may conduct the same, or a suitable musical director may be appointed at the discretion of the Board." It is only within a comparatively short period in the history of the Society, that a regular conductor has been engaged; the early Presidents always assuming that duty, and I would not now recommend such a course, except as a necessary retrenchment. Should it be deemed advisable to make such a change, the President could wield the baton, or some member of the Society might be selected who could undoubtedly do it acceptably. I know we should sadly miss the aid and guidance of the skilful hand which has so long and so well controlled our movements, and it may not be thought expedient to resort to it; but should it be made trial of, we should hardly, even then, feel like undertaking a public performance without an experienced conductor; though our rehearsals might be made both profitable and pleasant without one.

A properly conducted sacred music society, in a community like this, I regard as second only in importance and influence to the church itself, and that as such it should be encouraged and supported. Indeed the church is indebted more than is generally conceded or understood, to all such associations, for that which is to many, the most pleasing, and to *all* an important portion of Christian worship. The music of the church, in its influence on the worshippers, cannot be too highly estimated, and we should so shape our course as to avoid the possibility of the accumulation of a debt, until the return of more prosperous times, that we may not suffer our usefulness in this, or any other particular, to become impaired. If we would elevate the character of our Society above the ordinary occupation of concert-giving, in competition with every class of vocalists who may happen for the time to be among us, we must do something more than spend an hour in this hall once a week for our own gratification or amusement; or if we would interest the liberal and wealthy in our behalf, we must first interest ourselves in the true and legitimate business of a Sacred Music Society, incorporated "for the purpose of extending the knowledge and improving the style of performance of church music." Ours should be an educational institution for the benefit, as well, of those who participate in the performances as for those who listen; and such was the original intention of those who first conceived the plan of, and obtained the act of incorporation for, this institution. We have departed widely from that intention, but circumstances seemed to force the necessity upon us. Entirely dependent on our own resources for support, we have often been induced to do that, which, under other circumstances I am quite sure we should not have attempted.

Gentlemen, I am encouraged with the thought, — and not without due reflection and assurances from those who are interested in our welfare, — that we may before the lapse of many years, be placed in possession of a permanent fund, through the liberality of some of our fellow-citizens, the interest of which shall be sufficient to defray our annual expenses at least; but if we would deserve this munificence at the hands of any number of our benevolent citizens, we must look well to our path of duty, and not allow distracting counsels or flattering appearances to entice us from our true course.

In the present disturbed condition of our country, when trade is in a great measure diverted from its accustomed channels, and almost the only occupation of our citizens consists in the arming, equipping, and fitting out of troops to serve in defence of the liberties of our common country; when the music of the fife and drum alone attract attention; I say, in times like these, we can do nothing.

Did I say we could do nothing? Have we not already commanded the Muse and brought her into the service of our country's cause? We have but just given a concert for the benefit of the troops, and paid the proceeds over to the Governor of the State for that purpose. May we not hope that our trouble will soon cease, and that peace may be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of our land?

Then will we again unite in a grand triumphal jubilee of welcome to those who have fought our battles and contributed of their might to the upholding of the majesty of the laws.

Respectfully submitted,

LORING B. BARNES, *Secretary.*

We trust that the newly elected President will accept the office tendered him. His well known energy and enthusiasm in any good cause that he takes in hand, cannot fail to be of service to the best interests of this old association, and we doubt not that he will infuse into it a new life by his well directed efforts. We need not remind our Boston readers that to Dr. Upham more than to any one else is due the successful accomplishment of the project of building the Music Hall, and its great *embryo* organ, or that the brilliant success of the Boston School Musical Festivals is also to be mainly attributed to his labors.

MAD. CHARLOTTE VARIAN gave her third and last concert prior to a tour in the British Provinces on Saturday evening last. We can assure our British provincial cousins that they will find her an artist of great merit and deserving of their patronage. Mad. Varian was assisted at this concert by Mr. Rudolphsen, a baritone formerly well known here and by Mr. Hoffmann, as before. We regret not to have received the expected notice of this concert of which the following was the programme:

PART I.

1. Solo Piano—Martha.....Jaell
Mr. E. Hoffmann.
2. Aria—I Lombardi.....Verdi
Madame C. Varian.
3. Song—Wake, dearest wake.....Miller
Madame C. Varian.
4. Aria—Il Balen (Trovatore).....Verdi
Mr. Rudolphsen.
5. Recitative e Cavatina—Ma la sola, ahime! Son io.....Bellini
Madame C. Varian.

PART II.

1. Song—The heart bow'd down (Bohemian Girl).....Balfe
Mr. Rudolphsen.
2. Scotch War Song—McGregor's Gathering.....Madame C. Varian.
3. Solo Piano—Il Trovatore.....R. Hoffmann
Mr. E. Hoffmann.
4. Scena Ed Aria—Traviata.....Verdi
Madame C. Varian.
5. Song—The little fat Gray Man.....Blewitt
Mr. Rudolphsen.
6. Star Spangled Banner.....Madame Varian.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first Saturday evening Concert of the new series, was given by the Orchestral Union last Saturday. The programme was of essentially the same character as those of the Afternoon Concerts, perhaps better, if anything. The *Eroica*, not played here since the days of the great Festival, was given very acceptably, and will, we are glad to hear, be repeated to-night. Beside this we had Gluck's *Iphigenia Overture*, a piece of solid build and interesting detail, as well as some lighter pieces, as for instance a *Potpourri* from Verdi's *Masked Ball*, a waltz, and Meyerbeer's *Torchlight dance*, the latter decidedly too big for any concert hall. Unfortunately a sudden storm half an hour before concert time prevented a full attendance. There will be an improvement in point of numbers on the part of the audience with each succeeding concert.

GERMAN OPERA IN PARIS.—There is a talk of establishing a German Opera-house in Paris, with Dr. Marschner as conductor.

CHEVE'S SYSTEM.—The recent article upon this famous system of musical instruction, published in this Journal, April 18, has called forth quite a number of inquiries from our readers, especially from those who are concerned in teaching music, *what* precisely, this system is, and how it differs from the plan of musical instruction in vogue in this country, of which Dr. Lowell Mason was the efficient pioneer. We hope that our correspondent "Amateur" will enlighten us as fully as he may be able, as to the merits and prominent features of the system which he has introduced to our notice.

New Publications.

THE CANTILENA, a Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Quartettes, arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniment, and adapted to the use of the School, the Choir, the Family, and the Social Circle. By George F. Bristow. Published by Abbey & Abbot. New York. 240 pp.

A neatly printed volume of "such music as had not, generally, found its way into books, thereby presenting the choicest gems of musical literature in a form and at a price within the reach of all."

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. \$3 a year.

Contents; 1. Present Movement in the Church of England; 2. Alexis de Tocqueville; 3. The Poems and Plays of Robert Browning; 4. Bishop Herd and his Contemporaries; 5. Railway Accidents; 6. Motley's *United Netherlands*; 7. Berkley's *Idealism*; 8. Dr. John Brown's *Horse Subsecine*; 9. The Educational Question in Scotland; 10. The Christian Architecture of Europe; 11. The American Secession.

Musical Chit-Chat.

IRISH MUSIC.—Every nation has its peculiar melodies. Irish historians contend that their country is the celebrated Hyperborean isle, and that music is the native production of the soil. Cambrenis, who was one of the earliest libellers of the Irish, was obliged to admit their perfection in music. After he had heard the minstrels who attended the Irish chieftains at a banquet given to them in Dublin, by Henry II., he wrote to one of his friends in England, that "of all nations within our knowledge, this is, beyond comparison, the chief in musical composition." When the celebrated Italian composer, Geminiani, heard some pathetic Irish airs in London, he exclaimed—"Ha! that is the music of a people who have lost their liberty. I have heard nothing so sweet and plaintive and of such an original turn on this side of the Alps."

Handel, it is said, often declared that he would rather be the author of Carolan's "Aileen Aroon," than of all his own compositions. This Carolan seems, from the descriptions we have of him, to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bards. Though blind and untaught, yet his attainments in music were of the highest order. He excelled in all that was tender, romantic, and pathetic. He was an universal favorite; wherever he went, the doors of the nobility were opened, and an honorable place was assigned to him at the table. He thought the tribute of a song was due to every house where he was entertained, and he paid it in his usual simple, touching, and elegant manner. He wandered with his harp from town to town, and, oh, how skillfully he swept its cords, when depicting emotions of joy, or sorrow, patriotism, anger, love, or despair. Many of the lovely Irish airs rescued by Moore from oblivion were, no doubt, the composition of the blind Orpheus, Carolan.

O'Connor in his *Dissertations*, says—"Military music made part of the studies of the Irish warriors. It filled them with courage and a contempt of danger, and it was by the help of the military song, they sounded the charge, rally, retreat, &c."

The Irish are essentially a musical people. Their songs are sung throughout the world, and are everywhere admired and applauded. While there is a love for the simplicity, sentiment, and beauty in the

heart of man, Moore's melodies will be read, sung, and cherished.

SINGING PSALMS.—Archbishop Laud very quaintly observes:—"The difference between singing and reading a psalm will be easily understood if you consider the difference between reading and singing a common song that you like. Whilst you only read it you only like it; but as soon as you sing it, then you enjoy it—you feel the delight of it—it has got hold of you—your passion keeps pace with it; you feel the same spirit within you that seems to be in the words. If you were to tell a person who had such a song that he need not sing it, that it was sufficient to peruse it, he would wonder what you meant, and would think you as absurd as if you were to tell him that he should only look at his food, but need not eat it; for a song of praise not sung is very like any other good thing not made use of."

When the battle of Leuthen had been fought, and the victors, fatigued almost to death, were sinking down in the chilling rain among the slain that lay scattered on the bloody field; then, in the darkness of the night, a single voice broke forth with the old choral: "*Nun danket alle Gott!*" (Now let us all praise God); soon a second voice joined, then a third, and so more and more, until the whole army took up the hymn; and thus the single song—in which the feelings of patriotism and military glory, united with the consciousness of having accomplished the great deed, and pious gratitude towards the mighty Ruler of battles—inspired the hearts of these men with new life, and strengthened them to follow up the victory they had so nobly won.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—There is to be another gathering of the French Orpheonistes in Paris on September 12th, in the Palais d'Industrie.

M. FAURE AND MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.—The *Journal des Debats* states that M. Faure has signed an engagement for the Grand Opera of Paris, to appear in the *Africaine*, or rather *Vasco de Gama*, by M. Meyerbeer.

Herr Reichardt has left London for Frankfurt; from thence he proceeds to Darmstadt and Wiesbaden, to give a series of representations at the theatres in those towns. The admirers of this talented vocalist will not therefore have the pleasure of hearing him at any of the fashionable concerts till late in the season.—*Musical World*.

Herr Franz Abt, the well-known composer of "When the Swallows," &c., and Capellmeister of the Ducal Opera at Brunswick, intends visiting London in the course of the season.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After two disappointments, caused by the indisposition of M. Faure, *Guillaume Tell* was produced on Tuesday week, and we need hardly add, filled the theatre in every part. The amphitheatre, and amphitheatre stalls, above all, were crowded to suffocation, and, indeed, from this part of the house proceeded the real applause of the evening; for there, in consequence of the abridgement of the pit, were congregated all the musical spirits of the metropolis, drawn thither in anticipation of a grand performance of Rossini's grand work. Everything tended to the expectation of such a result:—the seeming completeness of the cast, the great resources of the theatre, the efficiency and power of the basses and chorus, the energy of Mr. Costa, than whom Rossini has no more ardent admirer. The cast was as follows: *Guillaume Tell*—M. Faure; *Arnold*—Signor Tamberlik; *Walter*—Herr Formes; *Melchthal*—Signor Polonini; *Gessler*—Signor Tagliafico; *Fisherman*—Signor Neri-Baraldi; *Mathilde*—Mad. Tagliafico. *Guillaume Tell* was first produced at the Royal Italian Opera—the old theatre, of course—in 1848, M. Roger sustaining the part of Arnold, Tamburini of *Guillaume Tell*, and Mad. Castellan of *Mathilde*. It was played once only that year, in consequence, as was said, of the indisposition of the French tenor. A year or two later the opera was produced with Herr Ander as Arnold, but did not create any great sensation. Subsequently, it was revived with Signor Tamberlik in the principal tenor part, and the Italian was found immeasurably superior to his French and German rivals. Had

Signor Tamberlik, indeed, sustained the part of Arnold in the first instance, a thorough success, we believe might have been reckoned on. Every one who knows music and feels its power must recognise the immense merit of *Guillaume Tell*; but most unfortunately the climax is attained at the end of the second act, and the interest decreases thence to the last finale. In fact, the opera, like most French operas (which are almost interminable), is too long. The quantity of music in the first two acts alone of *Guillaume Tell* is at least equal to the whole *Fidelio*. The director of the Royal Italian Opera, notwithstanding was determined to give Rossini's masterpiece another chance, and for this purpose called in all the resources of the establishment; but as the performance commences so late at the Royal Italian Opera it was impossible to give the whole work, and curtailments were indispensable.

That the management has done everything possible to render the performance complete we feel assured. Signor Tamberlik is by far the best Arnold we have seen in this country. M. Faure, although the music of *Guillaume Tell* is too low for him, sings like a thorough artist, and acts with great force and intelligence. The Walter of Herr Formes would be inimitable in every way, if only his vocal power was economised a little in the magnificent trio of the second act. That the music of Mathilde would not suit the voice of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, was to be expected. Occasionally, when the voice has not to be forced, Mad. Carvalho sings with infinite sweetness and delicacy; but this cannot extenuate the fault of embroidering the air and subsequent duet with ornaments of her own manufacture. All the remaining characters are entitled to unqualified praise, and nothing better could be desired in their respective ways than Mad. Rudersdorff's Jemmy—a signal success—Signor Neri-Baraldi's Pescatore, Signor Polonini's Melchthal, Signor Tagliafico's Gessler, and Mad. Tagliafico's Edwige.

To the performances of the band and chorus we can apply the term "magnificent," with few reservations. Every evening the audience, after the great scene of the "oath of liberty," is unbounded on all occasions. One of the greatest hits of the performance is, of course, the famous air in the last scene, "Suivez-moi" ("Corriam, corriam,"), which Signor Tamberlik electrifies the audience with an "Ut de poitrine" that Duprez himself might have envied in his best days. The scenery is marvellously beautiful, and the appointments and dresses all in the best taste. *Guillaume Tell* was repeated on Thursday night for the third time.

Perhaps *Il Trovatore* was as good an opera as could be selected for the first appearance of Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani. Both received on Tuesday night the hearty welcome due to their merits and popularity. Mad. Penco, although comparatively a new-comer, is even now a general favorite, and, indeed, considering the rarity of first-class dramatic sopranos in the pure Italian school, is entitled to a distinguished place.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was given on Monday night, and attracted an immense crowd, the engagement of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglirl, no doubt, greatly enhancing the attraction. The following programme was given:—Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Grand Scene, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart; Symphony, "Power of Sound," Spohr; Cavatina, "Con d' bello," Donizetti; Concerto, G major, pianoforte, Mozart; Aria, "Aurora che sorgera," Rossini; Duet, *Lucia*, Donizetti; and Overture, *Freischütz*, Weber. This was a grandly constructed programme, and the execution was universally worthy of music.

Paris.

A new institution, called La Fondation Beaulieu, for the performance of classical vocal music has just commenced its second series. The programme included specimens of the vocal music of Felice Anerio, Orlando Gibbons, Handel, Pergolesi, Marcello, Graun; Haydn, Mozart and Cherubini. Mad. Viardot and M. Bataille were the chief vocalists. Selections from Haydn's oratorio of *Tobias* were executed at the commencement and at the close of the concert. Among the most curious as well as the most showy items of this semi-antiquarian entertainment was a *bravura* air from the *Britannicus* of Graun, chapel master to Frederic the Great, which was admirably sung by Mad. Viardot, who (as you must frequently have heard her do in London), with the true feeling of an artist, gave its full value to the substratum of passion which underlies the cumbrous adornments systematically resorted to by composers of that day.

At the Opera, Mlle. Gueymard is in full career as the acknowledged representative of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, which is drawing large houses. She has restored the romance in the fourth act, cut out by her

predecessors; and Meyerbeer has written a coda to append to it, expressly for her. M. Faure, who is now with you at Covent Garden, where he is engaged for three years, has just signed a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera, at 5000 fr. per month for the first year, 6000 for the second, and 7000 for the third. A *congé* from April to July enables him to fulfil his English engagement concurrently. Felicien David's *Herculanum*, it is said, will be shortly revived, and also the *Muette de Portici*, on a magnificent scale. It is currently reported that Signor Alary, of sacrilegious note (inventor of the dish *Fricassee de Mozart, à la maître de chant*), has composed a comic opera to a libretto by Scribo, called *La Beauté du Diable*, which is speedily forthcoming. The gentleman who has the *toupet* (*Anglicè et vulgo*, "cheek") to adapt *Don Giovanni* to the exigencies of an ambitious tenor and of his own notions of taste, ought to do something original. This was hardly the case, however, with the *Tre Nozze*, in which Lablache danced to a polka warbled by poor Sontag. Mario, by the way, has again, according to his wont (or shall we say according to his cant?), announced himself indisposed; and Montanaro, the slippery gentleman who jilted Mr. Beale, replaces him in Count Almaviva. So I hear that Grisi is again at the Royal Italian Opera. Is this to be another farewell engagement?

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well,"

has been fitted with a new reading, illustrating the confusion that may arise between bidding farewell for ever, and for ever bidding farewell. Norma, with her sickle for ever cutting and for ever coming again, might stand now as a female companion to Chrono, with his scythe. By the way, our experience of this artist may legitimately found a new idiom a contrast to the expression taking "French leave." As this means to leave without giving notice, so Italian leave would be to give notice without leaving. Mlle. Trebelli has just bidden adieu to the public of the Italian opera here in Rossini, after making a decided impression. Managers must be on the look-out, for there is very little doubt this young *contralto* is likely to prove a prize of importance. Mad. Penco has appeared in *Norma*, in which she shows so much dramatic power, assisted by a new Adalgisa, under the name of Blondini. Her real name is Mlle. Eunequist, and she is a pupil of M. Masset. Her nervousness rendered it impossible to judge of the capabilities of Mlle. Eunequist.

BRUSSELS.—Only the other day a theatre at Barcelona was burnt down, and now another at Brussels has shared in the fate which seems sooner or later to await buildings devoted to the drama. The *Théâtre des Nouveautés*, the establishment in the Belgian capital I allude to, was built only eighteen years ago. Like the fire at Covent Garden, it seems to have originated in the lofts above the audience part. Letters from Berlin announce that Mad. Lagrue has arrived in the Prussian capital, and will make her appearance in *Nourmahal*, and in Spontini's *Vestale*.—*Musical World*.

MEXICO.—Letters from Mexico give a more encouraging account of operatic affairs there. Maretzek arrived with his troupe on the 10th of April, and commenced his season on the 13th. The "Trovatore," "Ernani," the "Barbiere," "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "L'Italiani in Algieri," and "Martha," have been successively given, with very fair success. The sisters Natali had made a most favorable impression, particularly Agnes. Madame d'Angri had also become very popular, and Bischi, the new basso, is spoken of in terms of high praise. It was in contemplation to produce the "Prophete" as soon as the necessary preparations could be got through. The *mise en scene* was to be on a scale of great splendor.

Galignani's *Messenger* of May 1st says: "M. Mario starts immediately for London, having in consequence of Smith's resigning the direction of Her Majesty's, where he had accepted an engagement for the season—again come to terms with his former manager, Mr. Gye. M. Belart, whose singing of the music of Rossini is now the best by far on the stage, is engaged by M. Calzado as second tenor for three years. Mme. Alboni is on a tour, singing in public concerts, in Ireland. Herz's well filled *salle* a few evenings since afforded one of the most reliable tests of the favor enjoyed by Mlle. Ida Boullée, one of our best lady professors on the piano, and a composer of taste and elegance. She was also much admired in "Morceaux" from Liszt and Chopin. She was assisted by M. Leon Lafant and Mme. Requier Delaunay. The crowning treat of the soirée was, however, the concerto, the orchestra being capitally led by M. Tilmant."

PARIS, MAY 10, 1861.—The pamphlet entitled *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris*, which was merely mentioned in the last letter deserves more attention than could be devoted to them. The author Charles Baudelaire merely reproduces with few modifications a paper published in the *Revue Européenne*, adding under the heading, "A few words more," a dozen pages upon the failure of the work at the grand opera. The unsuccessful trials he explains on several grounds, some of which have already been mentioned in your journal. He concludes by asserting that the French public has not heard Tannhäuser, that the opposition was systematic, the work of the *abonnés* "who care more for the physical charms of the *danseuses*" than for any music, and who never could pardon Wagner for banishing the ballet from his work and leaving their *protégées*, to use a milder term than the author, in the back ground. There might perhaps have also been a secret opposition to the Emperor. However Charles Baudelaire augurs well from even the too quick passage of Tannhäuser. He speaks of a reaction as manifested in various circles in favor of the work.

The Grand Opera has been giving special attention of late to the ballet. Mad. Ferraris in *Graziosa* continues to be the chief attraction—*Le marché des Innocents* is in preparation. This is a Russian importation to be adapted to the French stage by Petipa for his sister-in-law Mad. Petipa. The music is by Pagni. The eminent Italian choregraph Borri is preparing for autumn a grand ballet in which Mad. Ferraris is to appear.

Of more serious productions, the *Alceste* of Gluck with Mad. Viardot is spoken of. The *Freyshütz* is in active preparation. We had the other night David's *Herculanum*.

At the Theatre Français and at the Odeon still Legouvé's pieces. It is enough to a satiety of the Academician.

The representations of *Salvator Rosa* at the Opera Comique were interrupted by the indisposition of Mlle. Lemerrier. Mlle. Belia however, is continuing the success of the work. The *Circassienne* is still played occasionally. *Bataille* is engaged at the Opera Comique. He is to make his first appearance June 1st in the *Fée aux roses*.

A Russian tenor Nikolski is much spoken of. A new opera by Schliebler "The Count of Santarem" has been represented at Leipzig.

The public mind is for the present somewhat diverted from the musical productions by those of the plastic arts now in exposition at the Palace of Industry. F. B.

COLOGNE.—A new Symphony by Th. Gouvy (No. 3 in C) has been performed here, the author conducting, and was received with warm applause. It is asserted that this composition denotes a great progress since the first two Symphonies were written.

THE MARSEILLAISE.—The "Gartenlaube," an extensively read German periodical, shows that the melody of the "Marseillaise" was composed by a German, a certain Holtzmann, chapelmaster at one of the small Rhenish Courts. The melody originally belongs to the Credo of Holtzmann's Missa solennis No. 4, lately found among old rubbish by the third or fourth successor of the old organist. The Marseillaise is not a reminiscence of it but a close copy. As in the times of the outbreak of the French revolution music for the Catholic church was circulated mostly in manuscript, the organists all over Germany and France being a large fraternity were constantly in communication with each other, exchanging music and observations on the merit of the same, this is not at all so likely as it might appear at the first moment. Rouget de Lisle, the poet, was no doubt a good Catholic, and may have been a good musician, too. Of course this explodes Lamartine's romantic story about the origin of the Song and air, which is rather a pity.

HAMBURG.—Mad. Louisa Michael-Michaeli, a Swedish singer, gave two concerts in this city last month. Her selection embraced every style; Schumann, Weber, Meyerbeer, Verdi. She is reported to be a singer of the very first rank. With a voice, pure as gold of true feminine character, reaching through two octaves up to D, she masters every difficulty, with the greatest ease. She is engaged in London for the coming season. She has been instructed by Gänther in Stockholm, and for the last year by Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt. Her voice is much like Clara Novello's, when in her prime.

A German traveller writes from the West Indies, that the colored sailors on board a steamer plying between Vera Cruz and St. Thomas, sang and danced to Kücken's well-known air, "The young recruit," provided with English words. In course of time it may get into the States as a new Ethiopian melody.

WAGNER'S FLYING DUTCHMAN.—Once more Mr. Richard Wagner. Since witnessing the Tannhäuser we had some vague misgivings that we might have been hasty in our judgment of his merits as a composer, and we seized the first opportunity of again hearing his music, while yet in the land of his birth. The Grand Opera offering to its patrons and the public generally, the "Zwischenakt," "Der Fliegende Holländer," (Flying Dutchman), by the author above named, we determined on being one of the invited. The opera house is not such an one as we had expected to see in this great capital of Germany; as, however, Government has under consideration plans for the construction of a new one, we will be silent in any blame merely occupying ourselves with the scene. The plot of the "Flying Dutchman" is exceedingly simple: A Norwegian vessel, on a homeward voyage, is compelled by stress of weather to enter a port only a few miles from her destination. She has not more than cast anchor and furled sails when another ship makes for the same haven. It is the phantom ship, or Flying Dutchman. The two captains get into conversation, the Norwegian informing the Hollander that his home is within a few miles of their landing; the latter, without any ceremony, invites himself home with the Norwegian salt, and to make himself the more welcome, presents a coffer full of pearls and similar valuables, brought from his vessel to his host. They progress rapidly in each other's favor, and the question of a daughter, passing fair is discussed and a marriage agreed upon. They leave for the home of the Norwegian, and act first ends.

The second act brings us in the midst of a bevy of Norwegian maidens, busy with the spinning wheel. The daughter, dressed like a countess, seems to be nursing a silent sorrow.

There is an old nurse of course—and a young huntsman; the latter during the absence of the maiden's parents, has been quite sweet upon the daughter, and they appear to have broken the "six-pence." When the scene opens however, an old portrait, which it appears had never seriously occupied their attention, rises all at once into a formidable rival of the young deerstalker. The daughter feels instinctively that her fate is connected with this portrait, she is interrupted in the expression of her sentiments by the arrival of her father accompanied by the Dutchman whose portrait, wonderful to relate, is the one in question. The father, like a sensible old fellow, leaves the pair to mutual explanations. The mysterious navigator goes at once into the matter, explains that he is seeking a wife who will be faithful under all circumstances. The young lady declares she has been a long time expecting him, and that she is willing to be his at all hazards—and the act closes.

The final act commences with a scene between the young hunter and the fair maiden, the former, in the warmth of his affections to the affianced bride begins to get rather spooney. She acknowledges that once she had rather a liking for him, but now her duty, &c., &c., that she would always consider him as a friend, &c., &c. The Dutchman, who has been eaves-dropping—instead of appearing satisfied with the declaration of the young girl, rushes off declaring that his fate calls him hence. His ship, very conveniently placed, starts at once with her commander, amid a terrific storm of blue lights, rattling of shot, shaking of sheet iron and the thundering of the big drum. The young maiden, with strength beyond what one could expect, tears herself from the grasp of her father and some half dozen others, rushes to a cliff, calls to the flying Dutchman that she will be faithful even in death—and throws herself into the rolling—canvas.—Vienna Cor. of N. O. Picayune.

Special Notices.

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O had I Jubal's lyre. " " " 15

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 479.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 10.

Bell-Song.

BY ROSE TERRY.

NO. 1.—"FUNERA PLANGO."

Toll, toll, toll! soar thou passing bell,
Over meadows green and quiet,
Over towns where life runs riot;
Do thine errand well!
Sing thy message, sad and calm,
Cold and holy as a psalm,
Hush us with thy knell!

Toll, toll, toll! over wind and wave:
Through the sunshine's sudden fading,
Through the pine-tree's voice upbraiding,
Where the wild seas rave.
Snow-drifts for the summer wait;
Slumber for the desolate;
Silence in the grave.

Toll, toll, toll! through the quivering sky;
Chime thy song of wintry weather;
Cruel through the rapturous ether,
Call the bride to die.
Chill, with thy relentless tongue,
Eyes that smiled and lips that sung;
Bid delight good-by.

Toll, toll, toll! heaven is in the sound!
Sad alone to souls unready.
They whose lamps were trimmed and steady
Christ rejoicing found.
On the rolling waves of tone
Float I to the Master's throne,
Life and love abound.

NO. 2.—FULGORA FRANGO.

Swinging slowly through the thunder,
Thrill the vivid bolts asunder,
Make the storm-wind quail.
Hurl thy challenge, stern defender,
Fierce against the tempest's splendor,
Past the hissing hail.

Leaping through affrighted heaven,
Swift the wrathful flames are driven,
Flashing death and fear.
Speak thou bell! with sullen clangor,
Overcry the tempest's anger,
Force the storm to hear.

Unrelenting, burning, streaming,
Red o'er livid oceans gleaming,
Lightnings rend the sky.
Break the thunder's fearful chorus,
Lift thy peal of triumph o'er us,
Floating strong and high.

Tell the soul thy signal story,
How its own inherent glory
Nature's might shall quell.
Ring a psalm for the spirit
Fire nor flood shall disinherit.
Praise thy makers, bell!

NO. 3.—SABBATA FANGO.

Calmly dawns the golden day,
Over mountains pale and gray.
Man, forsake thy sleep and pray.
Come, come, come!

Swinging through the silent air,
Lo! the call itself is prayer
Fence thy soul from sin and care.
Come, come, come!

Like a dream, serene and slow,
Through the dawn's aerial glow,
Hear the restful cadence flow;
Come, come, come!

Think that in my pleading tongue,
Through the dewy branches swung,
Christ himself this word hath sung:
Come, come, come!

Toil and battle, rest in peace,
In the holy lights increase,
Weary heart from labor cease;
Come, come, come!

Lo! up-rising from the dead,
God's own glory on His head,
His pure lips thy prayers have sped.
Come, come, come!

Verdi.

P. SCUDO, *L'Année Musicale*.

I have always done justice to the incontestable talent of this vigorous and passionate composer, who for twenty years has intoxicated Italy and charmed all Europe. I have not failed to recognize the splendor of his short-breathed melodies or the powerful sonority of various *morceaux d'ensemble*, or the originality of certain feats of the voice and of some formulas of accompaniment that are to be observed in his best operas; but I cannot forget that I have heard in my life the greatest works of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini; I cannot obliterate from my memory the impressions and recollections that have been left by the charming masters of the French school, Grétry, Méhul, Cherubini, Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber; I cannot shake off two hundred years of musical civilization and tradition which envelope and support my soul; in a word, it is not in my power to repel the influence of the glorious inheritance that has been left to me and of which I myself am one of the products, nor can I help preferring one page of Virgil to all the Pharsalia of Lucan; a sketch by Raphael to a hundred modern pictures that I could name; the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* in the Court of the Louvre to all the buildings erected in Paris within the last fifty years, the William Tell of Rossini to fifty operas by M. Verdi. I well understand the objections that can be raised against this way of contemplating the phenomena of Art. "Do you not like variety?" they say, "Do you not admit progress?" Each civilization impresses upon Art the physiognomy peculiar to it and the ideal of beauty which it has conceived. Virgil has not continued the epic of Homer, and the moral world that he has evoked resembles in no respect that of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; Raphael has expressed a different ideal of beauty from that which inspired

Apelles or Zeuxis; Praxiteles does not resemble Michel Angelo, who himself can in no way be confounded with any of his numerous successors. In the theatre and in music, this variety of types and horizons is still greater. What is there more unlike than the language and the moral world of Sophocles compared with the vast, bloody and complicated drama of Shakspeare? The tragedies of Corneille and Racine reproduce morals and paint characters that are not to be found in the profound and *nature* works of the English poet. The Faust of Goethe, the Wallenstein of Schiller, neither resemble the drama of Shakspeare or the French tragedy of the age of Louis XIV. Is the opera of Gluck the same as that of Mozart? The Freyschütz of Weber has no relation with Don Juan, the manner of Rossini does not resemble that of Cimarosa, and between the Freyschütz and William Tell, Meyerbeer has placed the combined type of Robert le Diable. Genius is not an absolute force which produces always and alone the same result. A work of art is the fruit of two elements which interpenetrate and are confounded with each other; of the individual inspiration of the artist and of the manners and tendency of the society for which he labors. M. Verdi, who is above all a dramatic composer, neither wished nor was able to continue simply the manner and style of Rossini. Endowed with another genius and responding to different wants he has produced a work full of passion which pleases the public and is played in all the theatres of the world. You are wrong to fight, as you have done, the only musician who remains standing, since the death of Donizetti, and who has sustained for twenty years the enfeebled sovereignty of Italy. The public is always right in applauding what pleases it, and when it is amused by a work of art, it pays little heed to the vain protests of criticism, which has never put anything down, or raised anything up. Variety is an imperious necessity of the human mind, which perpetually craves something new, even if there no more in the world, for it tires of everything, even of what is exquisite—even of *pâtés d'anguille*.

I do not think I have in any way weakened the language used by the admirers of M. Verdi. It would not be difficult however, to prove to them that one may be of a different opinion without failing to appreciate the value of the object which excites their enthusiasm. Criticism, it might be said to them, has not the ridiculous pretensions attributed to it. He knows well that it is not in her power to prevent the river from flowing or to create life where the breath of God has not passed. As a preventive power, criticism, when exercised with moderation and sagacity awakens good taste, establishes order in intellectual affairs excites the brave, supports the weak and sometimes brings back the erring. Criticism does not create the principles upon which its judgments rest, she deduces them from history and the works accomplished by the human mind. Either it must be conceded that justice and in-

justice, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness are only words, having an arbitrary signification and that there are only sensations that are of any value and which cannot be discussed; or we must recognize with the human race that error is possible and that man possesses in himself notions, presentiments of what is just, beautiful and true. Time develops the notions; these presentiments of a tender conscience become facts and are transformed into monuments, and these accumulated monuments mark the different civilizations that succeed each other upon the earth. Placing itself in this last point of view, and it is difficult, not to say impossible to choose any other without destroying the foundations of all credibility, criticism has a mission perfectly defined, and its part is so important that it need have no desire to fill a higher place. Armed with the immutable principles which govern the human mind, enlightened by History and knowledge of the processes that make up the traditions of every art, criticism, which is nothing more than reason clothed with sensibility, has the right to say, even to genius, that it deceives itself and that the work which draws down upon it such brilliant acclamations is not worth the price that is attached to it. Criticism can go still further in promoting the taste of a nation by scourging out, as did Boileau, bad poets and bad writers who obstruct the highways and usurp the place and the honors due to true merit; by exciting the pride of a people to shake off the yoke of imitation and create for itself a national literature, as did Lessing in Germany. It would be a fine task worthy of an enlightened mind (like M. Sainte Beuve) to write the history of criticism from the time of Aristotle, its founder, passing through the school of Alexandria, the Augustan age, the *Renaissance*, the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries down to the period of expansion in 1852, when when its voice gave forth a note which made an integral part of that glorious concert of the triumphal youth. It would be easy to prove how useful this noble faculty of the mind has been to civilization in enlightening genius, in divulging its secrets, in propagating sound doctrines, and in making popular great works that should excite an eternal admiration. And, to return to the subject before us, it would be proved that, without the lively and just reprimands of criticism, Rossini would never have given to the world his *William Tell*.

M. Verdi is not a great musician; the language that he has adopted is violent and often rude; he writes badly and is almost ignorant of the most important art of developing an idea and deducing from it its legitimate consequences. He dashes off effects, and storms with the passions instead of evoking them with skillful management; his characters are almost always in a fury with poniard in hand. The monotonous and bloody melodramas of M. Verdi have spoiled the taste of Italy and have taught her to forget to laugh who had known how to laugh so well! They have made her lose the fine traditions of the art of singing and have excited in a nation admirably endowed, but slothful and tolerably ignorant, a senseless pride. The imitators of M. Verdi are not to be tolerated because the manner of the master is altogether individual, and he himself could not modify himself; it is only Genius, seconded by science that can renew and transform itself and M. Verdi is only a man of

talent who has experience without true learning. His music produces the same effect on the public, that the scarlet cloth does that is flaunted before the bull. It intoxicates it with a confused sonority, over-excites its material sensibility and renders it incapable of enjoying the qualities of that higher art which speaks to the imagination, awakens the fancy and penetrates gently into the depths of the soul. This is what we have been writing for ten years past nor have the successes of the author of *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore* been able to shake our convictions. We do not dispute with the public the pleasure that it experiences in hearing certain operas of M. Verdi, but we do allow ourselves to say to it that it deceives itself as to the quality and worth of the object which pleases it, as well as in respect to the nature of the aesthetic or moral pleasure that it experiences.

Roger's Mode of Singing.

From the German of W. H. RIEHL.

Roger is more than a singer; he is a dramatic poet. By his wonderful power of acting he creates new situations, new causes of action, which are found neither in the text nor in the score; he gives such an abundance of individualization to his parts, that without our perceiving it, the opera hero is transformed into the more highly developed hero of tragedy. We hear an opera, and, when the curtain falls, it seems as if we had seen one of Shakespeare's dramas.

Eleazar, in Halevy's *La Juive*, sits in the vestibule of the court-house. He struggles with himself whether he shall deliver *Recha* over to death, or whether he shall save her. Only a few measures of *ritornello* give time for this dumb play. Most singers in this situation would do nothing more than indicate the inward struggle by looks and movements. But this does not suffice for Roger. He only gradually unfolds the situation in short but measured play. We do not only read one sensation in his face; but he shows us how thought follows thought, how feeling gives way to feeling; in these few measures of a *ritornello* he unfolds the whole series of thoughts, which is to be given to us musically hereafter by the aria, in a unique, logical clearness by this play alone. He composes a sort of by-plot in his face, he adds what poet and composer have forgotten, what they thought too general, what they have not satisfactorily individualized. But through this wonderfully active individualization, Roger often forgets the essential characteristic of tragic style; he weaves *genre-pictures* into the drama. Upon the whole the manner in which Roger conceives his tragic parts does not remind us of the historical, classical style of the old French tragedy, but of that modern school of historical *genre-painting*, now so much in vogue with French artists, but attempted only by a few as yet, to our knowledge, in the dramatic art. Perhaps the circumstance that Roger began his career in comic opera, for a long time gave himself entirely up to it, and only commenced much later to use his powers in tragic, will give us a useful hint. For even in tragic opera the comedian appears in him, wherever the situation allows.

Several of the greatest tragic actors have commenced their career as comedians. While tragedy is apt to lead to mere declamation, comedy produces a finer portraying of individual character. He who has acquired the art of acting by means of comedy is armed with the best protective against the very contagious disease of over-declamation. To be sure, this is a severe cure, and only a strong, really artistic mind can stand it. And for such a one, just on this account, it proves the more effectual. Roger treats the music in comic opera just as the French comedian treats the dialogue. He strives for single musical points, he concentrates the musical expression just in the place where it seems neces-

sary to him, as in an epigram, he sings waggishly, jocosely, and—if the expression be not too daring wittily, not humorously. By his charming play he excites the powers of the intellect, mingling but rarely a flavor of graceful sentimentality. A German singer of the same rank would, notwithstanding all the witty points, in the end appeal to the secrets of the heart. French comic art is based on the idea of wit, the irony of form, the satire of outward deeds and appearances; German comic art upon the idea of humor, that is, the satire of the inner nature of man.

In Germany, the public was struck by the manner in which Roger treated even the purely musical portion of the comic opera. Having heard nothing similar before, it had nothing to compare him with, and, therefore, perhaps unjustly considered him as superior in his comic parts. For, even if it happens very seldom that we hear a German singer sing with humor, it was totally unheard of that such a one should sing wittily. Roger makes his points even in the coloring of the tone; he imparts to it, according to the circumstances, a tinge of whining or of bawling, or he lets the tone sink to the tuneless recitative, in order then suddenly to jerk it up to the highest power, by which means he produces such a drastic comicality, that we can not avoid laughing at passages which to judge from their rendering by German singers, we should never have dreamed to be comic. As the caricature purposely introduces misshapen figures in order to obtain the appearance of the ridiculous, so Roger boldly brings in what, under other circumstances, we should consider as a fault in vocal execution.

Roger sings entirely like a Frenchman; but he avoids French mannerism, elevating it by the power of his style. His singing is declamation; all French music, from Philidor to Halevy, wherever it was truly original, was at bottom more than declamation. It is true, indeed, that Roger, as far as regards science, was formed in the Italian school; but if you overlook the portamento, the intonation, in fact all that must be considered as acquired, as study, his whole delivery belongs to the French declamatory style. He avails himself of the mechanical advantages of the pure Italian school, in order thereby to render clearer and purer the true French mode of delivery. In fact, there are good singers of two kinds. The first sing in opera for the sake of the music; for the other, the music is only a means for the purpose of dramatic action. On the one side are the Italians, on the other the French and Germans. But Roger sings in such a manner that you at last entirely forget that he is singing. You consider his singing as his natural language. No doubt, there are singers with more colossal voices than that of Roger—singers with more dazzling exterior art, but perhaps none who by their singing make us forget that they are merely singing, so completely as Roger.

People have wondered that Roger sometimes uses so little voice. Just as if an opera character were for the voice, and not rather the voice for the character. How childishly they yet judge concerning the delivery in the musical drama! The time has long gone by when it was demanded of an actor that he should constantly use the full power of his voice; it is well known that just the timely dropping of the voice adds much to the heightening of dramatic expression. Nobody at the present time thinks of estimating the artistic worth of SEYDELMANN or of DOERING* by the power of his voice. But in opera they still do so. The public thereby places itself upon the same grade of criticism towards the opera as it occupied a hundred years ago in respect to the drama, when the audience always applauded, above all things, the loudest tones of the actors.

During the last century, notwithstanding many backward movements, the opera has adopted more from the drama. A further cultivation of the opera is indeed only practicable in such a manner that it may take the more individual characteristic from the drama and amalgamate it with its own organization. Roger has placed himself upon the boundary stone of the new epoch. Formerly when actors and singers sat together at the festive table, it was customary

that an actor should bring a toast to the prosperity of the opera, and in return, a singer to the success of the drama. And during this ceremony each party shook their fists, under the table, at the others, and wished them in a place not to be mentioned to ears polite. There was a deep truth, and, at the same time, a bitter irony in this ancient custom. In course of time, however, it has ceased. In the time of Faustina Hasse, the composer cared, by the simplicity and naturalness of his vocalization, that the physical means of the singer should be able to finish the opera. Nowadays the singer himself must care for this by using his voice in an economical manner. In considering the opera as a musical drama, however, this external necessity is also justified aesthetically. Thus Roger knows to save the power of his voice exclusively for the decisive points in the drama, and thereby acquires a tenfold effect for it. For although it already possesses great intensity of tone, naturally, still it would never be considered as among the first in power, if the singer by his wise economy did not practice a very allowable deception upon us. And then when we hear the full power of his chest-voice suddenly come forth, we believe ourselves transported back to that old time of vocal wonders when Balthazar Ferri could with the greatest ease take passages of fifty seconds' duration in one breath; when Farinelli was able to sing with such power as to drown the fortissimo notes of the loudest trumpet. And then, also, we can believe the assertion of one of our best teachers, Nehrlich, when he says that it is only the laziness and stupidity of our present singers which make them declare such deeds of the masters of the olden time to be impossibilities, mere fables.

The art of increasing the force of the voice far above its natural power rests, with Roger, however, not only upon this wise economy of his. He also possesses the power of using, according as the text requires, entirely different kinds of voice; now the soft metallic tone of the *Dstring* of the violin; now the sharp, piercing toneless notes of the *vox humana* of the organ; now again the crashing trumpet-sounds of the tenor's fullest chest voice, or the sweet flute tones of his falsetto. The actress RACHEL made a similar use of different kinds of voice, in a masterly manner in the Alexandrine verses of French tragedy. On the German ear this has a singular effect; for it seems as if the verses were being sung in a sort of primitive chant of nature. In an opposite manner the same thing appears in Roger, so that it seems as if, in his musical tones, the performer were speaking the natural language of tragedy. Thus, even here, the favorite modern idea of the fraternization of opera and drama finds its realization. Roger, the singer, is to such an extent an actor that he usually abstains from painting, lest the *finesse* of the play of his countenance should be destroyed by the red color. The ancient opera hero, who came upon the stage with a dozen arias in one evening, was only satisfied with himself when his appearance was imposing. With Roger this is not at all so. On the contrary, you see that he was he was in fact not born to be a delineator of heroic characters. Even his outer build obliged him to form that style of historical, genre-painting in tragic opera which marks him so uniquely. He is small in stature, too small for a hero. But when in the second act of *Lucia* he appears at the top of the steps which lead into the festal hall, his countenance ghastly, his hair standing wildly on end, each motion awfully fixed, and measured, then this horrible figure glows before our eyes, surpassing every thing, so totally does the scene which we see with our mind destroy all proportion for the scene which is before our bodily eyes.—*Musical Review and World*.

*Celebrated German actors.

W. A. Mozart.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

I

We do not think we could begin a new annual volume of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*

better than by announcing the appearance of the fourth part of an artistic biography, the equal of which we should seek in vain among the literature of all civilized nations. With the fourth part of this work, Otto Jahn has given the finishing touch to the monument he has erected to the greatest master of any age—a monument which not only like a sculptured memorial, recalls to our mind and renders present to us him in whose honor it was raised, but which breathes intellect and life in every page, and opens the gates by which we arrive at the depths of genius. The work, too, is a monument of the earnest industry peculiar to the scholars of Germany. But, however meritorious industry and labor, together with thorough and conscientious investigation, may be, their invaluable results give the author only a partial right to the acknowledgement and gratitude of his contemporaries. That which, in the eyes of the musician and the lover of art, imparts to the book in its greatest value, is not so much historical as its critically æsthetical contents. The analysis of Mozart's works affords us a clear insight into the master's process of working, for the author penetrates, as far as it is permitted to human eye to penetrate, into the mysterious mode in which genius creates, and then exhibits to us, with conscious clearness, and not with fantastic sentimentality, the perfect beauty of the completed work of art, measuring and proving its truthfulness by the agreement which exists between its purport and its form. A rich treasure of musically æsthetical knowledge is contained in this book, especially in the last part, whose worth, when compared with the shallowness of our present art-philosophy, cannot be too highly estimated. May this treasure be drawn upon every possible manner—that is to say, in the best acceptance of the words—in order that it may become the common property of all establishments for musical education, and in all circles where musical art is loved and practised, as well as in all those where men discuss and gossip about it. It is impossible to find a more powerful antidote against that stupor of healthy feeling for what is musically beautiful, which has overpowered a portion of the youth of the present age, than Mozart's music, the explanation of its essential qualities, and of the reason of its especial beauties, as conditions of musical beauty generally.

Before we notice the rich contents of the fourth part, now before us, we cannot refrain from at once giving, in proof of what we have said, out of the first section (Book four, 12), which treats of Mozart's pianoforte music, a few of the principal passages referring to the *sonata* (the fundamental form, at the same time, of the symphony, the quartet, &c.)

"After the contrapuntal treatment of a theme in the strictly close style was abandoned, there arose in the development of the sonata, as the starting point, the characteristic extension of certain motives, in opposition to the style with figures and passages, and particularly, side by side with the principal theme, a second theme, independently enounced, and, by sharply defined limits, standing prominently forth, which, in conformity with a rule soon established, commences in the dominant of the principal major key (C major, G major), or on the parallel of the principal minor key (C minor, E flat major), these are the two principal supports of the movement; their farther working out, their connection, by means of intermediate members, and conclusion of the part, were not fixed by rules, except in so far as that the conclusion of the part followed in the dominant. In the place of a more or less elaborated transition into the principal key, came the important second part, the working-out. One or more of the motives used in the first part, or even completely new ones, are subjected to a treatment, at one time more peculiarly harmonic and at another thematic, which—by causing, with vivifying force, blossoms and fruit to spring forth from the germs contained in the former part—heightens the interest, and at the same time, organically effects the return to the first part; here, also, is artistic strength concentrated, geniality and mastery being especially manifested

in the modulation and return to the first theme. The repetition of the first part takes place with various modifications partly necessitated by the fact that the second theme now appears in the principal key, in which the movement closes; besides this, there may be introduced changes in the grouping of the separate elements, abridgment or extension of certain details, but especially a lengthening and heightening of the conclusion, which cause the first part repeated to appear as the third, not only as regards its arrangement, but its importance.

"Mozart found these elements and their organisation ready to his hands, but he extended and stamped them in a manner corresponding to his own nature. With him, the second theme, which is here the principal subject of consideration, not only appears as an independent one, as it is always very definitely announced, but, in its whole character, as a counter-theme to the principal one, which, as such, stands out prominently in a remarkable manner from the mass of the whole part. It is in the formation of the themes, however, that Mozart's peculiarity is especially exhibited; its most prominent character is vocal-ity (*das Gesangmässige*), in which Nägeli (*Vorlesungen über Musik*, p. 156), in consequence of a one-sided view of the freedom of instrumental music, beheld an abuse of style, and the ruin of pianoforte playing. We may say much more truly that Mozart essentially promoted what Ph. E. Bach considered to be the task of the pianoforte player and composer (I., p. 10), and what Haydn adopted from him, namely, the task of writing vocally. There is a fact too, which is not without significance: Mozart's musical education commenced with vocal music, and his inclination tended towards it in a higher degree than was the case with the composers above mentioned. Just as the pianoforte composer gave up the polyphonic style, and just as it was no longer a question of inventing a theme, to be worked out in certain forms according to rule, but of free melody, capable by its beauty and symmetry, of becoming the satisfactory expression of artistic feeling, song necessarily became the starting point for the formation of melody. We would not say that certain forms created for song should, without more ado, be transferred to the pianoforte; these could only constitute an analogy, and the laws on which they were based must necessarily be applied in conformity with the exigencies of the nature of the instrument. Hence, we never find in Mozart's pianoforte or instrumental compositions generally the forms of the Italian *cantilena*; a cursory glance at his Italian operas will prove the difference in the treatment of the melody. Where, in the instrumental works, there is an affinity with vocal compositions, it points to German opera, especially *Die Zauberflöte*, and this is very intelligible, for, in his instrumental music, Mozart gave his feeling the nearest and natural form of expression, without, as in Italian opera, being restricted to any particular form: as, in the German opera, he treated song with the same freedom, the inevitable result was that the forms, already developed, of German instrumental music, presented him, in many points, support and analogies. The general condition of a beautiful melody, as grounded on the mutual relations of interests, rhythms and harmony, were perfectly appreciated in the pianoforte compositions. Each separate melody is completely developed as well as symmetrically organized, and possesses in itself character and significance, an excellence of formal construction, rendered still more striking by that peculiar charm or harmony and delicacy inseparable from Mozart's being. In the execution of such melodies the most beautiful excellence or Mozart's pianoforte-playing, that something which, according to Haydn's assertion, went to the heart, was perhaps especially prominent; it is sometimes astonishing how, for instance, in the concertos, the principal effect is concentrated on the execution of a long, simple, and sustained melody, which he must have understood in a masterly manner.

"To this advance in the song-like and significant treatment of the separate melody is joined an extraordinary richness of melodies generally.

In the place of those connecting members which usually form runs and passages deduced from the principal motives, or introduced independently, Mozart, however, as a rule, substitutes completely developed melodies, and thus wreathes a garland of beautiful melodies, where people had been accustomed to hear merely musical turns.

"Two essential advantages were gained. By this sharp juxtaposition of the developed melodies, the musical phrase, the merely effectuating turn, the simple playing with figures, for the purpose of getting on, was excluded, or, at any rate greatly circumscribed. Such expedients are commonly very rare with Mozart. He mostly uses figures and passages as ornaments twining around and adorning a definite and solid kernel, but not constituting independent members of the whole. When, too, mere formula of transition appear indispensable, he employs them mostly without much ado, just as in architecture the pillar is applied as an artistic motive in such a fashion that its constructional importance is clearly apparent. To this head we must refer the emphatic and broad treatment of the finales, and half finales, which are now so striking that they appear to many people as a specific peculiarity of Mozart's style; they are, however, no such thing; they were, at that period, general, and proceeded from the necessity of being maintained fixedly and definitely in the key, a necessity on which, at that time, especial stress was laid. That composers have become freer in this respect, and learnt to introduce varied, charming, and exciting traditional turns instead of a plump common-place, is an undoubted advance; but that, notwithstanding, Mozart is not deficient in delicate and interesting turns, any one may convince himself by observing his returns to the theme in the second part, and, for instance, merely the richness to which the simple fundamental force of the *point d'orgue*, is developed, in the most beautiful and most charming modes of appliance.

"The second advantage was the comprehensive clearness of the plan of a musical movement, a clearness which is as intelligible as in an architectural ground-plan, and which, both in great little things, is one of the unalienable excellences of Mozart's art. By means of this, the principal points of a thoroughly developed organization were fixed. These, necessary in themselves and sufficient for the object in view, could in their turn become the points of support for a rich and copious amplification, and before such a detailed and thorough development was possible, it was necessary that the simple scheme should be clearly and securely fixed.

"Mozart has in no wise exhausted the substance of the form of representation thus founded by him; others have merely imitated what he did. Beethoven entered on the intellectual inheritance, and has shown what depth and fullness there lay concealed in it, but whatever astonishing results he may have obtained, all the germs are far from being developed. Our own age, whose invention and skill are preponderantly apparent in interesting and delicate forms of transition, and in a consistent spinning-out of small motives, which can lay claim only to a subordinate place in a great whole, is, above all things, to be reminded of the fact, that well-developed, firmly articulated melodies, should constitute the fundamental elements of a composition.

"In the choice and arrangement of them, so that the one shall set forth the other in the most varied manner, is Mozart's delicate feeling invariably evident. He has the skill more particularly, in some part of the work where we least expect it, to surprise us by a new melody of peculiar beauty, as for instance, immediately after the first theme, which generally causes a certain satisfaction, a completely different motive is introduced. But, above all, he produces an inimitable effect by bringing forward, when everything is tending rapidly to the end, a melody decked out with all the charms of freshness and sweetness, and which not only again excites our interest, but gives a new turn to the whole. To adduce a striking example of this, and one known to every one, I would remind the reader of the

first symphony in C major. Who has not, with ever-reviving astonishment, been entranced by the melody introduced at the last, and which, like a gleaming meteor, darts forth a flood of light and gaiety? Similar effects, if not always so brilliant, are by no means rare; they have never been equalled, and, indeed, scarcely attempted by any one else. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the partiality evinced by Mozart for placing in a strong light the conclusion and some other points, not generally so prominent, injured the second theme properly so called; and which is usually the weakest portion. The cause of this is partly, perhaps, attributable to the fact that, in opposition to the principal theme, it was intended to have a more tender and lighter character; but, compared with the other motives, it is frequently not important enough, and even sometimes produces the impression that it is neglected.

"The further extension of the fundamental scheme thus obtained could not be effected by the interpolation of mere outwardly connecting phrases between the principal members, but by the development of their purport by means of thematic treatment. We have seen above how, by the study of Bach and Handel, Mozart was guided to this course, and this tendency is very decided in later pianoforte compositions. It does not appear, however, as the return to the metrical style (*gebundene Schreibart*) in certain strict forms, as of the canon and the fugue, but as the free development of those general laws, on which the essential attributes of polyphonic representation and contrapuntal form depend generally. Instrumental and most especially pianoforte music, after it had been freed from the shackles of strict form, was in danger of following one-sidedly the direction of homophonic representation, and thus of becoming shallow. It is one of the services rendered by Mozart that, in the modifications, which the altered character of the conceptions and representation generally, and the nature of the instruments required, he did justice to the polyphonic and thematic mode of treatment in free and beautiful forms. This is apparent, as is natural, more especially in the modulating portions, on which the principal weights necessarily fall, and which, by this treatment, could first obtain due importance. Although Mozart did not bestow on them that extension and powerful elaboration to which they were developed by Beethoven, they yet appear in his works—even when, scantily elaborated, they are still presented as a transition—as the culminating point of the whole movement, on which its motive powers are concentrated in more lively activity. The mode of treatment is free, like the choice of motives brought into play; but it is nearly always essentially a thematic course of treatment, and frequently one very skillfully planned out and intricate, on which the effect depends. Still, at the same time, the harmonic element is by no means thrown into the background—as is well-known, it is here that the boldest and most original modulations are usually found; on a closer observation, however, we shall find that the really vivifying element is the thematizing element, and that the fashioning impulses proceed from this quarter. Thus, there are developed movements full of life, and, if we have not always an overpowering catastrophe, a knot is tied, and we are anxious to see it untied, which it always is, with agreeable certainty and ease.

"The slow movement is, as a rule, founded on the song (*das Lied*); it is consequently, according to its first plan, frequently bipartite, but the plan has only exceptionally been developed with the breadth and richness which have become usual in the first movement; the single or manifold repetition of the fundamental theme, which, in conformity with the custom at that time, did not often occur without ornament and decoration easily led to a treatment in the fashion of variations. In every case, the first requisite was the invention of a melodious movement, important both in substance and form, which should not be appreciated simply as a motive through the treatment, or from connection with others, but which, of itself, afforded a full and satisfactory expres-

sion for sentiment. It has already been noticed (I. p. 577) how the tendency, followed by the feeling of the time, favored the development of exactly such movements, which undoubtedly must be classed among the most beautiful creations even of Mozart. These simple and impressive melodies, beautifully articulated and steadily carried out, which die away, as in a long full breath, redolent of warm deep feeling, without sentimental weakness, appear to be a happy inheritance of that period, which produced likewise the purest strains of our lyric poetry. In the repose by which they are mostly pervaded, the pleasure and satisfaction of artistic creation are superseded in an uncommon manner; in the unlabored and easy way also in which, by a partial working out of the fundamental thoughts, by variations of the latter, by freely introduced and often contrasting under parts, these monuments are built up, without departing from the fundamental tones of feeling first laid down, we perceive how naturally and freely this mode of expression forced its way through the musical sentiment and soared to such a height. Without entering here into the details of the working-out, we may still direct attention to the delicacy and grace with which Mozart, in this case also, understood how to prepare and bring about the conclusion, so as to lead the hearer up to it with a continuous feeling of perfect satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

Of the Disposition or Vocation for Music.

Considering the importance which we attribute to musical education, and the large demands on time and powers which application to it requires, the question becomes serious; what result can be reasonably expected by each individual from his exertions in this pursuit?

This education, in order to be profitable, assumes certain predispositions in the pupil; and many a person may be drawn into a chain of labors and sacrifices, which, from want of natural appliances, may remain unrewarded. Many indeed, not ungifted individuals, capable of participating to a certain extent in art, being seduced by its charms, devote their whole lives to it and discover too late that their musical power is not sufficient for the profession, although it enables them to increase their enjoyment of art, and to have a deeper inward perception of its richness and beauty. The danger of a grave error, perhaps of a life thrown away, is more considerable to a gifted individual, than to one not so endowed; and even in the minor case of a mere amateur, the question is so important, that we cannot pass it over in a serious view of musical education, although we cannot hope to give a general and particular answer, which shall be in all cases satisfactory.

All men, with extremely few exceptions, have a disposition for music. They have even more disposition than is generally attributed to them; more than they themselves are accustomed to think. But nothing is more common than that this disposition, unrecognized by hesitating prejudice, neglected through idleness and indifference, or led astray by erroneous treatment, should become suppressed. The extremely rare exceptions are manifested by a perfect indifference to music, even to its corporeal effect, or, indeed, in some cases, by a physically perceptible repugnance to it. In this case, pleasurable sensations can be derived from the measure, or from the rhythm only.

It is much more difficult to decide, how far the disposition of any determined individual extends; what may be expected from its cultivation; and whether it be such as to justify the adoption of music as the special vocation of life.

It may be asserted in general, from hundreds of experiments and instances, and from the contemplation of the subject, that

The disposition of each individual is equivalent, and is worth cultivation, in proportion, to the pleasure felt by the individual in the art itself.

The pleasure in the art itself, not in the many subsidiary gratifications it may produce, and which may accompany an artistic life—not, therefore, the caprice of fashion, to learn music because others do—not the vanity of being better educated, nor of gaining the highest prize by redoubled exertion; all these pleasures abandon us, either before or soon after we have accomplished our object; they have been our reward such as it was, but they were not the true pleasures of art, which in the real artist grow with his growth, and are immortal as the soul that feels them. Hence, we see so many scholars, discontinuing, as soon as the days of instruction are past, all connexion with

art; and hence, also, many a master, when his daily task is done, drags on the burthen of a weary life in an unloved profession, in useless sighs or resigned indifference.

But that the disposition exists in the proportion of our love of art, will be confessed by every keen observer of experience; and even without experience, we might infer that such would be the fact, since it would be purposeless to have a faculty implanted in us, which we have no power of calling into action.

He who takes pleasure in music, will soon try to imitate it; as we may remark in the youngest children, who generally sing, after their fashion, before they speak. *It is chiefly in the means of musical employment, from ignorance of technicalities, that errors occur.* A person may be seized with a desire to sing, but have only an indifferent voice, or rather, more probably, whose voice has been injured; or he may devote himself to an instrument, for the performance on which he is deficient in power or in corporal structure. But even in this latter case, nature will often maintain her rights, if the musical desire be original (not instilled or caught from example), and the insufficient organ will at last be developed, or it will be sustained by other powers, and completed or replaced. In all such cases, however, it is advisable to seek counsel from the skilled in the matter.

If, apparently contrary to our views, the disposition for and pleasure in music be so often concealed, or, indeed, seemingly absent,—or, if the advance or delay of the learner vary from our expectations, we shall be led to acknowledge the probability of our departure from the system required by nature for education in music, in addition to our doubtful judgment, as to the musical disposition. This disposition is composed of several powers, which are sometimes found singly, and sometimes in combination, but each of which must be separately sought and nourished, long before musical instruction, commonly so called, begins. We must come to a clear understanding upon these points. They are decisive as to the question, whether music ought to be comprehended within the course of our occupations, and very important in the consequences of its admission.

Every participation in music presupposes that it makes some pleasurable impression either corporeal or mental. The most immediate is that which is produced by the mass of sound, or any particularly agreeable character of sound, the crash of a brass band, or the silvery tone of a little bell, &c. It is simply of an elementary and material nature, and warrants no mental participation, and therefore no mental disposition. It is only in the higher region that the spiritual effect of sound is perceived, and the corporeal sensations then show themselves to be a distinct portion of the disposition for art.

Our attention is next called to motion, measure, and rhythm. A deep meaning may be in rhythm; and the forms of bars are susceptible of endless variety, whereby significance is endeavored to be shown. The groundwork of all this is the placing or distribution of more or less emphatic moments in equal measures of time. Rhythm and measure depend upon the fixing or estimating one tone to be twice, four times, or half, one fourth part, &c., as long as another. The process is facilitated by placing together parcels of moments collectively equal (though unequal among themselves) into equal divisions of time, which time within the divisions is divided in the simplest manner possible, by two or three, forming the bars of two or three parts, or of more parts in the same ratio. This is a matter merely of the understanding, of measuring and reckoning. The distinguishing of the chief and secondary parts of the bar, by accentuating the first, is also purely mechanical. We may therefore consider the rhythmic disposition to be within the capacity of any rational being. We may conclude further, from the multitudes of raw recruits who march in exact time, and of threshers, who wield the flail in perfect three or four-part order, that the idea that men in general are defective in the perception of measure in time, is a mere prejudice.

A higher qualification, quite distinct from the preceding, is the perception of tone; the capability of distinguishing different tones, and of forming a determined and more or less durable conception of their relation to each other.

The pitch, or height or depth of a tone, is represented scientifically by the number of vibrations of the sounding body which produces it. Leibnitz has even described Music (mathematically considered) as a concealed mental arithmetic, making unconscious calculations. But it seems more probable that the immediate apprehension of tones depends on a sympathy between the nerves of the hearer and the vibrations of the sounding body. The vibrations, however, of even inanimate bodies, produce sounds

in other bodies similarly tuned; and moreover, call forth different but related sounds; and we find also, that trained or imitating birds, and the youngest infants, when they begin to learn singing or whistling from us, become imbued with, and can reproduce tones and successions of tones simply from hearing them.

Hence we may presume that also the faculty of a musical ear is common to most, if not to all men, so far as they can hear at all. But in this particular quality, the degrees of endowment are widely different, according to inward disposition or foreign assistance. The Author has never met with an instance of any person incapable of perceiving the difference between low and high; but it is common to find persons unable to distinguish with certainty a tone from half a tone, a third from a fourth, or a fourth from a fifth, until after some instruction and practice. Smaller intervals, as for example, a comma, or even what is called a quarter-tone, are often unappreciable to otherwise gifted musicians, especially pianists; while on the other hand, the finest gradations are usually perceptible to persons not possessed of any considerable musical qualifications, such as experimenters in acoustics, and pianoforte-tuners, who have educated the ear to such minute discrimination.

It is very common to confound this appreciation of sounds, with talent for music; or at least to consider it as an indication of that talent. This, however, must not be assumed without many allowances. If this faculty be deficient or manifestly feeble, we may certainly suppose that the original powers of the mind have not been applied to the living sounds of music; nevertheless, more than one example can be named of very small or very imperfectly developed appreciation of tone, accompanied by very considerable susceptibility for music.* On the other hand, the keenest perception of tonic differences, is by no means a sign of, nay—it is not essentially necessary for musical talent. Still less are certain external capabilities of this faculty, which are not uncommon, to be considered of any importance. Thus, there are persons not at all remarkable for musical talent, who can carry home with them from the orchestra the pitch of any piece of music, and reproduce it at pleasure. This is certainly not a useless faculty of memory, but it has no connection with deeper powers, and may indeed rather indicate a diminished activity of the imagination, unless it have been acquired by long habituation to the orchestra. On the other hand, it occasionally happens that highly-gifted singers and violinists permit themselves certain deviations from abstract purity of intonation, not from any want of perception, but from an impulse of the original and natural relations of sound, as distinguished from our artificial temperaments, or possibly from exaggerated expression.

If to these fundamental qualifications we add memory for musical compositions, a moderate activity of intellectual comprehension, and a certain degree of courage or confidence, with the necessary dexterity of limb, member, voice and speech,—we shall have assembled all the qualifications necessary for the cultivation of music. We should, however, never delay encouraging the growth of the higher faculties—the sensibility of the mind, and feelings for the significance of compositions, and of the forms of composition, and that direction of the mind which tends to give musical form and embodiment to sensations and ideas—the potent spell and mystery of the poet-musician.

We have thus endeavored to give a determined idea of the disposition for music. It is, as we have seen, a combination of properties, and is therefore found in different states of completeness. It is rarely denied altogether to any individual, but seems to exist in the most diversified gradation and variety. But as aptitude, like every other human faculty, is capable of indefinite extension and improvement, it is never possible, at least in the beginning or before some cultivation, to predict how far we may expect any specified individual to advance. We must return to our original assumption—

Every one will advance or be led so far as his sincere but unalloyed pleasure in music calls him.

He, therefore, who has a susceptibility for music, and feels pleasure in it, may with confidence devote so much time and labor to it as his peculiar calling and circumstances may allow. So long as it is a labor of love with him, it will be a labor profit also; and thus, to such a one, instruction will be no unnecessary nor useless birthren, until the limits of his faculties be attained. And let every one remember, that the chief end of all artistic education is no other than the exaltation of our susceptibility of, and participation in art, for our greater happiness and improvement. In this view, neither will the heated imagination drag us into a professional life against nature and intention; nor will the poor ambition of showy

attainments, quite foreign to the true idea of art, rob us of the genuine reward of our exertions.

He, however, who thinks he feels an impulse to devote his entire life to music, should examine seriously whether this impulse be not imaginary; whether it be not rather a feeling of occasional and momentary enthusiasm, than a permanent and steady love for art. Whether the chief inducement be not, perhaps, the apparently unrestrained and joyous tenor of artistic love, or ambition excited by the brilliant career of others. These outward seductive allurements are, for the most part, bitterly repented of when too late. There are, indeed, examples of success attained under such insufficient motives, but rarely accompanied by inward satisfaction, and generally embittered by the loss of the real pleasure of art, and of bodily health.

Those, finally, who consider themselves called upon to adopt composition as a profession for life, should undergo a most rigid self-examination. Their calling is the highest, but it is also the most exacting and uncertain; and no one can counsel them with well-grounded decision. *No person ought to dedicate himself to this branch of the profession, unless constrained by every impulse of his soul;* no one who can endure with patience any other occupation—who is not willing to sacrifice, for the satisfaction of that vehement and restless vocation, all the security and comfort of his existence, and who cannot look with firmness on the chance of missing the chief aim of all his exertions. Such a vocation is generally, if not always, indicated in early years, by fanciful prelude, and attempts at composition. He who waits to compose, until he has learned the rules of composition, will rarely, if ever, be a composer. It is also to be considered, that a disposition thus early manifested, and in some degree fostered and nourished, has had time for development before the application of scientific rules,—that it is therefore in a more expanded and invigorated state, and gives the scholar the inestimable advantage of many imaginings and experiences, whereby confidence has been acquired, equally remote from timidity and from presumption. This advantage, however, is not indispensable. True love and perseverance, although later in the field—but not too late—may still gain the victory.

A composer by profession will, however, soon discover that his occupation cannot be the exclusive business of life, for the simple reason, that no one can compose always. Poetry, whether in tones, or words, or colors, demands the most vivid moments only of our existence; and with all the requirements for its production and exhibition, must still leave much of our lives in vacancy; the brightest and richest genius has no other destiny; neither would any be endurable. Further still from the student, must be the vain and unhallowed hope of obtaining a competence by his productions. The greatest artists, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, were not able to accomplish that object. Such, indeed, has been sometimes effected by fashionable composers of the Italian Opera, patronized by the caprice of *prime donne*, but then only in advanced age. A subsidiary occupation has always been found necessary to a composer, such as singing, playing, conducting, or teaching; and notwithstanding the hindrance or hurthen this occupation may perhaps now and then seem, it will be found a salutary and invigorating companion. Each of these occupations has a favorable and important aspect to the composer—one or more of them he must embrace, and this circumstance should have due weight in the choice of the profession.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* This seems to be particularly the case among the mass of the people of France. In that country, singing is perpetual, and yet it is, in an incredible proportion, false and unsteady in tone. The small development of the musical faculties, in this instance, seems to arise from the manner of life, more external than intellectual, of the nation. It is indicated by the circumstance, that, notwithstanding general education and a great susceptibility for music, so few great composers have been produced in France, and that the most remarkable advances in art in that country have been occasioned by foreigners, namely, Lully, Gluck, and Spontini. We Germans, however, remember with gratitude that our Gluck acquired his perfection and recognition in the bosom of the refinement and intellectual activity of that highly distinguished nation in his days, and that the susceptibility of that nation has shown an equally noble appreciation of Haydn and Beethoven.

On the Prime Seventh as an Essential Element in the Musical System.

By HENRY WARD POOLE, Engineer, Boston.

It is now ten years, since, by original investigation in the mathematical, mechanical, and practical departments of music, I was led to the belief that this science was a solid foundation in the relations of numbers, and that all the supposed impossibility of Just Intonation and the necessity

of Temperament, have their origin only in the short-sightedness of the theorist, and the unskillfulness of the practitioner.

Having settled upon the rule that musical ratios must not exceed a certain limit of simplicity (the limit to be determined by the ability of the ear to appreciate them), it was stated* that those ratios only were admissible which were derived from the prime numbers 2, 3, 5, and 7. That the three lower primes 2, 3, and 5, belong to the musical system has been universally admitted; but no one, before myself, so far as I know, has made this claim for the prime seven.†

The interval 4:7 derived from the prime seventh has not been unnoticed, as a curiosity in acoustics; and it is occasionally referred to as the "Za" of Tartini. A living writer,‡ whose statements are entitled to the highest respect, and whose works contain most able arguments in favor of Just Intonation, says of the sounds produced from the prime seventh: "They may be called *anomalous*. They are wheels, but not wheels which will fit in with the previously constructed parts of the machine, and therefore they are left on one side."

The sound 4:7 has been known to be the seventh harmonic of the horn and æolian string, but has been called a "false" note, and has been rejected even by the advocates of just intonation, as opening the way for inextricable complication in theory and practice. It will from this, appear necessary to make the declaration which is the subject of this paper, and which is as follows:

The Prime Seventh belongs to the Musical System; its ratios are altogether appreciable by the common ear; and are in constant use in common music. It is this which constitutes, when added to the common chord, the *concord* (falsely called the *discord*) of the *Seventh*, and this element, combined with the other prime chords of Octave, Fifth, and Major-Third, makes the great variety of noble harmonies in which cultivated and uncultivated ears delight.

The prime seventh is necessary to complete the series of simple ratios, which extend as far as 10; and it was by noticing the blanks which its omission would leave that its necessity was discovered. The series is as follows:

1:2, 2:3, 3:4, 4:5, 5:6, [6:7, 7:8] 8:9, 9:10

or, if written as below, we shall have the natural series of harmonics, or what may be called the primary or

HARMONIC SCALE.

1:2:3:4:5:6:7:8:9:10.

As some reason should be assigned to the mathematician for not extending the series by the introduction of the *Prime Eleventh*, it will be found in the inability of the human ear to appreciate such complicated relations. The "*Chord of the Eleventh*" exists in nature, and I am able to tune it and to recognize its harmony in combinations specially made for the experiment; yet, so far as my examination of the works of the masters has extended, it has not been used by them in their written music, and perhaps never, unless possibly in the harmonics of a Paganini. I do not claim for it a place in our practical system of music, but leave it where all the former theorists have set the Prime Seventh. The Eleventh may hereafter be admitted, when the musical faculties of men have been sharpened by familiarity with the more simple concords in their purity, and when music is carried to a higher degree of refinement.

From the *Harmonic scale* may be derived, by combination of its chords, an indefinite variety of other scales. The Octave is divided into eight intervals, which are convenient for melodic use, and the result is popularly called the *Diatonic Scale*, which, although generally taken as the basis, in explaining music, is not a primary, but a secondary Scale. The method of forming it, according to all former treatises, is to take common chords (4:5:6) upon the tonic, dominant, and subdominant. Thus, the scale of C is tuned by taking a Fifth and Major-Third on C, on G, and on F, and bringing all the notes within the same octave.

But the introduction of the prime seventh al-

lows of another division, in which only two fundamentals are employed; namely, the Tonic (E) with its common chord, (C, E, G) and the Dominant (G), on which is taken the chord of the seventh and ninth (G, B, D, F, A) in the ratios 4:5:6:7:9. To distinguish these scales, I have called the first *Triple Diatonic*, and the last the *Double Diatonic*. Assuming the tonic or the keynote, as C, with 48 vibrations, the two scales will stand as follows:—

TRIPLE DIATONIC.

(With common Chord on C, on G and on F.)

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
48	54	60	64	72	80	90	96
8:9	9:10	15:16	8:9	9:10	8:9	15:16	

DOUBLE DIATONIC.

(With common Chord on C: and Chord of 7 and 9 on G.)

C	D	E	(F)	G	(A)	B	C
48	54	60	63	72	81	90	96
8:9	9:10	20:21	7:8	8:9	9:10	15:16	

It thus appears that the fourth and sixth notes may be taken differently in intonation; and that this is done, can be easily observed by giving attention to singers. The Triple Diatonic has but three different intervals, namely, 8:9, 9:10 and 15:16. The Double Diatonic has, in addition, two others; namely, 20:21, and 7:8; and in combinations its variety is greatly superior to the Triple Scale, whose chords and intervals are rather duplicates of one another.

And the remarkable fact is, that this Double Diatonic, which no theorist has defined, is more in practical use than the Triple, which stands in all the elementary books. A familiar example of the former is the "*O dolce Concerto*" of Mozart, and the principal movement of the "*Dead March in Saul*" of Handel. The melody of the "*Hundredth Psalm*" is the Triple Diatonic. The two scales often interchange, and an example of this is to be found near the close of "*O dolce Concerto*," where for a single measure the dominant seventh and ninth yield, to admit the fourth and sixth of the Triple Scale.‡

If it be feared that the distinctions which have been described as belonging to the scale will complicate it for those learning to sing or play, let it be added, that singers naturally observe them all, and need have no other instruction than to hear the sounds given by the teacher. What is here set down is of interest to him who wishes to know what is, and what ought to be done. It may not be necessary for the singer to be even told the dimensions of any of his intervals; and it perhaps does no harm (except to the one who utters the falsehood) to say that all intervals are compounded of "semitones" or artificial twelfths of the octave.

It is true that when all the four primes have furnished their numerous chords and intervals, we shall have assembled a large number of notes, and it is not impossible that those unacquainted with music may fear that the number will be unmanageable, and prefer the compromises and limitations of temperament. As the experiment has been practically made, such persons may be assured that the musician can most easily produce his desired effects, when he has the full and abundant materials which the system of just intonation gives him.

The singers and players upon the free instruments, of their own accord, use the true intervals to the best of their ability; and in spite of the tempered instruments with which they are sometimes obliged to join. It is for men of science to indicate to the makers of imperfect instruments the way to perfect them; and to withhold their approval from players, who, from indolence or incapacity, only make a pretence of interpreting the music of the great masters. There are wanted no more apologies for, or speculations upon, the choice of temperaments; that subject has long ago been exhausted; and nothing more can be done than is now done with twelve tempered notes in the octave. When some economical astronomer shall propose to reduce the bulk and expense of the Nautical almanac, by sacrificing that accuracy which gives it priceless value, the men at Greenwich will regard him as the scien-

tific musician will, at a future day, look on those who would restrict him to the meagre and barbarous system of temperaments of twelve notes. —*Mathematical Monthly*.

* American Journal of Science, Second Series, Vol. IX. pp. 68, 199.

† I do not wish to conceal the fact, that even now the principle of just intonation (or the possibility, in theory or practice, of exact fifths, thirds, &c.,) is denied by high mathematical authorities. Sir J. F. W. Herschel, in his treatise on Sound, declares, that singers, violin players and others who can pass through every gradation of tone, must all temper, or they could never keep in tune with each other or themselves. [The work of Herschel not being at hand, this extract is copied from the treatise on Sound, by Professor Benjamin Peirce of Cambridge, who has reproduced (with his indorsement, it is presumed,) these and like views of Herschel.] By a late letter from Sir John Herschel, dated Collingwood, June 14th, 1859, addressed to the Musical Pitch Committee, at the Society of Arts, he evinces his continued belief in Temperament as inherent in music, and his opinion that this temperament gives some peculiar character to the different signatures or keys in music in general. He says, in regard to the concert pitch:—

"All are desirous that when once lowered, it should be kept from rising [1] again, to which there is a continual tendency arising from a distinct natural cause inherent in the nature of harmony; namely, excess (amounting to about eleven vibrations in ten thousand) of a perfect fifth over seven-twelfths of an octave, which has to be constantly contended against in upward modulations, whenever violins or voices are not kept in check by fixed instruments. But perhaps all are not aware that the evil of fine ancient compositions having thus been rendered impracticable to singers in their original normal key involves the sacrifice of the adaptation of the peculiar character of the key (a character intended and felt by the composer), and the substitution of a totally different incidence of the temperament [2] in the series of notes in the scale, and goes therefore to mar the intended effect, and injure the composition, as much as an ill-chosen tone of varnish would damage the effect of a fine Titian."

1. There is nothing better to test the "natural tendency" in this respect than a good glee-club without accompaniment. If they start with too low a keynote and are in good spirits, the tendency will be to rise to the better pitch. It does not appear that temperament affects the concert pitch.

2. Observe the same glee-singers. They sing in every key with the same relative intervals, and do not use a "different incidence of temperament," in different keys. Did any composer of glees wish such temperament? If so he should indorse his score something after this manner: "Four flats, equal temperament" (as the composers of fugues for the organ have actually done;) or "Four flats, with a great wolf in A flat, and a whelp in E flat."

I only desire here to put on record for historical reference the most respectable authorities of this day against Just Intonation, and to prove that the views I put forth have such opponents, and hence need to be told.

‡ Gen. T. Perronet Thompson. Just Intonation. p. 72. 2d Edition. London, 1857. See also his "*Exercises, Political and Others*." London. 1843. 6 vols. Both are in the Boston Athenæum.

§ In view of the numerous names required, and to supply those needed for these unnamed intervals, I have proposed (at least for mathematical and theoretical uses) names derived from the ratio. A fifth then will be "two-three," a major-tone "eight-nine," a diatonic semitone "fifteen-sixteen," the interval (unnamed) between the third of the scale and the dominant seventh, is the "twenty-twenty-one." The next interval (dom. seventh to fifth) is the "seven-eight." This proposition as yet needs the approval of other theorists. The desideratum is accuracy and clearness.

¶ Not to disfigure these mathematical pages with musical types, I have chosen examples with which every one is familiar. Every composition will furnish others. If a choice is to be made in the examples of the profuse employment of the prime seventh, there may be taken any of the vocal scores of Haydn, Mozart, or Rossini.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, '61.—This article is headed St. Louis for obvious reasons, although I am in the beautiful village of Penn Yan, Yates county, New York,

and am improving the first day of country leisure by giving you an account of our last concert for this year.

PART I.

1. Finale from "First Symphony"..... Beethoven
2. Chorus, from "Les Huguenots"..... Meyerbeer
3. Cavatina, "Tamo slocome gli angeli"..... Cantameri
4. Andante from "Second Symphony"..... Beethoven
5. Sextette, from "Lucia" (by general request)..... Donizetti

PART II.

1. Overture, "Leonore"..... Beethoven
2. Chorus, "Bone Jesu"..... Palestrina
3. Duo for two Flutes, "Rondo brillante"..... Furstenau
4. Sextette and Chorus, from "Nabucco"..... Verdi
5. Duo from "Puritan"—"Suoni la Tromba"..... Bellini
6. Overture, "Jubilee," introducing the Air: "God Save America"..... C. M. von Weber

It was a sight calculated to awaken many reflections, to see all, forget for a few brief moments, their politics, which would cause us almost to cut each others throats, and sit down together for the last time this year to listen to the glorious old music. Over 2,700 were in that room, and the concert gave more than satisfaction, if possible, than any before. At the conclusion of the Jubilee Overture the enthusiasm exceeded all prescribed bounds, and "God Save America" caused such a commotion as never I saw before in that city. Ladies waved handkerchiefs, gentlemen cheered till they could articulate no longer. There is no mistaking the feeling. No other tune could have done it, and tears of joy stood in more than one eye.

The orchestra part was perfect almost. The Over- (Leonore) was admirably performed, especially the latter part; the orchestra numbering sixty-seven. The Andante (Second Symphony) was also fully up to the standard. In short could you have been present and heard what our Society, only one year old did, you would give us all the credit we claim for energy and talent.

The Cavatina was sung by Miss McGonegal, the "Soprano solo" of the evening. Miss Annie Dean sang the part of Lucia in the Sextette assisted by Miss Harlock, and Messrs. Sabatzky, Catherwood, Barrel and Pfeiffers. Miss McGonegal and Miss Dean even exceeded the anticipations of their friends. I hope my praise will be believed and taken without discount, for I am only the cool critic. I am not acquainted with any of the members of this Society whose names appear in your paper, and never see them save at these concerts. I only wish to have their real talents known and appreciated. This Society has developed fifty times the amount of talent I ever supposed was in the city. The Sextette and chorus (Nabucco) was sung by Miss Tourney. Mrs. Allen of whom I intend particularly to speak in a future article on "Church Music"—Miss Foster, Sabatzky, Spalding and Zell.

The "Duo" by Catherwood and Capen—in in which Catherwood gained fresh laurels by that voice of his.

The rehearsals will continue all summer. The money matters are all right—and you know how important that is. The next concert will be in October, unless Missouri and her people should be involved in a common ruin. This is no place for a political essay. Yet upon politics depends now the existence of our Society. Missouri is outwardly calm, but how long she will remain so, no one can tell. Indications are for peace, and I see by the papers that the eleven Kansas regiments have "resolved to discountenance any invasion of Missouri for the present." No one feels a deeper interest in Missouri than I do, but she could easily now bring upon herself a ruin, swift as the thunderbolt and appalling to think of.

My next article on "Churches and Church Music" will be ready in a few days; subject, "Trinity Church," Episcopalian. BROWN.

Max Maretzek commenced his operatic season in the city of Mexico, April 13th, and we learn the prospects were encouraging. The new basso Bischi, is highly spoken of, and the sisters Natali are also warmly praised.

Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our readers can hardly, in these times, ask even an apology for a thinly spread banquet at the Editorial table. Concerts are ended, here and everywhere; operas are unheard of and unheard; correspondents have buckled on their armor and are thinking of other things; exchanges even, to a considerable extent, have suddenly fallen off, under the government regulation withdrawing the mail service from the Southern States. "Trovator" and "—t—" have gone abroad; the "Diartist" is fitting over Europe, now here, and now there, pursuing the faintest shadow of a rumor about his loved Beethoven; the editor, at the last date, wrote from Venice, but seems to have eaten of the Lotus and relapsed into silence in the charmed air of Italy. We hear nothing from any of them, and are left, single-handed, to glean such meagre crumbs of intelligence as we are able, which is all that we can offer. Of such things enough is as good as a feast.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The second concert of the new series of evening concerts, offered the following programme:

1. Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," (Opus 55)..... Beethoven.
 1. Allegro con brio. 2. March Funebre. 3. Scherzo and Minuetto. Finale, Allegro Molto.
2. Overture, "Meeresstille"..... Mendelssohn.
3. Potpourri, from the Opera "La Juive"..... Halvy. By the Germania Band. Arranged by A. Heintze.
4. Polonaise, from "Struensee"..... May-Reber.
5. Duet, "William Tell"..... Rossini.
6. Fackeltanz, (Torchlight Dance)..... Meyerbeer. By the Orchestral Union and Germania Band combined.

It is hard to anticipate the time when any organized body or any individual can engage in any new concert enterprise, so that this series of concerts will probably be the last opportunity for an indefinitely long time, for hearing good music. The chance should not be neglected by any who love good music.

A Baltimore musician has published the Declaration of Independence of the United States, "arranged and adapted for vocal and instrumental music, as the great national chant, and dedicated to the world." The title is embellished with a lithograph of the room in Independence Hall in which the Declaration was signed, and the fourth page contains fac similes of the signatures of the signers.

Music Abroad.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—"The projected Leeds Musical Festival for 1861 has been abandoned, a resolution to this effect having been passed at a special meeting of the Committee held on Thursday last. The causes which have decided the Committee to take so important a backward step, are—the visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Leeds a few weeks only prior to the time fixed for holding the Festival; the dullness of trade consequent on the American crisis; the exorbitant demand made by vocalists whose services are considered indispensable; the meeting of the British Association at Manchester during the first week in September, being the identical days of the proposed Leeds Festival; the resignation (from illness) of Mr. Walker Joy, one of the hon. secretaries; and the conduct of the chorus-master with respect to the selection of a chorus.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We annex the programme of the fifth concert.

PART I.—Sinfonia in C, No. 1 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Zum Liedn," Mad. Rieder, Zaubersflöte (Mozart); Fantasia appassionata, John, M. Vieuxtemps (Vieuxtemps); Scena and romanza, Signor Delle Senie, Ma.ia Padilla (Donizetti); Overture, Freischütz (Weber).

PART II.—Sinfonia in G minor (Mozart); Aria, Signor Delle Sedie, "Deh, vieni alla finestra" (Mozart); Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Signor Nac-

ciarone (Mendelssohn); Duet, "Ai Capricci," Mad. Rieder and Signor Delle Sedie (Rossini); Overture, F. Alcade de la Vega, (Onslow). Conductor, Professor Sternedale Bennett, Mus. D.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the second opera concert, on Friday week, Madame Grisi made her first appearance this season. Her voice, though showing signs of wear and tear, has lost none of its charm, and the first movement of "Qui la voce" was listened to by a very numerous and fashionable company with great delight. The Cabaletta was delivered in that perfect manner which has for years been Madame Grisi's characteristic, though, perhaps, only less brilliant than when it issued in time past from the same lips. The prima donna's other song was "Home, sweet home." It was sung in English, and was encored.

PARIS, MAY 17, 1861.—The *Univers Musical* publishes two items, side by side, that show the two extremes of artist life.

1. "One of the most celebrated artists of Germany, Joseph Staudigl has just died in a hospital of Vienna, where he has been since 1854. The concourse of people at his obsequies was so great that the body had to be exposed in the court of the hospital that the crowd might be allowed to go through the ceremony of sprinkling holy water.

"This manifestation of popular sympathy honors the artist who has deserved it more than it shows the solicitude on the part of the Austrian administration for art and artists."

2. "The pretensions of singers have no more bounds. The celebrated cantatrice Czillag lately demanded from the director of the theatre of Vienna 10,000 florins a month for an engagement of eight months, that is to say, 40,000 florins more than the apauage of an archduke."

The authors of the five plans that were rewarded at the late concourse for the construction of a new opera house have been invited by the Minister of State to present other plans. The time allotted is, however, pronounced to be too short as the designs must be handed in by June 15.

We have had a concert at the "Italiens" this week rich enough to inspire a just amount of enthusiasm even in this fault-finding capital. It was given by the "Société de l'union des Artistes," on last Tuesday. The orchestra numbered over eighty members, the chorus sixty. The general director of the concert was M. Tilmant director of the orchestra of the Conservatoire. With such artists as Roger, Cazaux, Gourdin, Mlle. Rey, success was assured.

The programme presented the following, unpublished as well as published music, it will be seen:

PART I.

Meeres-Stille and Glückliche Fahrt, Mendelssohn
Benedictus from Mass in Re..... Beethoven
Allegro from Concerto in Re minor, J. S. Bach
Ave Verum (unpublished)..... Gounod
Solo by Mlle. Rey.

Symphonie in La (Andante and Finale)..... Beethoven

Le Jugement Dernier..... Felicien David

PART II.

Fingal (Opera de Concert), words by de Flobert, music by E. Membre—Roger as Fingal, Cazaux as Ullin, Gourdin as Camil and Mlle. Key as Comala.

At the Theatre Lyrique Prince Poniatowski has produced a light opera "Au Travers du Mur,"—different in every respect from his "Pierre de Medicis."

At the Opera Comique "Salvator Rosa" still maintains its vogue. This is the season of benefits and rather mixed representations. To-night Mad Viardot has her benefit at the Lyrique. We are in consequence to have two acts of Gluck's *Alceste*—one of *Otello*—a comic operetta *Le Buisson Vert* by Gastinel. Besides all this Mad. Ristori is to recite Lamartine's *Isolément* and the fifth canto of the *Inferno* of Dante.

Speaking of Ristori I am reminded that I have seen in several journals, not French, words of blame on account of what is styled "an abandonment of the artist's native idiom." Now nothing seems far-

ther from Mad. Ristori's thought than to abandon the Italian language. It is but the other day that she appeared again as *Medea*. To-night I hope to hear her read Dante. A countryman of her's Giacometti is preparing a new play for her. The success of her French Beatrix will assuredly not be sufficient to cause her to neglect the language in which alone she succeeds fully. But she will not stop at French and in a letter has already expressed the wish of appearing before a Spanish audience in a national play acting in Spanish. This may show mastery of language, but it is a dangerous game and may prove destructive of much originality. F. B.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*La Sonnambula*, on Tuesday, May 14, was one of the most interesting performances we have witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera. The success of Mlle. Adelina Patti—now, indeed, the principal topic in London Musical circles—took everybody by surprise, except those who had been present at the rehearsal, and who were let into the secret. The reports of American journals, alluded to in our last, although apparently overcharged and extravagant, must really be received as a close approximation to the truth. The writers in the London papers on Wednesday, except in one or two instances, are as high-flown, uncompromising, and enthusiastic in the young artist's praise as their contemporaries of the New Orleans and Philadelphia press, whose articles we have published. Mlle. Patti is even now, at eighteen years of age, in many respects, a great singer. Her voice is beautiful in quality—a real soprano equal in every part of the register, without the slightest tendency to tremulousness, and reaching to F in alt. with astonishing ease. It is, moreover, extremely flexible, and is managed with more than ordinary skill. The young lady, indeed, is almost a thorough mistress of vocalization, and has evidently devoted her whole soul to her profession. One so young and so accomplished on the operatic boards we never heard, and no doubt the highest destiny awaits her in her future career. It would be ungracious just now, after a single hearing, to endeavor to find out faults in Mlle. Patti's method and style. We shall prefer hearing her again before pronouncing an adverse or even qualified opinion on any one point. It is much more agreeable to declare that we were surprised and delighted beyond measure with her performance of Amina, which created the greatest sensation we have known at Covent Garden for years. Mlle. Patti's histrionic—if not so marked as her vocal—powers, everywhere betray the true instinct of genius; and there are some parts of her acting in the *Sonnambula* which could hardly be surpassed for truth, grace, and intensity of feeling. Her second appearance in the *Sonnambula* is announced for Wednesday. Signor Tiberini was Elvino, and Signor Tagliafico Count Rudolph.

Don Giovanni was given for the first time this season on Monday—an extra night—and filled the house in every part, as it has never failed to do for many years. Although three of the prominent parts were sustained by foreigners, or more strictly speaking, by non-Italians, the performance recalled old times, and was in most respects worthy the best days of the opera. An ideal Giovanni is hardly to be looked for now, and the comparison of the last new aspirant with Signor Tamburini becomes tiresome perforce of repetition. When we have said that M. Faure has neither the grace nor the spirit of Tamburini, and that his voice has neither the richness nor the flexibility of his renowned predecessor, we have merely stated what might have been assumed in advance by those acquainted with his talent. On the other hand, it may be fairly asserted that, viewed as a whole, the Don Giovanni of the French barytone is superior to any that has been seen on the boards of the Italian Opera since Tamburini retired from the arena of public exhibition. M. Faure has more of the required nobility of presence, and enters more thoroughly into the dramatic exigencies of the character, than nine out of ten who have essayed it during many years past. He has, besides, completely mastered the musical text, and displays an equal degree of fluency in the recitatives—which, being in what is called the "*Parlante*" style, are extremely trying to a Frenchman—the airs, the duets, and the concerted pieces. His performance, indeed, both in a musical and histrionic sense, is one of level and well-sustained excellence, correct to the utmost nicety of expression, note-perfect, and always prepossessing from its gentlemanly ease and naturalness. It was an unqualified and, what is more, a well-merited success.

Mad. Cailag's Elvira is not only the best the

London stage can boast just now, but the best in our remembrance of *Don Giovanni*. Critical justice, however, has been awarded to this; to the Don Ottavio of Signor Tamberlik; to Signor Tagliafico's Commendatore; and to the Leporello of Herr Fornes, whose last scene is a powerful conception, and upon whom—as was evident from the manner in which he kept his voice under control in all the concerted music—well-intended counsel has not been thrown away. Of Mad. Penco's Donna Anna and the Zerlina of Mad. Miolan Carvalho—both new to the English public—we must speak on another occasion, premising that there is much to call for eulogy in both impersonations. Signor Ronconi's Masetto—one of the most racy and perfect embodiments ever witnessed of a subordinate part—gave unusual strength to the "caste." A character generally thought unworthy the attention of a first-class artist, became, for the first time, one of the most important features in the opera, simply because the admirable Italian barytone (whose versatility is unrivalled) made Masetto what Mozart intended him, a well-defined and complete portrayal, and not the propitious nonentity to which the artists of the Italian stage have accustomed us. The strange association of earnestness and weakness, of the anxious solicitude and genuine desire of a sincere lover, with the awkwardness and imbecility of a boor, worried almost beyond redemption by the insolent invasion of his rights at the hands of a rich and profligate nobleman, was depicted to the very life; and although Signor Ronconi in his long career has played many more arduous parts, he certainly never distinguished himself more honorably.

Hymns and Choirs.

From a work published at Andover, entitled *Hymns and Choirs*, which contains many excellent æsthetic ideas on the important subjects of Hymnology and Congregational singing,—we copy the closing directions. They contain some things inapplicable to our service (Episcopal); but in those things which do apply they are excellent. They also show that in many other Christian denominations, our own church ideas are being adopted; as, for example, in the 1st, 2d, 3d, 14th, and 15th.

These changes are mainly due to the learning, taste, and conservatism of Dr. Lowell Mason, who has not only imparted general instruction, but has never failed to alter and improve his own idea on the subject of Congregational singing, upon good cause.

1. The congregation should stand when they sing.
2. They should rise, simultaneously and promptly, when the organist, in giving out the tune, has reached the beginning of the last line.

3. They should stand, in the usual attitude of worship, facing the pulpit.

4. If the help of a choir of singers, well disposed toward congregational singing, can be secured, they may be of great use in leading the congregation. But if the congregation are not led by a choir, they should be led by a precentor.

5. The organ and choir precentor should be in front of the congregation, near the pulpit, and on the same level with the pews.

6. Children should be instructed in singing, at home and in the schools, and should be encouraged to sing with the congregation.

7. The greater part of the congregation, male and female, should sing upon the treble of the tunes. It is indispensable that there be men's voices in this part.

8. Let the hymns and tunes that are used be made familiar by frequent rehearsals, both in public and in families.

9. Use any given hymn always with the same tune.

10. Use a book in which the hymn and tunes are upon one page.

11. Let the singing be in steady uniform time from the beginning to the end of the hymn, without any noticeable acceleration or slackening of the time.

12. Let there be no forced pauses for the observance of punctuation, nor any needless delay at the end of the lines.

13. Let there be no labored effort after "expression" by means of frequent and sudden changes from soft to loud and the reverse, or by the swelling and tapering of the voice, or by studied accentuation.

14. The connection of the hymn should not be broken by organ interludes, or needless, long pauses.
15. The singing of a familiar hymn will often be more spirited if the reading of it from the pulpit is omitted.

16. Use tunes that are strictly congregational in their structure. But, until these are learned, it may be advisable to use such choir tunes, judiciously selected, as are already familiar.—*Banner of the Cross.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cavalier's Serenade. W. Lee Apthorp. 25

Words from Mrs. Stowe's new novel "*Agnes of Forevento*." The setting shows taste and musical ability.

Jonathan, what say? Patriotic Song. 25

Turning on the war. There is a pretty touch of humor in it. The music is easy and intended to offer as little difficulty as possible. The melody is good.

Ellen of the Lea. Song. S. Glover. 25

One of those cheerful, pretty, little songs, which, next to his sparkling Duets, have made Glover's name familiar to young singers. As a lesson it will be found both useful and appropriate, as the words are free of ought objectionable.

Once more upon the sea. F. Buckley. 25

If a few good singers find out this ballad, whose prettiness is striking and undeniable, it cannot fail to become popular.

Give me thy blessing, dear mother. Cherry. 30

A boy going off to sea is taking leave of his mother. There is a sort of naturalness about this song, which makes it quite touching. The title-page is handsomely illustrated.

Instrumental Music.

Brindisi from "*Traviata*." Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

A brilliant arrangement of the famous air, of medium difficulty.

Fest March, for three performers on one Piano. T. Bissell. 35

Nothing is better calculated to make pupils good timists than to make them take part in four or six hand pieces, the latter being even preferable to the former. For this purpose Gungl's well known and strongly marked Fest March, in this clever arrangement, makes a very good piece.

German Choral, "*Mach's mit mir*," for the Organ. Fischer. 25

This piece is quite a curiosity for the student of harmony and counterpoint. It is a masterpiece of contrapuntal writing. The piece is written in three parts, of which the treble sustains the melody of the choral (*Cantus firmus*) while the other two perform a canon, the second beginning it, and the bass imitating a seventh lower, note for note, to the end, being always half a bar behind the second.

Books.

CAMP SONGS. 10

This is a collection of all the popular National Songs, with several home favorites, published in a very neat and convenient style. It will serve to enliven the soldier's life, and will prove a source of much enjoyment and recreation to all into whose hands it may fall.

BIRD'S VOCAL MUSIC READER. 12

This is the first number of a series of instruction books in vocal music, prepared by J. Bird, author of the "*Singing School Companion*," and is designed for quite young pupils, to whom it will prove useful and attractive.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 480.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 11.

A Day in June.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days :

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atit like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —

In the nice ear of nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by your heifer's lowing—

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —

'Tis the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—An attempt is being made to revive the fortunes of opera at Naples and Milan. In the latter city, a new opera by Maestro Pedrotti, *Guerra in quattro*, is to be played during the spring.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

III.

THE MUSICAL FANATIC, OR THE COMPOSER-PIANIST.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

The subject of this sketch may be compared to the charlatans in religion ; those saints, who keep their eyes continually turned up to heaven, supposing themselves to be the very essence of christianity, while their hearts are full of hatred and ill-will towards their fellow-men. And if you call their attention to the fact that all their pious demonstrations are of no use so long as they daily violate that commandment, which bids us love our neighbor as ourself ; if you remind them that the doors of the heavenly kingdom shall not open for those who have no love or charity, or, still better if you are bold enough frankly to tell them that they are just the opposite of what in their immeasurable self-conceit they pretend to be ; then these charlatans will grow pale with astonishment that you dare to smite them with such language. But you are much mistaken, if you suppose that you have in the least shaken their confidence in their superior worth. Nay, if the eloquence of all the world united should try to convince them of their error they would not believe it. They no saints ? They pretenders, charlatans, quacks, fanatics ? Ridiculous, absurd, malicious !

So our hero may call it absurd, or malicious, that we count him among the charlatans in music. He considers himself such a model of musical excellence, such a pattern of artistic purity and integrity ! And, indeed, he is regarded so not only by himself, but by many others, who are too inexperienced in musical matters to know what title he has to such lofty pretensions. He loves to style himself a *composer pianist* : but he is neither a composer nor a pianist ; he is a little of both, although his talent for composition exceeds in some measure his qualifications for a performer. If, first, we regard him as a pianist we find that his execution is stiff and inelegant. He may know how a piece should be played, but his fingers do not obey him, and his listeners are frequently obliged to "take the will for the deed." He essentially lacks that confidence, freedom and boldness, which are among the first manifestations of a born player. Even his own compositions sound harsh and clumsy under his fingers, if he manages to go through them without actual blunders, that are likely to happen every moment. In the works of the older masters up to Beethoven he has the freak of never employing the pedal, however much their effect might be improved thereby. He also keeps in his study an old clavichord, which he uses exclusively for the works of Sebastian Bach, presuming that the great master himself never played but on such an instrument and that, therefore, the true power of his music cannot be realized through a pianoforte. His culture, taste, sentiment and expression, according to his own estimation, are of

such a high order that all must be enchanted, who are fortunate enough to hear him. This illusion and the wish to play before a select audience prompt him to fix the price of admission ridiculously high when he gives a concert, which for the sake of honor and reputation he thinks necessary once or twice every year ; and when, naturally, his auditors appear in so select a number that it is difficult, even with lantern in hand, to find them out among all the empty seats, he begins to complain of the indifference, bad taste, want of appreciation and so forth, that characterize the community where he resides. As he has not the means of engaging first-class performers to assist him he calls in for his aids some of the third-rate singers who abound in every town and are the bane of the public. The pieces which make up his programme are mostly such as any advanced amateur may play for himself at home. From principle he never performs the work of a composer still living, except himself. We see then how much cause he has for his lamentations respecting the indifference of the public.

Now, sir, if you are resolved to test the sympathy of the music-lovers ; if you wish for a select, but numerous audience ; or if you desire to know, who is to be blamed for the empty seats at your concerts,—why don't you give us pieces, which are too difficult and too rare to be accessible to ordinary players, and to hear which every true friend of art would gladly pay a high price, even higher than it is your pleasure to charge ? The reason why "he don't" will easily occur to every one ; it is because "he can't."

Regarded as a composer we find his style to be dry and pedantic, scrupulously squared and pruned. He strictly observes every rule, never permitting himself the most harmless license. His orchestration is thin and meagre ; he is always afraid of overdoing the matter, and therefore, rarely avails himself of all means at his command. This he does in part on the authority of Mozart and other masters of the past who likewise (but for better reasons) did not always employ the whole body of instruments, which constitute the orchestra. Authority, tradition, conventionalism—these are among the chief forces which guide the fanatic in his creations. It is of significance, in order to obtain a just conception of the man, to know that he never attempts to write an opera, because he deems it profane. He thinks it also profane to compose a dance, though he almost weeps with joy at those little Minuets, that are to be found in the smaller Symphonies, Quartets and Sonatas of Haydn and some of his contemporaries, and which in reality are nothing but dances, many of them as light, or as frivolous, if you will, as ever a waltz was. The same principle he carries out as a teacher. We need hardly say that he supports himself by giving lessons. His scholars are not permitted to play anything that bears the name of Quadrille, Waltz, Polka or Galop, though he does not scruple to give them plenty of such as rejoice in the

title of Fandango, Siciliano, Bolero, Tarantella and so forth. But we will not subject him to any criticism in his capacity as a teacher; he don't pretend to be one; he only—as he has it—*gives instruction*. Yet, notwithstanding, he considers himself the sole person competent to teach and seizes every opportunity of slandering all others engaged in that profession.

We have now viewed the fanatic as both a player and a composer, and my impartial readers may judge for themselves, if it be absurd or malicious to class him among the charlatans. But, we have not done with him yet; he shall not so easily escape our fangs; full justice shall be meted out to him. We have yet to consider more particularly how far in his life and dealings with his fellow men he realizes the object of true art, of which he believes himself so superior an exponent. If neither his playing nor his compositions gave promise of his ability to represent the beautiful in a beautiful manner, we can hardly expect that the man should redeem the musician. With such beings life and art are so closely united that they must be considered as one. It is an established fact that no where are to be found instances of such passionate devotedness to the chosen vocation as in music; and in consequence no other artist is so likely to become a fanatic as the musician. So we may say of our hero that the man is completely merged in the artist; as is the latter so is the former; nay, he is no man at all, he is merely a musician. His love for the art knows no bounds; he considers it the only occupation compatible with the dignity of man. Accordingly, he looks upon all outsiders with a kind of scornful pity; especially on all bankers, brokers, jobbers, dealers, traders, farmers and other innocent people whose occupation is more prosaic, more substantial and material than his. It is, however, a mistake to infer from this that he regards those belonging to his own craft with a milder view. He is rarely on friendly terms with his fellow artists; because weighed in his balance they are all too light, not solid, not orthodox, not classical enough. Neither does his selfishness permit him to take any interest in the musical doings of the community where he resides, except so far as he can become the centre thereof. Without him any enterprise is likely to go the wrong way. He disparages every man and every thing. For the classical composers alone, for Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and the earlier Beethoven his love and admiration know no bounds, and he is proud of it. You just try to engage him in a conversation about these composers and you will hear in what a torrent of superlatives he gives vent to his enthusiasm. If you are not completely overwhelmed by the force of his speech it is because his mouth is too full and one word chokes another. He will give you by the way to understand that he has some claim to be heard, since none can love, understand or appreciate those masters better than himself, being a somewhat kindred genius. Should you be able to silence him for a moment in order to ask him what he thinks of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, and their followers,—your question will immediately be answered by a counter-torrent of invectives, which will sweep these men clean of the last marks of honor and respectability and leave them bold adventurers, pretenders or charlatans. He means to persecute them till his last breath and

to whatever extent his small influence may permit him. He can never forgive them that they dared to shake the sacred ground of tradition and authority and set up a theory of their own. Take heed that he does not suspect you to be yourself among the admirers of those musical reformers; he would speedily turn upon you and give you what he thinks his duty; friend, or foe, it matters little when his fanaticism is roused. In general his tirades are harmless, for, if you permit him to speak out all he has to say, he feels easy after such an outburst and goes on his way, rejoicing as before in his own superiority. It sometimes happens that a deluded critic becomes so interested in him as to advocate his cause publicly, or that he himself ascends the editorial chair,—then his narrow, illiberal views and notions may cause much damage to the art and artists of the community in which he lives. It has happened in cities whose size, situation, social institutions, and so forth, peculiarly favored fanaticism, that all enlightened musicians have been driven out, while the fanatic and his crew kept their black and white colors victoriously waving amidst the vehement applause of the sour-faced inhabitants. However, these cases are rare; he seldom attains to such importance as to become the leader of a party; generally he is too shy, too timid; he loves to walk in silence and commit secretly whatever mischief his supposed duties prompt him. Sometimes he professes a total indifference to everything beyond his own dear self. It is then that he boasts of never reading a newspaper or any other paper relating to art and science, those treating of musical matters not excepted. The latter he is afraid might contain something about himself, which, when read, would perhaps tend to perplex him or make him falter in his righteous course. But this is not the chief reason; there is a more substantial one. Who is there that presumes to know more about music than Mr. Fanaticus? Who dares venture to suppose he could teach Mr. Arrogance? Now, it is plain, if he subscribed to such a paper he might be suspected of keeping it merely in order to learn from it. He knows what he is about.

It might perhaps be expecting too much of such a narrow-minded, short-sighted being; though he thrice blessed himself every morning on opening his eyes that he is an artist—to suppose he should know that an artist should, in his appearance manifest taste and expression, the cultivation of which in music he has made the purpose of his life. The fanatic is utterly ignorant of this fact. His manners are blunt, awkward, nay, boorish; his dress is shabby and always anticipates the coming fashion by ten years. He gives as an excuse that it is the prerogative of genius to set fashion and etiquette at defiance. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that he is not vain and that he does not with much satisfaction behold his own profile; that would be entirely inconsistent with his love of self. When he is to appear before the public at his concerts he takes much pains to ornament himself tastefully, as he imagines; and even several days in advance he devotes some minutes every time to practicing the bow or obedience before a glass; yet when the time for exhibition comes he cuts the same sorry figure as before. His body is not an agile one. He is on the whole averse to locomotion. You may be sure to find him ten years hence occupying the same rooms in which he now lives.

The home of the musical fanatic, I will state in conclusion, is in all countries where the climate is ungenial and life laborious. Thus, while he thrives well in the Northern States of the American Union, in England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, &c., he begins to dwindle in France and farther south, as in Italy and Spain, disappears altogether. A certain degree of culture in the more serious kinds of music is necessary for a country, which may pretend to favor his growth. Strictly speaking he is a product of the very laudatory movement to establish the art in her purest and highest forms; but a mishapen product, an excrescence, which in our days—alas!—is multiplying to an alarming extent.

W. A. Mozart.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

II.

(Continued from page 76.)

The Fourth Part embraces the second half of the history of the last ten years of Mozart's life (1781—1791), the period during which his genius produced his greatest creations, which have rendered him immortal. It contains the sections from 12 to 25 of the Fourth Book, the first eleven comprising the contents of the third volume of this work. While the latter treat mostly of Mozart's material circumstances, the historical element is thrown more into the background in Book Four, since, except the account of two professional journeys—to Berlin and to Frankfort-on-the-Maine—only the moving narrative of Mozart's death and its immediate consequences belong to the biographical portion, properly so called; while the analysis of his works, on the contrary, together with the most careful accounts of their production, carrying out, &c., take up most of Volume Four, which is the thickest of all, containing 748 pages of text, 40 pages of appendix, a complete catalogue of names and facts, 16 pages of supplementary notes, and a portrait of Mozart, after a picture painted in Verona in 1770, when he was fourteen years of age.

The mere comprehensiveness of the list gives us a foretaste of the rich contents of the last volume; a cursory sketch will teach the reader what he has to expect, and what he will find carried out in a manner which, from beginning to end, attracts, fascinates and instructs.

The first three sections (from 12 to 14 inclusive) show us Mozart as a pianoforte player and composer of instrumental music. Section 12 discusses his works for the piano, the variations, rondos, fantasias, sonatas for the pianoforte alone, and with violin accompaniment, the trios, the quartets, and the quintet (in E flat), as well as the concertos. In the catalogue of the latter, pp. 51 and 52, we find the concerto for two pianos (printed in Offenbach, by J. André, as Op. 73, *Edition faite d'après la Partition en Manuscrit*), but not with the orchestra (quartet, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons), which is not mentioned either in any part of text.

In relation to the concertos, the author brings prominently forward services rendered by Mozart towards the combination of the orchestra and the solo instrument into one whole, as eventually, and in the received form, creating something new, and shows how the orchestra has full symphonic justice done it, not merely in the *tutti* movements, but as continually introduced into the piano part, also participating directly in it. "An art of blending all the various kinds of sounds in the orchestra, which at once proves an uncommonly fine sense, supported by the most accurate knowledge of instrumental effects, for what is harmonious." "The happy nation," the author observes further on, "in the close combination of the various instrumental resources into one whole is so completely successful, that in this particular Beethoven, who made an especial study of Mozart's pianoforte concertos, as every one who knows them at all thoroughly will easily

perceive, has not, in any essential point, gone further; the higher importance of his grand pianoforte concertos has another foundation. It is true that, with Mozart, there was something more than the mere delicately-fostered sense for the appropriate mixtures of the various kinds of sound; the invention, treatment, and distribution of the motives were conditional on the nature of the means for their manifestation; it was necessary in the first sketch that the different resources should be well considered, if they were to have justice done them in the mode in which they were carried out; even in the bud, the various motives must have been endowed with the faculty of free development under various conditions. The result is a race between different agents, the orchestra and the pianoforte—and the principal charm of those concertos rests upon the lively interworking of the opposite elements, by means of which process the separate motives, as if under an ever changing light, are grouped into a rich and brilliant picture."

It is very correctly remarked that Mozart's concertos require, "besides a clear and song-like execution, especially of the melodies, which are often greatly spun out," "the calm, steady" hand, which "causes the" roudades (*Passagen*) "to flow like oil." Nearly all his roudades depend upon the scale and the broken chords. His aim was not a number of notes (he purposely rejected runs of octaves, sixths and thirds), nor any kind of mass-like effect, but clearness and perspicuity. At any rate, the clear unfolding of the peculiarities of the piano, in contradistinction to the orchestra, was the right way to the development of technical skill on the piano."

"But the principal importance of the concertos lies in their musical purport. In their conceptions and treatment, they exhibit great dash and perfect freedom: it is clear that it was not only the greater and more important means which called forth a corresponding degree of mental activity, but that Mozart felt the more pleasure in giving free scope to his powers, because he used to perform these compositions himself. The fact of their being concertos, destined to produce an instantaneous impression on the public, explains, also, why he allowed himself more liberty here than anywhere else in the employment of strongly exciting means of expression, and it is a very characteristic trait, that he endeavors to produce this effect, not by *virtuoso*-like effects, on the piano, but by the increased charm of musical expression."

Section 13 treats at length of the violin quartets and quintets. The author has already spoken, in Vol. III., of Mozart's relations towards Joseph Haydn, from which, as a sign of the highest respect, sprang the dedication of the first six quartets to that master. These belong to those compositions which Mozart wrote, without any immediate external cause, not to order, but for his own satisfaction. Jahn first enters on the essential elements of the quartet—as he does afterwards of the quartet generally—and on the peculiarities of these compositions of Mozart for chamber-music. Without subjecting them singly to a strict analysis, he gives us, in general touches, an excellent and characteristic account of them. It is only the C major quartet and the G minor quartet that he discusses at any length. The difference in style between the last four quartets (especially of three of them, written for Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia) and of the first six is, also, charmingly described.

Especially welcome is all that is said concerning the quintets. We are delighted that Jahn stands up for these magnificent compositions, explains their character—which is different from the last quartets, and approximates again to the style of the first six—and describes their beauties. It is an indisputable fact that Mozart's quintets are too much neglected in the public quartet associations which nearly every town of note possesses. It is true that the signal was given by a great composer of the modern school, who always used to leave the room when one of Mozart's quintets began. This is partly true even of the quartets, for how many lovers of music are there at present who have

heard—not once, perhaps, but frequently—all the ten written by Mozart? We hope, too, that the eulogy which Jahn pronounces, which is but the echo of our own sentiments, on the grand trio on E flat major, for violin, viol., and violoncello, will direct the attention of associations for chamber-music to the gem of its kind. He justly calls it, "one of the most wonderful of Mozart's works, a genuine cabinet specimen of chamber music." (Page 94).

Well worthy our consideration is the analysis of the G minor quintet, containing the expression "of a passionately excited frame of mind, of grief conscious only of itself, and of a struggle of the heart with it, changing, in the finale, to the opposite mood (a gushing dithyrambus), which, however, belongs to the same nature, that is rendered with perfect fidelity and truth." Hereupon we read, at page 103.

"Involuntarily, with such physiological development, we seek the man in the artist, and who can deny that the most evident marks of Mozart's own nature are impressed on the work of Art? If however, we tried to find a definite inducement in his immediate circumstances, for its production, we should most certainly be led astray. Mozart's circumstances were at that time (1787), generally speaking, good. He had not long returned, richly rewarded with success and money, from Prague and in the Jacquin family enjoyed the society of those who satisfied both his mind and his heart. It is true that, shortly afterwards (26th May), he lost his father, but whoever carefully weighs the letter he wrote his father on the 4th of April, at the thought of the possibility of death (III., p. 279)—at the same time he was engaged on the first quintet in C major—must own that the tone of the G minor quartet could not be suggested by the thought of a dying father. The springs of artistic creation flow too far below the surface to be immediately called forth by every emotion in common life. It is true that the artist can give no more than what is in him, and what he has himself gone through; but even of the musician does Goethe's assertion hold good, that in a work of art there is nothing which the artist has not experienced, *only not as he has experienced it*.

"A second question now forces itself upon us: Does a piece of music which, like this one, unrolls before us a true *soul-painting*, follows the course of psychological development with the strictest consistency, and exhibits sharply and characteristically the tottering emotion of passionate sensations in the most delicate touches—does, we repeat, a piece of music like this *obey also the formulas and laws of musical construction and technique*? Without doubt, any one who chooses to disregard entirely the psychological development can show, by a purely technical analysis, how this quintet, which constrainedly obeys the conditions of musically beautiful form, by the most uncommon combination of invention and discernment, reaches a high degree of formal perfection, and whoever follows these indications will become aware that both the truth and strength of the psychological development, and the purity and beauty of the artistic form, *coincide, and are one and the same in their essential manifestations*."

Lastly, in this section, the author treats in a similar manner the composition for *reed-bands* (*Harmonie-Musik*) and the seven *symphonies* which Mozart wrote in Vienna. Concerning the improvement of the orchestra by Mozart, concerning his contrapuntal art, as a free phenomenon of artistic beauty and concerning the union of this art with the free employment of the various kinds of sound, the author says much that is very excellent and characteristic of Mozart's genius. In the fact that the three grand grand symphonies in E flat major, G minor and, C major (with the fugue), were written within six weeks (from the end of June to the 10th of August, 1788), and, though equally rich and equally profound in purport, are yet *most different in their character*, Jahn justly perceives a fresh proof: "that, amidst the most manifold impressions of life, the artist's soul is always laboring and producing, while, in secret, the threads

of which the work of art is woven are continually and mysteriously converging."

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

We must have recognized that nature has given musical capabilities to most individuals; but that these powers and susceptibilities exist in the most manifold variety of gradations. The germ of these faculties, like that of all our other powers is strengthened and unfolded by all the appearances and impressions of the outer world on us, from the moment of our birth; and when placed at the disposal of the instructor, it has already undergone a certain degree of expansion from the unconscious tuition of daily experience.

The development of the musical faculties, however, as far as regards the meaning of sounds, labors under disadvantages, particularly in northern climates, from which our other faculties are comparatively free. The most pressing wants and constantly urging requirements of life, call chiefly into action that other spiritual sense, the eye, in combination with the understanding. The child learns to distinguish earlier by the eye than the ear; while its understanding is almost incessantly employed in seizing the significance of sounds, as indicative of the objects of sense by which it is surrounded, rather than the meaning of sound in any musical relationship: a kind of affinity, which to the uneducated ear remains, perhaps, through life unknown. The musical element has less occasion to be exhibited by us more silent Germans, than among our southern and western neighbors. It is, nevertheless, as deeply significant, well defined, and powerful in our language, even as in the Italian, which, indeed, can claim superiority only in some degree of clearness, and an old prejudice in its favor.

Long continued neglect and suppression, indeed, of musical qualifications, are much to be lamented: more particularly during musical education itself, when such neglect operates most severely. Parents and teachers are more apt to complain of the want of disposition in their pupils, than to seek in themselves the cause of that deficiency. Only when the delays and the misapprehensions shall be attacked on all sides, and overcome, will our conviction be complete, that the musical qualifications given to most men are much more considerable than is generally believed.

OF THE TIME PREVIOUS TO LEARNING.

This period requires domestic care and solicitude, as a preparation for the directing hand of the master; and here it is, that the mother, as monitor of the awakening senses of her child, is called upon to exercise the budding susceptibilities on salutary objects, and shield their tender impressiveness from violent and distracting sensations. Certain determined sounds have an incalculable and lasting effect on the infant mind and senses, when presented to them without constraint or obvious intention. The pure sound of a little bell, the combined sounds of two or three glasses, producing, for example, *c—g*, and then *g—d—b*, the contrast of high clear sounds and low murmurings are best calculated to affect the infant perceptions. It can easily be imagined, how at a later period, listening to the rolling thunder, to the whispering and rustling of the evening breeze, to the murmuring brook, to the moan of the impending storm, to the warbling of the nightingale, may penetrate into, and influence the yearnings and aspirations of fresh youthful existence, wherein are imbedded those bright germs of thought, whose future expansion and manifestation are exhibited in the high productions of genius, at once the glory and the despair of each succeeding age! But how many circumstances conspire to disturb, counteract, and disenchant these beautiful and fructifying moments of early youth, particularly in large cities! How necessary is help, where nature cannot be left alone! How harassing and destructive, while the precious moments of culture are so few, that the delicate and tender perceptions should be jarred by the harsh rolling of the streets, the

deafening crash of brazen bands, and the rough growl of drums; that their fine organizations should be either rent or palsied by coarseness or force, while yet scarcely awake to their legitimate functions! Let, therefore, every mother who has a perception of the charms of music, and of its civilizing influence, weigh well the importance of the early education of the senses. Her simple song, in which perhaps the infant voice is blended is the most natural, and often the most fruitful lesson. A march of the most simple melody, and merely drum rhythm, which the boy and his father perform together, round about in their apartment, inspires more delight and feeling of measure, than many a half-year's instruction. If by great good fortune the tender ear of childhood should be indulged with the delicious enchantment of an opera, the few enraptured hours thus spent may cast a broad and glowing beam of sunshine to the latest days of life. For such an initiation we could wish every child to enjoy the dear old, but ever fresh and young *Zauberflöte*, that child's fairy play, which Mozart has immortalized with the power of prolonging and reproducing all our lives the earliest and most innocent blossoms of youthful delight. In this play, congenial childhood enters with the sweetest self-devotion into the wondrous and inconceivable passions of maturer age, and is carried away at last to the perception of the truth, to the dreaded dagger; but, with such guileless purity, such forgetfulness of self, that the star flaming queen can scarcely be reproached when she rises delicately, and without effort, in melting harmonies, from the midst of her sufferings. On the other hand, we would withhold from the young sensations, the old and revived operas of mere show and exaggerated effect; and more especially those prosaic representations of ordinary life, in which the music sinks with its subject into mere triviality and nothingness. In like manner we would spare our young pupils the infliction of chamber or social music, which in general they do not understand; and lastly, we recommend moderation in quantity. The first opera once,—the full organ in the church, when empty,—seldom warlike music, and still more rarely, a concert. These are important moments in the young and impressible existence, and must be of extraordinary occurrence. Moreover, we would petition for the liberty for all children to play freely after their own fashion, on the pianoforte; to invent, and search, and lose themselves as they please, so long as they do not injure the instrument. This *ad libitum* playing is mostly prohibited, particularly if the days of instruction have begun. The child is told to employ itself more usefully, in finger exercises or written compositions. But how shall the individual musical feelings, or the yet feeble inventive imaginings, be fostered and educated to self-power and trustfulness, if the only, and at this age indispensable means of cultivation be withheld? We are delighted to hear of the infant Mozart, who, in the third year of his short life, sought to arrange sounds in musical combination; and at the same time, we forbid the like practice to our own children, or disturb their often burning dreams of harmony with our short-sighted and self-sufficient worldly prudence.

We wish to say another word in these nursery details, concerning speech. It might almost be maintained, that we, in Germany, have more men who write, than speak well; so hollow and uncertain, so feeble and oppressively restrained does our magnificent, copious, and universally appropriate language appear in speech, while its perfections have only attained for it the calumnies of undistinguishing foreigners, and the neglect of our own countrymen, who have mistaken, disfigured, and corrupted it. How seldom do we hear any one among us speak openly and freely from the chest! How rare is the pure, full sound of the vowels, or the clear distinctness of the manifold characteristic varieties of the consonants! When do we hear modulation of the voice in speaking? and rarer still, any attempt of raising or depressing the intonation, without the most abrupt helplessness? Much of this defective condition of our speech is probably owing to the

rarity with us, of public speaking, and other restricting circumstances; but we doubt not that early education, and want of attention in after life, are, at least, equally culpable, in not removing these disadvantages, whose baneful influence indeed does not affect music alone.—Dr. Marz.

Adelina Patti in London.

Many of the friends and admirers of our young prima donna, will be glad to see the following extracts from the principal papers of London.

It is delightful to experience a new sensation—more especially in art, in which the highest excellence is the greatest rarity nowadays. Good actors and good singers are so seldom to be found, and disappointments are of such frequent occurrence, that we have long since relinquished our faith in new-comers on the dramatic or operatic stage, even when the trumpet of fame has been sounded loudest and longest in advance. The cry of "Wolf" has lost all its power, and we quietly determine to trust nothing but our own eyes and ears. Such were our feelings when we went to the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening to witness the *debut* of Mlle. Patti. We had read about the lady in foreign journals, and had written about her no later than last week; but, although all we had read was highly eulogistic, and though we presented her in the most favorable light to the reader—as far as we were enabled to do, not having heard her without compromising ourselves, we were by no means sanguine as to the result. The general audience, of course, who knew nothing whatsoever about Miss Adelina Patti, was apathetic in the extreme, and there was not the least excitement manifested. The theatre, though subsequently full, at first, indeed, was badly attended, and little interest or curiosity was betokened for the *débütante*. A few, however, who learned what had taken place at rehearsal, were anxious and excited, and these were her solitary friends; and so Mlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance in England with little or no hope or expectation from any feeling previously created in her favor. Never did singer make her *debut* in this country with so little known of her antecedents, and with so little stir made about her beforehand. Generally speaking, a new candidate for lyric and dramatic honors, as soon as announced, becomes the topic in musical circles, and affords matter for speculation in clubs and drawing-rooms. A new "first lady" in the operatic world is a great fact, and subscribers prepare their opera-glasses as astronomers their telescopes on the advent of an unexpected comet. Mlle. Patti, however, had not figured in the programme of the season and her name had only appeared four days in advance of her *debut*, and without a single remark in the advertisements. Not only was the young lady unheralded by puff of any kind, but the usual, indeed indispensable, statement as to who she was, and where she came from, was omitted altogether. Did the director, assured of success, follow this unprecedented mode of securing a sensation? Or did he fear for the result, and so hold his peace? We think the latter most probable, as the temptation to disclosure involved in the complete conviction of having something great to exhibit would be almost too much for managerial forbearance. Mlle. Adelina Patti, we may therefore conclude, came out with out any extraordinary hope on the part of the director—at all events until after rehearsal, when announcement was too late—and with no expectation on the part of the public.

Never was surprise greater, nor result more triumphant, Mlle. Patti was welcomed with the warmth due to her extreme youth and prepossessing appearance; but there was no enthusiasm. The utmost attention, however, was paid to the recitative preceding Amina's address to her companions, and the first hearing was satisfactory. The young artist for a moment or two betrayed nervousness; but she instantly shook off all fear, as if conscious of her strength, and executed a passage *di bravura*, which completely electrified the house. The audience was indeed all ears, and Mlle. Patti's success may be chronicled as a perfect climax, rising from the first scene, and attaining its culminating point in the famous *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giungo." What our opinions of the *débütante* are will be found in our notice of the young lady's performance in its proper place. Meanwhile, we may assert emphatically that Italian Opera has obtained an accession of strength in a certain line which we did not expect to witness in our own time. Mlle. Adelina Patti is a triumphant refutation that art and genius have deserted the operatic stage. Having now obtained the legitimate successor of Bosio, Persiani—we were about to add (and why not?) Jenny Lind—why may we not look for another Pasta, Malibran, Catalani, Rubini, Tam-

burini, Lablache? Why should not the advent of Mlle. Patti fill us with hope for the fortunes of Italian Opera? We may indulge imagination so far. At all events we have experienced a new sensation, and that is something.—*Musical World*.

The *London Times* speaks thus of our young prima donna. We copy the whole article:

A new Amina does not usually excite much curiosity among frequenters of the Opera. There have been since the days of Malibran so many Aminas, and nineteen out of twenty of them commonplace. Even the announcement of a new singer, irrespective of Amina, or Lucia, or Arline, or Maritana, or any other character, Italian or English (not excepting the Traviata herself)—so strong the reaction against preliminary flourish—is now a-days received with something like indifference. How many Pastas, how many Grisis, how many Jenny Linds ("nightingales," of course), have suddenly come forth and as suddenly vanished, or at best, remained, content to occupy a second, third, or fourth rate position. The musical public has sunk into a sort of lethargic and cynical incredulity, the result of many sanguine hopes raised, and just as many wofully disappointed. At present, we may venture to suggest, the most prudent way to obtain an impartial and indulgent hearing for a new aspirant to lyric honors, is to say nothing in advance. Mr. Gye has adopted this course of action, or inaction, with regard to a very young lady who made her first appearance last night as the heroine of "La Sonnambula," and who, we may add at once, created such a sensation as has not been paralleled for years. It was simply advertised, late last week, that on Tuesday, May 14, Mlle. Adelina Patti would assume the part of Amina, in Bellini's well-known opera. Apart from those who had visited the United States, or those in the habit of perusing the musical notices of American journals, no one had ever heard of Mlle. Adelina Patti; and thus, although the house was brilliantly attended (it being a "subscription night,") there were no symptoms whatever of a more than ordinary degree of expectation. As that diverting necromancer, Gaspardin Frikell, used to declare, there was "no preparation;" certainly there was no "claque"—no disposition to anticipate favor or extort applause. The *débütante* was at first calmly, then more warmly, then enthusiastically—judged; and she who, to Europe at any rate, was yesterday without a name, before to-morrow will be a "town-talk."

And now comes the difficult part of our task. "Is Mademoiselle Adelina Patti"—it will naturally be asked—"a phenomenon." Decidedly yes. "Is she a perfect artist?" Decidedly no. How can a girl of scarcely eighteen summers have reached perfection in an art so difficult? It is simply impossible. We are almost inclined to say that she is something better than perfect; for perfection at her age could be little else than mechanical, and might probably settle down at last into a cold abstraction, or mere commonplace technical correctness. No, Mlle. Patti has the faults incidental to youth and inexperience; but these in no single instance were the semblance of being ineradicable; on the contrary, they are in a great measure the consequence of an ardent ambition to attain at a jump what can only be attained with years of laborious application. The management of the voice, the gradation of tone, the balance of cadence, the rounding off of phrases, are all occasionally more or less defective; but to compensate for these inevitable drawbacks, there is an abiding charm in every vocal accent, an earnestness in every look, and an intelligence in every movement and gesture that undeniably proclaim an artist "native and to the manner born." And let it be understood that these qualities of charm, of earnestness, and of intelligence are not merely the prepossessing attributes of extreme youth, allied to personal comeliness, but the evident offspring of thought, of talent—we may almost add of genius, but assuredly of natural endowments, both mental and physical, far beyond the average.

Mlle. Patti's first appearance on the stage seemed to take the audience by surprise. So young an Amina, young enough in appearance to be the daughter of her Elvino (Signor Tiberini), an Amina, in short, not yet done growing, had never before been witnessed. The recitative, "Care compagne," however, showed at once that in this particular case youthfulness and depth of feeling might be found both naturally and gracefully united; while long before the termination of the air, "Come per me sereno," with its brilliant cabaletta, "Sovra il sen la man mi posa," a conviction was unanimously entertained by the audience that a singer of genuine feeling, rare gifts and decided originality stood before them. A high soprano voice, equal, fresh and telling in every note of the medium, the upper "E flat," and even "F" at ready command; admirable accentuation of

the words, considerable flexibility, dashing and effective use of "bravura," expression warm, energetic and varied, while never exaggerated, and last, not least, an intonation scarcely ever at fault—such were the valuable qualities that revealed themselves in turn during the execution of Amina's well known apostrophe to her companions on the auspicious day that is to unite her to Elvino, and which raised the house to positive enthusiasm. A thing that must have astonished every one was the thorough ease and "aplomb" (an excellent term) with which so young a stranger confronted so formidable an assembly, in the midst of difficulties that at times are apt to unsettle the oldest and most practised stage singers. Too much self composure, it might be urged, for one of Mlle. Patti's years, were it not that the ingenious confidence of youth, when unchecked by the susceptibility of a nervous temperament, often makes it unapprehensive of danger and careless of results. At any rate, Mlle. Adelina Patti's first essay was a veritable triumph, and her ultimate success thus placed beyond a doubt. When the applause at the end of "Come per me sereno" had subsided, there was a general buzz of satisfaction. The consciousness of a new sensation having been unexpectedly experienced, seemed universal among the audience, who in grateful recognition might have addressed the new songstress in the language with which the village chorus apostrophize Amina:

Vivi felice! o questo
Il comun voto, o Adelina!

The history of Mlle. Patti's first appearance is told in the foregoing. The descent of the curtain was the signal for loud and long continued plaudits. For the third time Mlle. Patti was led forward by Signor Tiberini; and then, in obedience to a general summons, she came on alone to receive fresh honors. To conclude, if Mlle. Patti will rightly estimate the enthusiasm caused by her first appearance before the most generous (although, perhaps, the most jaded) of operatic publics, and—not regarding herself as faultless—study her art with increased assiduity, a bright future is in store for her. If, on the other hand—but we would rather not contemplate the opposite contingency.

There never perhaps was a lyric part with musical and histrionic traditions so firmly established, or so obsequiously followed. It is really enterprising in such a case to attempt anything novel; and Madlle. Patti's performance was more than enterprising, and new, for it was at the same time sterlingly good. This praise, be it understood, applies specially to her singing. All, or nearly all, the cadences, variations, and embellishments introduced by Mlle. Patti were original. The particular grace and fancy by which they were honorably distinguished were her's alone; and thus in a musical sense, the *debutante's* Amina was a creation. To say that Madlle. Patti must prove a valuable acquisition were recognise too coldly the merits quite *hors deligne* of this gifted young lady. It should rather be predicated of her that she will presently become a very "bright particular star" that all musical London will do homage to. Mlle. Patti's success with the public was immense; and that rarest of all enjoyments, a "new sensation" of pleasure, was, we are quite sure, drawn forth by her fresh and delightful vocalisation.—*Post.*

A new star—a star of the very first magnitude—has suddenly and unexpectedly appeared on our musical stargazers. This star is a young girl, Adelina Patti—a name till now unknown in this country—who appeared last night in the *Sonnambula*, and achieved a triumph such as we have never seen surpassed during our not very brief theatrical experience. Her powers of execution are something astounding. The compass of her voice seems to have no limits; she disports herself in those regions of the scale which all other singers that we have ever heard can reach only for a few notes with a great and painful effort. In the invention of original and varied passages her imagination seems exhaustless, and she executes them with the ease and certainty of a Joachim or a Vieuxtemps on his violin. Mozart's celebrated airs of the Queen of Night, in the *Zauberflöte*, seem intended to tax to the utmost all the powers of the female voice; but these airs, in respect to difficulty, are mere children's play compared to the achievements of Madlle. Patti in the air we are speaking of, and still more in the famous "Ah, non giunge," the finale of the opera. Were these things merely feats of execution—*tours de force* and nothing more, we should not attach any great value to them. But, with this young singer, execution is only the means to an end—that end being the expression of feeling and passion. Of every variety of expression, too, Madlle. Patti is mistress. The few simple notes, breathed by the sleeping girl as she unconsciously

suffers the withered flowers to drop from her hands, were as heart-touching as when they were uttered by Lind herself—more they could not be.—*News.*

The American journals have asserted that Mlle. Adelina Patti is the legitimate successor of Sontag and Bosio, and have prophesied that her claim would be acknowledged directly she was heard in London or Paris.

The American writers were correct both in their assertion and their prophecy. The success of Mlle. last night was enormous, unparalleled, indeed, since the first appearance of Jenny Lind. Nor was success ever more legitimate, ever more free from prejudicial anticipations from party, from *claque*, from preparation. On Friday last the name of Mlle. Patti appeared in the advertisements of the day, unheralded by puff or special comment. No doubt hundreds asked, "Who is Adelina Patti?" and few could answer them. To-morrow the name of the young artist will be wafted abroad on the four winds of Heaven, and her reputation will be universal. Then the cry will be, "A new phenomenon of song has at last appeared, and she is called Adelina Patti."

We cannot enter into a minute description of Mlle. Patti's qualifications at this hour. It will be enough to say, at present, that her voice is a pure soprano, of wonderful extent in the upper register, reaching, with positive ease, to *F altissimo*. It is clear, powerful, sonorous, bright, and firm as a rock; not a single *vibrato* being evidenced last night, even when tremulousness might naturally be expected. Moreover, her voice is invariably correct in the intonation—one of those fresh voices, indeed, which cannot sing out of tune. Mlle. Patti's facility is immense. She sings the most difficult passages without an effort, runs the chromatic scale with the perfectness of a player on a tuned instrument, and has an incomparable shake. She indulged in several *tours de force* last night and created a *furor*, and astonished beyond measure the heat judges of singing, in the house. If we were inclined to be hyper-critical, we might assert that Mademoiselle Patti was not invariably perfect when she attempted these astonishing flights of fancy, but we cannot stoop to find a fault in what was really so dazzling and so enchanting on the whole. We must say, indeed, that no other artist since Malibran has afforded us the same delight, and filled us with the same astonishment in *Amina*, and we believe that every unprejudiced person will say the same thing. As an actress, Mlle. Patti is intense rather than demonstrative. She is always earnest, and her attitudes and motions are invariably natural, and sometimes irresistibly beautiful. There is not much display in her acting, but when occasion calls it forth she shows herself possessed of great impulse and great power, as exemplified in the bedroom scene, and in the *rondo finale*. At present we shall say no more than that every auditor in the theatre was enchanted beyond measure, and that the young artist has already made herself famous.—*Chronicle.*

At the Italian Opera the plaudits come from the amphitheatre (*vulgo*, the gallery). The fashionable style of applause of Sir Fopplin Flutter in the orchestra stalls, and Lord Fitz-Hanaper in the private box, is to tap two gloved fingers gently upon a gloved palm. To the singers the more generous and inspiring encouragement of the amphitheatre audience is so invaluable that it would answer the purpose of lessee and artistes, nay even of De Boots himself, to let them in without payment in return for the exertion they are good enough to undergo in clapping their hands violently together, shouting "bravo" and "encore." The more *distingue* audience down stairs, if left wholly to themselves, would, I fear, paralyse the singers, and envelope the entertainment as in a wet blanket. But on Wednesday night Mlle. Patti fairly broke the ice of fashionable coldness and reserve. Gloves of the whitest kid, in pit and orchestra stalls, came together with explosions that would have done honor to the gallery of the Victoria or the pit of the Surry. Old gentlemen became red in the face with clapping and shouting. A low and involuntary murmur of "bravo" ran round during the passages justly held sacred against interruption. And finally, when in "Ah non giunge," that brilliant and uncontrollable burst of joy, the *debutante* carolled and trilled, and heaped up intricacies and difficulties for the express purpose of showing how easily she could surmount them, you might have thought yourself in La Scala of Milan, or the San Carlo, at Naples, with their impressionable audiences, rather than among cold reserved Englishmen. The music of "Sonnambula," so seldom heard in these days of Prophètes and Huguenots, seemed like the music of one's boyhood, beautiful in its elegant sensibility and pure flow of melody,

but having no more in common with the grand and difficult orchestral combinations of Meyerbeer than the harley sugar and currant wine of early days with the claret and olives of the epicure.—*Manchester Express and Guardian.*

The judgement of European connoisseurs will, we feel satisfied, endorse the favorable opinions of her Transatlantic critics. Her voice is a high soprano, extensive in compass, and exquisitely pure and sweet in quality. Its perfect freshness is one of its most charming features, and her upper notes are deliciously round, and at the same time of bird-like brilliancy. Her remarkable natural powers of florid vocalisation have been cultivated with striking success. Nothing could well surpass the graceful fluency, the delicate precision, and the faultless intonation which characterise her delivery of elaborate passages, which are given, too, without the slightest appearance of effort. Equally worthy of praise is the tenderness and pathos with which she gives more subdued phrases—singing them in a clear, even, and thoroughly natural style, with no tinge of that affected tremulousness which some vocalists have recourse to as a substitute for genuine feeling. In her case, an organ rich in natural resources has been trained in the best school, and her eminent vocal abilities are allied to equally remarkable dramatic powers. Viewed merely as an histrionic impersonation, the character of Amina has never been, within our recollection, more admirably played than it was by Mlle. Patti last evening.—*Star.*

Musical Correspondence.

WEIMAR. — We are permitted to make the following interesting extracts from a letter by a young lady from this city who is pursuing her musical studies at Weimar:

"I have been to a court concert a few days ago. It was given in the palace to the guests of the Duke, and in the gallery around the hall were places where people could go by paying. Liszt directed it, and it was a very fine concert. A full orchestra, a violin, piano, and flute solo. A young lady played the piano but I did not like her. The Court people were all in full dress. Some of the gentlemen's dress coats were covered with orders. One old General was completely covered, from his neck down to his waist. The orders were set in precious stones, diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and looked very brilliant. The ladies were all handsomely dressed. I could hardly realize that I was not at the theatre, and that all these people were not parading back and forth through the hall for my amusement, as long as I had paid to go in. After all, there is very little difference between real kings and queens and those in a play. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Last week there was an artist's festival, in honor of the birthday of Franz Schubert. It commenced with a concert. Afterwards there was a supper and at the end a ball. At the concert, Liszt played. He has not played in public before for ten years. When he sat down at the piano, there was a perfect storm of applause, which lasted five minutes or more. He bowed and bowed, but the people would not stop applauding. He plays wonderfully. There is a certain charm about his playing, which distinguishes it from that of any one else. Other people may play the piece just as perfectly. Bendel, for example, plays just as astonishingly as Liszt, but Liszt inspires his hearers just as a fine orator does. You get quite carried along with him, and he is complete master of his audience. When the music is animated you are exhilarated, when it is plaintive you feel like weeping. The music has complete mastery over you, and it is not the music either, but the playing of it, which is so effective. It is the result of his genius. Any one else might play the piece and seemingly play just as well and it would not have anything like the same effect on an audience. No player ever affected me so much. And it is so with every one who hears him. In Leipzig and other places there is a great prejudice against his compositions, and they are not

brought out at all. One of these people was at this concert, a thorough hater of Liszt and his music. When he had finished playing, this man turned to a friend with him, and said, 'I declare, that man must be a devil! When I hear him play I have no longer a mind of my own. I feel willing to accept all his musical eccentricities, and am completely under his influence while I listen to him.' This is the secret of Liszt's immense fame and great personal influence. He almost magnetizes people with his playing. No artist will ever again create the enthusiasm which he has created, and would still, if he were to play in public. He devotes almost all his time to composition."

SPRINGFIELD, MS., JUNE 6, 1861.—At last we have had a concert after a dearth lasting I can hardly say how long. Mills, Hinkley, and Taunt (I place them according to their degrees of excellence) visited us last Tuesday evening and drew a fine house. As you and most of our readers have heard these artists, any extended criticism from me is unnecessary; so I will only give you some of the impressions they made a Springfield audience.

Almost every one was pleased with Mr. Mills, who did himself much credit, though laboring under many disadvantages and perhaps not in the best humor in consequence. He had only a square piano—a Steinway, and a poor one at that—which to increase his troubles, was miserably out of tune. Still, he showed himself a pianist of no ordinary ability and his listeners left with a desire to hear him again under more favorable circumstances. Some would have been better suited with his selections, if he had treated us to something more solid than fantasies. As it was, the one by himself on "Le Pardon de Pörmel," seemed in many respects superior to the others.

From the glowing reports concerning Miss Hinkley, some of them emanating from high sources, we had a right to expect some really fine singing from her, but I believe the general feeling of the audience was that of disappointment; and I cannot help thinking that, for some reason (indifference perhaps), she failed to do herself justice. She has certainly a flexible voice—her lower tones being by far the best—but it is not "in perfect command" and by no means always "in excellent tune," as was remarked in one of the dailies. She made some downright failures, that at the close of the rondo from "Don Pasquale" being one of the most apparent. She endeavored just at the finale to reach a note somewhere in the upper regions, found she couldn't do it in tune, and gave it up. A like failure in Boston by any singer however beautiful and popular would have been hissed. But she was not hissed here and because we were not rapturous "Miss Hinkley thinks she was not well received in Springfield!" Very likely she would have been more successful in opera.

Miss Hinkley's programme was made up of selections from different operas and the usual number of national airs. Of the former the polacca from "I Puritani" was sung very nicely and justly merited the encore it received. We had among the latter, the Star Spangled Banner, the rendering of which was said by the papers to be incomparable, but it was open to criticism, especially in the matter of enunciation. It will be a happy day for music when our public singers learn that a simple melody "unadorned is adorned the most" and that the stereotyped embellishments of the Italian opera are in such instances wholly misapplied. Some old master (who was it?) on being told of the remarkable execution of a young singer inquired, "can she sing plain notes?"

On the whole, we rarely hear a singer who varies as much from quite good to quite poor as did Miss Hinkley on Tuesday evening. It was evident more than once that she can in time become a good singer, but at present she attempts more than she accomplishes.

A word concerning the balladist, Mr. Taunt has a pleasant but not remarkable voice and is praiseworthy in singing what he can sing—Irish ballads. In his last song, however, he was occasionally the trifle of half a tone flat—something, I need not say, which might have been remedied or at least made less apparent by the accompanist, Mr. Mills. R.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1.—Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas gave the last of their series of Concerts to a larger audience than their most sanguine friends could have expected. In spite of hard times, "war and rumors of war," the Foyer of the Academy was uncomfortably filled, and that too on a sultry evening. I give you the programme:

PART I.
Sonata appassionata (F minor, Op. 57).....Beethoven
a Allegro assai. b Andan e con moto.
c Allegro ma non troppo e Presto.
Carl Wolfsohn.

PART II.
1. "Le trille du Diable".....Tartini
Theodore Thomas.
2. Rakoczy March.....Liszt
Carl Wolfsohn.
3. Andante con moto (from D minor Quartett). Schubert
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Schmits.
4. Grand Duo concertante "Les Huguenots".....
Wolfsohn and Hopkinson
Carl Wolfsohn and Theodore Thomas.

PART III.
Quintett (D major).....Mozart
a Larghetto e Allegro. b Adagio. c Minuetto.
d Finale. Allegro.
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Muller, Schmits.

I was unable to reach the Academy before the beginning of Part II. Tartini's strange "Trille du Diable" (as manipulated by Vieuxtemps) was played with the usual correctness of Thomas. I can say but little else of this performance. There is one melancholy air, affording scope for the display of taste and feeling, while all the other parts remind one more of the Etudes of Kreutzer than of aught else. Divested of the interest lent it by its age and the Tartini legend, it is truly an ungrateful solo both to performer and listener.

The best features of the soirée were undoubtedly, the Andante from Schubert's D minor Quartett and the Mozart Quartett in D major. Both of these were played in a style that left nothing to be desired. There was not a feature in the performance of either to mar the pleasure inseparable from good music well rendered. The Andante by Schubert seemed a new treasure to Philadelphia amateurs. The charming melodic figures and pleasant surprises in modulations of the author are ever new. In an earlier soirée Messrs. W. and T. introduced his E flat Trio. Though it is not very clear to the uninitiated, at first hearing, it was very favorably received.

And here let me say that Thomas' Quartette playing is infinitely more acceptable than his Solo playing. His neatness of execution and "cold passion," to me, seem more appropriate in those concerted pieces in which the violin, though sustaining the leading part, should not be too prominent.

If the Rakoczy March, by Liszt, is a fair specimen of music of the future, it were a decided blessing to have that future deferred as long as possible. If it were not that Mr. Wolfsohn played it, I should have believed its execution physically impossible. As it was, I could not help thinking that if he had played some other *morceau* he might have given his audience more music out of one fourth the labor and one tenth the noise.

In the Duo from the Huguenots, the strings of Mr. Thomas' violin were much affected by the temperature of the room. In spite of this, his double stops were remarkably pure though the variation went somewhat unevenly. An inconvenience to the audience (and probably to Mr. Thomas) was the undue prominence given to the piano part by the loud playing of Mr. Wolfsohn.

I contemplate a trip to the west and may send you musical notes from Cincinnati and St. Louis, if I find anything worth noting there. CHANTERELLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 11.—Miss Hinkley assisted by Mr. Mills, pianist, and Mr. Taunt, balladist, gave a concert at Washburn Hall, last evening which was one of the most brilliant ever heard in Worcester. We went to hear the performers rather than the music, knowing that the music was to be mainly Italian and operatic, and so it is with them that we have to do. Miss Hinkley, whose unaffected vivacity is really exhilarating, was in excellent voice, and charmed all by her correct and spirited singing. Mr. Mills' piano playing was enthusiastically received. His execution is wonderfully correct and brilliant, and his style has a certain grandeur which we should have been glad to have heard tested in some really great music. Mr. Taunt's ballads were tastefully sung.

A fine historical painting is now on exhibition at Misses Robinson and Gardner's Academy of Fine Arts—Schwartz's "Pilgrim Fathers holding their First Public Worship in America." The picture is doubtless familiar to you and many of your readers, as it has been on exhibition in some of the large cities. It is a masterly production.

The following is spicy, and something more than an *on dit*. The organist of a certain church which is not far remote from this good Heart of the Commonwealth, not long ago, being in a commendably "classical" mood, "played the congregation out" with a fine rendering of a Bach fugue. The performance was deeply enjoyed by—two or three, who lingered to hear, but the majority of the congregation were—*shocked!* Ay, that's the word! Our hero, coming from the organ loft, and from his communion with the great tone-poet, was met by the singing committee.

"Tis but a step," &c.

One member was particularly indignant and gave vent to his wrath in a lecture, thus winding up his remarks: "Mind you, Sir, we won't have any more of your *d—infernal jigs!*" S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Chevé's System.

Many correspondents have asked for more information in regard to this system of instruction now in vogue in Paris, of which our correspondent "AMATEUR" gave us some hints recently. In default of anything further from him, (from whom we hope to hear), we obtain some light from M. Scudo, who in the second volume of the *Année Musicale*, devotes considerable space to a synopsis of the controversy between M. Chevé, the apostle of this new principle of musical instruction, and certain famous musicians in Paris. The subject matter of the controversy, he says, is so well defined by the authors of the pamphlet under notice, that he reproduces a part of it verbatim, from which we quote.

"M. le docteur Chevé," they say, "is the author of an elementary system of vocal music, which has for its basis, notation in figures. At various times, committees that have been consulted upon the value of the doctrines of M. Clévé, have decided that they saw no reason to approve his system of instruction, and official decisions have confirmed the opinions of these committees." Some of the authors of the pamphlet, it appears, have served upon the committee of 1850 which pronounced a similar verdict. Chevé, they say, has replied to these opinions, by various publications, of which they give the titles, in which as we are told, he claims to have utterly crushed his adversaries, who say that no one professing any self-respect, could reply to such accusations as he makes against them. Profiting by their silence under these

circumstances, they say that Chev   proclaims that they have been "overthrown, crushed and confounded," so that they feel compelled to discuss the claims of his system and the "principles of his pretended discovery in the matter of musical instruction."

"All the efforts of this method tend," we are informed, "to the substitution of a system of figures for the usual notation. In the very first page of his book, M. Chev   lays down the principle that "musical writing is bad, essentially defective and absurd." He develops this proposition, exalts the merits of figures, and adds, "we substitute instantaneously (*momentan  ment*) figures for the black points which we write instantaneously upon the five lines of the musical staff." Thus the master makes his disciples understand that he is going to teach them *instantaneously*, what is perfect and excellent, and put an end to what is bad and absurd."

Chev  , they say, treats the notation that is universally known and practiced, as "absurd, full of monstrosities, of imbecile complications, bad logic and frightful conjuring."

This old system, then, the authors of the pamphlet proceed to defend, as a system of notation which for 800 years has proved to be sufficient, and is now equally known and read in every part of the civilized world; which has shown itself to be adapted to the wants of all ages and all nations; has been used by all the great men of genius and is alike accessible to the intelligence of all. The Orpheonists, the Conservatoire, Neidermeyer's school, even infant schools—all read and all understand it. It is the same everywhere, in all countries and all schools. They ask, in conclusion whether "this universal adoption, this general and voluntary submission to rules which no one has imposed, and which every one recognises is not a certain, evident, and indisputable proof of the excellence of this system?"

They then put into the mouth of Chev   an address to his pupils which Scudo says contains his principal ideas, of which the upshot is, that "We will return to the notation of the first ages; only, instead of saying with Pope Gregory, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, we will say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, as did J. J. Rousseau and before him P  re Souhaitty and many others before them. I know they did not succeed. I know that Rousseau disavowed his attempts after he had studied music. Rousseau, however, was a blunderer, I am more skillful than he."

The authors of the pamphlet proceed to say that "it is evident that M. Chev   could not have actually used this language. If he had, he probably would have found few adherents. So he simply says, "I am the apostle of a new idea." This is much better as it suppresses discussion, facts, and the history of the art. The impression too is happy, mysterious; and has the odor of martyrdom about it, so that M. Chev   is pictured as delivered over to the wild beasts of the committees."

M. Scudo concludes by saying that the writers of the pamphlet (which is signed by Auber, Hal  vy, Clapisson, Ambroise Thomas and others), do not give due credit to the zeal and evidently sincere convictions of the skillful professor whose system of instruction they attack. "M. Chev  ," he says, "is a man of talent, a generous soul who believes himself to be in possession of a system of instruction better than the existing one, and who consecrates to the propagation of his method courage and faculties by no means common. Refute his system, if you believe it dangerous, but you have no right to doubt the sincerity of the master. Success cannot but be attained before the public as before the Academy by manoeuvres and false convictions."

M. Scudo is willing to go even further than these writers in their conclusions that these principles of Chev   "would chain up Art within limits that have long ago been passed, and would leave in the minds of those who should be tempted to adopt them no-

tions entirely inexact and altogether contrary to the general practice, that is to say, to reality." Scudo adds, that "even if all France could learn to read music by its means in twenty-four hours, the advantage would not compensate for the perturbation which this system, of barbarous simplicity, would introduce into the usual notation, which is the only universal language existing in the world."

M. Chev   replies to his assailants in a similar pamphlet, of which Scudo also gives an impartial synopsis and to which we may return at some future time. Another reply was also made by a committee of the patrons of his system; among them being the Count de Morny, Prince Poniatowski, Felicien David, Lefebvre-Wely, Offenbach and others, equally well known to fame as the authors of the original pamphlet. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At the adjourned annual meeting of the above Society, held at Chickering's Hall, on the 4th inst., the following list of officers was chosen:

President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham.
Vice President, Oren J. Faxon.
Secretary, Loring B. Barnes.
Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker.
Librarian, George H. Chickering.
Trustees, George W. Hunnewell, Thomas D. Morris, Theophilus Sover, Ephraim Wildes, George W. Palmer, James Rice, William Hawes, H. Farnam Smith.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring President, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, who responded very happily to the vote, pledging his influence on all occasions for the interests of the Society.

Votes of thanks were passed to the other retiring officers; to the lady associates; and to the Messrs. Chickering, for the use of their hall the past season; after which, some amendments to the by-laws were freely discussed, and referred to a committee for consideration.

The election of Dr. Upham appears to give very general satisfaction, not only among the members, but to the friends of the Society: and the known ability and indomitable perseverance of the newly elected President, in carrying forward to a successful issue, any enterprise which he undertakes, warrant the belief that a prosperous future is in store for the old Handel and Haydn Society; though little can be expected at present from this, or any other organization for musical purposes.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The Treasurer's Report showed the total receipts, including uncollected dues, during the year, to be \$10,106.98; expenditures, \$7,298.92. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: J. Baxter Upham, E. D. Brigham, Eben Dale, George Derby, J. M. Fossenden, H. W. Pickering, J. P. Putnam. It was announced that the new organ now being built for the Association in would be ready to be shipped in a month, and the time of shipping it will be left discretionary with the Directors.

New Publications.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. Parts 31, 32.
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 26.

These well illustrated books continue to appear with regularity. The text of the Natural History is interesting and instructive, the illustrations being remarkably correct and spirited in design, as well as admirably executed.

L'ANN  E MUSICALE, &c., par P. SCUDO. Deuxi  me ann  e. Paris, 1861.

We have received from F. Leupoldt, 1323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the above entitled volume of which an elaborate notice was recently given in this Journal. It makes a valuable addition to the library of every musician, as no one can read the in-

telligent and candid criticisms of Scudo without pleasure and profit.

An American Company of strolling singers, called the Alleghanians, gave in December last, in the Island of Hewey, one of Cook's Archipelago, a grand concert, which was attended by the King of the Island, Makea. More than 2,000 tickets were sold, and the receipts were 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bushels bananas, 600 pumpkins, and 2,700 oranges. It required a day and a half to embark all these articles. The concert consisted of a vocal quatuor, and of several *morceaux* executed by means of bells of different sizes—from the dimensions of a bucket to those of a tumbler. The savages who composed the auditory listened open-mouthed, and remained motionless from admiration when the march from *Norma* was performed. At the end of the sitting, one of principal personages present rose and gravely complimented the performers by saying:—"We shall never forget you!"

There has been some talk of another Orpheonist expedition to London for another Orpheonist festival, but it has been put off, wisely, perhaps, seeing how badly the first was managed. Instead, there is to be a festival of the Choral Societies of France, at the Palais d'Industrie, at the end of September.

GIVING GYE A LIFT.—Describing the *d  but* last week of Mlle. Patti, whose performance seemed to promise us a second Jenny Lind, one of the critics made a remark that she "raised the house *en masse* to a high pitch of excitement." On reading this, the Wisconsin, who chanced to be just then in one of his facetious moods, observed to his friend Bernal, "Raised the house, did she? Why, really, she must be quite a hoister Patti!"—*Punch*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera, after incessant groans of parturition, we have been at last presented with David's *Herculanum*. It did not take so long to disinter the buried city itself. On the first night of the revival all the *dilettante* world was assembled. The principal parts were filled by Mad. Gueymard-Lauters, M. Obin, and Mad. Fortunata de Franco (*nee Tedesco*). The last played the part of Olympia, originally assigned to Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and acquitted herself with complete success. Mad. Gueymard-Lauters was applauded to the echo in Lilia, and called before the curtain at the end of the second act. Owing to this lady's indisposition, the work of Felicien David was not repeated again till Monday last. *Der Freisch  tz* is to be the next revival, and it is already in hand.

The Italian Opera closed its doors for the season, on the 1st of May, and the troupe is now dispersed over every land, as at the fall of another Babel. Tenors, sopranos, barytones, basses, contraltos, birds of many a tuneful passage, have taken wing in all directions, like frightened wild fowl. Zucchini is to Bologna gone—his own, his native land—the realm of sausage and of song; Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani have crossed the British Channel in search of the golden fleece which Allion ever yields to foreign adventure. Signor Mario has quitted Paris for London, and so has Mad. Grisi. Not so Signor Badiali, who goes I know not where. The theatrical sheet, *L'Entr'acte*, publishes the financial and statistical reckoning of the past season, which is summed up as follows:—The total number of performances was 121, the highest number hitherto reached. Of these Rossini had for his share 21; Verdi, for his, 49; Bellini came off with 11; Donizetti with 5; and 5, too, was Flotow's share; Mozart's 8, and Cimarosa's a like number. The number of operas performed was 19. The total receipt from the 121 performances was 809,819fr. 95c., giving an average nightly receipt of 6,692fr 72c.

The Op  ra Comique holds out, in expectancy, a new work, the joint product of M. Rosier and M. Limander, in which the principal part will be allotted to M. Montanbry. M. Bataille is to make his reappearance in *La Fee aux Roses*, an opera by Hal  vy. Mad. Viardot had a benefit at the Th   tre Lyrique last night, the attractions being of the most remarkable description. The fragments, namely, of the second, third and fourth acts of *Alceste*, which created so great a sensation at the last concert of the *Conservatoire*; following these the third act of *Otello*, sung by Duprez and Mad. Viardot; the first act of *Maria Stuarda*, with Mad. Ristori next; then a new opera comique—first time—called *Le Buisson Vert*, by M.

Michel Carré as to words, and M. Gastinel as to music, M. Jules Petit, prizeman for singing and opéra comique this year at the Conservatoire, playing the principal rôle; the whole concluding with *Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois*.

BERLIN.—Mad. Lagrue has been giving a series of "starring" performances, which were excellently attended. This lady is a great favorite with the Berliners, and will, no doubt, soon pay them another visit. Her engagement was a real success, though, I am sorry to say, she was, on one occasion, prevented from appearing by sudden indisposition. She was announced to sing in Norma, but Mlle. Lucca took her part at a very short notice, and acquitted herself, under the circumstances, most creditably. She possesses intelligence and dramatic talent, but is over-weighted in the character of the Druid-priestess, for which her voice wants the requisite volume and power, and her acting the necessary dignity. Any impartial individual would have been at once convinced of this by her rendering of the first recitative, which struck me as singularly deficient in that grandeur and elevation with which we have been accustomed to hear it given. She sang the "Casta Diva," however, very pleasingly, and merited the applause bestowed on her. Adalgisa found an agreeable representative in Mlle. Fliess, who, although a novice, displays great ability, and will ere long, I am inclined to believe, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatic stage. Herr Fricks was an excellent Oroveso.

"Business" is exceedingly good just now at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtsches Theater, the attraction being Mad. Janner Krall, who is engaged for a limited number of nights. She has been playing in Dittersdorf's burlesque opera of *Die rothe Kappe*, which has been revived expressly for her, and in which she lately created a great sensation at Dresden and Breslau. She is one of the best bravura singers in Germany, while, for playful archness, there are very few actresses who can equal her.

Every one imagined, some weeks since, that the regular concert season was at an end, and jaded musical critics fancied they had, for a time, escaped from close rooms to revel in *al fresco* Garten-Concerts, at the various semi rural coffeehouses in the neighborhood of Berlin. But, alas! how often are we doomed to experience the truth of the old proverb, "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt," or, as the French have it, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Winter seems to have set in again with its accustomed rigor, and the hail and cold have effectually put an end, for a time at least, to all outdoor amusements, which spring up here with the daisies and flourish with the flowers. The result is that the covering have been again removed from the benches in our concert-rooms, the gas is relighted, and a new course of indoor concerts inaugurated. This week, for instance, a concert was given for a charitable purpose by Herr Radecke. The principal novelty was a duet-sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, by Herr Rud. Radecke, brother of the concert giver, which was very well played by Herr Radecke and Dr. Bruns. The concert was brought to a close by Schumann's Pianoforte-Quartet, Op. 47, admirably executed by Herren Radecke, Grünwald, Kahle and Bruns.—Another very good concert was the fourth and last given by the Frauverein for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Fund, at which a new sonata in G major, by Taubert, for pianoforte and violoncello, was performed for the first time, by the composer and Herr Stahlknecht. No less interesting was the execution of Beethoven's so-called "Horn Sonata," Op. 17, by Herr Taubert and Herr Schunke. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner sang, among other pieces, the beautiful alto air from *Elijah*; and the Royal Domchor gave Meyerbeer's *Brautgeleite* in first-rate style. I cannot conclude this short summary of our doings in the concert line, without mentioning a concert given by Herr Friedrich Kiel, assisted by Herren Stahlknecht and De Alna, at which four very pleasing compositions of his own were performed, and met with unanimous approbation.

Herr Richard Wagner has gone to Carlsruhe for the purpose of being presented at Court. It is reported that his opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, dedicated, as you are aware, to the Grand-Duchess Louisa, is shortly to be produced there under his own superintendence.

London.

HERR DALLE ASTE, a bass singer of great continental repute, and pupil of the lamented Staudigl, has arrived in London. For some time past the foreign papers have spoken in high terms of his merits as a singer and the beauty of his voice. In Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and lately in Holland, Herr Dalle Aste has, it appears, created great effect in *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Euryanthe*.

Signor Dalle Aste, it may be remembered, produced a highly favorable impression in London some years since.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the St. James's Hall are likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the musical season, as it is proposed to give in a series of eight concerts, the sonatas of the great master in the order in which they are written. A very striking instance of the advanced taste in such matters is to be found in the knowledge and appreciation of the "tone-poet," who towers above his contemporaries, and who for originality, largeness of conception and power of expression stands almost alone. But a very few years since the later works of Beethoven were to the public almost a dead letter, while even by the majority of professors they were but imperfectly appreciated. True, his symphonies were periodically heard at the Philharmonic or other high-priced concerts, but the quartets, sonatas and chamber compositions in which he was so prolific, were all but virtually ignored. To the inauguration of the new state of things, we need go no farther back than 1859, when the Monday Popular Concerts first began the mission of introducing to the "musical masses," works all more or less new to this generation. We have so frequently dwelt upon the merits of these entertainments, that we need say no more here than to express our opinion that they have been the means of preparing the way and educating the taste for the reception of the recitals in question, and had this experiment been attempted some half dozen years since, we believe it would have then been as complete a failure as it appears now likely to be an entire success. The presentation of these sonatas in regular succession, appears to us in the same light as the arrangement of the pictures at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, the chronological order being strictly observed, and the spectator thereby enabled to judge of the progress of art in infinitely less time, and with much greater certainty than by devoting years to travel and viewing scattered examples at different times and places. Thus in the four sonatas which were given on Friday the 17th, Op. 2, F minor No. 1, A major No. 2, C major No. 3, and E flat Op. 7, we have the influence of Mozart exhibited over the mind of the composer, although there is still more than ample evidence of the perfect independence and self-reliance which hereafter manifests itself in so remarkable a degree in what are known as the second and third periods of his career. It requires a pianist of no ordinary calibre to attack the difficulties involved in some of the best known sonatas, and even with the aid of a book is no small tax upon the physical and intellectual powers of the player, but when executed from memory alone, the undertaking almost approaches the line of hazardous, and it says no little for Mr. Charles Halle's qualifications, that all the four sonatas in question were given without the music. If he follows the example in the remaining concerts, as an effort of mnemonics alone, it will be something marvellous. Two songs, Dusek's "Name the glad day, dear," and Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" both sung with the unaffected simplicity of manner which is so characteristic of that rapidly rising artist, Miss Banks, agreeably relieved both pianist and audience.—Mr. Harold Thomas was the accompanist.

ANTWERP.—Nicolai's opera, *Der Templer*, translated by Dangias, has been successfully produced. Nicolai composed this work, under the title of *Il Templario*, in Rome, before he composed the *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. It is quite Italian in style, and full of pleasing melodies.

A SECOND PAGANINI.—A Leipzig correspondent, writing to the *Athenaeum*, speaks in very high praise of a M. Lotto, a very young, but very fine, violinist, of the French school. The universal verdict is, that since Paganini no such "wonderful" player has been heard. We learn from the same source that a selection of forty of Sebastian Bach's songs, ten for each voice, taken from his various oratorios, cantatas, motets, &c., has been published by Whistling, of Leipzig. The selection has been arranged by Robt. Franz, who has arranged the accompaniments for the piano. M. Lotto is a pupil of M. Massart, one of the most respected professors in the *Paris Conservatoire*.

A BARBEROUS COMPLIMENT.—A popular hair-dresser, who is also a *fanatico per la musica*, and a devoted admirer of the composer of *Il Trovatore*, has just invented a new pomade, which, by way of compliment to the great musical maestro, he has styled "Verdi grease." We have little doubt but that, like the hundreds of popular airs of Signor Verdi, this brilliant emanation of genius, *à la perruque*, will soon be in everybody's head.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

Special Notices.

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A new gem from the German. Kucken is the most popular modern German Song writer. His Songs are translated into all the principal languages. His Melodies sound in the School and in the Parlor, on the street and in Concerts. This Song is in his best style, and ranks with "Good night, farewell" in point of compass and difficulty.

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Fine spirited music, with no lack of striking melodies. The Quadrille calls to mind some of Strauss' strains, whose compositions every dancer delights in. It is, of course, capital for dancing. Figures are added.

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1. Prima Donna Waltz, Jullien.
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 4. Do they miss me at home; Thou art gone from my gaze.
 5. When the swallows homeward fly.
 6. Gentle Nettle Moore; Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
 7. Syracuse Polka.
 8. Anvil Chorus.
 9. Serenade, by Schubert.
 10. Coquette Polka.
 11. Gipsy Polka.
 12. National Scotchmarch.
 13. Bontag Polka.
 14. Feet March.
 15. Wait for the wagon; Jordan Quickstep.
 16. Wedding March.
 17. Elfin Waltz, Labitzky.
 18. Evening Star Waltz, Lanner.
 19. Shells of Ocean, and Silver Lake Waltz.
 20. 'Tis the last rose of Summer; Home, sweet Home.
 21. Roy's Wife of Aldivahoch; My lodging is on the cold ground; Annie Laurie.
 22. Washington's March; Our Flag is there.
 23. Hail Columbia; Star Spangled Banner.
 24. God save the king; Yankee Doodle.
 25. Silvery Shower.
 26. Prison Song.
 27. Love-not Quickstep.
 28. Ever of thee.
 29. Medley—Dearest Spot and Darling Nelly Gray.
 30. Departed Days, Serenade.
 31. O, Summer Night, Don Pasquale.
 32. Marseilles Hymn.
 33. La Norma March.
 34. Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.
 35. Wood-up Quickstep.
 36. Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz.
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 481.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 12.

Lotos-Land.

Oh, land beloved! oh, land unknown!
By what blue Rhine or rapid Rhone,
Or any river man hath known,
Shall I arrive at thee?
Or by what mighty trackless seas,
Where the unwearied northern breeze
From dumb and frozen cavern flees
Triumphant, to be free.

Or by what desert, red and vast,
Breaking the flowered tropic blast,
Shall my too lingering steps at last
Attain to thy sweet shore?
Oh, plains serene! oh, rivers rolled
Like babbling dreams o'er sands of gold!
Fair birds that do your pinions fold,
And singing, cease to soar!

Skies, where such slumbrous mists are shed!
The heart forgets it ever bled,
And sleep lies on the lonely head,
Forgetting and forgot.
There nothing has been, or shall be,
But all things are, eternally.
The tired soul may not think nor see,
Such quiet rules the spot;

For there is neither hope nor fear,
No hated thing, nor nothing dear,
Nor any troubled atmosphere,
Nor any thing but rest.
Such utter sleep, such thoughtlessness,
As might a mortal life redress
And set aside its deadly stress,
From even a woman's breast.

Oh, land, dear land! sweet-visioned shore,
That no man's footsteps may explore,
Nor any but a fool deplore,
Yet would I slept in thee!
The jester tires of cap and bells,
The disenchanting laughs at spells,
The past all future lies foretells.

Dear land, come true to me!

Hartford.

ROSE TERRY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Through the Country of the White Hills.

We went away from town to escape for a while the bustle, the restlessness, the wear and tear of mind and body. Regularity, the first requisite of a "respectable" man in any vocation, cuts deep ruts into ones road of mental progress. There is no better mender of such roads than Nature, the kindly mother of all. A few days with her at her own house and all those ruts, be they ever so deep cut and irregular, are filled up; the road is smooth again, and thought no longer halting, flashes forth, swift and far away, without let or hindrance. And if you go in

"The charming month of May,
When all the flowers are fresh and gay,"

they are filled up with pleasant things such as it is hard to tell of, though we all know them. There are the little shining blades of grass, the buttercups, the stately trees with their young, fresh leaves, and underneath them, if you go where we went, the fragrant Mayflower with its blossoms almost white as snow. And then there are the mossy rocks and running over them merrily the limpid brooks, and further on the ponds. And over all the expanse of the

heavens and the eternal sun, lighting them up all, the blades of grass and the buttercups, the trees, the rocks and the brooks, and diving deep down into the ponds and scooping them out into just such an azure vault as spreads above them. Yea, even to the may-flowers in the solemn darkness of the holy forest steal the sunbeams, running over from the gay, young leaves when they have drunk enough of the golden light, and here and there one will find a narrow space to creep through aslant, where there are no leaves, and kiss a tuft of moss awake that had lain slumbering there all through the winter under its coverlet of snow. Now such a kind mother is Nature, that everywhere she has strewn about these remedies for a mind afflicted with the effects of business-routine and regularity. You may try to drive her out with a pitchfork—yet will she return, as old Horace said a long time ago, and it was an old trick of her's then. Try it; even in our cities, where we shut her out by flag-stones from the streets. Leave off the daily routine of stepping over particular paving-stones and see how, quickly, back comes a little blade of grass to take the place again, that its ancestors held long ago, "ante urbem conditam," as the Romans used to say, or in a free translation: before the pilgrim fathers landed in the Mayflower. Yes Nature is everywhere, comely everywhere and kind withal, and she gives you without stint whatever she has. But then, there are places where she used to play in days of old, in those hoary times, when she herself was yet young and did not count so many years (we do not care to repeat them after the learned ones, who have counted them,—at least they think so.) In such places she allowed all her glorious playthings to remain lying about, just as she left them. And fondly she comes back to them every spring and lingers a little while by them, just to deck them with the freshness and glory of youth once more. There you see her mountains, here one and there another over it, just as she tumbled them out of her lap, when she was done playing with them. There you see the maiden-like birch with hanging locks and the melancholy fir just as she had planted them long, long ago. And there the very brooks that she made the clouds yield forth to clothe her mountains in her livery of green, are trickling down through the moss and then, gathering headway and strength they come tumbling with thundering noises over the bare sides of the mountains in mighty falls and rush forth in broad rivers. And there the voices of the woods sing over the old strains of whispered solitary longing, or of glorious, fresh life, or of wild and passionate storm, as in times of yore. And all seems good and pleasant, and all around you is health and strength; and you forget your regularity and routine and are a child again of your good mother Nature. But the best of all her gifts is this, that the images of these things, glorious and sublime, do not leave you, but go with you, if you really love her, and help you for awhile to bear up and keep your mind fresh under the monotony of regularity, which you have to undergo again, when you come home.

And so we went to one of the finest of Nature's playgrounds, the White Hills. We carried some music with us (and this, O kind and gentle reader, is my excuse for sending these lines to our old friend, Dwight's Journal, and the sole cause of your reading them,—unless you have turned over to the next article ere you got thus far)—one of us in his fingers,

both of us in our heads. And yet we hardly need have had any; there was so much music in the rippling, murmuring brooks, in the waving sighing firs, in the sweeping gusts of wind and even in the twittering of the young birds. Still there was scarcely a way to leave it behind, we had both got so used to it. And we were glad too, that we had it.

There is a magnificent mirror stretched out and firmly set in the ground with a frame of gorgeous green mountains, which the red man used to call Winnipiseogee. And where the streaming, shrieking iron horse leaves you, there is an inn at a place called Alton Bay, which you doubtless know. But should you not, you could not do any better than go there this summer. Delightful rides both on the lake and around the hills with views of the indented lakeshore, beautiful beyond description; the house itself almost surrounded by woods—there you are with Nature at her own home. And besides an attentive and kind host there will be more attraction if you are musically inclined—a piano, as we were assured. We ourselves had to miss that luxury, it being so early in the season. And so my friend of the nimble fingers with his head and heart full of music and mirth and kindness had to curb their impetuous delight at their finding themselves on keys again, to slow measures, as there was nothing but—a melodeon. Do not be frightened, gentle reader, at the idea. Melodeons are instruments, poor and unsatisfactory; but my friend of the nimble fingers (now it is quite tedious to write those last six words so often and a roundabout arrangement, at best; so we will call him L—d in future, which—*entre nous*—is his real name all but the missing letters; the writer being sufficiently modest not to intrude his own critical I on the reader, will be designated by his signature *†). To go on then, L—d knew how to call forth from the trembling reeds delights nevertheless, and slow grand chorals and canons and fugati interwoven with many hued harmonies floated through the twilight of the room, dimly lit up by the crackling open wood fire. Memories of olden times came thronging around, floating on the flood of solemn tones, and friends were assembling around the listener on the sofa (*† had got hold of the hotel register and found some very dear names of years past) when the holy sounds were interrupted by the words: "supper is ready," not unwelcome, though, after the ride in the afternoon.

Skimming across the lake the next day, after a pleasant ride, though it was somewhat blustering, we were landed at Centre Harbor. And here the second instrumental concert took place, after a pleasant walk in the woods. We had quite good company during it, Schumann, Schubert and Robert Franz accompanying us, they rather silently, only here and there some snatches of their music being heard, while we were discussing their works and merits. "Well," so L—d closed our talk, as we came back to the portico of the Senter House, "Schubert will after all carry off the palm for invention and inspiration, while Franz vastly surpasses him as far as sentiment and delicate feeling, and the musical rendering of the situation are concerned." But, oh how delightfully, after an early supper, those lovely runs from the Adagio of Chopin's *E minor* concerto chimed in with the mellow light, streaming slantingly down on the lake and lighting up the sparkling, rippling wavelets with the fresh green of the meadows in the foreground, each little blade of grass glisten-

ing in the evening sun. And the merry ballad in *A flat* by the same master with its superb working up towards the end! And then like reflections from our childhood, little "*Kinderszenen*" by Schumann, looked in upon us. Now the "*Curiose Geschichte*" (curious story) astonished and then the "Knight of the Hobby-horse" delighted the audience (to wit, *†). After the poet had closed the book (it was the closing piece entitled "*Der Dichter spricht*" (the poet speaks), but the book was merely in our heads and in L—d's fingers, came those beautiful songs of Franz, arranged by Liszt: *Der Bote* (the messenger) and *Willkommen mein Wald* (Welcome, O woods). And after some prelude the brilliant and delicate tone-waves of Chopin's *A flat Etude*, with the melody floating on the top of each ripple closed the concert, which *† assures the reader, was highly relished. There was a short *matinée* the next morning, graced by the presence of a beauty from the home of the commander at Fortress Monroe. But we cannot be expected to put in all the programmes. A short entertainment of vocal music followed the day; but between the two we had seen the White Hills, actually white with snow, all their grand summits splendidly frosted and glistening in the sun against the blue sky. We had seen them from the Red Hill, and on the other side the vast basin of the lake lay looking in the warm sunshine with its hundreds of green islands and its graceful, undulating shores. We had seen grim Chocorua and peaked Kearsarge in the distance. We had admired the Conway meadows, dotted with their elms and the White Horse ledge, with its grand overtopping background of the White Hills again. It was glorious. Beethoven consented to give us a good deal of symphonic music; but neither the birds of the woods, nor the kine in the meadows nor the humming bumble-bees heard any sound at all, though that "scene on the brook" in the Pastoral was all about them. Then followed the third and last instrumental concert at North Conway; which it must be confessed, was listened to by *† with attention rather divided between brushing his boots preparatory to the visit to the kind lady who had come up before us on the stage, and ordering and discussing the dinner with the obliging landlady of the North Conway House. Capital dinner by the way, and got up in an astonishing short time with all sorts of delicacies. And here the musical record closes for a while. Nature claimed all attention and when we were not climbing about on rocks, or snow-balling each other, or wading up streams to cataracts, we were riding; and riding it the bracing mountain air makes one drowsy. Well, the Silver Cascade in the North was splendid and walking across the stream on a bridge of snow on the 1st of June, something of a novelty.

There were no more entertainments of a musical character until we came in our migrations to the Echo Lake in the Franconia Mountains. There the rocks were obliging enough to repeat for us, besides a deal of arrant nonsense, full chords, including minor seventh and ninth, major and minor. We may add, that they were duly resolved. The fierce blasts of the Indian's horn not unaptly suggested the *Eroica* at least to us. I doubt if the Indian shared our reminiscences. And though the wind seemed to have taken umbrage at our burdening him with our vocal and instrumental performances—for the violent gusts almost swamped our boat—we yet got home safe to the delicacies of the dinner table at the Profile House, and had occasion to bless our good star that had led us to this vicinity. The Flume was magnificent, fuller of water than *† had ever seen it before, and the coolness of the Pool a delightful offset to the sultry, odorous air of the woods. Long will live in our memories the half aquatic, half gymnastics exercises at this rockbound basin of cool, foaming water; and if the woods and the rocks were astonished at the strange noises and the pool at the merry company

we certainly could not help it. It was the opening of the season and right merrily we opened it. Little remains to be said about the homeward journey. A runaway horse, a capsized buggy, a drenching rain and bruised and aching limbs are not especially pleasant, much less do they present fit subjects for musical treatment except perhaps the rain, which found a musical translation in the Pastoral. But then—to be strictly true—we did not think of it just then, sprained wrists and fingers not being pleasant appendages to a musical body and bruises generally not inviting musical reveries.

So this journey through the country of the White Hills closed. But not the pleasant, health-giving refreshing and strengthening effects, which our visit to Mother Nature left us in spite of our bruises. And if any of our readers feel jaded and tired out as did the writer and his friend, let them go to Lake Winnepisseogee and to the mountain streams and dive down in them, then they "will be well again," as the watersprite said to Goethe's fisherman. For there is a beauty about the life of Nature, mysterious and lovely, joyous and sublime; and the woods and the mountains gladly impart of their own beauty and strength to the son of the Earth who comes among them with a love and reverence for good Mother Nature, such as she deserves at the hands of her children. *†

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

OF INSTRUCTION.

How often—we ask again—do we hear teachers complain of the want of disposition in their pupils, and how rarely is any serious exertion made to *develop and strengthen this disposition*? How seldom are the means anxiously and assiduously sought for, to strengthen the weak, and supply the deficient! Is, then, the object of musical instruction merely to enable the pupil to play a certain number of compositions,—to acquire an amount of mechanical cleverness, and a quick perception of visible signs? All this can be mastered by the understanding and corporeal aptitude alone, without any deeper participation in the soul; but it is also fruitless in the mind and disposition, and without life in artistic feeling. He, however, who is not satisfied with that empty and ineffective advantage, but thirsts for the really operative benefit of artistic cultivation, must seek it nowhere but in the fountain and domain of all art—in the artistic feeling—and in the natural disposition from or to which everything is developed or tends.

Here a fundamental principle presses forward, which might seem too evidently correct to require mentioning, if it were not so often violated in practice. *We ought never to place anything before the scholar—no composition whatsoever, which he is not capable of completely understanding.* Works of deep meaning, much combination, or even merely great extent, require a certain maturity and settled formation of the mind for their performance, if they are to be presented with feeling and judgment, and not simply with mechanical dexterity. It would be thought ridiculous to give the works of Dante or Shakespeare to children, or even the easy extravagant fictions of Ariosto, and yet we require them to play Bach's fugues, and Beethoven's deepest works, or richly figured concerted compositions; and we give grand opera scenes to beginners, who might delight both themselves and us in a simple natural song. Unfortunately, this process, with a little cleverness and mechanical diligence, cannot easily fail of producing an ostensible effect; and thus parents and scholars are deluded with the outward appearance of having made some progress—of a great step forward having been achieved; whereas, in reality, only one thing has been done, that is, nature has been paralyzed and placed out of the reach of sympathy.

OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEELING OF MEASURE.

It is in this matter that the complaints of want

of perception chiefly originate. This defect is, indeed, often formally instilled into the scholar. The feeling of measure and sensation of rhythm—we repeat it,—are innate in every human being gifted with understanding, but, like every other faculty, in different gradations; and they are certainly not so far elaborated by nature, as to enable their possessors to distinguish and perform the manifold and artistically combined rhythms of our compositions. Let us examine one of the easiest sonatas of Mozart, Haydn, or Beethoven, or one of the airs of Spontini, Weber, or Rossini; what a number of digressing and artistically entangled rhythms! How the parts of bars are divided into quavers,—sometimes into *seminquavers* or triplets, with dots,—or joined together by binds or syncopations; what a variety of accentuations must occur in such a composition! Everyone who has but a proximate idea of this rhythmic multiplicity, must perceive at once, that without much care and education, the natural feeling of measure could not suffice for the performance of such productions. But this is just what the generality of teachers concern themselves the least about. If they pursue any regular plan in the instruction of the scholar, the compositions follow each other, almost exclusively in the ratio of the dexterity they require in their execution. The entangled rhythm remains uncomprehended; and it is considered sufficient, if the measure, that is, the equableness of motion, be forcibly preserved by the perpetual counting of the master, accompanied by the pupil, and by incessant beating time in extraordinary and ridiculous attitudes. By these means, however, the feeling of measure, the finer rhythmic sense, and the insight into the nature of rhythm, cannot assuredly be inspired and developed. With every new composition, this misery of counting, beating, and stamping begins afresh, until a *mechanical habit of equality* is formed, instead of a *living feeling* for equal and uniform measure and its expression. It is unfortunately too true, that most musicians are content with the sense and capacity for mechanical equality of measure,—for the cold inanimate beat; and consider the rich and living rhythmic feeling as superfluous.

How easy is it, on the other hand, to an enlightened teacher, particularly in the beginning, to elucidate the various forms of rhythm by a methodical arrangement in respect of simplicity and increasing complicity or mixture! Marches for the boys, dances for the girls—four-hand playing upon the pianoforte, or playing with other instruments, making the accentuation perceptible from the beginning—repetition of purposely accented playing—in case of necessity, marching or exercising arranged motions by the pupil, to the playing of the master; all these expedients,—preceded, of course, by a perfectly clear explanation and analysis of the rhythm, and many small helps and incidents arising from the instruction itself, and which cannot now be named—are the most appropriate means of cultivating the feeling of measure.*

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEELING OF TONE.

Students of the pianoforte are in a still worse position with regard to the development of the sense of tone. Here elementary teachers imagine they have accomplished everything, if the scholar can play correctly the note before him. Whether he have a living perception of what he plays, or whether this excite any emotion or consciousness in him, is not thought worthy of consideration.

With better intentions, however, many teachers fail in their means. We will not again mention, that in respect of this faculty also, the choice of a profession must depend upon the capacity of the scholar; but proceed at once to the first means of awakening the perception of tone; to those means indeed, which, on false fundamental principles, are generally avoided or thrown aside.

The first practice is the exertion of our own faculties diligently, in seeking and inventing successions of tones.

In beginning the pianoforte (or any other instruments admitting similar exercises), the first lessons generally consist of a string of finger ex-

ercises, which are repeated in all the scales. On this occasion, we advise that no exercise be written for some time, but that the scholar imitate them from the teacher, and thus immediately imprint them on his memory. Only when the exercises become so numerous, that we might apprehend they would be forgotten, would we allow them to be written, and then in brief, the major in the scale of C major, and the minor in the scale of A minor. Then the scholar must seek out the same exercises in all the other scales by the aid of his ear alone. In like manner, when an exercise has been given to the pupil in chords, he must seek it out also on every degree and semitone; during which performance, the utmost assistance we could allow from the teacher, would be, the exclamation of "False!" whenever an error were committed. Only when the scholar has attained a certain proficiency, may he be told how the scales and tones are to be named, and he may then be allowed to write them out. It is very desirable, also, to induce the pupil to perform the scales and chords with his voice.

A second means of producing a lively impression of tone, is to play and sing from the memory. The dread expressed by most parents and teachers, of playing by heart or from ear, must appear ridiculous to all persons who are well informed in matters of teaching and education in general; since, in all other objects of mental cultivation, the employment and strengthening of the memory is so seriously and authoritatively insisted on. The only ground of objection is, that the beginner, not looking at the notes, is liable to play incorrectly, that he will gradually forget his exercises, and never be able to play with certainty from notes. Against these evils, there are very sure remedies close at hand. Should this incorrectness be apprehended, only give the scholar such long and so many compositions at once, that it will be impossible for him to learn them by rote. Occupy him early with four-hand or accompanied compositions, which are difficult to learn by heart, since no single part contains them entirely. In fine, do not allow everything to be so learned; and in what is permitted, insist upon the most rigid fidelity to the notes, and on the slightest deviation in this respect, let the notes be resumed. In an extreme case, an unfinished composition can be given to a scholar who seizes by heart with extraordinary rapidity; and different parts of the composition can be filled up, altered, and corrected continually, so that the attention of the scholar must be constantly engaged in detecting the changes. There is no doubt, indeed, that an intelligent and attentive teacher will always find means to prevent the abuse of a faculty so agreeable and pregnant with such innumerable advantages to the player, and so manifestly precious to a composer. The highest freedom, power, and feeling in performance, or in conducting, are not to be attained while we are chained to the notes: and how composition and improvisation are to be carried to any perfection without a sure memory, is not easy to be imagined.

Learning to play and sing by heart, not only strengthens the feeling of tone, inasmuch as it necessitates the imprinting of single relations of tones, and the recalling of them according to such impression,—but it enables us, also, to imagine whole compositions, with all their combinations present to our minds. Here we may add a third means, which is peculiarly adapted to quicken the attention, to excite the watchfulness of the scholar, to accustom him every moment to instant and enlarged apprehension and decision, without which no deep penetration can be effected in art or in artistic works. This means is, frequent playing and singing at sight, especially four-handed or with accompaniment, and, indeed at once, in the absolute time (tempo), or nearly so, required in the composition. The teacher in this case must make the pupil understand, that it is absolutely necessary for the success of this procedure, that the composition should be played throughout without omission, interruption, or remission in time, to the end; that no reflection, no repetition, no looking back for errors, is per-

mitted; but on the contrary, that the eye must constantly press forwards, and the performance must instantly and inevitably follow the eye. This alone must be required of the scholar, and must unrelentingly be insisted on by the teacher, and be more particularly and unfailingly observed in practice, if the latter should play with his scholar. On the other hand, the scholar must be comforted with the reflection that under such circumstances, he is not answerable for single failures, omissions, &c. The first attempts at this practice are often, indeed, wretched performances—quite laughable even, to those who do not consider how many qualifications must work herein together for the best possible effect to be produced. Usually, however, a vast improvement is manifested with unexpected rapidity, if the teacher begins and proceeds with judgment.

Of course, together with the above exercises, other compositions are most carefully studied, and are considered the chief materials of instruction. For the playing at sight, easier compositions are selected; and when they have been used for this object, they may be carefully studied. Then the disadvantages arising possibly from sight playing, that is, over rapidity and inexactness, &c., may be corrected.

In fine, may we never, indeed, willingly suppress that most fruitful means of animating and exalting the musical sense, *invention*; but with joy and hope, on all occasions, most tenderly foster and encourage it, whether it be exerted in writing or at the instrument. How often is the young pupil reproved by teachers and parents, if he allows himself to try and try, and seek out his fancies on the piano! How often—we have already deplored it—is he told that that is useless dreaming, and that a finger exercise is much more improving! How often are his first attempts at writing thrown away with contempt, and his want of talent, or the widely different profession for which he is destined, urged upon him, in order to withdraw him from such nonsensical fancies and vain exertions. To a highly-gifted individual, such insults are simply discouraging. To a less gifted person, they are too often destructive. Let no man be enticed into the profession of a composer. He who does not feel interiorly an irresistible calling to that course of life, has no security for its success. But let not the highest and most prolific form in which musical sense and power can be worked out and perfected, be disturbed. We are all exercised from childhood upwards, in classical employment, even in versification. Are we, therefore, all educated to be authors or, perhaps, poets? By no means. But there is no more powerful means of developing the mind, and making it master of its organ—speech, than the elaboration of its own thoughts and imaginings. How much more important, then, must such a means be in music, for which we have no such enormous preparatory formation, than in thinking and writing, for which our whole life has been a school, by our incessant thought and speech, from the earliest age.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* I: is only against excess in counting—against incessant and deafening counting aloud, and that insufferable beating time—that we wish to inveigh. There cannot be altogether dispensed with, particularly in the beginning. When their employment becomes necessary, the word used must be uttered sharply, whereby the feeling of measure is kept lively and attentive. A drawing utterance occasions indecision and uncertainty; impatient loudness deafens; and stamping the time disturbs the holding-on. A short loudly whispered "One! two!" of the teacher at the proper time, a gentle and punctual tap with the finger on the reading desk or on the arm of the pupil, governs the measure more surely, and excites the feeling of measure more intimately, than the unseemly grimaces by which many a leader endeavors to display his zeal. In distributions or divisions not easy to apprehend, and two-part order (for example, in the solution of crotchets into quavers, semiquavers, &c.) instead of "One! two!" we may count "Firstly! second!" in which the word may indicate the part of a bar, and each syllable a part thereof. If the phrase should change at once into three-part distribution, the Firstly! second! must be changed again into One! two! three! &c. In quick movements, half or even whole bars only are counted. The playing of difficult passages an octave higher by the master with the pupil, is very inspiring; and also counting parts only of bars in quick passages, and smaller members in slow passages. When the scholar has acquired some certainty, it is particularly desirable that he be led to omit the counting in easy passages, and resume it on the recurrence of passages of importance. In general, the scholar should be induced to relinquish external aid so soon as his apprehension and practice will allow it.

Märsel's Metronome is a useful assistant to enable the pianoforte student to preserve equable measure in his exercises. It

ought not, however, to be placed upon the instrument on which he is playing, because its regularity might be disturbed by the nervous energy of his execution, as differently going clocks will assimilate in their movements if placed upon the same board.

National Anthems AND PATRIOTIC WAR-SONGS.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

There is generally a great deal of confusion and contradiction prevalent in the accounts given of the origin and history of popular airs and songs, especially those of a loyal, patriotic or military description. This is the case with several of quite modern character, and of less than a century's date, and which have been read or listened to by many persons now living, within the first year of their production. Without referring now to instances of this in our own country, a remarkable and interesting case of the kind is presented in the various stories which have been circulated and believed as to the alleged facts and circumstances of the composition and first performance of the grand anthem of the French people—a song which has been actually productive of more positive effects, of greater events, than any other words or tune ever known.

The first form of this romance which I heard was given to me in New Haven, in the year 1840, by a gentleman (now deceased) of considerable literary pretensions, who had then been in the editorial business about twenty years. It was at that time only a floating tradition, with no more definite form than this:

"THE MARSEILLES HYMN—music and all—was composed by De Lisle (a young officer in the French army during the first Revolution) while he was staggering through the streets to his quarters, after a midnight carouse. Any person can perceive at once that the tune is merely bacchanalian in its character and origin, intensely so. It has the measure of a drunkard's reel, and the whirl of a drinking chorus about it."

This remark was made to me on the occasion of the public singing of a serious parody which I had made upon the current English paraphrase of the original, and which had passed, without censure, under the critical revision of James G. Percival and James A. Hillhouse.

This story, coming to me from a respectable source, I received without question, and supposed it to be true history, until within the last ten years, or thereabouts, when a characteristically Frenchy *nouvellette* appeared in the *feuilleton* of some Parisian journal, to this purport:

"There is a young man of genius—a genius both in poetry and music—yet a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. He is poor, very poor, and writes poetry to save himself from starvation. Being an ardent French republican, on occasion of the approach of the invading German army, under command of the Duke of Brunswick, in 1792, inspired by patriotism, he writes the words and composes the music of the song now known as 'The Marseilles Hymn.' He tries to sell it to the music sellers and publishers. None of them will touch it. He offers it to theatre-managers, with no better success. Accidentally, his composition falls into the hands of an eminent actress, who is a great singer and a public favorite. She appreciates it—admires it—and learns it, with the purpose of astonishing her audience with it on the first proper occasion. Accordingly, after due preparation, she comes out with it, in full burst, before an entranced and almost breathless throng in the theatre. It is encored repeatedly, amid thunders of applause and the most rapturous enthusiasm. At length, the name of the author is demanded, with a unanimous shout. The *cantatrice* pronounces it, and describes him. He is not in the house. Ascertaining the place of his residence, the whole assembly, in a perfect furor of grateful admiration, rush into the streets, in the direction of his lodgings, to hail and glorify the hitherto unknown patriot-poet.

"Meanwhile, the poor youth, unconscious of the success of his composition, not knowing even the intention to produce it on the stage, has sunk to the lowest depths of want and distress; and,

in his utter hopelessness, has resorted to the usual expedient of a despairing Frenchman—inhalation of carbonic acid gas. He has closed windows and door—has lighted the charcoal; but, before becoming quite insensible, he hears a strange tremendous uproar in the street. He listens. What—can it be? Is it?—yes—yes, it is, indeed, the grand chorus of his own war-song and battle-hymn pealing on the midnight air, from thousands of voices. His apartment is taken by storm—door battered down—he is saved—he revives to hope, to glory, and to comfort—is cheered, welcomed, fêted, idolized, &c."

This is as pretty a specimen of Parisian newspaper romance as could be offered. I do not know that the author intended that it should be believed; but very probably it has been taken as sober truth by many plain, matter-of-fact people, such as largely inhabit this country and the English-speaking world generally. The French have a peculiar taste for inventions of this style—a peculiar faculty of getting them up, and of appreciating them. Of this, we have another instance in connection with the same theme. It has been made the subject of a very striking historical picture, which was exhibited and sold in this city not many years ago. I give this (as I have the preceding) from memory, having no book at hand to which I can refer:

Rouget de Lisle was a subaltern officer in the garrison of Strasburg, in 1692. The city was endangered and in distress, in consequence of the invasion of France by the legions of the German Empire advancing to overthrow the democratic republic, and restore the Bourbon to monarchical power. Strasburg, though originally a German city, was faithful to the cause of French liberty and independence. De Lisle, like other republican soldiers of that time (Latour d'Auvergne, for instance), was a young man, of high literary endowments. His qualities gave him admission into the best families of the place, among others, into that of the burgomaster, or chief civic magistrate, who, with his wife and two daughters, encouraged and enjoyed the exercise of their favorite guest's poetical and musical gifts.

The troubles of that revolutionary epoch, the perils of the republic, the commercial ruin caused by the war, and the general distress of the community, were naturally frequent topics of their conversation. In view of the general despondency, the magistrate suggested to his gallant and gifted young friend the production of a song, adapted to the exigency—a war-hymn—a battle-cry—that should re-animate the hopes and arouse the courage of the almost despairing children of the new republic. The wife and fair daughters seconded the call. The youthful poet ardently desired to comply with the request, but long essayed in vain. The lyric muse was reluctant, and, for a time, refused her inspiration. At length, during one gloomy evening's conversation the burgomaster draws forth the last bottle of wine left in the house. The means of replenishing it or supplying its place were distant, or wholly deficient, in fact, might be regarded as neither *in esse* nor *in posse*. (Character of the wine not recollected—most probably Hochheimer—but, possibly, Johannisberg). It is placed on the cover of the pianoforte; the cork is drawn; the lid is raised; the poet and composer (*esimio lirico*) is seated; he takes a drink; he touches the keys with trembling hand; he takes another drink; his touch is bolder—his ideas clearer—his imagination more brilliant—and so forth and so on, till the last drop in the bottle has gone down the throat of the bard: and then bursts forth the song—the tune. The burgomaster and burgomistress—likewise the two burgomisses—stand listening, spell-bound, enchanted, while the anthem rolls forth in the first of its now innumerable vocal and instrumental utterances. "The child is born," and its name is not "The Marseilles Hymn," but "THE SONG OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE."

All this is very pretty—but, at the same time, not only absurdly improbable, but positively and demonstrably untrue.

Rouget De Lisle may have been an uncon-

scious plagiarist—an innocent thief—believing, perhaps, that he was composing a tune, when, in fact, he was but recalling strains which he had long previously heard in some forgotten locality. He declared, in a publication of his own, some years after, that he "composed the melody and the words of this song during the night which followed the declaration of war, toward the end of April, 1792." And out of those few words of his all these fine stories have been spun.

Now—"Mark how a plain tale shall put them down"—all of them, including the poet himself. I give the whole of the ascertained and ascertainable facts, on the highest authority.

Mr. John C. Scherpf, a learned musical teacher and performer, well known in this city (and learned in many other things besides music), has done me the great favor to investigate this curious piece of history and mystery, and has at my request kindly furnished the following critical report on the subject, which has been, within a few days past, also published by him in the German:

THE MARSEILLAISE.—The same obscurity in which the authorship of the English National Hymn was for a long time enveloped, seems also to have attended the favorite song of the French Revolution. It was but natural that the French should name a Frenchman as the composer of this national air, which even at the present day fills every French heart with transport—until more and more voices loudly claimed the Marseillaise as the copy of a German religious song, in fact, as has been proved lately by the organist, Hamma, in Meersburg, the exact copy of a melody from the Credo in a Mass (No. 4) by Holtzmann, Kapellmeister (director of the musical chapel) to the Prince Elector of the Palatinate at Meersburg.

Already in 1792, when the enthusiasm for this song was at its height, when, in the true sense of the word, it reëchoed throughout the whole of France, and inspired every heart—a rumor was spreading that the melody was a German one, and even the poem itself was ascribed to a German, George Forster. (a) This rumor disappeared during those troublous times, when the solution of more important questions was needed, until it was again called forth in 1830, by the discovery that the melody of the liberty-song of that time, the *Parisienne* (b) was taken from a German popular air, which had been sung by the English-German Legion and the Hanoverian troops in 1814 and 1815. Benches and Roux have also introduced the notice in their "Histoire parlementaire de la Révolution," that the Marseillaise was originally composed by a German for the army of Biron (c). Rouget de l'Isle (d) himself claims the Marseillaise as his own work, as he says in a collection of French songs: "I composed the melody and words of this song during the night which followed the declaration of war toward the end of April, 1792." If, on the one hand, it would be a matter of surprise that a mere amateur should have succeeded in writing such an exciting poem and such a splendid melody during the few hours of one night we find on the other hand, in a work of Castil Blaze (e) a statement, that at the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, who was secretly married to the Duke of Orleans, in 1782, there was heard, for the first time, a German song, with chorus and refrain, a melody of several stanzas, which ten years later, filled all France with the greatest enthusiasm. With this text of Rouget's the German melody was adopted as a "Chant de l'armée du Rhin," which the regiments in Strasburg and Alsace sang and played as a march. Thence the song was carried to the South of France, and finally by the battalions of Marseilles to Paris, where the composition of the melody was at that time attributed partly to Julien (?), partly to Gossec (f), Pleyel (g), and more particularly to Mehul (h) who, however, arranged it only more fully for the bands.

a George Forster—probably John George Forster—who, with his father, accompanied Capt. Cook on his voyage around the world. He was a zealous republican, born near Dantzic, in November, 1754—died, 1794.

b *Parisienne*, poetry by Casimir Delavigne, was written 1830, for the Revolution.

c Biron—Armand Louis de Gostaut, Duc de Biron, born in 1747. Fought in command of French troops in America during the Revolution; was executed 1794.

d Joseph Rouget de Lisle, born at Lens le Saulnier, May 10th, 1760—died in 1836. Is said to have composed "la Marseillaise" in Strasburg. Klopstock,

the German poet, once said to him in Hamburg "Your hymn has cost Germany more than 50,000 brave soldiers." Under Robespierre he was incarcerated, and only that tyrant's death saved him from the scaffold. In 1830 the Chambers offered him, who had then been almost forgotten, a pension of 6000 francs which, however, he did not accept. He also wrote "Chants de vengeances" and "Chant de guerre."

e François Henri Joseph Castil Blaze, born at Caillon, 1784. Excellent musicians, critic, translator of various German operas for the French stage.

f François Joseph Gossec, born 1733, died 1829. Composed the memorable hymn, "à la Divinité," which was sung on the festival, when the Parisian again acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being. He also composed an apotheosis of Voltaire, and a hymn for Mirabeau's funeral.

g Ignaz Pleyel, born in Austria, 1757; died in Paris, 1831. Well-known composer and piano-manufacturer. Composed a hymn to Liberty.

h E. H. Mehul, born 1762, died 1817. Celebrated composer; took a great interest in the French Revolution, and created much enthusiasm by his popular songs: "Chant du départ"—"De Victoire"—"De Retour."

Now, as to the occasion of the change of the name of De Lisle's song, by which it lost its original and justly descriptive title, by the casual acquisition of a new one wholly unmeaning and incongruous with its words—I give the following statement, which was recalled to my mind by the renowned poet, Fitz Greene Halleck, in a recent conversation on the analogies and contrasts between the present Southern revolt and the first French Revolution.

In 1793, the "Committee of Public Safety" at Paris (Robespierre, Danton, Marat, St. Just & Co.) summoned the people from all parts of France to assemble in overwhelming force at the capital to put down the scheme of the Girondins for the division of the country into several parts, under independent governments. These Girondins (so named from the great river Gironde, which traverses the section which they represented) attempted to effect the "secession" of their portion of the South of France, under the ancient name of Guienne, with an anti-democratic government, expecting aid and protection from the British.

To crush this *disunion* conspiracy, the people marched to the metropolis in legions from all quarters. When the vast delegation from Marseilles entered the gates, they happened to be singing Rouget de Lisle's "Song of the Army of the Rhine," with grand choral effect. It was new in Paris, and it was caught up at once spontaneously and simultaneously and simultaneously by the great Pan-Gallic congregation. Thus, without purpose or pre-meditation, and by mere accident, it became the French National Anthem, the Hymn of National Union and indivisible unity, through its words contain not the slightest allusion or reference to that point. It was sung and roared by the Revolutionary mobs through the dreadful scenes that followed, until its sound became a terror to all the foes of the democratic "French Republic, one and indivisible!" It rang its death-notes in the ears of the unhappy Girondin Secessionists as their heads in swift succession came under the keen knife of the guillotine. To this music the armies of the republic thenceforward marched over Europe in an unbroken and unparalleled career of victory and conquest. It became not only the Song of the Nation, but "the Song of the Age"—emphatically and veritably a true Carmen Seculare. It is, indeed, the music of the ages and of nations. The bands of the Ottoman Sultan harshly peal it on the shores of the Bosphorus and Euxine. It is heard as a sound of courageous and triumphant hope over the waves of the three unfrozen oceans, and along the coasts of mighty continents and innumerable islands. There is a magic in its tone that charms the ear of savage and civilized alike, wholly uninfluenced by climate and race. No musical composition yet known has ever animated so many hearts at once, or aroused such mighty multitudes to patriotic ecstasy. No tune in existence is likely to outlive it; and I am confident that I did not misname it when, in a previous publication, I styled it "The Immortal Song."

I did not err in so denominating it—employing words in their correct unprofessing sense—although, in exact technical language, the “*Marselles Hymn*” is not a song—not really a hymn—not, rigidly speaking, even an anthem. It is simply a chant, as Rouget de Lisle denominating the tune when he adapted it, and imperfectly adapted his verses to the ponderous melody and harmony of the Credo in Holtzmann’s old *Missa Solennis*. This fact betrays the difficulties of those who have attempted to reproduce the tune in combination with English words in rhyme and shows the causes of the failure of British and Anglo-American translators or paraphrasts. The tune cannot actually be sung with the French words. It is not a *chanson*, but a metrical declamation in music—in fact, a chant. The words must be distinctly articulated, with every syllable and letter precisely pronounced. De Lisle’s words are Gallic and Romanesque; the tune is wholly Germanic.

Rachel, who was no singer, but a mere disclaimer of French tragedy, has given on the stage the best delivery of the French words to the tune—in hearing of some of us, and of some who heard them when first sounded in the streets of Paris. The French style (as also the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese style) of singing is wholly incompatible with the proper intonation of this chant or psalm of war, and with the full enunciation of even the French words, with entire expression of the meaning.

“The Star Spangled Banner” is a song to the old English bacchanalian tune of “Anacreon in Heaven,” which was first employed in this country as a patriotic national air, by Robert Treat Paine, of Boston. The original words were those of the once popular song of “Adams and Liberty.” For many years I knew the tune only in that connection.

“Hail Columbia” is a hymn, to a tune first known as the “President’s March,” composed by a French musician, then here, in honor of George Washington. The words are by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia (first Judge of the United States Court in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania), on the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration in his city.

“Yankee Doodle” is an old English jig. I have been very recently assured that the tune is *Slovenic*—Polish, I think.

“God Save the King,” or “Queen” (as the case may be) is a hymn, and, by a slight stretch of language may be called an anthem.

“Rule Britannia” is a dirge, or lament.

Haydn’s Austrian National Hymn (known in our books of religious music as the “German Hymn”) was composed by him “to order,” as a National Anthem. If it be not such, it is Haydn’s fault.—*Sunday Mercury*.

Don Giovanni.

No more hopeless task presents itself to managers of Italian Opera than that of discovering an adequate representative of Mozart’s Don Giovanni, and yet no character is more frequently essayed by artists incompetent to sustain it. The performance of *Don Giovanni* has resolved itself into an annual necessity, and the opera must be presented whether the singer who undertakes the part of the libertine be good, bad, or indifferent. The manager is satisfied, and imagines the public will be satisfied, if the other personages are more or less efficiently supported, and trusts to the popularity of the music for the rest. But, it may be asked, wherein consists the difficulty of Don Giovanni? Does it tax alike the highest powers of the tragedian or the comedian? Is the music so written that none but an exceptional voice can sing it? The music, on the contrary, is simple enough, so far as the notes are concerned, and any average baritone may master it with tolerable ease. It is the variety of expression that defies the capacity of singers. No part in the whole range of the drama necessitates the embodiment of so many passions as Don Giovanni. No half dozen parts, indeed. To perform it aright, the artist must be as gentle as the dove and bold as the lion; at once condescending and

baughty, humble and scornful, flattering and defiant; with a tongue of oil and a heart of iron. He must don the semblance of one who cares for nothing and feels for nobody, a sensualist, a voluptuary, who, through the most winning accents, the most captivating glances, the most seductive demeanor, must declare himself in every word, look and motion. Surely an artist may rank high in the scale of excellence without being in the least adapted for the part. And so indeed it has proved; the most consummate singers and actors in other characters having entirely failed to reach Mozart’s hero. The difficulty will be acknowledged much greater when the personal graces and refinement of manner required are taken into consideration. Indeed, it is no wonder that, from the first production of the opera in this country, only two artists have been found who could be said to portray the character of Don Giovanni with anything like an approach to the ideal truth. These were Ambrogetti and Tamburini. Let us see in what they excelled, and what were their special gifts. We may thus obtain an insight into the difficulties that present themselves, and be able to find excuses for many admirable vocalists who have so signally fallen short of the reality.

Ambrogetti and Tamburini were serious actors of the highest order. They were also first-rate buffoons. Their repertory, in short, embraced the highest tragedy and the lowest comedy. Either could throw the audience into hysterics one night, as the father in Paer’s *Agnes*, and the next night provoke their utmost risibility as Figaro or Bartolo in the *Barbiere*. But Signor Ronconi could do both one and the other with at least equal power and equal effect. We must, therefore, look for some other quality, or qualities, in the artists who thus specially distinguished themselves. We never saw Ambrogetti, and can only speak from what we have heard and read. Report describes him as having been a perfect gentleman in appearance; graceful and easy in every attitude and movement; courtly in manner; gay, hilarious, buoyant, and overflowing with animal spirits. In his acting he displayed that entire self-possession which betokens the consciousness of inward power. His instinct was unfailing, and enabled him to seize on the salient points of any character he was representing, and verify them to the life. He was, moreover, remarkably handsome, and had that variety of expression in his features which is of such vital consequence in a part like Don Giovanni; in short, was a positive *rara avis*. All we have said of Ambrogetti, may, to a great extent, be affirmed of Tamburini. But personal appearance and refinement of manners would not of themselves necessarily befit an artist for the personification of Don Giovanni without the additional gift of genius. Let us give an illustration. In the scene where Don Giovanni fights and kills the Commendatore, Tamburini, by a few simple gestures, was wont to afford a key to the character of the libertine, clearer and more powerful than a whole host of commentaries. The Commendatore having fallen, pierced by Don Giovanni’s sword, Tamburini used to feel his way in the dark to the body, lay his hand upon the heart, lift up the arm and let it fall, and finding life extinct, kiss his fingers to the corpse in the way of adieu. Genius alone could could have hit upon this. So, too, in the tremendous last scene, Tamburini made points that betokened the most subtle and profound conception, or at least an instinct supplying its place. When the statue enters and announces that he has come to avail himself of Don Giovanni’s invitation, Tamburini used to walk round him, a candle-stick in hand, as though endeavoring to pierce through the trick which man or devil was playing him; but, finding that the object before him was veritably of stone, seemed awed into belief, and throwing aside the candle confronted his supernatural visitant with undaunted heart and eye that never quailed.

The admirable performance of M. Faure, in his new part at the Royal Italian Opera, has led to the above remarks. The French baritone, in our estimation, has succeeded in giving a more finished and complete version of the character of

Don Giovanni than any artist since Tamburini, and it is something to be so far satisfied. If a great deal is wanting, much more has been effected than was anticipated. For years we have been compelled to put up either with mediocrity or absolute unfitness; and now that we have got a thoroughly intelligent artist, who acts becomingly, and sings right well, we should be thankful, and not grumble because neither Ambrogetti nor Tambourini is at hand. A good Don Giovanni is better than no Don Giovanni; and so here is “long life and prosperity to M. Faure.”

Grisi.

The retirement into private life of an artist like Giulia Grisi, who, for more than a quarter of a century, exercised so powerful a sway over the destinies of Italian Opera in this country, cannot take place without all but universal regret; and which could not fail to have proved universal, but that she has been so long before the public that many of the present frequenters of the Opera have known her only since her vocal powers began to exhibit symptoms of decline. A more perfect singer than Grisi in her zenith—say twenty years ago—never trod the operatic boards. Let us remember the epoch at which she appeared, and the artists with whom she was tested. At the very period when Giulia Grisi made her debut at Her Majesty’s Theatre—1831 or 1832—Malibran was astonishing Europe—had recently astonished America—by the brilliancy of her genius and by a combination of artistic and natural qualities never previously found in any singer. Pasta had just declined, leaving a golden track behind her in her setting which still sheds a lustre over the history of the vocal art. Sontag, too, had recently withdrawn into private life; nor yet were the triumphs of Catalani, Fodor, Camporese, Colbran, and other songstresses of the legitimate Italian school, entirely forgotten. It was a perilous essay, indeed, at such a time, for a young untried artist to dare the judgment of an audience whose ears had been thoroughly accustomed to the finest performances of perhaps the greatest singers the world had known. It may well be imagined that but little was expected from the new *prima donna*, although the French critics vaunted loudly of her powers and her beauty. But Gallican opinion had not much weight with the English people in those days; and when Mlle. Giulia Grisi was announced to make her first appearance as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, the public was not moved, the subscribers smiled, and the *habitués* shrugged their shoulders. It was a memorable night, that of Grisi’s first appearance at the Opera. There was a poor attendance and no excitement—no anticipation, indeed. The first appearance, however, of the new Ninetta created universal interest. At that time Grisi was about two or three and twenty. She was eminently beautiful—need we say how beautiful to those who behold her now, after a period of thirty years?—with features as regular as if hewn out of marble by Phidias or Praxiteles, an expression as various and mutable as that of an April sky, and a figure just budding into the most voluptuous era of womanhood. As she advanced to the footlights she seized on every eye, on every heart. Her triumph was to a considerable extent secured. But when she sang that transcendent burst of love and joy, “*Di piacer mi halza il cor*,” and revealed a voice that for purity, beauty and tender grace has never been surpassed, displaying, moreover, such infinite charm in her singing and acting, the effect may be imagined. The audience was intoxicated, and Giulia Grisi became the prevailing topic of conversation in circles musical and unmusical—became, in short, the operatic idol of the day.

Nor did idolatry lose its worshippers when the first glow and tempest of excitement had past away. On the contrary, the fame of Giulia Grisi increased hourly; and the artist, except in one instance, did not suffer by comparison even with Malibran, who at the time was creating such unparalleled enthusiasm at Drury Lane, and making mad her audiences by her performances in the *Sonnambula*. Ah! these were glorious days for the Opera! Malibran, a host in herself, at Drury Lane; and, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, Giulia Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and very good *etceteras*. And now—*heu quantum mutati ab illis*!—Let us not pursue the subject. We have no Malibran now; no Grisi, no Rubini, no Tamburini, no Lablache. Of course when Malibran died Grisi absorbed the entire world of favor. It was some time, however, before she even attempted to step into her predecessor’s shoes. She had, indeed, essayed the *Sonnambula* with her renowned rival, but the comparison was not favorable, and Malibran maintained her undoubted supremacy in that character.

At first Grisi adhered almost exclusively to Rossini's operas, making her greatest effects in the *Gazza Lutra* and *Otello*. Her first effort in the tragic line was Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*—it is strange she never appeared in London as Zerlina, although always assuming the equivalent character of Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*—and afterwards Semiramide and Anna Bolena. The first grand opera produced especially for her at Her Majesty's Theatre, if we mistake not, was Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto*. Her reputation as a serious was by no means of rapid progress. As her years increased, however, and her voice acquired strength and weight, her genius for the highest order of acting was acknowledged, until at last she was quietly invested with the mantle bequeathed by Pasta to Malibran (which, however, perfidious time did not suffer Malibran to wear), and was crowned with the greenest laurels of tragic song. "She won them well;" would we could add—

"And may she wear them long!"

The leaves are now yellow and sere that once were green and bright, and Norma, victim of the Proconsul Time, ceding her rule to some younger High-Priestess, must fling aside her wreath, and ascend the pile from whose insatiate flames there is no returning.

We are not about to write the biography of Giulia Grisi. We merely desire to draw attention to the fact that an artist who, perhaps more than any other of her time, has won for herself a place in the roll of Fame, is about to quit for ever the scene of her triumphs. What Italian Opera would have been for the last twenty-five years but for Grisi it is difficult to say. The great dramatic singer is now about to withdraw into private life. It behoves everybody to hear and see her ere she quits the scene. So, when she has passed away, vivid recollection may be linked with one of the brightest glories that ever adorned the Opera.—*London Musical World*.

Piano Thrumming.

Drowsiest of sounds, reminding the distant hearer ever of the Spanish guitar murmuring under the orange trees, and of the Oriental lute, is the incipient piano practice that bubbles out upon him, when summer opens the windows of the better class of houses. Infinitely suggestive is it; suggesting different thoughts, recalling different emotions to the various kinds of people who have been accustomed to it.

On many a man, whose life from boyhood has been spent on our business streets—at least during business hours—it has a most peculiar effect, when, of a summer day, its soft, monotonous lullaby greets him, from behind the green blinds of parlors, when, as is not his wont, he visits an elegant west end, in the middle of the day. Not considered a music wholly delightful, by even the performers, this incipient "practicing" is generally done up, with the rest of the prosaic housework, in the morning, or early afternoon; therefore business fathers and brothers often hear little of it for years; only having some of the more pleasing portions administered, occasionally, in small doses, of an evening, to gratify the paternal feelings, and prove that the paying of the music teacher's heavy bill need not be considered a gratuity.

The aforesaid business men, when encountering these dreamy sounds thus in the quiet streets, of a summer noon-day, are apt to find it full very dearly upon their ears. It sounds as the humming of the locust does in the country, whither they have fled a week ago. Though on the first day of the week the novelty pleased, on the last it has become horribly suggestive of all dreariest memories, and they pant for the excitement of business streets again. But the little damsels are used to their retired life, and the parental admonitions and golden promises keep them steadily and determinedly up to the work. In after times, it will be a solace at least, if it does not render them useful and ornamental. Many of them will find the ivory keys a safety valve. On them they can fight their souls' battles with all adversaries, including the Fates, even as so many composers of the music they play have done in composing it.

To some of the "occasional hearers," these street sounds bring thronging memories of younger days. To those who have spent the years of their minority in or about the rural family home, it brings up visions of little sisters watched from piazzas through the open blinds, as they diligently tapped the ivory, while all else was still, save the sloops and schooners lazily sauntered down the river.

Much of the thrumming, now-a-days, turns, involuntarily, from the odious practice of the scale to the manipulation of the "Star Spangled Banner;" the imperfect playing of which piece thus, by children, in the sunny noon-time, with all the significance of it, is very affecting. Questions arise: How is the

flag faring that the child is so interested in? Where, in this peaceful moment, is it being borne on victoriously midst clouds of dust and smoke, against those who loved it when children, and have now learned to hate it so fiercely? Where, too, is it recreating before rebellious onsets? In what misguided community is it being to-day trailed in the dust, torn and spit upon, for the first time? In what Baltimore, after a long interval of suppression, is it being again flung gaily to the breeze? Into what Virginia or Kentucky or Missouri hamlet is it being borne by gallant men, amid the plaudits of a rescued people? Who still holds it up in Eastern Tennessee, and who now lowers it all reluctant there?

Let the little ones take fresh courage, when they see what mighty effects their music produces on passers-by.—*Phil. Evening Bulletin*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Charlatanism in Music.

IV.

THE FAVORITE PRIMA DONNA.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

I could never quite understand why a prima donna is always called the *favorite*. Thus, for instance, we read that Madame A., the favorite prima donna, will make her first appearance in this city to-night; or that Signora B., the favorite prima donna, arrived in the steamer Europa. This epithet has probably the same meaning as that which is invariably attached to the proprietors of hotels, every one of whom is called a *popular* landlord; it is perhaps only meant to mean nothing. For, as respects the popularity of hotel keepers, I am sure Mr C., the popular landlord of the D. house, was not at all popular with his guests; at least with the discriminating portion of us, who had seen the world and knew how a boarder should be treated. It had very much the appearance as if *mine host* supposed boarders were created that landlords might live well; as if we were to contribute each of us his humble share of money to *mine host's* welfare. His own comfort was three times attended to before our wishes were once taken notice of. His private table was loaded with delicacies that were never allowed to touch our palates. The gente man, nevertheless, seemed to labor under the pleasing delusion that his was the only good hotel in the country, and they must consider it a great luck who lived under its roof.

It may seem paradoxical to couple a prima donna with a hotel-keeper (though, for aught I know, Hy-men, the popular god of matrimony, has before this ventured the same thing) yet there exists much affinity between the landlord alluded to and Madame A., the *favorite* prima donna.

Madame A. is by no means a favorite with the musically cultivated part of the public, who know how a song should be treated; who know how a dramatic character should be sustained and faithfully carried through. Madame starts with the perverted notion that, whether at the opera or at the concert, all she has to aim at is applause. Now, who would envy her applause well merited? Who would not gladly set his two hands in motion to help its proportions swell when it is honestly gained, knowing that, as the dew unto the flower, even so is applause unto the soul of a prima donna? Madame, however, is too greedy for public praise; she is not satisfied to drink it in temperate draughts; she must bathe her whole body in it, cost what it may. Everything must be sacrificed to appease her hunger for this clapping of hands. The poetry, the music, in short, the whole piece must be altered, mutilated, that the prima donna may show off to best advantage. The manager, the conductor, the musicians, in the eyes of Madame, exist merely to help her to reap applause; they are accounted dead heads, not worth respecting, if they fail in this. Madame A., in her own estimation, is the head, the soul, the centre, the support, the pillar of the establishment; the whole fabric would tumble over, if she withdrew from it. They must all go a begging, from the manager down to the call boy, if

she left them. Why, she is such a favorite with the public; they won't go any more to the opera without Madame A.

The other day our favorite prima donna received the music of Beethoven's *Fidelio* from the manager with the information that the opera was to be performed some time this season, when she would have to sustain the character of Leonora; she must make herself acquainted with the rôle. Madame indignantly sent the part back whence it had come, saying she would never sing music which produced soreness of the throat and which, moreover, offered no opportunity for displaying vocal skill. The manager reminded her of the heavy fine which she would incur, according to her contract with him, should she persist in refusing to comply with his just demand. Madame then tried to effect a compromise; she consented to sing the part on condition that she should be permitted to substitute for the great aria of Leonora, as composed by Beethoven, a favorite cavatina by Rossini, which afforded her more opportunity for exhibiting her voice and vocal readiness. The director answered that the cavatina was entirely out of place; nor would it accord with dramatic truth and the respect due to a composer like Beethoven to attempt such alterations. Dramatic truth—respect—Beethoven? Pshaw! Who was Beethoven? It surpassed her understanding; she could not comprehend that anything was entitled to respect when her applause was at stake. But the manager, finally, hinted again at the heavy fine; which she understood better. Seeing that there was no escape, Madame lowered the strings of her high-toned ambition and only asked liberty to introduce some trills, roulades and capers of her own into said aria. Mr. Director, to cut the matter short, referred her to the musical conductor, and so the affair rests.

To-night the prima donna is to appear in her famous part of Fatima or the warrior's bride, a grand blood and dagger opera by Clamorette. This *maestro* is a great favorite with all charlatan singers. His motto is: *Effect! Dramatic truth! Nonsense!* Let the situation be what it may, quiet or exciting, sad or gay, tears or smiles, there must be, above all, thunder and roar in the orchestra, rage and fury on the stage; there must be warbling and trilling; but more particularly there should be high, very high notes, splendid screams, an *ut de poitrine*, that will set the whole house a cheering.

But the curtain has risen in the mean time. We find Fatima in the midst of her aria di bravura, which she rattles off with a facility that is truly astonishing. As she shouts out that inevitable high note at the close she raises both her arms, with a peculiar motion of her own, as if to strike at the sky. This is a favorite manner with our cantatrice; while it is to describe visibly the giddy height of that note, it is more particularly intended to draw down a storm of applause from the spectators. Hence, it is a trap to catch clapping, a *clap-trap*. And, indeed, the thing looks so irresistible, is performed with such cleverness, that the most averse, that we ourselves, to join in the general uproar. In addition several bouquets are thrown upon the stage which Madame picks up with much modesty and grace. "I wonder," said Caroline, "from whom those flowers come?" "I wonder too," most of the audience seemed to say. It is true flowers in January are an expensive affair; a half-a-dozen such bouquets cost a great deal. Perhaps Mr. E., the smart business agent of Madame, may be able to explain the wonder.

The opera reaches its climax in the third act. Fatima sings a plaintive air expressive of her bottomless grief for her parting lover who is at the point of going to battle. After she has finished Ingomar appears to bid her farewell. But before he proceeds to this he has to perform an elaborate aria in which both his love for Fatima and his hatred for the enemy, whom he is going to fight, are depicted. While thus he melts away in tenderness and again rises to fearful rage, Fatima is to continue silently to play

the unhappy bride by such gesticulations, pantomimes, and so forth, as are at the command of every cultivated dramatic singer. But what does our heroine do? She recedes to the background of the stage where the chorus is playing wall flower, and titters and laughs at the picaresqueries with which these living statues, in the face of the public, entertain each other. To be sure, the public ought to be delighted at seeing Madame laugh privately; so long as the prima donna is privately in good spirits we need have no fear that the world will go out of joint.

In the closing scene we find Fatima gone raving mad. The body of Ingomar, who was slain in battle, is lying by her side. Pale, with disheveled hair, her garments torn to pieces, she runs from one end of the corpse to the other, now stroking the face, now pulling at the feet, then throwing herself over it, screaming and wringing her hands. The action is accompanied by various instruments of the orchestra of course in such truthful strains as may be expected from a composer of Signor Clamoretto's calibre. Suddenly the instruments pause and the distracted Fatima, rising from the body of her beloved, intones a recitative on which follows that famous aria known under the name of the *mad air*. It is full of break-neck passages and of all sorts of vocal artifices, well calculated to make a singer mad whose throat is not sufficiently pliant. Our prima donna, however, is in her true element. She gorges and spouts forth those runs and roulades like a cascade. As she reaches the first *fermata* or hold, the public, availing themselves of the occasion, give vent to their admiration in loud applause. Now, one should suppose the singer would take no notice of this demonstration, she being for the moment raving mad, But no! Madame deems it her first duty to acknowledge the applause. So, dropping the insane Fatima for a moment she assumes a lady-like demeanor, as becomes the real Madame A., bows and smiles with the utmost grace and then relapses into madness. Three times in the course of the aria is she applauded and three times does she recover from her insanity and immediately after, in the twinkling of an eye, falls a prey to it again.

Ah, Johanna W., Anna M., Tichatscheck, Wolf, and ye others whose names are not known in all lands, yet who were of the true fire—could I but see ye once more to refresh my musical spirit made sore by the mockery on our operatic stages! What a beautiful sight is such a faithful, conscientious, painstaking artist! one that strives to please the god within him instead of the promiscuous crowd, called the public.

But the curtain is already down. We are in the midst of a fearful uproar extending all over the house. They cry for Fatima to come out; they wish once more to pay homage to the prima donna. The noise is growing intolerable. Come, Caroline, sweetest! let's go home.

Twight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

The Singing of the Army Hymn.

The Music Hall, dedicated to Art and to Peace, was on Thursday devoted to the reception of the Second N. H. Regiment by the sons of New Hampshire resident here. The decorations of the Platform were beautiful and the short addresses stirring and patriotic. The feature of the occasion, however, which touches us was the singing of the Army Hymn of Dr. O. W. HOLMES, to the tune of Old Hundred, in unison, by the immense audience composed of the Regiment and the Sons of New Hampshire. The

grand melody rolled nobly out through the Hall and the patriotic hymn found a response in the hearts of all. A bountiful and plentiful repast sent the wearied soldiers refreshed upon their way and cheered by the cordial welcome they had received. Dr. UPHAM was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, a sufficient guarantee for successful arrangements.

ARMY HYMN. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King:
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand has made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

The BOSTON MUSICAL TIMES in its last issue gives the following special notice:

The war excitement has so completely taken hold of all classes of society, and war news being the only news now sought for, we have concluded to suspend the fortnightly publication of the *Boston Musical Times* for a few months, or until a more settled state of affairs shall have been arrived at. We shall meanwhile issue our paper *monthly*, so that really not more than three or four papers will be suspended. We think this course will meet the approbation of our subscribers, the majority of whom now, however musically inclined, feel comparatively little interest in the "Divine Art," and who consider the "shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," and the voices of "the mortal engines whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamor counterfeit," the only sounds worthy their attention.

When we are once again a peaceful and harmonious nation, (and God speed the day,) or even before that happy time, if a musical revival will warrant it, we shall be glad to resume our fortnightly communications with our readers. Meantime we shall condense the musical essence of the month into one paper.

We are sorry that the pleasant visits of our neighbors are to be so few and far between in this dry time. Indeed we had depended not a little upon "enjoying and appropriating" many choice things from its columns in this time when exchanges are so much diminished. We join with the *Times* in its wishes that things may soon return to their normal state and peace and harmony again prevail, and shall be glad to receive any copy from our neighbors that in their judgment will not keep a month.

New Publications.

AMERICAN MUSICAL DIRECTORY: 1861. 280 pp. New York. Thomas Hutchinson, 119 Nassau Street.

Of course the first issue of a directory of the Music Trade of the United States, must be, in very many respects, imperfect, for such a work can gain entire accuracy and completeness, only after several years. The labor of compiling the little items which make up such a work is very great and so is the difficulty of getting the information, for the first time. The volume under notice is very convenient and useful for all who are in any way concerned in Music, giving as it does the names and residences of all who are engaged in it, either as teachers, manufacturers, dealers, publishers or in any other way connected with it throughout the country. The editors ask for "facts to aid in carrying out their designs of making the Musical Directory both complete and accurate" in the future. The present volume is, of course, fuller and more correct in its details of New York matters than in those in other cities. For example, the Handel and Haydn Society is the only musical organization mentioned in this city. It is for the interest of all concerned to aid the compilers

of such a work, by forwarding corrections and additional information to the publisher, before the end of another year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE. Published by Leonard, Scott & Co., New York. (Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Book Hunter; The Monks of the West; Miss Bremer in Switzerland and Italy; A Cruise up the Yangtze in 1859; Several; Hades; From the Fatherland; Norman Stclair, Part 19; I'm Very Fond of Water, a new temperance song; Memoirs of a Tory Gentlewoman; Index.

The last article is a notice of the memoir of "Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady companion to the Princess Charlotte." After being discharged from this post by the Regent, Miss Knight went to Naples where she became acquainted with the great Nelson.

In April 1800, Miss Knight embarked, with the Hamiltons, on board Nelson's ship, the *Foudroyant*, bound for Malta, touching at Syracuse. They returned to Palermo, and thence sailed to Leghorn. From that place they proceeded by land to England. The account of this homeward journey is interesting, as an episode in Nelson's life whereof his biographers have not taken much account. One of the passages, at least, is worthy of quotation:—

"At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops—even the milliners giving his name to particular dresses; but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavorable to them; for although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded. We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing up of L'Orient:—

'Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
Obedient to his summons flames arise;
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the ponderous mass is thrown.
The dire concussion shakes the land:
Earth, air and sea, united grow;
The solid pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock.'

"Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concert given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that this would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy—so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience; and he gave orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished; all of which made such an impression upon the mind of the prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts."

Miss Knight, who lived to be eighty years old, seems to have been well acquainted with various royal personages, and to have loved the Bourbons of France better than the Orleans family, as the following anecdote shows.

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper. 'Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and his majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces."

During the parade on Monday, Major Stevenson's battalion band played several concert pieces. One air, which was peculiarly mellifluous, excited the curiosity of a spectator to such a degree that he marched past the guard, and asked a bngler "the name of the piece you have just played." "That piece," drawled the exhausted musician, as he wiped his moistened brow, "is number s-i-x-t-e-e-n." "Thank you, sir," said the enquirer, "I owe you one.—*Courier*."

(For Dwight's Journal of Music.)

Churches and Church Music.

No. II.

TRINITY CHURCH.

St. Louis, June, 1861.—I will head my letter St. Louis, as it is concerning that city. I have to write, although I am still on the shore of Kenka Lake.

Trinity Church (Episcopal), St. Louis, is built after the style so prevalent in these provincial towns and almost seems out of place in a bustling city. It is Gothic, built of rough limestone, and is one of the neatest churches I ever saw. It has such a home-like air. It cost \$30,000, and is paid for. The Pastor, Rev. E. C. Hutchinson, is much loved and respected by his congregation. In all respects this church is a success. It stands on the corner of Eleventh street and Washington Avenue and was dedicated on June 2d. The organ was built by H. & W. Pitcher of St. Louis and is one of the finest here. It contains 28 stops, 2 manuals, 2 octaves pedal bass. The open diapasons are of tremendous power and the voicing of the stops generally beautifully done. It cost \$3,000.

The choir have always enjoyed the reputation of being the best in the West, and one of the best in the whole country. The soprano is Miss Annie Dean, so well known through the Philharmonic Society. Her voice is one of the most expressive we ever heard. In figure and style she more closely resembles Adelina Patti than any one else we ever heard. In compositions requiring great pathos she is unequalled. The Contralto, Mrs. E. Barnett, is blessed with one of the richest organs in the whole West, reaching with great power and volume E flat below the staff. Mr. S. Crowell, Tenor, has a sweet voice and is an excellent reader of Oratorio and concerted music. E. C. Catherwood is the Basso "Mosto" Profundissimo, his voice reaching with great effect down to C, B, A. Why Mr. Catherwood never made music a profession we cannot imagine. Organist, Mr. H. D. Hewitt. He is an amateur, though of great experience. He plays in the Philharmonic Society and has been unwearied in his efforts to promote the interest of that society, giving freely time and money. It would be proper then to say a word concerning the taste and expense Mr. Hewitt has been to in fitting up his piano store, believing as we do that every such thing should be encouraged. He has one of the stores in the new marble block on Fifth and Olive, consisting of three rooms the whole depth of that immense building, the finest building we have yet seen out of New York, one displaying exquisite taste in the architect. The basement is a shop for repairing, &c. The main floor is devoted to sheet music, and small instruments. The third room is the finest piano room we ever saw. Mr. H. has had the walls and ceiling painted at a great expense and furnished the room with luxurious carpets and furniture where the visitors can recline at ease while examining the pianos. May his business reward his taste and liberality. BROWN.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. Millard, the tenor, who is favorably known as a concert singer and clever composer, is with his regiment, the Seventy-First, and becoming quite popular from his successful efforts to add to the musical resources of his comrades-in-arms.

Madame Grisi is really making her last appearances in London, and consequently in England. The announcement has often been made before, and in order to enhance the eclat of the present engagement Mr. Gye has wisely bound the prima donna under heavy penalties not to sing in London for six years—which is tantamount to a definite prohibition. The operas selected for these farewell performances are as follows:—*Norma*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *Otello*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Les Huguenots*.

At the Royal Italian Opera, London, on Saturday, May 18. The London *Herald* thus speaks of her first appearance:—

An audience as numerous as the theatre could possibly contain were assembled to do honor to the occasion of Mad. Grisi's re-appearance, and the applause

that burst forth when the Norma of the evening entered was such as is seldom heard on any occasion. The sickle once in hand, Grisi was the Grisi of old. There was the same energy, the same grace, and the same fine, slow action so especially characteristic of this artist. The public listened for the familiar "sustained note" which precedes the "Casta Diva," and applauded it as they had done for so many years, and they took every possible opportunity of displaying their good feeling towards their old favorite throughout the opera. The expression of deep feeling with which the story of Adalgisa is listened to—the start at the entrance of Pollio—the indignant attack on him with the grand burst, "Ah, non tremare," and the share in the trio which follows, carried on the first act as a series of triumphs. And if Norma's share of the "Deh, con te" in the second act, was not what is used to be in vocal execution, the deficiency was quite atoned for by the pathos and beauty of the final duet with Pollio—"Qual cor tradisti"—and the appeals to Orovoso. The poetry, the passion and the intensity, with that requisite combination of dramatic with musical expression, bore the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and woke the reminiscences of the glories of bygone years. The cast of the other parts, with the exception that Madame Tiberini undertook that of Adalgisa, was the same as last year; the Pollio of Signor Tamberlik, and the Orovoso of M. Zelger, are too familiar to be commented on. Madame Grisi was enthusiastically called for at the end of the first act, and twice on the fall of the curtain; indeed the effect produced by her appearance indicated in every way the deep interest felt by the public in these which are now believed to be without doubt her final performances. The arrangements at the Royal Italian Opera for the week are, we believe, unprecedented. There is probably no record of any lyric theatre witnessing in one week the representation, under any circumstances, of five leading operas, certainly not produced in the effective manner which characterizes their production here.

The American prima donna, Virginia Whiting Lorini, seems to be reaping the reward of the arduous study she has devoted to her art. We have recently recorded her success in Berlin and Brussels, and have now to record a new and brilliant triumph in Paris. The journals are loud in her praise. We copy the following from the *Revue Critique*:

The Theatre Italien counts one more star. The debut of Madame Virginia Whiting Lorini has created the liveliest enthusiasm. This artist possesses a voice of the rarest timbre, great compass and marvellous flexibility; add to this an imposing figure, a radiant beauty (rare distinctions), and one can understand the interest excited by her appearance. Her triumph in "Ernani" was complete. She made the role of Elvira a veritable creation; 'twere impossible to more perfectly render all the beauties of this part. She was not less remarkable in "Semiramide," in whose inspired melodies she exhibited all the power and magic of her voice and her superb dramatic action. She has proved that she can render as felicitously the music of Rossini as of Verdi. In Madame Lorini the Parisian public have gained one of the most perfect illustrators of the modern Italian school.

A CHORUS BY THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS.—It is said that when the signal was given for the advance of the soldiers from Washington, when they reached the "Long Bridge" and were passing over, the three thousand patriots struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." The effect was grand beyond description.

A French Society called the "Cercle de L'Union Artistique," gave a musical festival at the *Theatre Italien*, Paris, May 14th. The great tenor Roger came expressly from Germany to support the principal character in *Fingal*, a new opera by Membree, for this occasion, and the orchestra was conducted by Felicien David.

The *Trovatore* of Milan announces that Verdi, yielding to the solicitations of Count Cavour and the expressed desire of the Emperor of Russia, is about to compose a new opera for the Italian theatre at St. Petersburg, and was consulting, in regard to the subject, with F. M. Piave, the poet.

The Musard concerts at the Champs Elysees were being well patronized.

Madame Laborde had concluded a brilliant engagement at the Royal Italian theatre at Berlin.

The celebrated Maestro Mercadante has been decorated, by the government of King Victor Emanuel, with the order of Saints Maurice and Lazare.

The Morelli Italian Opera troupe were at Leipzig, and were to go from thence to Breslau, and then to Dresden.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hurrah for the Banner of Red, White and Blue.

T. M. Brown. 25

A song for the Irish volunteers for the Union, adapted to a well-known Irish air. Dedicated by the author of the words to the Massachusetts' 12th (Col. Cass') Regiment.

I guess you'll be there.

J. Harroway. 25

Quite a pleasing trifle with a slight touch of the humorous about it.

Instrumental Music.

La Prière exaucée. (The Prayer granted.) Answer to the Maiden's Prayer. T. Badarzewska. 30

This new piece from the pen of the authoress of the charming piano piece, known by the name of the "Maiden's Prayer," will soon begin its pilgrimage over this continent, and finally be found on every piano, as it is not an attempt to make capital out of the unbounded popularity of the latter, as some might suppose, but really a bright, sparkling, captivating nocturne, such as the press brings forth but very few.

Grand Parade March.

S. Glover. 50

A spirited march, in six-eight time, easy. The title-page is adorned with a brilliant illustrated sketch representing a body of soldiers trooping the colors before the commanding officer.

Band Music.

DITSON'S SELECT BRASS BAND MUSIC; (on Cards). For 14 Instruments, but can be used for a less number if desirable, namely, 2 E flat Cornets; 3 B flat Cornets; 2 E flat Altos; 2 B flat Baritone; 1 B flat Bass Tuba, or Ophicleide; 1 E flat or F Bass Tuba; Bass Drum; Cymbals, and Side Drum. Parties in want of a good selection of Music for Bands, will find this unexceptionable. It comprises:

1. Prime Donna Waltz, Jullien.
 2. Katy Darling; Lilly Dale.
 3. I would that my love, Mendelssohn.
 4. Do they miss me at home; Thou art gone from my gaze.
 5. When the swallows homeward fly.
 6. Gentle Nettie Moore; Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
 7. Syracuse Polka.
 8. Anvil Chorus.
 9. Serenade, by Schubert.
 10. Coquette Polka.
 11. Gipsy Polka.
 12. National Schottische.
 13. Sontag Polka.
 14. Fast March.
 15. Walt for the wagon; Jordan Quickstep.
 16. Wedding March.
 17. Elfin Waltz, Labitzky.
 18. Evening Star Waltz, Lanner.
 19. Shells of Ocean, and Silver Lake Waltz.
 20. 'Tis the last rose of Summer; Home, sweet Home.
 21. Roy's Wife of Aldiva-Boeh; My lodging is on the cold ground; Anne Lann.
 22. Washington's March; Our Flag is there.
 23. Hall Columbia; Star Spangled Banner.
 24. God save the king; Yankee Doodle.
 25. Silvery Shower.
 26. Prison Song.
 27. Love-not Quickstep.
 28. Ever of thee.
 29. Medley—Dearest Spot and Darling Nelly Gray.
 30. Departed Days, Serenade.
 31. O, Summer Night, Don Pasquale.
 32. Marseilles Hymn.
 33. La Norma March.
 34. Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.
 35. Wood-up Quickstep.
 36. Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz.
 37. Serious Family Polka.
 38. Sultan's Polka.
 39. Dead March in "Saul," Handel.
 40. Ellipse Polka.
 41. On to the Field.
 42. Dixie's Land.
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Musical by MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 482.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 13.

June.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I gaze upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand—my grave to make—
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away! I will not think of these—
Blue the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell,
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound?

I know, I know I should not see,
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb

These to their softened heart should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Objects of Musical Education and their Time.

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these

questions must always be the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked, What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and, what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and forever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

SONG.

We have already said that if possible every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more especially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is *the living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shrill pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered not quite untruly as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence, now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands

assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relation of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier, but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother which allures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skillfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens. Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practice it as far as possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

An Opera Rehearsal and Performance.

Castil-Blaze gives a detailed account of an opera rehearsal in Paris, which we translate for the benefit of those who are curious about the movements of actors behind the scenes.

"When a new opera is to be studied, the singers meet at the study-room to rehearse their parts around the pianoforte, at which Henri Potier, an excellent accompanist, officiates. The author presides, and the leader of the orchestra, who wishes to make himself familiar with the score, is present. Not less able than his confrère, M. Dietsch, the other leader, has the chorus under his direction, and exercises them in the great hall on the second floor, *procul negotiis*. The dancers prepare themselves with the ballet master, in their foyer, and two violinists, rehearsers of the dance, regulate their movements.

When the singers almost know their parts, they meet at the theatre, where the obscure light does not often allow them to see their score, and they must accustom themselves to perform from memory. Besides this, the prompter is at his post. After some rehearsals as they sit or stand around the stage, the manager, M. Leroy, admirable instructor and erudite comedian, calls the actors up, and, in concert with the author, causes them to act at the same time that they sing their parts. Then everything is arranged in such a way that each personage takes or quits his position, goes to the right or left, or retires, always following the movement and sentiment which the orchestra requires. The instrumental portions which should animate and support the stage action, are modified at the different rehearsals, so that the actor may achieve the desired effect without trouble and with ease. An entrance, an exit or a meeting is twenty or thirty times repeated. In times past these trials were supported by a quintette of violins. Now a piano suffices until the rehearsal becomes general.

The choristers then unite with the principals. The leader of the orchestra takes his place, and leads a double quintette to accompany them. The same ceremony is renewed for the dancers and the corps de ballet. The orchestra has one general rehearsal. The manner in which the overture in "William Tell" was performed at first sight, to Rossini's great surprise, proves that this is not absolutely necessary; but this rehearsal is useful for the collation of the parts. As they are forced to stop every moment or two to correct errors in the manuscript, it is not thought necessary to retain the singers for the rehearsal, which would be useless to them. The decorations are fixed and changed for the *mise en scène*. The scenery, which must move in harmony with the music, the moon, the sun, the thunder, cannon, would be blamed if they worked out of place. A general rehearsal is given, and the stage is occupied only by the performers. Madame displays her whole *toilette*; every one is at his post, and the authors remove to the auditorium. Sometimes a last trial is made in full costume.

The leader of the orchestra has an epitome of the score only before him, arranged in five parts: the first violin; the commencement of the music of the wooden wind instruments; the brass instruments; the vocal part which leads off, and the orchestral bass. The whole score is a useless embarrassment, as the leader has no other occupation than that of turning over the leaves without having the time to read them.

"We must have a representation to-morrow." "Impossible! the opera is not ready, they don't know it well enough." "No matter, it must be done!" "You don't come to the rehearsals; come and judge if—." "I shall be careful not to come, for I shall think as you do, and I absolutely require that it shall be performed to-morrow. It must be done."

This concise but pointed dialogue echoes but too often in our provincial theatres. It is there in particular that an opera is pushed forward before the public, and the fruit is gathered, before it shows signs of maturity. Still I have seen miserable, frightful rehearsals, followed by a very satisfactory performance. When the curtain is up each one redoubles his care and attention, for the moment is serious and decisive.

They call *comparses* (supernumeraries) those persons who appear on the stage to swell the singing and dancing crowd, without taking part with them. Soldiers are frequently employed for this purpose. They know how to march in time to the music. Four hundred soldiers of Biron's regiment manœuvred on the stage at Versailles in *Ernelinde*. Eight hundred people were seen at the same time in *La Tour Enchantée*. We have seen seven hundred at the Opera in the hell of *La Tentation*.

When the curtain falls on the first act, the talk turns on the triumph or the recall of the actors; very different things. A triumph is the result of an enthusiastic success, when a favorite actor, already recalled during the performance, returns at the piece to carry away his harvest of bouquets and crowns. When these prepared projectiles are thrown upon the stage in a transport of admiration; when the ladies throw the masses of rich, brilliant flowers which they have held all the evening, this unpremeditated act doubles the excitement of the audience. But if the crowns fall from the balconies and fourth row boxes, we may readily conclude that the laurels and dahlias, two cents a bunch, were purchased beforehand, betraying a foreordained, organized, success, sustained by *claqueurs* prompt to recall the actor by furious acclamations. These crowns, at three francs a dozen, can be made cheaper yet; for they are picked up, carried back through the lobbies, and thrown again, when the triumphal farce ends in a general furor.

I am astonished that in these days of extravagant hyperbole, people are mistaken enough to call the triumph of an actor or actresses an *ovation*. A hundred oxen were immolated for the triumph of a hero; a single sheep, *ovis*, figured at the sacrifice offered to the least of triumphers. It is because of this sheep, of which the *claqueurs* distribute cutlets (*côtelettes*), that these nice etymologists keep the derisive word *ovation*. Perhaps you know that, in the *claqueur* slang, a salvo of applause is called a *côtelette*.

It was at Marseilles that I saw dramatic bouquets of the most elegant and sumptuous character and colossal form, a yard wide and proportionately tall, where camelias figured of every color on a white base. Only the machinist would have been able to manage the descent of these bouquets, and that by the name of pulleys. Mme. Laborde sang once an inconceivable rhapsody called *Le Rossignol*, in the grand theatres at Bourdeaux. She had hardly finished her cavatina, when a monstrous bouquet, awkwardly thrown from the back of a box, struck her directly in the face, overthrew her with its force, and prevented the continuation of the piece.

The performance being over, the principals assume their ordinary dress, and go home in carriages. All that is related of the manners of the Academy is much exaggerated; besides, in other society, the great world presents irregularities equally deserving of blame. Self-love, pride, the rivalry of the talent and success, separate hearts that love should unite. Artists have little sympathy for artists. If they sail on the same waters, follow the same career, they detest each other like brothers.

Would you like to follow these two joyous—or at least, singing and dancing crowds? Place yourself in a dark passage, almost subterranean, opening on the *rue Drouot*, with a damp, dirty pavement. There, at midnight, three or four times a week, a wooden door turns on its hinges, and the young enthusiast for the seductions of the opera, and the ballet in particular, does not dream of its use. From this ignoble egress come forth wrapped in mantles, cloaks, shawls, capes of every age and color, with feet coarsely shod, and tippeted necks, these Olympian deities, these wood nymphs, willis, naiads, peris, just before the object of your passionate admiration. You will find around this door but rare instances of French gallantry, awaiting the joy of offering to some solitary sylph their arms and umbrellas at the moment when

See pieds, ses petit pieds de comtesse andalouse.

are about to sink into a sea of mud to escape the cars, not drawn by doves.

"Poor girls!" you will say, in seeing them thus thread the damp pavement. But I should not say, "Poor fellows!" on seeing conscripts in a trench, with water to their knees, affronting an enemy's fire in a chilling and penetrating frost. Is one poor, with two treasures in his possession? two treasures which shine, sparkle to our eyes with all imaginable marvels, whose seductions animate our courage and make us brave famine and plague? two treasures such a youth and hope? These conscripts follow the career of marshal of the empire. These ballet-girls see their shoulders covered with cashmeres, bosoms resplendent in diamonds, ravishing crinolines, destined to press the cushions of sumptuous carriages. These debutant warriors, these naive damsels, are sounding the first notes of the gamut; if they do not reach the culminating point, they may attain, midway, a comfortable mediocrity.—*Boston Musical Times*.

Nigger Minstrelsy in England.

About a quarter of a century since, a large proportion of the people of London gave themselves up to one of those fits of idolatry which seems so strangely at variance with the generally phlegmatic character of our race. For the first time they were made familiar with the sort of negro who forms an element of modern American life; and the hideous laugh, the wild gestures, and strange dialect with which they regaled by the celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," produced in them such a novel mixture of wonder and delight that they could not do less than fall down and worship their eccentric instructor. So "Jim Crow" became a fixed idea with the Cockneys, referred to in countless ways and manifested in countless shapes. To the chimney-pieces of the middle classes, where Tom, Jerry, and Logic, Madame Vestris as Giovanna, and Liston as Paul Pry, had previously been placed as household "gods," the effigy of the shabby negro was elevated with all honor, and aspiring youths who were famed for "a good song" regarded a successful imitation of Mr. Rice's vocal performances as an object worthy of the most soaring ambition. Then the burden of Jim Crow's song, "Turn about, wheel about," illustrated by a rotatory movement on the part of the singer, was caught with avidity by the small satirists of the day, who, when they wished to stigmatize statesmen or journals with an habitual readiness to change their political principles, found an apt and universally intelligible illustration of their meaning in the revolving figure of Jim Crow.

There is no doubt that Mr. Rice's performances was of a kind entirely novel to Europe, and that his representation of the negro of modern life must be set down as an important item in that course of ethnological instruction which, at long intervals is given to the body of the people at places of public amusement. The comic black, who had become a familiar figure to the Londoners prior to the arrival of Mr. Rice, was a fanciful personage, whose neatly striped dress, red slippers, bare legs, and huge ear-rings separated him completely from the actual world, and he was accepted as a convention, like the ordinary figures of pantomimes. The learned, we believe, have decided that the old stage black borrowed his dress from the negroes of the Spanish colonies; but that was a point which the playgoers never thought to investigate thirty years ago, when they were perfectly content to behold a citizen of their own day attired after the fashion immortalized by Hogarth, and found nothing exceptional in a Falstaff who appeared as a sort of military Punchinello, with obvious leanings towards the costume of William III. The black man with the blue and white stripes was the black whom everybody went to see, without asking any questions as to his origin; and a very funny fellow he was. From the stage he has now passed away, but his literary monument may be found in the old musical comedy, the "Padlock," to the perusal of which those of our readers who care about the stage may not unprofitably devote a spare hour. Mungo in the "Padlock" in the best specimen of the old conventional black.

No contrast could be more complete than that between the exceedingly neat negro to whom we have just referred and the ragged, uncouth vagabond who was introduced to the Londoners by "Jim Crow Rice." But in his very shabbiness there was an attraction. "*Le laid, coïlé le beau*," is said to have been the æsthetical maxim adopted by Victor Hugo when he composed the story of Quasimodo, and there is no doubt that the shabby—not in character, but in costume—is greatly relished by the play-goers of every grade. The charm of the "Wandering Minstrel," represented by Mr. Robson to the delight of the most aristocratic audience, lies not only in his song and in his dialect, but in his tatters; and an Irishman who fastens his coat with a skewer, and substitutes a hayband for a stocking, is welcomed not only as a man and a brother, but as a peculiarly interesting member of the species. In song, dance, rags, dialect, and gesticulation, Mr. Rice was alike acceptable, and the world was surprised to find that a black face could be associated with attributes once monopolized by the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. Billy Waters, the one-legged black fiddler, copied (if not literally taken) from the streets to embellish "Tom and Jerry," and Agamemnon, the attendant negro of the elder Mr. Charles Matthews's "Jonathan in England," had indeed preceded Jim Crow, and had learned their share of notoriety, but they were too much in the background to become the leading idols of a period; and although the respect paid to Billy Waters amounted to a sort of hero-worship, heightened by the circumstance that he was a fact as well as a figure, he had a formidable rival in Dusty Bob, who still lives in memory as the type of the old London Dustman.

The worship of Jim Crow was short-lived as it was ardent; for though his performance was novel, it could be very easily imitated and an English actor named Dunn, who simply copied Mr. Rice, was soon considered his successful rival by the lower class of playgoers, whose opinion with respect to certain branches of art is by no means to be despised. What with the original, and his imitators, and the repetitions of the "Turn about" song in every nook and corner, people began to think the comic negro a bore, just as about eight years since a decided distaste for the pious negro succeeded the rage for Uncle Tom. Jim Crow had been forgotten for something less than ten years when negro humor appeared before the public in an entirely new shape. Instead of donning the tattered coat and hat which Mr. Rice had made popular, or bringing into fashion the discarded blue and white suit of his predecessors, the new artistic negroes accoutred themselves in evening suits of black—perfect English gentlemen in every particular save the face. Mr. Rice has displayed his talent in broad Adelphi farces; but Messrs. Pell and Co. eschewed stage-plays, and got up an entertainment which even the Evangelical classes might patronize without inward misgiving. Their maxim was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, and instead of inviting a roar from the assemblage of an ordinary gallery, they settled themselves in the most western theatre, and courted the smiles and the tears of the aristocratic. They sang about the joys and sorrows incident to negro life; and though some of their comic ditties were absurdities compared to which "Hot Codlins" is a work of high literary art, there was a freshness in their tone that gratified the most fastidious ears, while the more pathetic melodies were not only pleasing in themselves, but frequently accompanied words that, rather in sorrow than in anger, hinted at the miseries of slavery, and therefore accorded with the serious convictions of many of the audience. The form of the entertainment, too, was entirely novel. The minstrels sat in a row of which the two extremities were respectively occupied by the artists on the "bones" and the tambourine. These, who were somewhat more in the foreground than the players on the banjo and violin, were the humorists of the party, throwing themselves into a grotesque attitude during the performance of the music, and filling up the interval of song with verbal jokes of the kind in which the clowns of equestrian ring are wont to

indulge. Mr. Pell, who himself was "bones"—for the word at last came to denote the player as well as the instrument—had really favored London with a new sensation. With the castanet, as the accompaniment to the elegant Spanish dances of Taglioni and Duvernay, everybody had become familiar; but this primitive rattle played with the most frantic contortions, was something entirely without precedent.

At first a few unreasonable grumblers endeavored to stem the popularity of Mr. Pell's company by declaring that the artists were not real blacks, but only white musicians with black faces. This pretended discovery was no discovery at all. Far from wishing to pass themselves off for veritable niggers, Pell and Co., as free-born American citizens, would have bitterly resented the suspicion that they had the least drop of black blood in their veins; so they lost no time in publishing portraits of themselves, with the white faces bestowed upon them by nature, in addition to others in which they wore the sable hue of their profession. Moreover, they styled themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," thus selecting the name of the African country totally disconnected with negro slavery.

The popularity of "Jim Crow" was a rage among the middle and lower classes; but the "Ethiopians" set a fashion in the strictest sense of the word. The highest personages in the land patronised their performances. An ingenious young gentleman who could play on the banjo and sing "Lucy Neal" or "Buffalo Gals" was a welcome guest in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms; and if four amateurs clubbed together and imitated the entire performance of the professors, they were regarded as benefactors to their species. Let the music-books of the year 1846 and thereabouts be turned over, and it will be found what an enormous influence the Pell company had over the social pianoforte performances of their day. But though the Ethiopians started under aristocratic patronage, there was nothing in the nature of their entertainment to favor a continuance of exclusiveness. Italian operas and French plays will always repel the masses, from the simple circumstance that the words employed are in a foreign language, but there was nothing either in the humor or in the music of Pell's company that could not be as readily appreciated in St. Giles's as in St. James's. Consequently the people rushed into the participation of an enjoyment so keenly relished by the upper classes, and not only did imitators of the Ethiopians spring up in the cheapest concert rooms, but a band of itinerant black musicians became as necessary as an appurtenance of the London streets as Punch's show or a barrel-organ, much to the discomfiture of lovers of quiet in general, and of Dr. Bab-bage in particular.

Among the higher classes, the predilection for Ethiopian minstrelsy apparently died out, but in the lower stratum of society the tradition of Pell was faithfully preserved; and recent events show that even in the fashionable world the love of banjos and black faces was rather in abeyance than utterly extinct. Though negro melody and negro wit had been so done to death in every shape and every quarter, that they seemed on the point of descending into a mere street nuisance, important only to the police, the arrival of the "Christy's Minstrels," about four years since, revived the dormant flame. A host of well-dressed folks were again heard to declare that Ethiopian minstrelsy was the most amusing thing in London, and the pianoforte books were once more filled with songs testifying to the popularity of the new favorites among the select classes of the metropolis.

And the Christy's Minstrels have kept their ground. Pell and Co. founded the taste, which long survived its originators; but the Christy's have secured a permanent existence to their own corporate body. Their principal comic artist died, their manager retired with a fortune in his pocket; but they appointed a new humorist and subjected themselves to a new chief, and their corporate existence has been no more affected by the ordinary casualties of life than that of the

Merchant Tailor's Company. They have likewise established a regular form of entertainment which is universally recognized; and to this form their competitors, the "Buckley's" and the "Campbell's," generally adhere. The first part of the exhibition consists of a concert in which the performers appear in black evening suits, and play, sing, and joke after the model set by Pell and his associates. There is, however, this difference, that the sentimental songs are commonly without reference to the peculiarities of negro life, and are not unfrequently composed by leading musicians, such as Balfe and Wallace. The second part is miscellaneous, and contains a great deal of grotesque dancing, together with a comic scene or two, in which the shabby vagabond negro of "Jim Crow Rice" once more makes his appearance. A burlesque of some well known Italian Opera concludes the whole. If we consider that all this is done, and exceedingly well done, by a company not above twelve strong, we shall have just cause to wonder at the concentration of talent, musical, histrionic, and gymnastic, that has been accomplished in the formation of the troop, and still more, to a marvel at its vitality. When the Arlecchino of an old Italian company died, his loss was regarded as a terrible calamity, the extemporaneous character of the "Commedie dell arte" requiring accomplishments of no ordinary kind; and it would seem that only a rare combination of muscular, vocal, and mimetic powers would enable a man to be chief comedian of the Christy's. So firmly is nigger minstrelsy now established as one of the leading amusements of the metropolis, that London without its regular black band would seem shorn of a necessary appurtenance. The banjo is thrummed all the year round; for when the "Christy's" retire to swallow a mouthful of fresh air and to pick up a pocketful of money in the provinces, the Buckley's or the Campbell's are quick to relieve guard, and make a very respectable figure.

Those who look on everything with a serious face will find in the popularity of nigger minstrelsy among the educated classes a singular illustration of the close connexion that exists between Puritanism and extreme frivolity. Scores of persons who would think it wicked to see the highest work of dramatic art performed by the finest company in the world, will, with the utmost complacency, spend a long evening in listening to trivial jokes, provided they cannot be convicted of "going to the play." It is not that these persons object to the theatre as an edifice, for they will unscrupulously enter any playhouse in London to witness the tricks of a conjurer; neither are they particularly averse to the dramatic form of entertainment, for this is constantly employed in their presence by the artists they delight to patronize. But they must not "go to the play on any consideration, and the distinction they draw is sufficiently practical to prevent the patronage of all that is elevating in the drama and to promote the encouragement of all that is trivial.

There is something melancholy in the fact that a form of religion has widely spread, which manifestly tends to lower the civilization of the educated classes; but those who are content to take things as they find them may agreeably spend an evening with the "Christy's Minstrels," and respect them as a clever sort of artists, who have thoroughly understood how to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and deport themselves ably and conscientiously in their singular vocation.—*London paper.*

Sunday Music on the Common.

Some time since I delivered a lecture on amusements, in which I took a position deemed heretical by the *Boston Recorder*, and other "evangelical journals." It seemed to me at the time, that the suggestion I made was a legitimate one, and certain facts which have since come to my knowledge serve to strengthen that impression. With your permission, sir, I will make my statement over again, and leave the remedy for the evils, which it is full time we should grapple with, to others, if that which I advocate is not satisfactory. My desire is to see

some force brought to bear on the class of which I spoke.

There is in Boston church-accommodation for about one-half its inhabitants. Were every seat in every church occupied on the Sabbath, there would be from seventy-five to a hundred thousand people who do not hear the Gospel preached. I do not mean by this statement to cut the city in halves, and say this half always attends church, and that half never does. Many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were in the street, will on the next Sunday be in church; and many of the seventy-five thousand who last Sunday were at church, will next Sunday be in the street. I am very glad to correct the wrong impression which most men have when a statement is made that there is church accommodation for only half the people of the city, and to say that as many as two-thirds of our population are, to a greater or lesser extent, under the influence of the Christian pulpit.

But there is a class of men and women, and a large one it is, who, from one year's end to another, never enter a church. They can hardly remember the time when the preacher's voice was heard by them, so far as they are concerned, the pulpit is wholly useless. A part only of this class are reached by the various missions of the city. The ministry to the poor, which is doing more good than all the other religious organizations of the city put together, does in some way touch the hearts of the very many, and help them towards a higher life. But every city missionary will tell you sadly, that the most promising efforts which he makes are very uncertain. If he makes a conversion to-day, he feels that it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for the converted one, and see that every possible incentive to right living is offered, since the temptations are so many and so strong, that the lapse from good resolutions are things of daily experience.

Now, besides the number of those who are most effectively acted upon by the missionary, there is a last class, from twenty to thirty thousand strong, who never have any good influence brought to bear on them. They never enter our churches, and are as ignorant of the value of Sunday worship as the Chinese. They are not influenced by the missionary, for he finds it impossible to get at them. This large class is composed of our dangerous men and women. They are often found in our jails and houses of correction. They live certainly not by honest labor, rather by begging and stealing. And Sunday is their gala-day. They find more dupes and victims than at any other time. The spread their snares, make their worst appointments and accomplish more on that day than on any other.

Now, sir, the question arises, How can this be remedied? Will you flood the streets with missionaries, who at every corner shall preach the Gospel to all who are willing to hear? I will join in that plan most heartily, and I will see that my Society bears its full portion of the expense of such an enterprise. But since this might be voted a Utopian rather than a practical scheme, what remedy do you offer that shall have immediate effect? What can you do to get those people out of their haunts, and give them a good impression? My plan, and it is not a novel one, was this. Station one or more bands of music on the Common; and on the most dangerous day of the week, the Sabbath, let those people whom you cannot coax into a church, be gathered together, to breathe the fresh air, and listen to music, rather than to the oaths which alone they are accustomed to hear. The influence could not be bad. The experiment could not fail of accomplishing good. Religious impression is what you want to give them; and will the Boston Recorder say that this cannot be done by music? If you cannot reach them by any other way, will you leave them to their doom, simply because this seems a somewhat novel, though, many chances to one, a very efficient missionary force?

For one, I am willing to urge the movement with all my might. I have no doubt that every Sabbath would produce its good results. The haunts of vice and the homes of poverty would be penetrated, if not pervaded by an influence that would soon produce good fruit. I have taken pains to notice how such a suggestion strikes the poorer classes. I have talked with intelligent men, members of these classes, who know only too well how many are the needs of those they represent. And one put his hand on my shoulder, and said sadly: "Yes, we should all go to the Common, though God knows we don't go to church; you church people don't know anything about us, you will never give us so good a thing as that. You don't care for us; you only say you do." He turned away sadly, and I felt that we didn't understand his caste of men and women.

The above-mentioned paper says the apostles would have been surprised if one had mentioned a

brass band as an evangelizing power; but certainly the surprise would not have been greater than that with which, if they were present with us, they would peruse the columns of the Boston Recorder.

Some time ago, when there was music on the Common twice a week, it was noticed that the police reports contained only about half the number of arrests for drunkenness on those nights. It only shows that the right kind of people were on the Common; that a brass band was an evangelized power of no slight importance. And if such results could be attained again, the sooner we make music a religious fixture the better. I hope some of our Boston philanthropists will undertake the work as soon as the weather permits.—G. H. H., in *Christian Register*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from *La France Musicale*.

Un Fanatico per la Musica.

The scene we are about to describe, took place not long ago, at St. Petersburg. The journal, *le Nord* published the account originally and we reproduce it. It concerns one Alessandro Lazarev, a genuine *fanatico per la musica*, a *soi disant* unappreciated genius who felt himself called upon to bring about a revolution in the art of music and who, for some eight or ten years, has persisted in obliging the public to hear his symphonies, oratorios, overtures, hymns, &c. His productions indeed, are not entirely wanting in ideas, or in melodies, sometimes sufficiently new; but this unfortunate composer does not possess even the most elementary notions about counterpoint, or of figured bass and consequently he writes scores utterly impossible to be executed by instruments; in a word, perfect *charivari* music. Criticism has told him so several times, but he will not listen to reason and answers by abuse with which he fills great posters three metres long, for lack of any journal that will publish his prose. As you see, he is a maniac, a sort of Russian Wagner.

About a month ago, appeared a pamphlet: "*Lazarev and Beethoven*," with portraits of the two personages on the cover. The purpose of this document, without signature, was to prove to the public of St. Petersburg that it was a fool and an ignoramus that it did not understand that the *Signore Alessandro Lazarev, amico de Rossini* (so he styles himself in his notices and posters) was by far the superior of the author of *Fidelio* and the *Pastoral Symphony*.

The anonymous writer, styling himself "Counselor of State and Chevalier of several orders," proposed to appear before the public at the first concert of Lazarev, ready to maintain against all comers the right of his protégé to the title of a *composer of genius*. It was supposed at first that there was some humbug about this, but in about ten days appeared a placard announcing for the 29th of March a grand concert of Slavic music of our Wagner, "for the benefit of the Christians in Syria, and *d'apropos* of the Lazarev and Beethoven pamphlet," at which would be also performed music by Beethoven, so that the public might compare and judge.

An announcement so absurd attracted the crowd. The scandal was smelt afar off, but the result entirely surpassed their expectations. Never was anything so great seen in any concert hall of the old or new world.

The hall of the *Club des Bourgeois* (maison Iakountchikov) was full an hour before the time for the concert, and for a wonder, the doors were found thrown wide open, and no ticket taker before them. Those poor Christians of Syria will have no chance at all. All our musical celebrities, artists and critics came to see how *l'amico di Rossini* would make that scamp of a Beethoven come down from his pedestal. The orchestra was composed of the first artists of the capital. At half-past two comes the hero of the occasion; he distributes the parts to the musicians with his own hands and ascends his place with a triumphant air.

In Russia they love courage and intrepidity. The

maestro bows with dignity and gives the signal to the orchestra. The first *morceau* is executed amid profound silence; however, by degrees they begin to make interruptions and quite boisterous laughs are heard among the audience and even among the musicians. When the piece is ended, for better or for worse, the public calls vociferously for the author of the pamphlet to present his argument. Alessandro Lazarev appears again to announce that the "Counselor of State and chevalier of several orders, Markov is indisposed; but that he is not an imaginary personage. He exists, and those who have any doubt about it can clear up their doubts at his lodgings at the Bridge *Alartchine*." General laughter in the audience.

The second piece was about to begin when suddenly an individual with long curly hair, a musical critic well known and highly esteemed, mounts a chair and asks to be heard. Leave was immediately given and he proceeds, "Gentlemen," said the improvised orator, "you have heard the first piece of this illustrious composer, and it has given you a complete idea of the calibre of his talent. Shall the author of such a cacophony be permitted to couple his name with that of the greatest of composers? Is it not an unworthy speculation, and shall not we be right in throwing rotten potatoes at him who has dared to humbug us in this fashion?"

This sally was received with unanimous bravos. Lazarev, not admitting himself to be conquered, rushes to the tribune, (that is, his desk) and asks for silence and the attention of the audience. "Listen, gentlemen, listen I pray you to my overture; you shall then hear one of Beethoven's; then you can make the comparison. As to this gentleman who has just spoken, I despise him and laugh at his opinion." So saying, he gave the signal again to the orchestra, and the overture began.

This bravado lent fire to the powder. The audience rose noisily, and cried; "Stop, stop your *charivari*! You are splitting our ears! This is too bad! The fanatical maestro throws himself into all sorts of attitudes, continuing to direct the orchestra. The patience of the public is exhausted. They make missiles of the handbills, and of every thing they can lay hands upon, and throw them from all sides at the head of the rival of Beethoven. He still holds his ground, although part of the musicians have taken flight; the tumult in the audience rises with the row in the orchestra. At last some individuals rush to the platform and intimate to Lazarev a hint to beat a retreat. He tries to resist, but the numbers of the besiegers being always *crescendo*, the unhappy maestro is soon dragged off by a crowd that insults, pushes, crowds and finally hustles him out of the hall.

This is the way that with us, they encourage innovators, pioneers of musical reform and people who wish to create music such as no one ever heard! In this respect St. Petersburg is as barbarous as Paris. There they hiss the *Tannhäuser*, and do not wish to listen to the music of the future. We must suppose that the music of Lazarev is of a still more distant future, since it draws down upon him kicks instead of hisses.

Music Gardens of Berlin.

Out of the well known street, *unter den Linden*, passing through the magnificent Brandenburg gate, the suburb seeker finds himself in the Thier-Garten, a vast park through which runs a wide avenue lined with poplars and lindens, and leading to Charlottenburg. This park, though just outside the wall of a populous city, is as wild and as densely overgrown with trees as a primeval forest. Here and there are little lakes, which, it must be confessed, are generally stagnant and suggestive of miniature dismal swamps, indeed, the Thier Garten is rather damp than otherwise, but this is the only drawback to one of the noblest parks in existence. In one part of it is Kroll's, a sort of theatre and open-air garden, one of the characteristic features of Berlin amusements. It

is a really splendid building, the principal apartment being an immense and elegant hall, profusely decorated, lighted up with huge chandeliers, and provided with a stage and the usual accessories.

Here, every night at six o'clock, an opera is performed in German; Flotow, Weber, and Lortzing being the most popular composers. The band is excellent, and the singers above mediocrity. You never hear an old, worn-out, feeble singer. Voice, voice, voice, seems to be the first requisite, and the German operatic artists of Kroll's always possess this essential element of success. Between the acts everybody, male and female, Herr and Frau, and Fraulein, and Kinder, go out to the adjoining rooms to revel in beer. Were I to send to you a statistical report of the immense size of the glasses from which the Teutonic nectar is imbibed, I should be scouted as another Baron Munchausen. Having drank as much beer as would fill an ordinary bathing tub, the Kroll visitor is summoned by a bell to listen to the next act; which over, off he, she or they rush for more beer. So after the second act. Ditto after the third act. Then after the last act all go into the garden to drink beer indefinitely.

These gardens are very pretty, and are illuminated with revolving cones of gas jets, and furnished with seats and tables. While the people drink and smoke the orchestra takes its place on a platform and plays divinely. Now it is the weird overture to Oberon—now the grand Coronation March of Meyerbeer's Prophets—now one of the witching waltzes of Labitzky or Lanner, or the still more enchanting strains of Strauss. So for an hour or two more the festivities are kept up till about half-past ten o'clock, when it is all over. The entrance to the garden, entitling you only to hear the orchestral music before and after the opera, is seven cents—inclusive of the opera, from 20 to 25 cents, according to the place. There are other cheaper music gardens in and about Berlin, open every night.—*Corr. of N. Y. Evening Post.*

MUSIC IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—Another exercise which should enter into every scheme of primary instruction, is vocal music. Its claims to public recognition as a regular school exercise, rest upon its value as a means of cultivating the ear to a nice discrimination of sounds, and of the vocal organs to an accurate utterance of the notes of the gamut—upon the rich and pure fountain of enjoyment which it opens to its possessors—but especially upon its blessed and tranquilizing influence upon the minds and hearts of the children in the school-room. As an auxiliary in government, its aid is invaluable. When some excitement has ruffled the temper, or perturbed the spirits of the little school community, it comes like a messenger of peace, and the swelling breast is calm. When the mind is weary with application, it yields to the power of song, and returns to its labor refreshed and strengthened. We all know the strange power of music upon our own feelings, and can readily see that upon the susceptible natures of children this influence is greatly enhanced. Unlike almost everything else, music would seem to be an unmixed good.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

THE NATIONAL HYMN.—The committee on the national hymn announce that the time for the reception of manuscripts by them has expired, and that no more will be admitted to competition. The number already in their hands is over eleven hundred and fifty. The public will see at once that the examination and comparison of such a mass of manuscript matter must be a work of some time. The committee therefore ask the indulgence of those who are interested in this subject; and they take this opportunity of saying to contributors that the first announcement of their decision will be made publicly, and that personal inquiry upon that subject will be entirely in vain.

MAUNSELL B. FIELD, Secretary.
New York, June 21.

Musical Correspondence.

TOWNSEND, MASS., JUNE 22.—During a recent tour through the West, we chanced to tarry for a short period in Shelbyville, a small town in the interior of Kentucky, famed in the regions thereabout for its educational institutions of which there are five,—two for males and three for females—all of them in quite a flourishing condition. It was the anniversary occasion in some of the schools, and public exhibitions were being held for the benefit of numerous friends and patrons of the various institutions. On the morning of the 12th inst., we were privileged

with listening to the silvery eloquence of a few zealous sons of the South, as they held forth to a very respectable audience seated in a delightful grove, in front of one of the principal buildings to the Episcopal College. The orations were, on the whole, creditable to the young gentlemen, who delivered them—if we except two or three, who seemed anxious to exhibit their independence by advocating the claims of the South—urging the chivalric sons of Kentucky to unite their fortunes with those of the rebel Confederacy. We were gratified to learn, however, that Shelbyville is eminently a Union place—her most distinguished and respectable citizens declaring unconditionally in favor of the *Constitution* and the *Law*. Secession is below par, and few can be found bold enough to declare their treasonable sentiments even if entertained. Would it were so throughout the whole length and breadth of the State.

On the evening of the same day our attention was arrested by the appearance of a programme for a concert, to be given in the Presbyterian Church by the young ladies of Shelbyville Female College. Of course, there was no resisting such an attraction, and, accordingly—we soon found ourselves closely wedged in among an immense and brilliant audience, all seemingly intent on being pleased, judging by the indiscriminate clamor of applause, which succeeded each and every performance. In both instrumental and vocal pieces, the efforts of the young ladies were most admirably seconded by the magic tones of the Professor's violin—so skillfully superadded as effectually to cover all defects and finish up the whole with remarkable eclat. But the crowning attraction of the evening was *Iliawatha Schottisch*, quite ostentatiously set forth as a composition of Talexty (but in reality one of Bellak's easy Duets), for six Pianos, twenty-four performers."

Being simply an amateur in the fine arts, we could scarcely comprehend the manner in which the terms of the programme could be fulfilled—*forty fingers on one piano!* That must necessarily put nearly all the keys in motion, especially on a "six octave"—but, in due time, the enigma was solved—twenty-four young ladies made their appearance—seated at their pianos, each using but one hand! Truly the people out West are munificent in the bestowal of commendation; and the ingenious little German Professor, to whom the credit of the arrangement belongs, seems to understand very well how to call forth the applause of the multitude.

We would venture to suggest, that all instructors of music, in our female seminaries might learn from this and adopt a similar plan, as one well calculated to produce the impression of rare musical skill, on part of both teachers and pupils, and this without so great an expenditure of time and labor as is usually employed for a similar purpose. Why spend weeks and months of unnecessary drill to render pupils exact and independent in the presentation of their pieces, before an audience, who never look beyond the surface, but who so good-naturedly bestow their approbation on what is only seemingly meritorious. No matter if the uninitiated be slightly deceived—if they do wonder and admire without cause—the great object of a musical education seems to have been gained, when public applause is secured, and he, who has tact and ingenuity enough to cause an illusion of two senses at once, and make a *grand display*, will be sure to share most largely in popular renown. We offer them a plea in behalf of the large class of young ladies, who are now so grievously burdened by a system of never-ending practising and recommend most earnestly that the Professors take a much larger share of the performance upon their own shoulders, and lead off, either by means of a violin, or otherwise, to relieve their pupils from embarrassing mistakes. Moreover, we would have them learn to exercise a little more ingenuity, in devising some plan by which those unfortunates, who possess

neither musical ability nor industry may receive the coveted applause—of being "*splendid performers.*"
T.

A PLAY AT THE TUILERIES.

One evening last week one of the earlier plays of Dumas was performed at the Tuileries. Eighty ladies were present. At the close of the performance the Empress approached the leading actor, Montrose, and having complimented him on his performance, inquired of him, with a smile, how long it was since the play had been performed at the French theatre? The actor replied that it had not been performed there for forty years. "In that case," replied the Empress, laughing, "I beg that you will say nothing about it; for there are several ladies here who never admit that they are thirty years of age, and who have just assured me that they have seen this played at the French theatre."

AN ARTISTIC CONCERT.

The Society of the *Union Artistique* has given at the Italian theatre, hired for the occasion, a magnificent concert. The *andante* and *finale* of Beethoven's Symphony in A, and the *Benedictus* of the Mass in D, by the same author; the Piano Concerto, in D minor, by Bach; and the overture of Mendelssohn's "Quiet Sea," were given, in their most perfect style, by the unrivalled artists of the *Conservatoire*. Living composers were represented by an *Ave verum* of Gounod; a song from Membree's opera, *Fingal*; and the sublime, descriptive composition of Félicien David, "The Last Judgment," which formed the leading feature of the evening's programme.

DAVID THE COMPOSER.

The author of the "Desert," the "Pearl of Brazil" and the "Last Judgment," though he has now fully conquered the reluctant suffrages of Paris, was long the object of the bitterest and most persistent hostility. The boldness of his conceptions and the originality of the means which he employs in working them out, though now lauded to the skies, were formerly denounced as monstrous, heretical and absurd. Gentle, refined and exceedingly sensitive, the feelings of the man suffered intensely under the persecution to which the artist was subjected; and it would be difficult to imagine a more touching protest against the cruel virulence of party passion than the expression of patient, weary suffering worn into the features of the man of genius, whom long persecution has rendered prematurely old.

Tall, slightly bent, thin as a shadow; a high forehead, already bald; black elf locks, streaked with silver, falling backwards from a pale, long face; large, lustrous black eyes, deep, earnest and sorrowful; a mouth placid, but as sad in expression as the eyes; and an air of almost feminine gentleness and timidity, make up a personality equally striking and pathetic. There is no sign of weakness about the man. He is evidently one to hold on his way, as he has done, gently but firmly; never flinching under opposition, but feeling it so acutely that no amount of success can ever obliterate the traces of the suffering through which he has won his way to his present eminence.—*Paris Corr. of N. Y. Eve. Post, May 24, 1861.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

CHEVE'S SYSTEM.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1861.—We observe that the article on the new French method of musical instruction published in your Journal of May 18, has elicited considerable comment, and called out a desire for further facts and details concerning it—more particularly for some comprehensive statement of the general principles which it embodies.

The object of the above-mentioned article was simply to point out some of the advantages to be derived from a study of this simple and beautiful system, and to show the high esteem in which it is held in France, in spite of the prejudice and opposition which—in common with all other important discoveries—it was, at first, obliged to encounter.

Numerous letters of inquiry from different parts of

the country have been addressed to us to which we cannot specially reply, but, as soon as time and the pressure of other duties will permit, we design to furnish a series of articles which shall give "more light" upon the merits and prominent features of this favorite system, of which so little is known here, and convey a clear idea of "what precisely this system is and how it differs from the plan of musical instruction in vogue in this country."

We are satisfied, from personal observation of its workings in Paris, that its introduction and application upon a large scale in this country, would not only render the study and science of music general among our people, but would most likely lead to an entire revolution in the prevailing ideas of its uses. It only wants to be known to be appreciated. Meantime, we are pleased to see so much interest manifested in the subject, and trust that it will be thoroughly tested after the present contest between *Barbarism and Civilization* is ended, and the inhabitants of this Continent shall have entered upon that glorious destiny which is in store for them as a consequence of the powerful blow which our great republic is about to strike for its free institutions.

AMATEUR.

Concert Programmes.

In an article, written in the early part of the year, on "Popular Concerts" (vol. xviii., No 19) we made the statement, that the mass of the people remain children, and that, therefore, any instruction in music ought to proceed from the rudiments of musical Art, and practically, from simple national airs to "classical" or scientific music. There is another class of persons, not over-numerous, who have heard a good deal of good music and learned to like it. Anything by Beethoven, or Haydn or Mozart is received by them with pleasure and reverence. But to many of them Bach or Schumann are incomprehensible; the music before Haydn generally is not as pleasant to them as that of the later masters, and even the later works of Beethoven sound strange to their ears. This is not surprising, when we consider the psychological fact, that it is *habit* which makes things pleasant and dear, and that such persons are not in the habit of hearing older music or music of Beethoven's later period, or of Schumann. In our concerts intended for the larger public, such as the "Philharmonic" were, it would be unwise, we think, to introduce some of the older music at present. In Leipzig, to be sure, they have been performing one of C. Ph. Emanuel Bach's symphonies lately, with great applause. But at Leipzig the public is accustomed to the music of J. Sebastian Bach and the older masters generally. We have heard the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven here, and it was received with general enthusiasm; that is a very good sign; but we have seen the beautiful music by Beethoven to Goethe's *Egmont* fall dead upon the same audience that was enraptured with the Ninth. This shows that there is still room for improvement in that direction.

Progress in taste proceeds from a few chosen minds, around whom cluster those lovers of the Ideal who are most susceptible to beauty in whatever art it be represented. In music composers and artists of the true stamp constitute such nuclei. By playing to the sympathizing few the best of their own or of other great master's works, they increase the taste and appreciation of the best in music in their homes. As there is no rest in the mental progress of man, these select few, educated to love the best and constantly improved and elevated to higher levels by the influence of composers and artists, cannot help diffusing such healthful influence in wider circles. In larger audiences they form the centre from which appreciation and applause of the best passages proceed, sympathetically moving the less educated and sensitive.

It is with these select audiences that progress in a

new, unknown direction is to begin. And it rests with the chosen artists whose performances they attend, to give a start to such progress. When audiences have become familiar with a good number of Beethoven's earlier works for the Piano, with his earlier chamber-music, with the easier chamber-music of Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn, then it is time for them to be introduced to Beethoven's later Sonatas, to his later chamber-music, to Schumann's larger works and to the wonderful music left as a rich legacy by Joh. Seb. Bach. The works of this master are almost unknown, only here and there some few of his compositions have been produced in select circles. They contain in a severe form, full of intricate harmonies, alive with contrasted melodies, such a wealth of beauty, of intensest feeling, of lyric vividness, of dramatic force, that he who has come to penetrate through the outer barrier of confusing harmonies and rhythm, stands enchanted, and longs for nothing else but Bach. So it is with the later compositions of Beethoven and so with many of Schumann's larger works.

We have the right kind of music-lovers in our city to begin such a course of progressive and extensive musical studies, as far as they can be pursued in the concert-room. We well remember the thrill of pleasure that ran through the audience when the Quartette, op. 74, in E flat by Beethoven was performed for the first time. That Quartette is not very easy to understand, yet it took its hearers the first time by storm. Of the later Quartettes by these masters nothing has yet been heard here. Nor did we hear any of the Sonatas by Beethoven, which, belonging to the latest period, embody all the manly, ripe strength and experience of the master, the only piece of that period having been the Ninth Symphony which was received in an appreciative manner. It seems now to rest with the few gifted artists to continue on this rising road to progress, and to give the lovers of good music an opportunity to acquaint themselves with older as well as later music. The middle period being tolerably well known and comprehended, musical knowledge ought to expand and musical appreciation to embrace less known works that are harder to understand.

We have been led to this train of remark by a concert programme sent us from Wurzburg, in the southern part of Germany. For some time past three men in Germany have made the study of the last Piano Sonatas by Beethoven their especial business; *Hans von Bülow*, the son-in-law of Liszt, *Bronsard* and *Mortier de Fontaine*. The name of the first of the three is familiar to the readers of our Journal, having been frequently mentioned in former years in concert-notice from Berlin and Paris. They have done a great deal in making German audiences familiar with those works that are so little known, though they deserve to be so widely known. The last named artist, *Mortier de Fontaine*, in April last, came to Wurzburg on a concert-tour, intending to give but one concert. So great, however, was the enthusiasm he created, that he had to yield to the entreaties of the Wurzburgers and give four concerts. The programme of the second concert is the one sent to us, and we here print it, as it presents some novelties, aside from the intrinsic merit of the pieces. We translate the bill literally.

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|---|-------------------------------|
| (a) (By request) <i>Passeacaglia</i> | George Muffat (?-about 1700) |
| 1. <i>b</i> Air and Gigue | G. A. Handel (1684-1759) |
| <i>c</i> Chromatic Fantasia | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| (a) <i>Affettuoso</i> | C. Ph. E. Bach (1714-1783) |
| 2. <i>b</i> Polonaise (Adagio) | Wilh. F. Bach (1710-1784) |
| <i>c</i> Studio | Francesco Durante (1684-1755) |
| 3. Sonata: <i>a</i> Andante. <i>b</i> Presto | Jose Haydn (1732-1809) |
| 4. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello with Mens. Kämpel, Hanoverian Concert-master, (Violin) and Schindlacker, Bararian Court-musician (Violoncello): <i>a</i> Allegro. <i>b</i> Andante grazioso. <i>c</i> Finale. | W. A. Mozart (1756-1791) |
| 5. Sonata (op. 110) | L. van Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| 6. <i>a</i> Barcarole. <i>b</i> Scherzo and <i>c</i> Sarabande for violin and piano, played by Messrs. Kämpel and Mortier de Fontaine | L. Spohr (1789-1849) |
| (a) Nocturne (op. 62, No. 2) | Fr. Chopin (1810-1849) |
| 7. <i>b</i> Capriccio (op. 66, No. 1) | Ferd. Hiller (1811) |
| <i>c</i> Balzarcello (op. 28) | C. V. Alkan (1816) |

Now such an historical concert is really quite interesting in presenting to the audience different styles of music and thus enabling them intelligently to judge of the characteristic marks of each. There is another feature which seems very commendable. The artist is not above Father HAYDN. There is a certain anobblishness among younger artists with reference to the older masters that is sometimes really amusing. "We have got beyond Haydn: he is too uninteresting to play him now," is a remark not seldom heard. We remember to have seen concert-programmes of Frau Clara Schumann, on several of which a Sonata by Haydn was to be found. We should like to see the keys of some of the pieces for this programme stated; otherwise we think it unexceptionable. When shall we in Boston hear such concerts, combining instruction with elevated enjoyment? Will none of our resident artists undertake to let us hear pieces by the older masters and the better works of Beethoven? It would certainly be a very praiseworthy and we hope a very successful enterprise. Let Horace's maxim be remembered and acted upon:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
or in a free translation:
He is most successful who unites the useful with the pleasant.
*†

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Notwithstanding the departure of the court and the absence even of Prince Jerome and Princess Clotilde, two very gay entertainments of rather a novel description were given last week at the Ministère d'Etat and the hotel of M. de Morny, President of the Corps Legislatif. Instead of the operetta of one act, which it has been so much the fashion of late to introduce at the receptions, one or two acts of the *Misanthrope* of Moliere, played by Samson and Regnier, (those veterans of the Theatre Française) M'm Plessy, and others, were performed at M. Walewski's with the greatest success that the piece is one better calculated to be appreciated in a salon than on the stage, where many of its more delicate shades are of necessity lost. The bill of fare for the evening's entertainment was still further varied by the re-appearance of Liszt and his performance of two wonderful pieces on the piano, as well as his masterly accompaniment of Pauline Viardot, in the German ballad of the "Erl King." At M. de Morny's two slight pieces of comic character were given, the first one of those witty, brilliant effusions in which the French peculiarly excel, called a "proverbe," and in which that charming actress, M'le Madeline Brohair and Brasseur delighted all the audience; the second an operetta bouffe, "M. Choufleury Migline," of which the lively music and the droll incidents were admirably given and thoroughly enjoyed. When it is recalled that the lounging room from such a spectacle was the gallery of magnificent pictures of the Count de Morny, from which all but the choicest gems are carefully excluded, it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater treat to the senses and the intellect than the one thus offered to his guests. Lighted up by a thousand wax candles might be seen, in the intervals of the performance, such Rembrandts, Van de Velde and Hobbemas as are rarely to be met with singly in any one collection; whilst he is well known to be the possessor of the masterpieces of Greuze, Boucher, Fragonard, Prudhon, Meissonier, and other eminent masters of the French school. The entertainment was most successful, and all the better appreciated from the rarity of such receptions at this period of the year.—*Corr. of the North American.*

Cologne.

It having occurred to me that the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest* may not be an uninteresting topic to some of your readers, I beg to forward you a short account of the present year's celebration.

This festival, which consists of three concerts given on three consecutive evenings, and which is held yearly in Whitsuntide at Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Dusseldorf, was celebrated this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the able direction of Franz Lachner, of Munich. The first concert opened on Sunday, the 19th inst., with Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. Nothing could surpass the precision and delicacy with which this noble work was executed. The orchestra,

composed of first-class artists from far and near, responded heartily to Herr Lachner's efforts; and the result was what might have been expected. The perfect silence observed during the performance, and the deafening applause which followed the conclusion of each movement, showed how thoroughly the audience appreciated what they heard.

The symphony was followed, after a short pause, by the same composer's *Missa Solemnis*, in D. major (Op. 123). This colossal work, which took its author more than three years to compose, and was regarded by himself as his most complete composition, is, however, very seldom attempted in Germany, on account of its magnitude and difficulty—obstacles only to be overcome on occasions like the present, when so large a number of practised musicians concentrate their energies towards the same point. The performance of the mass reflected the same credit on the chorus as the symphony had done on the orchestra. The solos were well executed; the obblato for the violin, one of the principal features of the "Benedictus," being played by Herr Joseph Joachim, with that exquisite taste and finish for which he stands alone. With the Mass in D terminated the first concert. The success of the second was equally brilliant. The programme was composed of Mozart's orchestral symphony in C major, and Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*. The oratorio which formed the second part of the concert was a perfect triumph for all concerned. The choruses, from first to last, were sung with a vigor and accuracy that left it difficult to decide to which the palm was due. Two were unanimously encored—viz., the first chorus in the second part, "Glorreich ist Gott," and the last but one in the 3rd part, "See the conquering Hero comes." Frau Rübsamen-Veith, who had ably sustained the soprano music in the *Missa Solemnis* on the previous evening, acquitted herself most brilliantly in that of Achsah. Her rendering of the airs, "Horch auf den Vögel Jubelchor!" and "O hüt' ich Jubal's Harf," was irreproachable. The part of Joshua was undertaken by Herr Carl Schneider of Wiesbaden; Othniel and Caleb by Frau Potthoff-Diehl, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Herr Julius Krause, of Berlin, singers of well-attested capabilities. The theatre, crowded to excess, resounded with applause whenever a halt in the music allowed of it; and every one present seemed to participate heartily in the feeling of enthusiasm with which Handel's splendid composition (if justice be done to it) all who listen to it must be inspired.

The programme for the third concert was as follows:—

- PART I.
1. Overture, "Oberon" (Weber).
2. Aria "Mitrane" (composed in 1680), Frau Potthoff-Diehl. (Rossi).
3. Concerto, Pianoforte, and Orchestra, Frau Clara Schumann (Schumann).
4. Aria "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Herr Krause (Mozart).
5. "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" from the *Missa Solemnis* (Beethoven).

- PART II.
1. Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra (F. Lachner).
2. "Hallelujah," cantata for Soprano, "Esther," Frau Rübsamen-Veith (Handel).
3. Concerto, Violin and Orchestra, Herr Joachim (Beethoven).
4. Aria "Euryanthe" Herr Schneider (Weber).
5. Grand chorus: "The Heavens are telling" (Haydn).

The appearance of such artists as Mad. Schumann and Herr Joachim together in this programme was alone sufficient to stamp the character of this final concert. The solos were well chosen and well executed, especially the "Hallelujah" and air from *Euryanthe*, in which Frau Rübsamen-Veith and Herr Schneider confirmed the good opinion already formed of their abilities. The prelude and fugue, a new composition of Franz Lachner's, was vigorously played, and received with unbounded applause. The concert found a worthy finale in the chorus which closes the first part of Haydn's *Creation*; orchestra and singers vied with each other in obtaining a perfect performance, and succeeded to the satisfaction of everybody.

Thus ended the 38th Niederrheinisches Musik Fest; the theatre was filled each night to the ceiling with lovers of the art, gathered together from all parts of Germany. Great credit is due to Franz Wüllner, music director of Aix-la-Chapelle, for the pains he must have taken to bring the chorus up to the mark at which Herr Lachner found them. There were 426 singers and 135 players—561 performers in all.—*Corr. of Musical World* June 8.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Mario made his first appearance on Monday night with one of those parts in which he stands unrivalled. So brilliant a Count Almaviva as his has not been witnessed by the present generation of opera-goers. Incomparable as an exhibition of vocal skill, it is also a pattern of high-class comedy—natural and refined in an equal measure, easy, elegant, and in every sense at-

tractive. Such a performance is the more to be valued at a time when scarcely a contemporary singer, Italian or non-Italian, can execute the music of Rossini's most dashing hero with the requisite grace and fluency. To these qualities, moreover, rare as they are just now, Signor Mario joins unflinching spirit and a kind of gentlemanly humor as agreeable as it is peculiarly his own. On Monday night—as though, for reasons unnecessary to state, resolved to do his best—he fairly eclipsed his previous achievements. In his very best days he has seldom played Almaviva so unexceptionally well—never, on any occasion with more uniform and sustained excellence. He was received with the old heartiness, and at once—in the beautiful cavatina, "Ecco ridente il Cielo"—rewarded his patrons with a specimen of legitimate Italian art, combining the utmost purity of expression with a style and method altogether faultless. The duet with Figaro—"All' idea di quel metallo"—was, if possible, even better, the florid passages at the end of the quick movement ("A che d'amore") being delivered, "mezza voce," with an evenness, fluency, rapidity and perfect truth of intonation not to be surpassed. To avoid details, we may add that the rest was of the same stamp; that not one moment of apathy weakened the effect of the performance; and that Almaviva's last solo (in the trio with Rosina and Figaro) was marked by the same careful refinement as his first, the well known "Zitti zitti, piano piano!" which forms the last movement of the trio, eliciting a loud and general encore. As Signor Mario never sang or acted better, so was he never more liberally applauded. In short, he was to employ the conventional expression, "in his finest voice," and did thorough justice to his admirable talent. Our crowded space will not allow more than a word or two for the other performers. Mad. Miolan Carvalho's Rosina showed all that extraordinary vocal facility for which it was so much admired last season; Signor Ciampi's Bartolo, though overstrained and turbulent, was original and painstaking; Signor Tagliafico's Bartolo was an extremely diverting caricature, and Signor Ronconi's Figaro more than racy and inimicable—a modern Figaro, indeed, upon which a volume might be written.

On Saturday *La Sonnambula* was given for the first time. On Tuesday the *Prophète* was repeated. On Thursday, *Guillaume Tell*, and last night *La Sonnambula*, again to be repeated on Monday. Thus, we need hardly say, the star of Adelina Patti seems to be greatly in the ascendant. *Il Barbiere* to-night.—*Musical World*, June 8.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fourth and last concert, which took place on Wednesday, was not only in every way worthy of its predecessors, but might be looked upon as the triumphant climax to its third season. Never has Mr. Alfred Mellon's band more brilliantly distinguished itself than upon this occasion, and the warm and hearty recognition of its merits at the conclusion of each piece was never more fully deserved. The instrumental selection was particularly rich, comprising three overtures, the least known of Spohr's *Der Berggeist*, bringing with it almost the charm of novelty, the best known of Mendelssohn's, the exquisitely poetical *Midsommer Night's Dream*, of which the execution was perhaps the finest ever heard in London, and Weber's familiar *Euryanthe*. But beyond these there were other, and still more interesting features in the programme; the most remarkable being Professor Sterndale Bennett's concert in C minor, for pianoforte, No. 3 of the four published. That such a work should have been so long overlooked by our pianists is indeed unaccountable; and now that Miss Arabella Goddard has set the example by playing two of the series within little more than a week, we may possibly have an opportunity of more frequently hearing one or other of the concertos which are in every way worthy of being placed in the same category as the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers. True, there are but few before the public so thoroughly competent as Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom it is not too high praise to say that anything more refined, expressive, and intellectual than her reading of this concerto was never heard, and the long-continued applause and universal recall, were only compliments due to the merit of so wonderful a performance, to which the delicately subdued and skillfully managed accompaniment of the orchestra lent an additional charm. Of Beethoven's symphonies the "Pastoral" is perhaps the most familiar and best understood, being melodious throughout, and completely suited to the appreciation of all who have any taste of feeling for music. To say that the execution was worthy the composition will not appear too high an eulogium for those who know the materials of which Mr. Alfred Mellon's band is composed, and how thoroughly they are under the control of the accomplished conductor.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the last concert on Monday, the feature was the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music. The performance was got up with infinite care and pains and reflected the utmost credit on Dr. Wylde, the band, chorus, principal singers and reciters. The poem was read by Miss Heraud and Mr. Ryder, and the principal singers were Mr. George Perren, Mr. Richard Seymour, Mr. C. Henr and Herr Formes. Miss Heraud has hardly power enough for such an area as that of St. James's Hall, but her voice is sweet, and its inflections are managed very skillfully. The poem was abridged here and there, but still the verses seemed interminable, and the splendor and beauty of the music could hardly redeem their tediousness. The introduction into a concert-room of these long poems, tragedies, in fact, with music however attractive is, we are convinced, a mistake. No performance could be more complete and admirable than that of Monday evening at St. James's Hall, but still the audience was very much inclined to devote themselves to sleep during the recitations. Should Dr. Wylde contemplate repeating *Antigone* on any future occasion, we strongly counsel him to reduce the poem at least two-thirds, whereby he will increase the attraction of the music ten-fold. The programme, among other things, included Beethoven's symphony in D, and the overture to *Euryanthe*, both of which were played magnificently. Herr Formes sang the air "La Calunnia," from the *Barbiere* with immense effect. A new disposition was made of the orchestra. The chorus was so large as nearly to occupy the whole of platform, and the band were placed on the ground in front. There was an immense attendance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mlle. Adelina Patti's second impersonation was looked forward to with the greatest interest and curiosity, and a fuller attendance we do not remember at the Royal Italian Opera on any former occasion than on Saturday, when the young artist was announced for the heroine in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her two previous performances in the *Sonnambula* had literally worked up the Opera public to the highest pitch of expectation. We cannot say, however, that these exorbitant expectations were entirely realized. Indeed, with an artist who has such great instincts, and, as far as we permitted to judge at present, possesses such an intuitive knowledge of character, this was impossible. The character of Amina is far more difficult to embody than Lucia, and requires far greater histrionic powers, as may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that the former was written for Pasta, the empress of lyric tragedy, and the latter for Persiani, the queen of bravura singing. As a test of the capabilities of the actress, it was consequently instituting an anticlimax, to put Mlle. Patti into *Lucia* after the *Sonnambula*. Donizetti's music is charming, and Sir Walter Scott's heroine, somewhat paled indeed in the ineffectual fire of the Italian poet, is sufficient interesting; but, excepting in the mad scene, the artist has really no self-dependent great situation, since in the finale to the second act the roving brother and the "cursing tenor" do all in their power by vociferation and gesture to "pluck" all hearing and seeing that away. Mlle. Patti looked the character of Lucy to the life, recalling more, perhaps, than any singer we have seen the exquisite description of the novelist: "Something there was of feminine softness, perhaps the result of delicate health, or residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." That her emotion seemed to have been toned down to this delineation is not at all unlikely, seeing that the fire and energy exhibited by all modern impersonators of Lucia, in the scene where Ashton shows her the forged letter announcing Edgardo's death, and in the great scene where her lover returns suddenly returns as it were from the grave to denounce her at the moment she has plighted troth to another, are made to yield to overwhelming anguish and despair, which knows no outbreak. Mlle. Patti in Lucia certainly betokened none of the passion and impulsive feeling so remarkable in her Amina. That the latter may be more agreeable to her instincts is not unlikely; but still both parts having been played so differently, may have proceeded from nice and subtle discrimination of character.

For the above reasons, and for these only, we cannot affirm that Mlle. Patti achieved the same triumphant success in *Lucia* as in *La Sonnambula*—which may demonstrate to many of her admirers that she belongs more to the Malibran than the Persiani school, which indeed is our own conviction. In reality the two first scenes of Lucy, the one in which the cavatina is introduced, and that with her brother, necessitate all the address, perfect finish, and dazzling brilliancy of *fioriture*, such as adorned the singing of Persiani and Jenny Lind—and perhaps

of them alone—and require the very smallest amount of impulse or passion. Mlle. Patti sang the cavatina—the original one written for Persiani—with much brilliancy, and accomplished in the duet some surprising *tours de force*, singing an ascending and descending chromatic passage with astonishing ease and completeness, and making several dazzling flights in the highest part of her voice with great effect. So also in the duet with Ashton and in the Malediction scene, the young artist made frequent points, but did not endow the acting or singing with that sustained force to which the public had been accustomed, and which her powerful impersonation of Amina led them to expect. In the mad scene, however, Mlle. Patti came up to the very highest anticipations, and carried the whole house with her by her natural and earnest acting and her really admirable singing. The whole performance thus terminated most satisfactorily, and Mlle. Patti achieved a second triumphant success in her second part. Signor Tiberini was Edgardo, and Signor Graziani, Enrico.

On Tuesday Mad. Grisi gave the second of her Farewell Performances, when she chose *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she was assisted by Signor Tiberini (Gennaro), Signor Ronconi (Duke Alfonso), and Mad. Nantier-Didé (Maffeo Orsini).

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The sixth concert (on Monday May 27) was one of the best ever given by the society. The feature of most interest in the concert, however, first because the least familiar, secondly, because the work of an English composer, thirdly, because performed by an English pianist, fourthly and lastly, because of its intrinsic worth as a production of the highest genius and skill, was Sterndale Bennett's second pianoforte concerto (in E flat), played by Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this work *The Times* says:—

"The novelty—for that which has not been heard for more than twenty years may fairly be regarded as a novelty—was the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the second of the four which Professor Bennett has published, and of the six he is known to have composed and played in public. This masterpiece—and it is nothing less, though more than a quarter of a century old—sounded as fresh, and spontaneous as if it had been written yesterday, a proof, if proof were wanting, that it is a work of genius, and that nothing but its uncommon difficulty could have prevented it (long ere this) from becoming a stock piece in the pianist's repertory, and as generally popular as it is eminently beautiful. The audience on Monday night listened to movement after movement with marked attention, charmed in a like measure with the force and energy of the *allegro*, the expressive grace of the *adagio*, and the fire and vivacity of the finale, a sort of *mouvement de chasse*, less strikingly original than brilliant and animated. Their satisfaction at the end was exhibited in a loud and unanimous applause, which did not cease until the performer (Miss Arabella Goddard, whose predilection for the music of Sterndale Bennett—whose champion before the English public she has long felt proud to be—began with her earliest public career, and who played as if her whole soul was in the difficult task she has undertaken) reappeared in the orchestra. We have long regarded the pianoforte concertos of Professor Bennett as the nearest thing of their class to the unsurpassable examples bequeathed us by the greatest masters, and were never more fully confirmed in this belief than on the present occasion, when one of the best of them was revived with such signal success."

Berlin.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and Don Juan, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, and Bellini's *Norma*, were the operas performed last week at the Royal Opera House.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience to hear the *Zauberflöte*, that great work of a great master. The part of Pamina was performed, for the first time, I believe, by Mlle. Lucca, the usual representative of the character being Mad. Harriers-Wippert. Comparisons, I am perfectly aware, are "odorous," especially between two ladies, and yet every one draws comparisons on every possible occasion. I shall, therefore, do so in the present instance, if only for the sake of being in the fashion. Of Mad. Harriers-Wippert and Mlle. Lucca, I certainly prefer the former lady. There is more unity or consistency, so to speak, in her performance. Her acting and singing blend so artistically together, that they produce, as it were, one homogeneous whole, which, as I take it, is the greatest triumph an artist can possibly achieve. There is no straining after effect. Everything is so easily accomplished, that the hearer fancies the task is one which is attended with no difficulty, and might be entrusted to anybody. Similar notions sometimes prevail with regard to writing

a style like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or Lord Macaulay, commanding the Channel fleet and driving a one-horse chaise. Yet we know that it requires considerable skill to do any one of these things, and that it is not every person who possesses that skill—"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum." Mlle. Lucca is assuredly not equal to her fair colleague. Yet she is good—exceedingly good—in the part, which, in fact, offers so many opportunities for producing a favorable impression, that, to use a rather vulgar term, any artist who altogether fails to do so must be a "muff." Mad. Küster was admirable as the Queen of Night, and all the other parts were creditably filled.

Le Prophète was as attractive as ever, the house being crammed to the ceiling. The cast was partially new. In the first place Herr Taubert conducted the work for the first time, and considering that he undertook to do so at only a day's notice, is fairly entitled to high praise. Herr Theodore Formes was the misguided hero of the piece, and both sang and acted with uncommon talent. Mlle. Lucca appeared as Bertha, one of the most successful impersonations. She was enthusiastically applauded in the duet of the fourth act. As I informed you in my last letter, Mad. Jachmann is away on leave of absence. Mlle. de Ahna was her substitute as Fides, and a very worthy substitute she proved. Her fresh beautiful voice was heard to excellent effect in the *arioso* of the second act.

Mlle. Emmy Lagrue concluded her "starring" engagement as Norma, having previously won all kinds of golden opinions from all sorts of people—including even some of the disciples of the Future—as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. Her rendering of this genuinely German part was a complete triumph. The audience were fairly carried away by her execution of the grand scene "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," and of the Cantilena, "Und ob die Wolke," in both of which she was vociferously applauded. Her Norma is a fine performance, considered both in a vocal and dramatic light. Her purity of intonation and facility of execution are perfectly charming and might well serve as a model for younger artists and teach them what is to be effected by a thorough and conscientious study of the rules of classic style. Mlle. Lagrue sings without the slightest effort. And why? Simply because she has learnt to sing—a process too much neglected. I am sorry to say, by many fair artists of the present day, who fancy that all they require is to possess a voice. A man might almost as well imagine himself a Landseer or a Millais, because he had a box of colors and a set of brushes. Mlle. Lagrue was especially happy in the "Casta Diva" and the touching scene with Adalgisa, when the latter confessed her love for the false Roman, as well as in the portrayal of the struggle which agitates the breast of the deceived mother at the sight of her innocent children, calmly sleeping on the couch, and altogether unconscious of the danger to which they are exposed.

An exceedingly interesting performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given on Ascension Day, by the Meissner Gesangzirkel. I was particularly struck by the rendering of the introduction, the chorus *a capella*, and the *Inflammatus*. The soloists were well selected, and acquitted themselves most creditably, the whole entertainment producing a highly favorable impression on a fashionable and discriminating audience.

From the various musical papers I have picked up the following scraps of intelligence. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner commenced her starring engagement at Dresden as Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser*, and Mlle Georgine Schubert, who has been playing a round of characters with great satisfaction to the public, closed hers, a short time since, as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*. A fund has been established at Leipzig, for the family of the late Carl Zöllner. Concerts in aid of it have been already given in Dresden, Magdeburg, Chemnitz, Vienna, Dantzig, Strasburg, Liverpool, Ancona, Riga, Bucharest, Hanover, Revel, &c. The following contributions have also been received:—100 thalers from a concert given by the Orpheus Society in Boston, 100 thalers from the German Männergesang-Verein, in Cincinnati; 25 thalers collected by the Germans in the Labati prairie, Texas; 25 thalers from the German residents at Porto Alegre, Brazil; 122 thalers from Lübeck; and 500 thalers from the Liedertafel, in St. Petersburg. At Stuttgart the opera has suffered severely by the loss—for a time at least; let us hope not permanently—of Herr Pischek and Herr Sontheim, the tenor. The former gentleman has had an apoplectic stroke, and the latter became deranged, so as to render it necessary for him to be placed in a lunatic asylum. From Wiesbaden, I learn that the grand festival of the Rhein-Main-Sängerband is fixed for the 15th and 16th of June.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our Country's Flag forever. G. J. Webb. 25

A spirited patriotic Song, words by Harry Helme, Esq. The composer of the music being well known in this vicinity as a musician of sterling qualities, this song will secure more than passing attention.

Instrumental Music.

Music of the Union. Medley. Charles Grobe. 50

The second edition of this stirring medley which is having a large sale. It contains the melodies of Star Spangled Banner, and Hall Columbia, Red, White and Blue, Washington's March and Yankee Doodle. The arrangement is easy. This new edition is made quite attractive by a splendid allegorical design on the title-page printed in colors, among which those of our flag are duly prominent. Young players could not receive a handsomer present nor one which would be more acceptable.

Fantasia "La Favorite." J. Ascher. 60

Of medium difficulty, being within reach of most players of two years' diligent practice. It is a good teaching piece. No pupil will find it tedious.

St. Petersburg Quadrille. (Illustrated.) D'Albert. 50

A capital Quadrille, introducing some of the most striking original airs of Russia. The title-page is illustrated with the view of a part of St. Petersburg at moonlight, printed in colors.

O it is not while riches. Variations. H. Pond. 35

A pleasing piece for scholars.

Haute Volée Quadrille. J. Strauss. 35

This is not a bogus Strauss of modern make, such Paris harbors some, but the real, original old Strauss. A fine German critic lately said of this "Upper ten" Quadrille, "It sparkles and shines, as it were, with diamonds, pearls, orders, and the eyes of fair duchesses and countesses." It is needless to say that it still reigns supreme in the German ball-rooms.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Transcribed by John S. Dwight. Bound. 75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a penchant for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to whom pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 483.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 14.

A Woodland Reverie.

Here, on soft leaves where the tall pines have made
A fragrant shade, here let me sit and muse!
The gentle summer breeze bends the tall tops
Of the deep grove; sighing, it wanders by,
Breathes on the leaves, that bow their shining heads
As if in sad reply. Oh, might I hear
Their converse sweet, for sure they speak of heaven!
The loving winds are newly come from thence,
And, to the nymphs prisoned in forest trees,
They're telling of the Heaven they have left;
Then, on they fly, parting with kisses sweet,
Bearing the fragrance of the forest breath
To distant vallies and to heated towns,
And bring to many a hot and fevered brow,
The sweetest memories of bygone days
In the faint perfume of the shady groves
That, from their balmy wings they silent shed.
Sweet memories they stir of golden youth,
When bright in hope and rich in priceless love,
The halcyon days to happiness were given.
And as the breezes fan his throbbing brow,
The sleeper dreams of days, when by the side
Of murmuring brook in such a sylvan shade
He wandered, hand in hand, with her he loved;
He sees again the babbling stream that flowed
And bathed their feet; he sees the mossy rocks
Green with the tribute of a hundred years—
The shining pebbles glancing in the sun
That ever and anon, with blazing ray,
Pierced through the rippling waters and revealed
The glittering treasures of the mountain stream
Deep glimmering in their sandy bed, like gold;
He hears again the murmuring of the breeze
That stirred the trembling branches o'er their heads;
High on the stately birch he hears the tap
Of laboring woodpecker. Again, he plucks
The crimson berries growing on the bank
Bedded in shining leaves of deepest green,
And twines, with loving hand a glowing wreath
And binds it on the brow of her he loves;—
Again he gazes in her heaven-blue eyes—
Again he fondly clasps her to his breast
Again he feels her loving, glowing kiss
Pressed on his lips as in those happy days!
Oh! blessed dreams of days forever gone
Oh, blessed winds of heaven! that bring such joy,
To the poor broken heart that for long years,
Steeped to the lips in grief and fierce despair
No more believes the faith of happy youth
Nor trusts in human love, nor long has known
By day or night, one single happy hour.
Blow on fair winds, and on such bleeding souls
Pour the soft balm that on your wings ye bear!
Flow on, sweet brook, till in the mighty sea,
Far from their mountain source your waters pour
Their sparkling tribute!

The winds are hushed; the birds have sought their
rest;

The woods are silent, save the whip-poor-will,
Who ever chants, with mournful plaintive tone,
Her dismal cry, waking the forest lone;
The cricket's chirp is heard and feeble voice
Of dying insect that has lived its day;
The darkening hills return the lowing soft
Of sweet breathed kine that seek their distant homes,
And faintly now the tinkling bells are heard,
As slow they wind along the mountain slope,
Oft stopping in the flowing brook to drink

And lingering stand amid the cooling stream.
The day is dead! Night, like a widowed Queen
With sombre veil and diadem of stars,
Comes slowly on, shading the woods in gloom:
The evening dews are moist upon the leaves,
I will begone, and o'er the crackling boughs
That strew the forest path will take my way
And seek the village slumbering in the vale,
Bearing this birchen scroll, whereon is writ
My Woodland Reverie.

Opera and Theatre in Venice.

IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

PARIS. June 10, 1861.

A friend picked up lately on the quays, a venerable looking volume, entitled "*La Ville et Republique de Venise, par Alexandre Touissant de Limojon, Sieur de Saint Disdier.*" Printed at Paris, by Royal privilege, A.D., 1680. It is very interesting as giving an account of the origin of the Republic, the form of government and the manners, habits and costume of the Venetians, in the magnificent and corrupt age of Louis XIV. I have translated two chapters thereof, upon the Opera and Theatre, which I think will interest the readers of the Journal—particularly as coming from an eye-witness of all that was passing in that splendid old sea-shell of a city. Somehow, the description seems to let us right into the heart of those old times—when Venice still held the name of Republic. Yours truly, C. P. C.

OF THE OPERA.

It is to Venice that we owe the invention of the Opera. But though formerly there have been some operas of singular beauty, we may say nevertheless, that Paris at this present time surpasses all that has been seen at Venice. One has difficulty in believing at first, that the French language can accommodate itself to the recitatives in music, which seem so natural in Italian. In a word, if a man as skillful as he who has given himself to this branch, (Lully) and as profound in all the beauties of Italian music, as he is in the delicacies of the French, had not applied himself with all necessary care, to make an agreeable compound of two manners of singing so different, we may believe, that this noble and magnificent amusement would not have met with all the success it has had at the Court, and in the city.

At Venice they play several operas at once. The theatres are large and magnificent, the decorations superb and well diversified, but very badly lighted; the machinery is sometimes tolerable and sometimes ridiculous. The number of actors there is always very large, and they are richly dressed; but their acting is for the most part disagreeable. The pieces are long, and yet they would not fail to divert during the four hours that they last, if they were composed by better poets, who should know the rules of the theatre better than their compositions testify; the which do not often merit the expense of representing them. One sees these *entrées* of Ballets, between the acts, so miserable, that it would be better to have none at all. One would

say, to see these folks dance, that they were shod with lead, and yet they receive the applause of the whole assembly, because they have never seen anything better.

The beauty of the voices atones for the defects of which I have spoken. Those men without beards have argentine voices, which fill admirably the large theatre. They choose besides the best female singers in all Italy, and do not grudge 400 pistoles, and the expenses of the journey, to bring from Rome and elsewhere, a girl of reputation, although the opera lasts only during the carnival. The airs are languishing and touching, and through the whole compositions are mingled several very agreeable *chansonnettes*, which awake the attention. The Symphony is not much, inspiring melancholy rather than gaiety. It is composed of Lutes, Theorboes and Clavecons, which accompany the voices with an admirable precision.

If the French have difficulty in understanding well the words, the Italians and all the strangers have still more difficulty in France, where they sing more softly and pronounce less distinctly. The grand chorus of music, which fills so often the whole French theatre, and of which one can scarce distinguish the words, shocks the Italians, who say that this suits better the church than the opera. The great number of violins, which efface, when they play, all the other instruments of the Symphony, can only please the French, they say, except when they play all alone on other occasions. And although in France they succeed perfectly in the dance, yet, (say they), they put so much of it into the opera, that it often forms the greater part of it. The matter of the composition is too short for the taste of the Italians, who do not find, moreover, enough intrigue in our opera pieces. The intrigue of their pieces is always conducted by the character of an old woman, who gives good advice to the young ones, and who becoming amorous herself, generally says very pleasant things.

Those who compose the music of the opera, endeavor to end the scenes of the principal actors, with airs which charm and elevate, in order to draw the applause of the whole theatre. This succeeds so well, that one hears the *benissimo* from a thousand voices at once. But nothing is more singular than the pleasant benedictions and ridiculous requests, which the Gondoliers, who are in the parterre, address to clever female singers. At the end of all their scenes they cry as loud as they can *Sias tu benedetta! benedetta il padre che te generò!* But these exclamations are not always clothed in modest terms. These low fellows say with impunity whatever they please—sure of making the whole assembly laugh, rather than displeasing it.

There are seen gentlemen so transported, so beside themselves by the vocal charms of the girls, that they cry aloud from their boxes, lean-out of them, *ah cara! mi butto—mi butto!* meaning that they are ready to throw themselves over,

in the transports of pleasure caused by these divine voices. For the rest, I ought to say, that the priests do not scruple to appear on the stage, taking all sorts of characters, since that is practised at Rome. On the contrary the quality of good actors lends them a sort of virtue. One day one of the spectators recognizing a priest under the dress of an old woman, cried aloud, *Ecco Pre Piero, chi fa la vecchia!* Yet all things pass at the opera with much more harmony than at the theatre, because one naturally loves the music, and more respectable people go there. Also they pay at the door four livres, and two livres in the parterre for the chair, which makes 46 sols of France, without counting the opera book, and the little *pain de bougie* (a roll or book) which all the spectators buy, for without that, even the native would have difficulty in knowing the story and following the piece.

The gentlewomen frequent the opera more than the theatre, because the former amusement is much more respectable than the latter. One sees a great number of them towards the end of the carnival; and as it is permitted them at that time to adorn themselves with their precious stones, they appear all brilliant in the light of the candles, which they have in their boxes, and by this means their lovers gaze at them at their ease, and they on their side cause them to know by signs that they will know the assiduity of their services.

As soon as there appears at Venice a new girl to sing in opera, the principal nobles make it a point of honor, to possess themselves of her, if she sings well; and they spare nothing to accomplish their end. A Cornaro disputes for her with a Duke of Mantua, and at last she is carried off by the one who makes the richest presents, even though the charms of her voice should not be accompanied by those of beauty.

The partisans of those admirable singers cause to be printed quantities of sonnets in their praise, and amidst the acclamation their singing draws forth, they scatter them by thousands from the upper gallery; and fill the boxes and parterre with them.

OF THE THEATRE.

The Play (Comedie) is only acted at Venice during the Carnival. But it begins sometimes towards the end of October or of November, and one often sees three different troupes of players, some worse than the others. The theatres where they perform, belong, as well as those of the opera, to the noble Venetians, who derive a great revenue from the boxes, which they let, some for the whole carnival, others by the day. The players have no other profit, than what they take at the door, which does not amount to more than five sols a head.

Most of the people go in masks to the play as to the opera, in order to enjoy greater freedom. They ordinarily wear only a country cloak and a *bahute* upon the head, which is a little domino of black silk, leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered, over which they wear, if they choose, a half mask, very neatly made of a small white waxed cloth. Those who with this disguise, put on the Venetian vest, are considered real nobles. But the nobles do not wear masks at the opera, nor at the theatre, unless it be some who cannot otherwise approach near to their mistresses, nor enjoy tranquilly a view of them, without causing trouble.

The young nobles go less to the theatre to laugh at the buffoonery of the players, than to play a part themselves. They often take courtesans into the boxes, where they make such a noise, and do acts so surprising, and so in violation of the decorum which should be at least observed in public, that one must have seen such things, to believe them. One of their most ordinary pastimes is not only to spit into the parterre, but to hurl down candle-wicks; and if they see any one neatly dressed, or a hat with a bouquet of feathers, it is there they take their aim, for they may do it with impunity. The nobles, who are protectors of the theatre, having *Bravi* at the door, masked and armed and devoted to them—and besides, the theatre and opera being privileged places, where the least violence is a crime of state.

The license which those in the parterre allow themselves, in imitation of the nobility, complete the disorder. The gondoliers chiefly, give impertinent applause to certain actions of the buffoons, which would not be tolerated elsewhere. And the whole theatre raises so often such a terrible hallooing at the actors who don't please them, that they are obliged to withdraw, to give place to those who will cause laughter—amid the incessant cries of *fuora buffoni*. The gentlemen find that so good, that they make themselves of the party; and if it is asked why they are so well behaved in the grand Ridotti (gaming house kept by the nobles) where they go to gamble, and are so foolish at the theatre, it is replied that there the only business is the gaining or losing of money, and that they come *here* only to divert themselves, where being masters, they do just as they please.

Nothing can equal the noise made, when after a piece which has pleased the assembly, or to speak more properly, the gondoliers, they announce the piece for the next day. For without wishing to hear anything, these low fellows cry so loudly *questa, questa!*—the piece just played, that they are obliged to obey them. So that one oftenest carries away from these wretched comedies, only the dissatisfaction of having put off one's supper till 9 or 10 o'clock. Yet there are given sometimes serious pieces, all in verse, and which they call opera, and which succeeded very well. And sometimes they play some pieces which the Inquisition would not suffer outside the Venetian state, as that of Dom Gilles, who in the dress of a monk, preaches against the debauchery to which he abandons himself. But it is not surprising that no fault is found with it, since even the nobles allow themselves to play on the stage, in the character of Pantalon; which is a true copy, in dress, action and words, of what they do every day.

The Organ.*

FOURTEENTH STUDY.—OF THE FOUNDATION STOPS OR REGISTERS.

The foundation stops or fundamental open-flue pipes were the first stops, and will be the last, used in the construction of the organ. They are all tuned to the pitch of one of their own class, which is an open four-feet pipe of metal called the principal. The pitch to which their scale is tuned determines the pitch of the rest of the organ, and hitherto this pitch has been on an average as much as a tone below the pitch of the orchestra and pianoforte. These open-flue pipes

might with propriety be called also flageolets, were it not that this word conveys to the mind idea of an instrument of a very limited size only. For, in a matter of fact, these open pipes are nothing more than flageolets of various sizes turned upside down on the sound-board of the organ, and there supplied with wind from the capacious lungs of the bellows. Of these open pipes, however, all are not for the reason only foundation stops, but only such of them as have their lowest note tuned in unison or in octave with the foundation note of the organ. Then, the lowest note of which is tuned a third, a fifth, a fifteenth and the like, are therefore not foundation stops, though they are open pipes.

Although all the open-flue pipes may be called soft stops as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the degree of their softness. On the contrary, they may be very distinctly divided according to their scale, into soft stops of a round and full quality, and soft stops of a thin and delicate quality. When the soft foundation stops of a thin quality are used alone, the organ may be said to have lost its half of the power at least, and may be compared to a garment which has been stripped of a thick inner-lining; but when those of both qualities are used together, the organ speaks at its full foundation tone. The thinness of the finer or delicate quality disappears in the roundness of the fuller quality, and the latter, which would be especially wan by itself, at least in a great number of the registers, gains by being united with the finer quality a richness and brilliancy of tone, which is quite equal to that of the most vigorous instruments.

The great advantage of the foundation stops is that they can be combined with all the other stops of the organ without doing more than sweeten their tone by giving them that velvety quality, which is just what they want in addition to their own. Substitute for them, no matter which of the other two divisions, either of the loud or mutation stops, that is, and the organ tone becomes harsh and brazen, of a quality which grates painfully on the ear and nerves of the hearer without reaching his heart. In this way a complete rupture would certainly be made between the organ and the traditions of the first builders. They could, undoubtedly, have made the instrument to consist wholly of noisy and metallic qualities of sound, had they so pleased, but they very wisely preferred, as it seems to us, to lay its foundation in a quality of tone, which is both rich and profound at the same time.

There is also this marked difference between the foundation stops of the organ, that they alone can be used independently, and do not require help from the other stops, while all the rest would undoubtedly commit an act of imprudence, if they attempted to launch forth their mighty voice, and make our churches re-echo with their sounds, without supporting themselves on the broad and outspread wings of the foundation stops.

All these advantages together have, no doubt, been the reason why the open-flue pipes have been called the foundation stops of the organ. There is no organ which can possibly do without them, and there is no church, of the largest or smallest dimensions, to which they are not suited. In a vast temple their noble harmonies sail around its spacious aisles with a freedom, and elasticity, and a tenderness which are truly admirable; in a small sanctuary they make up by their sweetness and mellowness for a certain amount of hardness of quality and want of roundness, which the more noisy stops of an organ always have in a place which from its limited dimensions has but little resonance.

The foundation stops of the organ are moreover never out of place in any part of the divine office. The author resides far away from Paris on the eastern frontiers of France, not far from the banks of the Rhine, and he can assure his readers in Paris that, on these harmonious banks, he has been in the habit of hearing the organ speak with wonderful effect by its foundation stops alone; and that, in the hands of play-

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

ers who are not by any means the best specimens of German organists, he has heard it so speak even and more especially at those solemn moments when the generality of organists, both French and Spanish, believe that a flourish of trumpets and a noisy uproar are absolutely necessary for the sake of variety. But noise is not so necessary, as some seem to think, to express the holy joy of the divine offices. There is, moreover, in the foundation stops a certain keen and soul-stirring note, which takes as near as possible the same place in the music of the church that a solo on the violoncello, or even on the violin, takes in that of the orchestra. In such cases, neither the violin nor the violoncello can for one moment be accused of want of energy; and yet how far are they, for all that from the power and vigor of even the smallest trumpet stops. But it is, above all, the tender and I would even dare to say the loving, expression of the two principal parts of the holy sacrifice that is more especially got from the foundation stops. At almost whatever degree of power we seek for their effects, and however refined or feeble, owing to its extreme softness, this degree may be, we still find a something in it, when borrowed from the foundation stops, which is pre-eminently suited both to the time and to the place. The Germans are more thoroughly convinced of this than the French, but they push their conviction perhaps a little too far when they make use only of sounds of the most extreme thinness at these more solemn moments. They do this with the view of gaining for them the greatest possible expressions of respect and reverence, and these extremely thin sounds do certainly have the effect of a very distant and mysterious music, but at the same time they attempt too much and so defeat their object, because the sounds they make use of to produce this effect, inasmuch as they act too powerfully on the imagination of the worshippers, are found rather to be a cause of distraction, than an aid to devotion.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

MR. LOSSING'S HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing writes to the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Eagle*:

Permit me to correct an error in your paper of this morning. You quote a verse of a poem commencing—

"Once on a time old Johnny Bull,"

to show the correct metre of Yankee Doodle, and speak of it as the "original song." This is an error. The poem from which you quote was written by George P. Morris a few years ago, and is entitled "The Origin of Yankee Doodle." It was written for and sung by the Hutchinson Family. You will find it in the latest edition of Morris's Poems.

The original song of "Yankee Doodle," if we trace it to its germ, has considerable antiquity. The tune was known as early as the tune of Charles the First, when a nursery song had these words:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only blinding 'round it."

In the time of the Roundheads—the period of Cromwell's Protectorate—when Italian fashions being introduced into England, were ridiculed by the satirists and preached against by the Puritan clergy, we find the following verse to the same tune. Here we have "Yankee Doodle" in name for the first time:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni."

Macaroni, at that time, signified a dandy with Italian fashions. Some have supposed that it was written by a royalist to satirize Cromwell, who wore a "feather in his hat."

The "original song," so far as Americans are concerned, was written, it is supposed, in the spring of 1775, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. I subjoin a copy, as printed by Isaiah Thomas, author of the "History of Printing in 1813. It is called

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding.
And there we met the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the mu to and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wanted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep our house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for fathers cattle.

And every they shoot it off.
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
As father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simeon grew so bold
I thought he would have coked it;
It scared me so I shrink't it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crook'd stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shall
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarmal proud
He will not ride without 'em

He got him in his meetin' clothes
Upon a stapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another smarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarmal long, so tarmal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hook'd it off
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber

In Farmer and Moore's "Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous, and Monthly Literary Journal," for April, 1824, I find a new version of this song, with some stanzas not found in the original. They are evidently interpolations. I give a specimen or two:

And then they sife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons, red as blood
All round about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It almost scared me half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Fame pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see
They kept up such a snother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

A little while before the battle of Lexington, the British (who had used the tune as one of their military airs at Castle William, in Boston Harbor, as early as 1768,) had a song in reference to the Americans near Boston, who were secretly procuring arms in the city, then occupied by loyal troops. The following verse is preserved:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather 'em,
And so we will John Hancock."

A writer in the New York *Evening Post*, a few ago, claimed for the Dutch the origin of "Yankee Doodle." He said that the harvest laborers who, in summer, migrate from Germany to the low countries, of Holland, where they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, had a song with the following chorus:

"Yanker didel doodle down
Didel, dudel lantier,
Yanke, viver voover voun,
Botermilk and Tautheer."

This account is apochrypal, to say the least, for the words in the above verse are neither German, Dutch, nor any other known language on the face of the earth.

Our "southern brethren," who have a decidedly ugly way, at the present time, of showing their brotherhood, and whose "first families," according to their toasted and admired correspondent of the London *Times*, say, "If we could only get one the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be contented," a sentiment "varied a hundred ways," repeated to him "over and over again," and who "regret the strange result and consequences" of the old war for independence, have naturally discarded "Yankee Doodle." South Carolina by legislative enactment last winter, forbade the future celebration of the Fourth of July and the use of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "Star Spangled Banner;" and soon afterward the poet Laureate, we presume, of the "Southern Confederacy" (for the British government they so much long for pensions a poet laureate) put forth the following:

FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton float you;
Once they liked you very well,
But now they'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle used to treat
Old Pompey as a neighbor;
He didn't grab his bread and meat,
Nor devil at his labor.

But Doodle now has got so keen,
For every dirty shilling;
Propose a job, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

Doodle, too, has had the luck
To get a new religion;
A kind of holy seal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Doodle's morbid conscience strains,
With Puritanic vigor
Too loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a nigger.

Yet, Doodle knows as well as I,
That when he's come and freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die,
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary;
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The Priest of Harper's Ferry.

With pikes he tried to magnify
The Gospel creed of Beecher;
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yet, glory to his name is sung,
As if with sin untainted;
The bloody wretch by justice hung,
By bigotry is sainted.

Yankee Doodle, now good bye
We spurn a thing so rotten,
Proud independence is the cry
Of sugar, rice and cotton.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 18, 1861.

We would humbly advise our southern brethren, when they sing the "Farewell," to hum, in *alto* voice, sufficiently clear for the ear of their northern brethren, something like the following:

King Cotton was a monarch bold,
Till regicidal treason
With promises of untold gold
Deprived us of our reason.

King Cotton now without the aid
Of England, France or Prussia,
Spain, Portugal or Belgium,
Or self-releasing Russia,

Is grow'ing weak in every limb,
And trembles like a woodie,
And we had better make our peace
With angry Yankee Doodle.

The memory of these half-penitent words may serve to mitigate the "ferocity of the northern Goths and Vandals," when those who have hidden "Farewell to Yankee Doodle," shall, as Prentice says, be standing where there will be an impending Crisis and no Helper." B. J. L.

Managers and Music Halls.

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful."

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan's admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury

Music-Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides, that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this dispute; and London audiences—comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms, attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place, and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans's supper-room in Covent-garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female, as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behavior of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since, we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted tastefully decorated with mural painting, and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural com-

plexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand; the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning. There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supreme comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers, is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purpose, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights; both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalists as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress-coat, as if he had worn the

most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned!—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgement without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters, open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of State and control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but the thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, *with* smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances *without* smoking or drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and justice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far is this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

But the second grievance—which these gentlemen are now endeavoring to assert—the grievance which practically declares that they object to all dramatic competition, out of their own especial circle, is so preposterous in itself, and is so utterly opposed to the public spirit of the time, that we reject all belief in it, on grounds of the plainest common sense. The great social law of this age and this nation, is the law of competition. Why are managers of theatres not to submit to it, as well as other people? Some of these gentlemen, in all probability, occasionally see a penny daily paper. What would they have thought, if the proprietors of the Times, of the Daily News, and of the other morning journals previously established, and selling at a higher price, had all met together, on the starting of penny papers, and had claimed protection from the public authorities, on the ground that cheap competition in the matter of purveying daily intelligence was an attack on their personal interests? Why, the very pastry-cooks, who once had the monopoly of sixpenny ices, knew better than to make a public outcry on the establishment of the penny ice-shops! Nay, the predecessors of the managers themselves, not only recognized but asserted the privilege of free competition in a free country. Whose voices were raised loudest against dramatic monopoly, in the time of the two patent theatres? The voices of the proprietors of minor theatres, who then occupied a position which the music-halls now occupy towards all the theatres in London. Here is the elder generation of managers shout, on one side,

for Free Trade—and there is the younger generation petitioning, on the other, for Protection! Was there ever such an anomaly? Who is to justify or explain it?

If there had been no other and better reason to restrain the managers from coming forward to assert an obsolete protectionist principle (under cover of asserting a strict interpretation of the law), surely the consideration of mere expediency might well have hindered them. We know that these gentlemen are acting on a strong conviction, however lamentably mistaken they may be. But the public has no time to draw fine distinctions: what will the public think of the attempted suppression of the pantomimic entertainment, in Canterbury Hall, at the suit of the London managers? Will it not be said: "Here are several eminent gentlemen, occupying the highest places in their profession, and administering the resources of our greatest theatrical establishments, all incomprehensibly jealous of the performances of a tavern concert-room!" Such an imputation would, no doubt, be justly repudiated by the managers; but what plain inference is the world outside the green-room to draw from facts as they stand at present? Perhaps there is one other legitimate conclusion, which has certainly occurred to ourselves, and which the report of the trial in the newspaper may justify. When we saw the deservedly respected name of Mr. Benjamin Webster—who has done more (at the New Adelphi Theatre) to promote the public convenience than any other manager of his time—set up as the name of the plaintiff in a case which had for its ultimate object an interference with the public amusement, we certainly did consider that the spectacle of the wrong man in the wrong place had been somewhat inconsiderately offered to popular contemplation. And, let it be added, we were only the more confirmed in this view, when we remembered that the manager who had been selected to express, on behalf of his brethren, a deep-seated distrust of the rivalry of music-halls, was also the very manager whose theatre has been literally besieged by the public for the last hundred and fifty nights, and is likely to be besieged in the future for a hundred and fifty more. Surely it was a grave error to choose such a prosperous proprietor as Mr. Webster—a man who has shown a determination to advance with the time—to point the protectionist moral and adorn the managerial tale!

To speak seriously, in conclusion, the managers have taken a false step. They have placed themselves in a persecuting as well as a prosecuting position; and they are most unwisely attempting to dispute a principle which the public opinion of the age has long since regarded as settled. We earnestly recommend them to reconsider their course of action—in their own interests. The hostile point of view from which they now regard the music-halls is short-sighted in the extreme. To return to our previous illustration. It is notorious that the cheap newspapers, instead of disputing the public encouragement with the newspapers at a higher price, have raised up an audience for themselves. It is notorious that the library circulation of good novels has rather increased than diminished, since the time when opposition novels have stirred the waters in the world of fiction, by pouring regularly from the press in cheap instalments at a penny a week. On the same principle, the music-halls have unquestionably raised up their new public; and, in doing so, will indirectly help to improve the prospects of the theatres, by increasing the number of people who look to public amusements as the occupation of their evening. If the managers don't see this—if they don't see that a percentage of the music-hall audience (not a very large one probably, but still a percentage) is, in the ordinary course of things, certain to drift into theatres from a natural human love of change—they must at least admit that they already possess, in undisturbed monopoly, immense dramatic advantages over those other caterers for the public amusement, who are following them at a respectful distance. They have the use of stage means and appliances which no music-hall can possibly command, without being knocked

down and built up again for the purpose. They have actors and actresses who stand, in a personal as well as in a pecuniary sense, out of music-hall reach. They have relations with English literature which no music-hall possesses, or dreams of possessing; and they have a refined, intelligent, and wealthy public to appeal to, from which the music-halls are separated by the great social gulf which we all know there is no crossing. Here, without prosecutions, disputes, and vexatiously strict interpretations of the letter of the law, is vantage-ground enough for any theatre which is properly administered; vantage-ground which the fiercest music-hall rivalry cannot cut away.

As for the public interest in this question, the discussion of which we have modestly left to the last, the direction that it takes is so obvious as hardly to need pointing out. The more competition there is, the more certainly the public will be the gainers. Let the spur of the music-halls—if any such spur there be—stimulate the theatres to higher and higher exertions by all manner of means; the drama will be the better for it; the actors will study their art the more for it; the audiences will be the larger for it; the managers will be the richer for it. The success of The Colleen Bawn, at the Adelphi; the success of that excellent artist, Mr. Fechter, at the Princess; and the success of the admirable pantomime at Drury Lane; all three achieved in the same theatrical year, are facts to form an opinion on; facts which justify the conclusion that a great dramatic attraction is as much above all small rivalries in our day, as ever it was in that golden theatrical age when music-halls were not heard of in the land! We trust the managers may yet be induced to reconsider the motives on which they have too hastily acted. We trust they may yet see that it is their interest, as we are sure it is always their inclination, to follow the old proverbial rule which enjoins us all to Live and let live.—*All the Year Round.*

The Development of the Musical Facilities.

PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of tone or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a tone in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more tones into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy

the senses, and by their means attack the feeling more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct tones, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—nay, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed tones provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of tone, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of tone, are incapable of singing a correct succession of tones, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without inward participation—without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurement of example and personal advantage.

If however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit. For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end: neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart

and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high pre-eminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good piano-forte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men* shall be considered as the distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons, or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it, without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Piano-forte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them. —Dr. Marx's *General Musical Instruction*.

* We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," that the younger scholars be not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pianos of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created him admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the six preludes pour les commensaux, in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, jigs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We would here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's, in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and manner into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Chailier's, in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Frautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

[In the absence of anything from the Editor specially intended for the eyes of the readers of this Journal, we offer them to-day some random notes of travel taken from private letters written since his last letter from Berlin.]

VENICE, APRIL 18, 1861.

Eccomi qui! In "sunny Italy," as you say. And it is sunny! For five days that I have been here and one in Trieste, there has been cloudless blue sky and blue water all the time, and such a light as well accounts for Titian. Perfect spring weather, air fresh, sweet, lively, just warm enough. I float in gondolas, I gaze at palaces and churches, I stand on bridges and quays and lose myself in reveries watching the sails and sights upon the water, I stand be-

fore the Titians, Tintoretos, Giov. Bellinies, (having already seen the three greatest works of Titian), I promenade the piazzas and wander around and in the wonderful church of St. Marco; have been all over the Doge's Palace, and I take great pleasure and got [very tired in finding my way] afoot from place to place through the labyrinth of little narrow lanes (but light as noonday), always opening something new and picturesque. What a luxury, too, is *acety* without horses! Great contrast to Vienna where the carriages (in streets not half as wide as Washington street,) dash by you in frantic speed, bewildering and endangering. Here too are pretty faces, pretty costumes, and cheerful *dolce far niente* life. One feature, though, is very ugly: the city swarms with Austrian soldiers; they are pouring into Italy continually; on every railroad and steamboat I have travelled with them. * * *

I left Vienna on the 10th, and spent the night in Grätz (over the most wonderful of railroads); reached Trieste the next night, and spent the following day there, finding it necessary to reconnoitre before attacking Italy—for I had not studied the language at all, nor even laid out the campaign from guide-books. Saturday, 13th, exquisite sail on the blue Adriatic to Venice, in 7½ hours. But it is no use to try to tell you about it. And there was wonderful old Prague too, where I wandered about every hour of the time for two days.

In Venice too, I am all alone, not a countryman to be found. I believe the expectation of war has turned them all away, and really it looks as if war could hardly be prevented. *Never* has the peace of Europe looked so uncertain. Every Italian looks on war as a foregone conclusion, likely to turn out now any day. If it does, I am here in the midst of it, unless I can get seasonable warning. But I propose to persevere in my plan and go to Padua day after to-morrow, stop one night, another at Verona, then to Milan and stop two days, then *perhaps* to Turin, to Genoa, by sea to Livorno and Florence, and to Rome. There I do hope to find somebody whom I know—but that depends on the chances of peace or war.

Truly if there is a place where air and light and constant novelty and beauty could lift a man out of his own grief and sense of loneliness, it is this wonderful Venice. For hours sometimes I do contrive to lose myself in wonder and admiration; but one cannot live upon these sentiments; the more I enjoy, the more I feel the need of friends, of those with whom I have been wont to share my life.

As to letters (editorial), I shall try to finish one to-day and to-morrow. But the chances are much more against my writing while in Italy than I had supposed. Time is so used up by new sights and fatigues, and especially by the necessity of constant studying out of plans—still more by my inability to talk Italian (being alone), so that I seldom come the shortest way at anything.

Rome, June 2.

I told you of my ten days of fine weather and enjoyment in Venice—only I had not a soul to speak with while I was there—not even an Englishman. Sunday, April 21, I left there and came as far as Padua, where I spent the day, visiting the fine old church of St. Antonio, and Giotto's chapel (!), covered walls and ceiling, with the best preserved of all his frescoes. The next day, took cars to Milan, feeling a sense of positive relief and joy when I crossed the boundary at Peschiera, and found myself beyond the everlasting swarms of Austrian soldiers, and breathed for the first time the free air of V. Emanuel's Italy. I enjoyed Milan exceedingly, and was delighted with the free Italian people. There, and in all Northern Italy, and Florence, they are the most cheerful, orderly, sweet, good-natured population that I have anywhere seen. The Cathedral fill-

ed me with wonder and delight. I spent, in several climbs, six or eight hours on its roof and spire, amid its bristling pinnacles and its population of three or four thousand statues. I staid there three nights, and saw the cathedral last, white and like a soaring airy thing, under the full moon! Many fine works of Art, too, I saw in Milan—but always alone—still no Americans. Italian politics of course interested me much. Newspapers were sold and read as eagerly in the streets, as in Boston—a new phenomenon to me in Europe! Cialdini's bitter letter to Garibaldi had just appeared, and there was great sorrow and indignation and some attempts at "demonstrations"—but the good sense and self-possession of the people frowned on demonstrations and would have them—was it not beautiful?

Then a half day's railroad ride, past the battle fields (Magenta, &c.), and with a splendid panorama of snowy Alps looming across the delicate green Lombard plains, to Turin. I thought it worth a day to go round there and take a peep into the Parliament, where I was politely led into a good seat and saw Cavour, and heard him make a short speech. He is a most lively, hearty, somewhat Pickwickian looking little man; never two minutes still, but running about all over the chamber, talking with every member, and gesticulating vigorously. He looked happy and seemed to be continually congratulated. He had reason to feel well, for it was the morning after the great reconciliation between the three chiefs. What noble patriots! I had hoped to see Garibaldi; but he was not in health, and did not come into the House any more.

The next afternoon I reached Genoa, one of the most superb of cities. Dickens has described it as a mouldy, tumble-down, gloomy mass of obsolete splendor; but to me it looked in its prime of youth and beauty. I could not satiate myself climbing its hill-side streets, admiring its exquisite hanging gardens (roses, figs, and oranges), gazing off over its beautiful harbor, and exploring its grand old palaces. Two of these I went through, which contained the largest and finest collections of paintings. (What thousands upon thousands of fine pictures I have seen! In Venice no end of Titians, Giorgiones, Tintoretos, Paul Veroneses, Giov. Bellinis, Bonifaccios—the whole Venetian school has made the clearest impression on me).

At sunset the next day I took the steamer for Leghorn. Uncomfortable, wretched little boat—immense price—rough sea—and more and worse seasickness than I had in the whole passage of the Atlantic. It *should* have taken 9 hours, and it took 15. I was so sick on reaching Leghorn that I could not go right on to Florence, but had to rest there most of that Sunday. Before sunset, however, I was able to take the train, and enjoy the lovely Tuscan scenery in the valley of the Arno, bounded by deep purple or snowy mountain ranges.

Florence was, much of that week, as cold as Boston in the same month, a lovely place though, smothered in roses, and surrounded with soft, green hills, and mountains white with snow. I must take some better time, when I come home, to tell you how much I enjoyed its great art galleries, its Greek statues, and Michael Angelo's "Day and Night," &c. (the Medici monument), and the Raphaels and Del Santos and Titians; the old convent of S. Marco, where Fra Angelico lived (a monk took me round through cell after cell full of his frescoes, and into the refectory, (tables all set) where is a noble fresco of the Last Supper, in the same position as Da Vinci's, by Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master. (I went to see Da Vinci's in Milan). Then, too, the superb *Duomo*, with cupola larger than that of St. Peter's, and the view from the top of it, and Giotto's Campanile beside it, and the Baptistery with Ghiberti's doors. No end of such things while I was there; and I left ever so much unseen. One most interest-

ing walk was out to the Protestant cemetery, where I saw Theodore Parker's tomb; a fresh bunch of flowers lay on it, and the place is most lovely, sweet with birds and roses, planted with tall cypresses, and looking from a gentle elevation over towards Fiesole. I was nine days in Florence—entirely too short a time.

I had supposed that, when in Florence, I should be within eight or ten hours of Rome. It is not so far as from Boston to New York. But practically it is several days off. I had either to take another sea voyage, or go by diligence, costing three days, or in the mail coach (two nights and one day). I chose the latter for shortness, having to pay eighty-four francs (!), and get myself first by rail to Siena, where the coach starts. So I took the early train, drove right to the post-office, where I left my baggage, and then wandered about Siena the whole day, — a most interesting place, — and expected to start with the coach at 9 P.M., where I presented myself, tired enough — but they didn't choose to start till 12; so I had to wander three hours more, sit in cafes, &c. And then came a long and dismal ride; only I and the courier inside. I entered Rome at 12 the next night, having enjoyed the distant view over the Campagna, the Alban and Sabine Mts. with Soracte, from the hill after leaving Viterbo, as long as daylight lasted — and then I fell asleep, and woke to find myself trundled along between endless white stone walls, with a strange sensation of approaching Rome. It was much nearer than I was aware, and soon we stepped inside the Porta del Popolo, in the silent square, where passport was taken, and then down the Corso and to the post-office; and I was soon walking behind a porter at midnight, and a stranger, in the streets of Rome, to the hotel. Didn't I sleep well! Rose late, walked out in the sunshine, to the Piazza di Spagna, to the banker's and found no letters — then up the interminable steps to the Pincian hill, catching a first view of St. Peter's, and then on to Story's studio. He was not there; but President Quincy, larger than life, stood there just inside the door — marble, with a man chipping away at it — and a plaster double by his side — so I couldn't help going in; and I was led from room to room, looking at statues while I waited for Story, and I sat a half hour there amid his white ideals, his "Cleopatra," "Hero," "Gretchen," Beethoven," and last of all, and really great, his "African Sybil"! It was a fine introduction. It had both the feeling of Rome and of home in it — to me so long accustomed to entire strangers only. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Organ for Chicago, Ill.

I had the pleasure, on two evenings the past week of listening to the tones of a new organ, built for the Episcopal Church, in Chicago, Ill., by Messrs. Stevens & Jewett, No. 120 Leverett Street, in this city, and can confidently state that the Society will receive one of the handsomest and best instruments that ever left this city. By the kindness of the builders I had an opportunity to examine the interior of the instrument, and to obtain a description of it, which I send you.

The height of case is 30 feet, width of front, 20 feet, and depth, 10 feet. The style of architecture conforms to the church in which it is to be placed, made from a plan drawn by the architect, T. V. Wadsworth, Esq., of Chicago, and is Romanesque. The contents are as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
Pipes.		Pipes.	
Open Diapason.....	56	Bourdon Bass }	56
Tenoreon.....	56	Bourdon Treble }	56
St. Diapason, Bass }		Viol. de Gamba.....	56
Clarabell, Treble }	56	Op. Diapason, Bass }	56
Dulciana.....	56	" " Treble }	56
Principal.....	56	Principal.....	56
Twelfth.....	56	Stop Diapason, Bass }	56
Fifteenth.....	56	" " Treble }	56

Sesquialtra.....	168	Cornet 15th.....	56
Cremona.....	39	Cornet 12th and 17th.....	112
Trumpet Bass }	56	Hautboy.....	56
Trumpet Treble }	56	Trumpet Bass, Treb. }	56
Flute.....	56	" " Bass }	56

PEDAL ORGAN.	
Double Open Diapason.....	27
Violoncello.....	27

MECHANICAL STOPS.	
Pedal Cherk.	
Couple Pedals and Swell.	
Couple Great and Swell.	
Tremolo. Bellows Signal.	
Great and Swell at Octaves.	
Couple Pedal and Great.	

A number of the first organists of this city and vicinity, have tried the instrument, and pronounced it a very superior instrument, and one that the builders and Society might well be proud of. PANO.

BOARD OF MUSIC TRADE.—The Annual Meeting of the Board of Music Trade, which was to have taken place in this city this summer, has been postponed, in consequence of the present state of affairs in the country, to the first Wednesday of August of next year. Those whose interests are so closely connected with Harmony do well, we think, to come together only in Peace and Harmony, which we hope may, before that time, again reign in the land.

ERRATUM.—In the article "Concert Programmes," page 102, in our last number, an annoying typographical error occurs. In the last line but eight the words *and the better works* of Beethoven ought to read *and the LATER, &c.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 24, 1861. — *Philharmonic Concert.* The Philharmonic Society crowned the efforts of its first season with a very brilliant concert in Bryan Hall, on Saturday last, June 22. It was an auspicious conclusion of a series of musical entertainments, which have successfully inaugurated a new musical era in this city. The Society was organized under circumstances which rendered its successful accomplishment of the object aimed at somewhat doubtful in the minds of many whose hearts were with it. That object was the introduction of the best classical music in a community which had previously given the larger share of its patronage to productions of an inferior order. But the complete and triumphant success of the Society in its first season has, we think, demonstrated the practicability of the undertaking and reflected all honor upon the good taste of its numerous members. This success is undoubtedly owing in a very large measure to the labors of Mr. Balatka, the talented musical director, than whom no better musical executive can be found in the North West.

The following programme closed the first season:

1. Fifth Symphony, C minor.....L. V. Beethoven.
a. Allegro con brio.
b. Andante.
c. Allegro.
2. "Winged Messenger".....Feen.
Miss Dewey
3. Elegy to the Memory of Stephen A. Douglas.....Balatka.
4. Aria from "Jerusalem".....Verdi.
Mr. De Passio.
5. Souvenir de "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer.
6. Overture to "Martha".....Flotow.

The symphony in C minor was played by the orchestra in truly excellent style and with proper regard to light and shade. Every performer seemed inspired by the greatness of the composition and anxious to convey the idea of it to the audience. The best part of the Symphony might well be considered the triumph of instrumental music, for it is hardly possible to imagine anything more sublime and effective. The Winged Messenger was handsomely done by Miss Dewey and heartily encored. Mr. De Passio gave the aria to "Jerusalem" in his usual excellent style and is deservedly the favorite of our concert-going people. A most interesting per-

formance of the evening was Balatka's Elegy in memory of Stephen A. Douglas, it being new to every one. It is a dignified and solemn composition which conveys its meaning to the listener at once. Very expressive is the last part, where in passages of exquisite tenderness, the last touching farewell seems to be offered to the departed by sorrow-stricken friends. The composition will add greatly to the already high reputation of Mr. Balatka. The rest of the programme "Souvenir de Robert," and "Martha Overture" were by their perfect rendition much admired by the friends of a lighter style of music. The Directors announce, that the second season will commence with a concert to be given in September.

An Organic Complaint.

STREET MUSIC IN LONDON AND A PUBLIC MEETING.

At a time when the paper question threatens to unseat a Ministry, and the American troubles to create dissension, the *London Star and Dial* devotes one column and a quarter to another serious difficulty still—street music. The *Star* says:

"Marylebone, it appears, is at this moment agitated by a tremendous outburst of popular indignation. We were in blissful ignorance of the fact until a few minutes ago. The storm has been brewing silently, and thunder clouds have been gathering, while the sun seemed to be shining and the heavens bright and clear. At last the tempest has broken out in good earnest; the evidence before us places this beyond the reach of doubt. We have just received a hand-bill, headed in large capitals, with the resonant and wrath-provoking motto, 'Might against Right,' convening a public meeting of the ratepayers of the borough, this evening, in the Courthouse, Marble Lane. The veteran Reformer, Mr. Nicholas, is to take the chair, and Lord Formoy and Mr. Harvey Lewis have been invited to grace the platform with their presence. Our readers will doubtless be eager to learn the object of this imposing demonstration. We may, therefore, as well inform them at once that the meeting has been called, not to elicit the opinion of the inhabitants of Marylebone upon any vital question of domestic or foreign policy, but simply to protest against a sentence passed some few weeks since by Mr. Mansfield upon four members of a peripatetic brass band, who had been perpetrating their habitual discords to the annoyance of Mr. Charles Babbage. The Home Secretary, it is stated, has been appealed to, but in vain, and now the ratepayers are solemnly convoked to give formal utterance to their wrath at a judicial decision which is stigmatized by the promoters of the meeting as an act of 'magisterial tyranny.' We are ready to do the most ample justice to the motives of the gentlemen who have taken the foremost part in fomenting this tempest in a tea-pot. We are fully convinced that they have been actuated by the kindest motives, and we willingly believe that the error of judgment into which they have been betrayed arises from want of practical experience of the nuisance in behalf of which they have thought fit to interpose. At the same time, we feel bound to record our protest against the extension of any toleration to a pest which has really become past endurance. Mr. Babbage is no exceptional sufferer, and the courage and perseverance with which he has vindicated the right of every man to enjoy a peaceful existence in his own dwelling entitles him to be regarded as a public benefactor.

"The nature of the strains to which we are compelled to listen makes this nuisance intolerably hideous. If Caliban were a dweller in London now, he might truthfully exclaim, 'The isle is full of noises.' But, alas! he could not add, 'sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.' There is an organ player under our window at this moment; by the turning of his fatal crank he professes to be executing a composition of Vincent Wallace. In a certain sense he is executing it; he is so breaking it on the wheel that the accomplished musician could scarcely recognize his reputed child. For all the melody that exists in the concatenation of sounds he is producing, it might be the offspring of Richard Wagner."

Music Abroad.

Wallace's Opera of "Lurline," has been published in Germany under the title of "Loreley."

VIENNA.—Richard Wagner, while in Vienna, for the first time heard his "Lohengrin," at a rehearsal. The performance in the evening was made the occasion of an ovation to the composer. During the evening he was three times called upon the stage. No composer has ever before received like honors in theatre. The nobility took particular pains to show their sympathy with the enthusiasm of the Princess Metternich in Paris, who is one of them, and the applause was overwhelming. Wagner was not let off without having made a little neat speech. He is the lion of the day, and is richly indemnified for the bitter days of his exile by the smiles of the Imperial city.

MOSCOW, (Russia).—The Concert season, which is now over, has proved quite unsuccessful. No artist drew a full house. Many Concerts heralded with great pomp had to be given up as nobody would buy tickets. This has never happened before. Of foreign artists only Dreyshock and Wieniawski came; the former just saved his purse; the latter was sadly out of pocket. The Musical Society of the city—Philharmonic—was also poorly patronized. Only one of their concerts paid expenses. Liszt's Preludes were on the bills of the last one. The Russians did not seem to relish it much.

LEIPZIG.—Classical Leipzig has been blessed at last with the first performance of "Il Trovatore." The "Signale" comes to the conclusion that Verdi is better than his reputation. Signora Trebelli, in the character of Azucua, contributed much towards the success of the Opera. She is undoubtedly one of the first artists in Europe.

PARIS.—The Society of dramatic authors in Paris have been paid during the last eleven months the sum of one and a half millions of francs, being the author's share in the performances of works of their members.

The musical societies of the lower district of the Rhine have celebrated their 38th annual musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Works performed were Beethoven's grand D minor Mass, and Sinfonia Eroica, and the Oratorio of Joshua by Handel. The latter created a profound sensation. Several of the choruses were encored.

We clip the following from a Berlin letter in the Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift": "Mr. Paine, from America, a pupil of our best organ-player and distinguished composer A. Haupt, gave an organ concert previous to his departure, in which he performed pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn, Thiele and of his own with astonishing perfection. His pedal-playing and clearness of execution on the manuals are rarely equalled. He is more of a player than a composer. His variations on the Austrian National Anthem are suggestive of talent, but lack the maturity of a well formed individuality." This concert took place some time ago, but the report is new.

Vienna.

A circumstance that has already been remarked is that individual concert-givers scarcely dare any longer present themselves to the public without Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann. Although, in many instances, this is done rather clumsily, and although it is desirable that Beethoven should be the Omega and not the Alpha in the education of our young professionals, the necessity the artist is under of presenting a programme of sterling worth to his patrons, affords satisfactory testimony of a cultivated taste on the part of the hearer; and the performance of three-and-twenty symphonies, without counting Liszt's *Dichtungen*—to which we devoted a separate paragraph above—the

public performance, we say, of three-and-twenty symphonies, during the course of six months, in a city like Vienna, is really no small advance. It is, as a matter of course, altogether out of the question to compare Vienna, as far as activity in musical affairs is concerned, with many a smaller town in northern or middle Germany. Concentration of thought upon special and limited objects, and total absorption in one well-defined direction, cannot be expected or required of us. People must not insist on Vienna's being Leipzig, Breslau, or any other city where men of great talent pursue their course, with iron consistency, towards some one particular object. On the other hand, Vienna boasts of so many men of such varied talent, while public sensitiveness is so great public feeling so frank, and public sentiment so fresh, that anything only needs to be awakened into being, to pulsate freely, freshly, and vigorously, following its own path; and though it may sometimes giddily spring aside from it, it speedily returns to where its correct instinct calls it. This instinct warns us more especially against everything wearisome. If this results in our having sometimes not at first appreciated, from a dread of what appears monotonous, many things we subsequently enjoy, we gain a by no means inconsiderable advantage, namely, an ever fresh, quick feeling of appreciation for the essentially vital element in art generally, and, in music more especially, for the light genius of melody.

We should have to plunge into a thorough analysis of particular circumstances and individual institutions, if we attempted to give a detailed account of the continuous progress of musical Vienna. It is not long since we endeavored to show what a change had taken place here during the last ten years. We shall often probably have occasion to express our opinion of the system of musical associations, and the ends they have in view. Many persons consider logically musical matters among us solely in a musical light, without taking into account their influence on society. We ourselves have, perhaps, frequently arrived at a wrong decision, in consequence of this circumscribed mode of viewing things. We do not hesitate, however, to own our error, when we think we have discovered something better. We endeavor, also, if only as "an exercise for the memory," to gain a clear insight into the connection between human and artistic matters; and when, as last winter, for instance, we see the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde taking the lead, and achieving triumphs with the Mass in D, with Schubert's Opera, with the formation of an orchestra of their own, and with the organization, which has been commenced, at least, of the Conservatory, we cannot help recollecting the struggle necessitated not for a merely professional change of officials, but for placing the guidance of the Association in the hands of men who could be relied on, and who would work well together. We make this observation in order to mark distinctly the party to which we belong; for parties there must be as long as life and human activity exist, and those persons who cherish a love of art must hold together, unless they would have their cunning opponents enlist on their side the whole body of weak and neutral individuals. We rejoice sincerely at the successes thus achieved; and, while passing over in silence what did not turn out so well, but which was quite immaterial when placed in the balance against so much that was most excellent, we will, in conclusion, express the hope that, at the expiration of another year, we may have it in our power to give an equally favorable account of the "Vienna Concert Season."—*Vienna Recensionen.*

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This interesting event is fixed to take place on Tuesday the 27th of August, and three following days, making the twenty-eighth triennial celebration of these famous musical meetings. The proceeds arising from the festivals are applied to the assistance of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital, one of the largest beneficent institutions of this nature out of London. So great has been the success of the Birmingham Festivals, that since their establishment in 1768, nearly eighty thousand pounds have been realized for the charity. The meetings, under royal patronage, are supported by the nobility and gentry of the Midland counties, who not only act as Vice-presidents, but by their presence in the Town Hall, where the performances are held, manifest the interest they take in the welfare of the hospital. The arrangements are made by a committee, and are always on a scale of grandeur and completeness: the best available vocal and instrumental talent being invariably engaged, and the works performed consisting always of the highest class of sacred and secular music, by the most renowned ancient and modern composers. The last festival was held in 1858, when the Earl of Dartmouth was President. This year that office will be filled by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Stars and the Stripes. G. A. Mieske. 25

A powerful song of the old flag, with a vigorous melody which must at once impress itself favorably upon musical ears.

Land of Columbus. Quartet. Geo. Howe. 5

An Anthem of three verses, corresponding in measure to the Anthem of "God Save the Queen," but provided with an original melody, well adapted for children's voices, by Mr. Howe. The Anthem has been sung by the children of the Warren street Chapel during the Fourth of July celebration at the Academy of Music, and elicited warm encomiums. It is conveniently arranged for part-singing.

Instrumental Music.

Governor Curtin's Grand March. Rieter Fitzgerald. 25

A well written, pleasing March, by the junior editor of the "Philadelphia Item," and dedicated to the eminent man, who occupies the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania.

Croyez moi. J. Ascher. 25

A charming little Nocturne, eclipsing many a more pretentious composition in striking beauty of melody and nicety of detail. Everybody will be taken with it. It is not difficult.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hands. Gungl. 75

One of the finest sets of modern Waltzes; an uninterrupted chain of beautiful melodies, now jubilant and joyous, then again subdued and plaintive, the whole prefaced by a slow and impressive March in memory of Johann Strauss, who had just died when these Waltzes were composed. Two good players can enchant any audience with these strains. They are not difficult but must have the true whirl of the Waltz, in order to be fully effective.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Translated by John S. Dwight. Bound. 75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a penchant for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to whom pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 484.

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"O, Mother of a Mighty Race."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O, Mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are no more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O, fair young Mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

COMPOSITION.

We name the study of composition as the third object of general musical education. Deep penetration into art and its productions, a rich development of musical talent, cannot be attained without this study. If it be undertaken in the right sense, it rewards every step forwards with clearer insight and increased pleasure; and, indeed, those also who are not destined by peculiar talents to the profession of composers.

This circumstance demands the more deliberate consideration, the more imperfect and erro-

neous the representations are which have been attached to it.

Music consists, as can be seen from this book, in an inward comprehension of innumerable most diversified forms, constantly approaching and separating, perpetually combining and dissolving in each other. Their operation can be perceived, more or less, without previous cultivation, and can be understood and represented by a superficial instruction; but to comprehend them entirely, to penetrate into their whole nature and attributions, is to know the meaning and force of each form by itself, and also when in combination with every other. Now, let us imagine a great composition before us, in which different parts are united in the most varied manner, in all sorts of artistic forms, each part having its cantilena, its rhythm, its succession of tones, while each tone has a determined relation to the tones of the other parts, and with all this are combined different degrees and kinds of motion, of *furte* or *piano*, and of manner of performance. Now, we say, with such a composition before us, we presume it will be admitted that without study such a composition could not be understood, and that the study for that object must be thorough, systematic, and methodical.

Let us suppose for a moment that any one unaccustomed to composition undertook the dissection of the above imagined work. Then would he be overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of unities. The completion of his task would be impossible, were it only from the creation of new forms and applications of them which daily take place in art.

The only ready, practicable, and fruitful procedure is, therefore, to set one's own hand to work, to learn one's self how to bring the forms from out the world of sound, to "call the spirits from the vasty deep;" to learn to feel the rhythm of the forms, so that all present and future forms shall be within our scope and comprehension, because we have grasped the root of their existence—because we know how they have come into existence, and why. This the doctrine of composition teaches us. This science alone gives us, not abstract ideas upon art—not merely superficial notions upon the operation of art—not a few cut out dead parts, but the whole entire, with all its individualities, and in its unity, matter and spirit, form and meaning, in that single entirety which is the material of true art.

We may add, from a large experience of every age, and of both sexes, that the study of composition, without any proportionate loss of time, even for amateurs, most surely rewards every step, even when but small disposition exists in the student, or circumstances should prevent a lengthened pursuit of the subject. The first few lessons in one-part * compositions will at once awaken the sense for melody, and give a significant idea of its fundamental forms, of the efficacy of rhythm, and of the origin and accumulation of passages and phrases. Already the doctrine so comprehensive and so easily comprehended of the two and two composition in two parts, built upon the natural harmony, makes the foundation of all harmony and tonic progression perfectly obvious, and furnishes to moderately endowed students, pleasurable and exciting lessons. So much can be acquired in two or three weeks, with a couple of lessons a week and but little exertion; and, moreover, we might abandon our studies at this point, without having lost our labor. Then the gradual development of harmony and the richer progression of parts, will have, in the mere inspection, the charm of a perfectly rational and highly copious display, from the most simple fundamental forms and the most obvious laws. But to any one who enters upon this pur-

suit with inbred activity, to such a one the regions of sound are illumined and extended with every effort—the sense of music is vivified, excited and strengthened by every fresh manifestation of the internal art. Now, with the knowledge of the limitation of chords, freedom in the unfolding of art returns, and her play becomes continually richer and more variegated. Then all artistic forms are imagined and explained, the one from the other—the order of the succession being pre-supposed—the one quite as easy as the other, until finally, their realization on determined instruments or in song, in ecclesiastical, dramatic, and other objects of our art, completes the whole study. At any point the study may be relinquished with profit, in proportion to the labor bestowed, if circumstances should so command, or the zeal of the student should not urge him to further investigation.

The study of composition may begin early, particularly with talented and lively children, but not before they have made some progress upon a musical instrument,—if possible the piano-forte, and have thereby gained some participation in and capacity for art, and also more penetration and habit of reflection. They ought at least to have got beyond the elementary exercises, and be able to play with feeling and technical correctness larger works, such as, for example the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. Instruction in composition at an earlier period than this would be mere empty playing; or, what is much worse, would disturb, in the still unself-supporting scholar, the free and immediate enjoyment of the compositions lying before him; and thrust, in the place of lively, soul-inspiring, artistic employment, cold and profitless mechanisms of the understanding. This is one of the greatest errors of a system pursued in many shapes, of instruction in the piano and harmony combined, which apparently advances the students through an intricate mechanism with great rapidity, but at the cost of the feeling of music itself, which remains undeveloped, and becomes, indeed, oppressed and stifled by the disturbance of the understanding, and the mechanism which that system brings into action. The true joy of art and artistic accomplishment becomes the more surely destroyed thereby,—the more deceptive to the observer is the joy of the scholar at his mechanical success,—and the more his sudden progress in certain parts of music is in the beginning inexplicable to the uninstructed.

We consider thus much to be necessary upon general education. The choice of other instruments may be left to each individual, under the advice of the better-informed. The science and history of music must in like manner be left to the disposition and leisure of every friend of art. The composer, and particularly the well-educated musician, will scarcely be able to restrain himself from the history of his art, not merely from books, but from the works of art themselves.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* The author has conformed himself here to the tenor and tendency of his *Doctrine of Musical Composition* (Lehre von der Musikalischen Composition), at Breitkopf and Härtel. How little can the above assurance be given by the old thorough-bass and doctrine of harmony; how unartistic is it in foundation and method, how extremely incomplete and unsatisfactory. This the author has exemplified from time to time in the *Instruction for Composition*, but more demonstratively in the work "Die alte Musiklehre im Streit mit unserer Zeit" (the old Doctrine of Music in contention with our times), at Breitkopf and Härtel, 1841—as had been acknowledged and declared long enough before him by Reicher and every thinking Professor of composition. The indolence of so many old masters, or the ignorance of masters absolutely unacquainted with the real nature of composition, is still answerable for the painful and useless labor of many young persons. Many such, indeed, are still enduring in the continually disappointed hope that they will at last, some day, arrive at composition, or at least at a clearer insight into the nature of art: they endure until the time has passed, and with it all pleasure and natural feeling, which either dies away or becomes corrupted.

Surry Music Hall.

The destruction by fire of the Surry Music Hall is one of those dreadful accidents which periodically befall our places of public amusement, and which seem alike to defy precaution and watchfulness. Within a few years we had to chronicle the burning of Covent Garden Theatre and St. Martin's Hall, and have now to add that of the very splendid building in Surry Gardens, devoted to music. In the present case, we believe, the cause of the conflagration is distinctly traced; and the smallest care, it would appear on the part of the workmen who were occupied in repairing the roof, would have prevented the catastrophe. Generally, however, the cause remains concealed, or is only surmised. In the case of the Royal Italian Opera, conjecture was completely baffled; and to this day the burning down of that magnificent theatre continues a mystery. Is there any means of preventing these terrible occurrences? Must it be set down in the book of probabilities that any given theatre in London is doomed to share the fate of the Surry Music Hall—say, once in twenty years? If this be correct calculation, and that there are twenty theatres in London, every year should have its conflagration, which, fortunately, is not the case, and which, no doubt, is owing to the superior providence of some managers over others, or to a better system of ventilation or fire prevention adopted in the structure of the buildings. In any case, it behooves those who construct theatres, as well as those who watch over them, as far as lies in their power, specially to provide against accidents by fire. Where such inflammable materials as painted canvass and fragile wood-work are used and brought into all but immediate contact with flickering jets of gas—as in the case of all theatres, and is unavoidable—it is really wonderful that accidents are so few, and proves that the midnight guardians of the temples must be wakeful at their posts. In the case of Her Majesty's Theatre a large tank of water surmounts the building, which is so arranged that the whole contents may be turned on to the interior of the house in a very few minutes. Such a body of liquid would no doubt extinguish summarily any ordinary fire, and would seem to be all that is required. Whether any other theatre has adopted the same plan we do not know. But we would recommend strongly the adoption of large cisterns, after the manner of that used in the Old Opera, not only in theatres, but in every building devoted to public amusements; in which case a single watchman, by the turn of a single cock, would be enabled to do the work of twenty fire-engines, and in ten times briefer space.

Poor Julian! The Surry Music Hall was one of his brightest dreams. He, who always looked forward to the art enlightenment of the public, saw in the establishment of a music-hall in the somewhat barbaric region of Walworth, Lambeth, the Boro', and Camberwell, a new field for his enterprise, a new theatre for his ambition, a new arena on which to carry out his boundless speculations for the advancement of music. No missionary with gospel in hand ever went to the Coast of Gold, or remotest Indian isle, to convert misbelievers, with purer intent or more fixed determination than Jullien to the farther side of the Thames, to regenerate the untaught hosts of Surryland by means of good music. But "the race is not always to the swift, nor battle to the strong;" and they who deserve most of fortune too often in the end come off the worst. Jullien gave up heart and soul to the establishment of the new Hall—as, indeed, was his nature, his instinct—and in an evil hour embarked in it all the hard and honorable earnings of many years. The Surry Music Hall was inaugurated with every prospect of success. Soon, however, matters took an adverse change. Ill management, increase of expenditure, disagreement among the share holders, improvidence of the directors, and a brief career of bad luck, brought the speculation to bankruptcy. Jullien lost several thousand pounds, all he had in the world indeed, and as far as money was concerned, was a ruined man. He bore up manfully, how-

ever, against the calamity, and displayed more energy and vigor than ever in stemming the torrent of adversity. It cannot be concealed, nevertheless, that the bankruptcy of the Surry Music Hall planted the first nail in Jullien's coffin. He not only lost all his worldly estate, but his brightest vision had fled, his dearest hope was gone. And thus the Surry Music Hall, in its moral ruin, engendered a far deeper calamity than in its physical annihilation. Insurance offices and shareholders may again raise the structure aloft to the skies, and endow it with new beauty and splendor; but what power can restore him who constituted its life and light, without whom the Hall itself would have had neither locality nor a name!

It is gratifying to know that the building is largely insured, although by no means to the extent of covering the loss. The fears, too, have proved premature that the destruction of the Hall would involve the foregoing of many important concerts already announced, thereby throwing hundreds out of employment. This, we are glad, is provided against. A temporary building, we understand, has been erected, of boarding, we may suppose, at the end of the supper-room, where the concerts will take place until the hall is rebuilt, and in which some *fêtes* on a prodigal scale will be given for the benefit of the proprietors. The weather, moreover, could not be more favorable; so that, notwithstanding the terrible disaster which has brought destruction on the hall, the musical season at the Surry Gardens will not suffer total eclipse.

Verdi.

Signor Verdi is the most fortunate of composers. Just when his *prestige* seemed to be on the wane, when his popularity appeared to totter beneath the new impetus given to good music; when the *Trovatore* was beginning to pall upon the public taste, and the *Traviata* was all but banished from the operatic repertory, comes a new work from his pen, which has already excited the greatest interest, not merely on account of the value attached to it as a composition, but because the managers of the two Italian theatres have announced it for performance, and the music has been already made familiar to the visitors of Canterbury and Oxford Halls. *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Signor Verdi's last opera—and, as some say, his best—was one of the special novelties which figured in Mr. Gye's prospectus this season; and, therefore, if priority of announcement constitute a claim, the Royal Italian Opera has the first right of production. The law of copyright, however, as it seems, does not affect the opera being given at another theatre; and as the director of Covent Garden has not been able, as we learn, to obtain the exclusive power of performance for his theatre, Mr. J. H. Mapleson, manager of the Lyceum Italian Opera, has also advertised the *Ballo in Maschera* for representation, and even takes precedence of Mr. Gye, since the opera is announced in the bills for tonight; whereas the Royal Italian performance does not take place until Thursday. Here, then, we have two *impresarii* of Italian opera openly contesting for the honor of laying Verdi's latest inspiration before the public, and expending all the resources of their establishments on its production. The Covent Garden cast comprises, in the principal parts Mesdames Penco, Miolan-Carvalho, and Nantier-Didié; Sigs. Mario, Graziani Tagliafico, and M. Zelger; that of the Lyceum, Mlle. Titiens, Mesdames Gassier and Lemaire, Sigs. Giuliani, Delle Sedie, and M. Gassier; two powerful lists of names, and which demonstrates how worthily considered the opera must be in the minds of the directors.

Sig. Verdi is now in reality the hero of the opera, and his old influence is about to be renewed. Once more must the star of Mozart and Rossini grow pale in the dazzling glare of young Italy's composer, and a second *Trovatore* furor be created. It might be desired, however, that Sig. Verdi had essayed his talent on any other subject than that which had originated one of the most undoubted *chefs d'œuvre* of the French

school. In selecting *Gustavus the Third*; or, the *Masked Ball*, already hallowed by the genius of Auber the Italian composer acted unwisely; since he brought his music into direct competition with that of one who was a far greater master and a more inspired writer than himself, and could hope to obtain little profit from the comparison. Is it possible that Signor Verdi ever entertained the idea of making the world forget Auber's opera through his own? Perhaps he remembered how Rossini's *Barbiere* had entirely obliterated that of Paisiello, and fancied his *Ballo in Maschera* would do the same by Auber's *Masked Ball*. Or can it be possible that Signor Verdi knows nothing of the opera of *Gustave*, and had no "compunctious visitings," when the book was presented to him by some enthusiastic music publisher? This, indeed, would constitute his fairest excuse; since, to fancy he could go calmly and hopefully to work after an attentive hearing of Auber's music, is impossible. Nay, is it not more likely that, after listening to the divinely melodious opening chorus, he would have dashed down the *libretto* in despair, and cried aloud, "This, indeed, is beyond the scope of my inspiration, and I shall not attempt to rival it?"

We do not seek in these remarks, to disparage or underrate the composer of *Rigoletto*. We shall be delighted to hear a new opera from his pen, satisfied that from it alone we can hope to obtain anything, now-a-days, veritably original. If Sig. Verdi were deposed, it would only be to make room for some one without a tithe of his inspiration, and no part of his dramatic power. Therefore, if we are to have *novelty*, let us seek to procure it from a quarter where we are certain to gain something with which we had no previous acquaintance. The general public, after all, are not such fools; and Sig. Verdi's long-ending popularity proves incontestably not only that he possesses qualities which no other composer possesses, but that to him belongs the still rarer quality of interesting and exciting in an eminent degree. And so we, too, as well as the *prufanum vulgus*, will be right glad to hear a new work which has emanated from his fertile pen.—*Musical World*.

War Song.

Dedicated to the Massachusetts Regiments.

BY W. W. STORY.

Up with the Flag of the Stripes and the Stars!
Gather together from plow and from loom!
Hark to the signal!—the music of wars
Sounding for tyrants and traitors their doom.
March, march, march, march!
Brothers unite—march in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Down with the foe to the Land and the Laws!
Marching together our country to save,
God shall be with us to strengthen our cause,
Nerving the hand and the heart of the brave.
March, march, march, march!
Brothers unite—rouse in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Flag of the Free! under thee we will fight,
Shoulder to shoulder, our face to the foe;
Death to all traitors, and God for the Right!
Singing this song as to battle we go:
March, march, march, march!
Freemen unite—rouse in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

Land of the Free that our Fathers of old,
Bleeding together, cemented in blood—
Give us thy blessing as brave and as bold,
Standing like one, as our ancestors stood—
We march, march, march, march!
Conquer or fall! Hark to the call:
Justice and Freedom for one and for all!

Chain of the slave we have suffered so long—
Striving together, thy links we will break!
Hark! for God hears us, as echoes our song,
Sounding the cry to make tyranny quake!

March, march, march, march!
Conquer or fall! Rouse to the call—
Justice and freedom for one and for all.

Workmen arise! There is work for us now;
Ours the red ledger for bayonet pen;
Sword be our hammer, and cannon our plow;
Liberty's loom must be driven by men!

March, march, march, march!
Freemen! we fight, roused in our might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

DEATH OF AMODIO.—We regret to record the death of Signor Amodio. He was a person of no inconsiderable gifts in his profession, and will be identified in the memory of most of us with some of the leading characters of the modern Italian Opera.

The following from the *Evening Post* will be read with interest:

"Alessandro Amodio, whose death we briefly noticed yesterday, was born in Naples in 1831. His family is an old and respectable one, and his father is editor-in-chief of the official journals of Naples.

A few months ago a Havana correspondent said: 'Amodio is learning the flute.' A mistake, for he had played that instrument from the day that he was old enough to hold it in his lips. In that direction his fine musical genius first developed itself. With his perfected voice came the desire to use and cultivate it. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he put himself under the training of the two most celebrated *maestri* of Naples, Glosa and Biasaccia.

Having continued for three years in their schools he became so enamored of the stage, that, failing to obtain the consent of his family to a public career, he ran away and joined the troupe singing at the Teatro di San Carlo, where he made his first appearance with Borghi-Mamo and Giuglini. He was so enthusiastically received that an engagement for three successive seasons was immediately concluded with him by the manager of the opera at Florence.

There Strakosch heard him, and asserted that if he would come to America he might make his fortune in a year. He accordingly finished his Florence engagement, and after singing in Milan, Leghorn and Lucca, paid his first visit to this country. Here he first appeared, in the role of Il Conte di Luna, and the reception he met has too long made him a household word among those who love music to need mention at this day.

He travelled through the whole United States, appearing everywhere in concert or opera, with most unequivocal success—interspersing between his appearance here, three separate seasons at the Tacon Theatre of Havana. Finally he went to Venezuela, sang with the same applause in Caracas, and was on his way to his adopted home in New York when he died of fever.

His younger brother, Francesco, also a fine barytone, and just beginning his career, was with him when he died, and is afflicted to the last degree at the loss of one who, as he touchingly says, "was older than I, but my heart's very twin." The love of these two brothers was everywhere remarkable.

The death of Alessandro is the first affliction of the Amodio family, who now number both parents, six sons and two daughters. Francesco is the only one left on the stage. Amodio is a severe loss to the lyric stage, but an irreparable one to thousands of friends, and a man who left no enemies.

Liszt in Paris.

The sudden sultriness of the weather, which has sent the Court to Fontainebleau and so many owners of country residences to the delights of *la villegiatura*, has brought out the gardens of this gay and brilliant city into the fulness of their floral glory. The salons of that portion of the *beau monde* which lingers on until the close of the Legislative chamber, are so laden with flowers as to be often oppressive, especially where the reception rooms happen to be small, and the company numerous as was the case at the *soirée* given last week to Dr. Liszt by M. de Lamartine.

The prince of pianists being too rich and too grand to play any longer for money, has turned a deaf ear to all entreaties to allow himself to be heard in public. But having dined at the Tuileries, he condescended, after dinner, to play for his imperial hosts, and that to such purpose that the Emperor testified his delight and admiration by naming the artist, then and there, Commander of the Legion of Honor. Liszt has also played at the magnificent dramatic *fête* given by the Count de Morny by way of adieu to the gaieties of

the expiring season; and being an old and intimate friend of Lamartine, whose admiration of his powers is unbounded, and with whom he has promised to take "a family dinner," he graciously empowered the poet to invite "a few friends" to come in after dinner and hear him play. M. and Mme. de Lamartine, greatly delighted with this permission, immediately sent off notes of invitation to as many of their "dear five hundred" as they thought their small *salon* in the rue Ville l'Eveque could be stretched into holding; among others, to the principal editor of the *Siècle*.

By some error, this note, instead of being delivered to M. Havin, found its way into the compositor's room; and all the music-lovers of Paris were electrified, next morning, by reading in the columns of that popular journal, the following lines:

"My dear Havin: Liszt who does me the inappreciable honor of dining with me on Thursday next, consents to allow my humble parlor to hear those wonderful sounds so long unheard in Paris, and to witness the renewal of the old prodigy of Orpheus, who animated wood and metal at his pleasure! 'He that hath ears,' &c., &c."

"Yours ever, LAMARTINE."

In vain did the unfortunate poet address, in wild affright, a second note—this time, meant for publication—to the editor of the *Siècle*, explaining that his first had been metamorphosed into a public advertisement altogether by mistake, that his parlor was too small to hold more than the few he had already personally invited, and, by implication, imploring the public to stay away. The excuse offered by the unlucky mistake of the newspaper people afforded too good an excuse to be neglected, and the poet's house, on the appointed evening, was literally besieged by crowds of persons utterly unknown to him, who had flocked thither in the hope of getting in, not only from every quarter of Paris but from every part of France. One eager *malomane* of Marseilles having caught sight of the tempting paragraph in the *Siècle*, consulted his watch, saw that he could just accomplish the journey in time, if he managed to catch the next train for Paris, had his valise packed in a twinkling, dashed off to the station, reached it in the "nick of time," and reached the poet's residence early enough to secure an entrance, which the greater part of those who came after him were, of course, unable to do; Liszt's enormous piano—which he takes everywhere with him—occupying a good part of the *salon*, and every available inch of space in the house being speedily crammed almost to suffocation.

The great artist is just like his portraits; little changed from the lion of twenty years ago, save that his hair is now almost white. No description could give any adequate idea of the amazing performance of this unrivalled artist, while those who have formerly heard and seen him play, it will suffice to say that his astounding power is the same as ever, but that he now plays with rather less of that frantic, maddening, thunder-bolt sort of force which led to the utterance of the famous *dictum* of the musical criticism of that day: "Thalberg plays like a god, Cramer like an archangel, and Liszt like the devil!" Liszt played also at Prince Poniatowski's, whose reception rooms were crowded almost as suffocatingly as the poet's house. On both occasions the quantity of flowers in the rooms, though extremely charming to the eye, was positively oppressive, and was confidentially voted a nuisance by all the guests.

An opulent banker here, with whom Liszt had engaged to dine, and to whom he had sent his piano, determined to keep the expected player entirely for himself and a few of the members of his family. Shortly before six o'clock the artist reached the banker's house, which he entered, to the stupefaction of that personage and his wife, with two splendidly dressed ladies—both princesses—to each of whom he had given an arm. Princess D—speaking for them both, gracefully explained that, unable to resist the temptation of hearing the artist, they had invited themselves to share the hospitality of Mme. G—. The host and hostess though not a little annoyed at this unceremonious invasion of their premises by persons who were not only total strangers, but of a rank so much above their own, were fain to make the best of the affair, and protesting that they were "delighted," "flattered," and "enchanted," had an additional leaf drawn out of their dining-table, and did the honors of the evening with all the grace and *amabilité* of Paris—an Amphitryon.

Liszt is eccentric and extremely proud: he moreover cherishes a singular animosity against apples, which useful fruit he considers as unworthy of being ranked among the edibles of the planet. At a certain dinner, not many years ago, some young men having made a bet that they would draw out the "lion" on the subject of his favorite antipathy, one of them, when the desert was placed on the table, launched forth into a high-flown panegyric upon apples, but

declared that he was unable to decide "whether they should be peeled or eaten with the rind." "Pray, M. Liszt," continued the young man, "what do you consider to be the most correct way of eating an apple?" "Sir," replied the artist with freezing haughtiness, "no well-bred man would eat an apple in any way."

On another occasion Liszt was invited to a grand *soirée* given by the Russian Princess L—, renowned for her pride, and for her insolent way of showing it. Among Liszt's many whims is that of always helping himself to sugar with his fingers, disdaining sugar-tongs. When tea was brought in Liszt helped himself to sugar in his usual way. The Princess, who happened to be very near him, said to the footman who was carrying the tray, "Take away that sugar-basin and bring another." Liszt took no apparent notice of this insult, but went on conversing with those about him, taking several cups of tea, and seeming to enjoy them greatly. It was a warm summer evening, and the windows of the *salon* were wide open. When Liszt had finished his last cup of tea, he walked deliberately across the room to the nearest window, and threw his cup and saucer—the service being most magnificent and costly—out into the street.

"Good heavens, Mr. Liszt!" shrieked the indignant Princess, springing to her feet, "what could have prompted you to commit such a piece of Vandalism?"

"Madame," replied Liszt, with an air of the utmost simplicity and the most perfect sangfroid, "I had touched both the cup and the saucer with my fingers, and I supposed you would have considered them as defiled by the contact."—*Corr. N. Y. Evening Post*.

Mario as a Teacher.

It is well for the prosperity of the vocal art that such a teacher as Signor Mario is still before the public. It is well, too, for the same cause, that such music as Rossini's *Barbiere* is not altogether overlooked. Such a singer and such music are indeed constituted to uphold genuine Italian vocalization, in spite of the degenerate influence of Signor Verdi and modern operatic composers. Let us, however, do Signor Verdi and his laborers in the same vineyard justice.

Rossini wrote for nearly all the most accomplished singers of the age, singers educated in the best schools, trained after the best models, and severely tested before they ventured to confront public opinion. No doubt his own music had no small share in making the singers, more especially as he had a consummate knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice, and never—at all events while he devoted his genius to the Italian stage—would tax its powers to the utmost for the sake of effect. Rossini was, perhaps, more intimately acquainted with the means and resources of every kind of voice than any composer who ever wrote, excepting Mozart. He was himself a first-rate barytone, and, when a boy, was one of the treble singers in the cathedral of his native city. This early teaching, combined with wonderful quickness of observation, enabled him to create music for the singers which, without in the least concealing their powers, allowed them to produce the finest effects. That, nevertheless, his vocal compositions, for the greater part, were adapted to the means of popular singers, is well known; and hence, it cannot be denied that the singers had a certain influence on his music.

When Signor Verdi commenced writing for the stage, the vocalists in the legitimate Italian school were extreme rarities. He found vociferators instead of singers, and was compelled to accommodate his music to their capacities. It was suddenly discovered that a good voice alone was wanting to constitute the vocalizer; and Signor Verdi endorsed the discovery by writing compositions which required for their performance the smallest amount of art. Here was a chance for tyros. Why learn singing at all, when it might be so easily dispensed with? Why encounter difficulties, expend time and money, and waste one's best energies in close and severe application, when a reputation might be made by mere strength of lungs and a fortnight's discipline? It is wonderful how the "vociferators" came into vogue, and what influence they exercised upon composers. Signor Verdi, above all, "championed them to the utterance." The school of David, Tacchinardi, Garcia, Rubini, Galli, Tamburini, and others was gradually dying a natural death, and, as an inevitable consequence, Rossini's music, having nobody to interpret it, was falling into disrepute. Fortunately, now and then singers were found who added a desire to attain the highest excellence in their profession to natural aptitude and instinct, and who thus became preservers of the loftiest school of the vocal art. More fortunate still that some such legitimatists should have

descended to our own times, and that we still can boast of Mario and Alboni.

The performance of the *Barbiere*, now being given at Covent Garden, cannot fail to prove entirely gratifying to those who pin their faith to pure Italian music and pure Italian vocalism. We might search back in vain to the first representation of Rossini's enchanting work for singing more legitimate and more perfect, for acting more easy, gentlemanly, and instinct with comic genius than may be found in Mario's Count Almaviva. The very spirit of Rossini and Beaumarchais are concentrated in his performance. And what a study for the singer! A tenor might learn from listening to Mario attentively one night, than from a dozen lessons administered by the most erudite professor. Such artists, indeed, have ever proved the indoctrinators; and it is matter for no small congratulation that after so many years passed in exerting himself to please the public, the great tenor should be enabled to exhibit his admirable talent with almost undiminished powers. The performance of Mario in Count Almaviva will have a twofold value for singers; it will teach them that the old school cannot be dispensed with, and that the voice may be best preserved by adhering to the best models. No tenor who knows his art is compelled to force his voice in the music of Almaviva, not because it is written less high than Signor Verli's tenor parts—which certainly is not the case—but because it lies so artfully for the voice, and because the upper notes are never called upon for extra exertion. In many parts of the Count's music the voice is taxed to the highest part of the register—witness the trio "Ah! quel colpo"—but a well-trained organ can take the passages without difficulty, and attack the highest notes without effort. Such is the effect of legitimate vocal music. We strongly recommend every tenor who wishes to procure a lesson in genuine Italian singing of the very highest value to go and hear Mario in Count Almaviva, cautioning him at the same time not to suffer his enjoyment to interfere with his instruction, which we acknowledge to be no easy task. Perhaps the best way would be to hear him twice, the first time for pleasure, the second for information.—*London Musical World*.

Church Music.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, in the *Independent* of August 27th, in a letter from "Mountain Rest, Matteawan," discourses as follows of church music:—

By the way, yesterday morning I was at the Methodist church here. A very pleasant room it is, and I am told that a very worthy society occupy it. But I have a most weighty charge to bring against the good people, of musical apostasy. I had expected a treat of good hearty singing. There were Charles Wesley's hymns, and there were the good old Methodist tunes, that ancient piety loved, and modern conceit laughs at! Imagine my chagrin when, after reading the hymn, up rose a choir from the shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monotonous tune of the modern music book style. The patient congregation stood up meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no shelter. Scarcely a lip moved. No one seemed to hear the hymn, or to care for the music. How I longed for the good old Methodist thunder! One good burst of old fashioned music would have blown this modern singing out of the windows like wadding from a gun! Men may call this an improvement, and gentility! Gentility has nearly killed our churches, and it will kill Methodist churches if they give way to its false and pernicious ambition. We know very well what good old fashioned Methodist music was. It had faults enough, doubtless, against taste. But it had an inward purpose and a religious earnestness which enabled it to carry all its faults, and to triumph in spite of them! It was worship. Yesterday's music was tolerable singing, but very poor worship. We are sorry that just as our churches are beginning to imitate the former example of Methodist churches, and to introduce melodies that the people love, and to encourage universal singing in the congregation, our Methodist brethren should pick up our cast off formalism in church music. It will be worse with them than with us. It will mark a greater length of decline. We could hardly believe our eyes and ears yesterday. We could not persuade ourselves that we stood before a Methodist church. We should have supposed it to be a good solid Presbyterian or Congregational church, in which the choir and pulpit performed everything, and the people did nothing.

Our brethren in this church must not take these remarks unkindly. They are presented in all kindness and affection. The choir sung better than many choirs in city churches, but no one sung with them. The people were mute. They used their ears, but not their mouths! But alas! we missed the old fer-

vor—the good old fashioned Methodist fire. We have seen the time when one of Charles Wesley's hymns, taking the congregation by the hand, would have led them up to the gate of heaven. But yesterday it only led them up as far as the choir, about ten feet above the pews.

Conducting;—

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.
BY HERMANN ZOPFF.

Conducting is a matter of experience. It is true, there are some qualifications indispensable for the conductor, but these are of no use, if they are not regulated and controlled by experience.

Necessary, general qualifications for the conductor are:

1. A good ear, not only for the different tones themselves, but also for a sharp distinction of the *timbre* of single voices or instruments. The best mode of acquiring this, is to investigate, at first, the character of the sound, the impression made upon our soul by every voice and every instrument. It is thus, only, one can successfully practice that distinction mentioned above.
2. Good and vigorous piano-forte playing.
3. A thorough knowledge of re-producing the full score on the piano.
4. Knowledge of all the keys, and ability to transpose.
5. A sure appreciation of time; and,
6. Resoluteness and affability toward the performers. As long as you are conducting, do not submit to any interference, even if it comes from the most intelligent of your performers; for such interference once tolerated, produces, pretty soon, the nice result, that every body is conducting. But it is a well-known fact that two persons can not conduct at the same time, without causing confusion among the performers. If the conductor commits a real blunder, let him cheerfully admit it. Everybody is liable to err. But if he blames the blunders of some of his performers, let him be careful not to compromise these by calling their names, or by addressing them personally. If it is a player, mention his instrument, if it is a choral singer, call out to the part in general as well as to the row in which the performer stands, but as soon as you are alone with him, criticize him severely.

Whoever wants to become a conductor, will do well by practising before the mirror a thoroughly distinct marking of time and parts of time. It is thus that he will soon learn to know whether he is liable to produce any of those ridiculous movements of body and arms which so often disfigure conducting.

Every beat must cross the air in a direction different from the preceding one, not too short and hasty, also not too slow and drawing.

Every direction of the *baton* must form one sole and decided beat. A timid proceeding, an interruption, or a repetition, will not do.

The change of the direction must form *sharp corners*: if not, it will result in an incomprehensible forming of circles, called in Germany, "coffee grinding."

Be careful not to beat every quaver, and content yourself, according to the quickness of the movement, during a measure, with four, three, or two beats, and in *Presto* with one. Only in a very slow movement is the marking of every quaver appropriate, but in this case, those which are not accented must be indicated by small beats while the accented ones are demonstrated by large beats.

The upper part of the arm must not move, it is best to move only the wrist, else the arm will be soon tired. Raise the elbow only in case you want to indicate some special accentuation, and where you intend to make an uncommon impression upon the performers. He who, while conducting, is constantly moving the members of his body or his whole body, will produce dullness and want of attention among the performers.

Beat always in such a manner that all can see the *baton*.

*For*te and *piano* are best indicated by larger and smaller beats, *sforzati* by a short and quick thrust. Every *ferrnata* is to be prepared by a *rallentando*. Hold up the *baton* as long as it shall last, and if you wish to stop it, turn your *baton* a little upward. If single instruments or voices have paused for some time and are to resume their parts, the conductor must previously look toward them, and give them a sign, which is best done by the other hand.

The conducting of singing is, in most cases, very poorly treated. The majority of the conductors of singing-clubs are either frightened, and, consequently uncertain, when conducting, or they do not thoroughly understand the nature of singing. It is for

this reason that he who will make the above his speciality, ought to study first the peculiarities of singing, perhaps best by participating for a time in the performances of the choir. He will soon learn to know that, in singing, as well as in speaking, he gives at discretion his own self, so to speak, his own soul, to the ears of a great many persons. But this will produce a somewhat uneasy impression upon every singer who is not fully convinced of his own superiority, especially in case he has to sing high tones. He will feel constrained, and this feeling causes, very often, a false position of the throat, head, mouth, or tongue, for the right delivery of the tone. A careful conductor will know in such cases how to prevent this, at least how to lessen the evil. His ability with regard to this matter will be mostly tested when conducting a choir, especially a choir of ladies, who, being generally amateurs, feel often inclined to be inattentive, and moreover, not very regular in their attendance at the rehearsals, are apt to forget, and consequently feel frightened as soon as they have to sing a high tone or a difficult interval.

A little intelligence, a little power of observation on the part of the conductor, will soon remedy this. Conductors of choirs will always do well to be prepared for this, as singing is under any circumstances influenced by disposition of mind, and will therefore expect from their choir rather too little than too much, basing this latter estimation perhaps upon one single good performance. Choirs, especially small and mixed choirs, have, like a single person, their special disposition or temper. One day every thing goes finely, the other day the singers sing so badly, that one should like to despair. It is true, sometimes it is the frame of mind of the conductor, which unconscious to him, influences the singers. Ladies generally come with just as much pleasure as *want of attention* to the rehearsal. Every new comer, every appearance of a new solo part, every mistake in speaking on the part of the conductor, is likely to disturb their attention. If this increases too much, it is well to tell them that such a proceeding cannot fail to render the task of the conductor still more difficult. Further it is necessary not to repeat too often a place in a part where a blunder occurred, else soon the singers will be so tired of it, that pleasure and attention can be in vain exacted from them. But the conductor can obtain the same result in interspersing these repetitions by the rehearsal of other places and pieces. Constant corrections and interruptions also make them absent-minded and dull. It is much better to go straight through to a period, and then return with all strictness to the single blunders which may have occurred. Just as you must not fatigue one and the same voice too long by rehearsing some difficult passages, you also must not leave too long unoccupied any of the members of the choir. If, for instance, the whole choir of men (in a mixed choir) should for hours consist only of a few members, let them sing just as if the whole choir was present, in order not to cause in them the feeling of superfluity or non-estimation.

The sometimes wavering character of singing, caused by the breathing, the developing, and reposing of the tones, requires occasionally for the mixed choir a peculiar conducting. The Germans, for instance, exhibit such a virtuosity in reposing upon all tones suitable for this purpose, that necessarily strict time cannot be kept. Under these circumstances, it becomes urgent to beat the quaves so near to their eyes that they cannot avoid seeing them, at least occasionally, or to mark every weak part of the measure upon which another tone is to be sung with the same importance as if it were a new entry of a part. For the same reason let him give an energetic sign before all such measures, where a high tone, especially one of long duration, occurs as an indication that the preceding ones have to be quitted, and then, an upward turn of the *baton* to remind the singers of the approaching high tone. Besides, the conductor will soon experience that every sign to *commence* for the whole choir as well as for single parts, after they have paused for a while, will prove insufficient if the sign is not preceded by the drawing of a large circle with the *baton*, well seen by everybody; this proceeding which causes them involuntarily to breathe and to prepare for the singing, is often neglected by conductors, who are surprised if the wished for entry of the part is not forthcoming, and who unjustly blame the choir for this neglect, while they themselves are mostly accountable for it. If, sometimes, it will nevertheless not go satisfactorily, the conductor will do well to indicate himself the entry or single high tones,* or show by example how to sing very difficult passages, and if this still has no better result, let the passage be performed by a violin-player. It is an old experience of the greatest masters that a pure intonation cannot be better acquired than by the aid of a violin. As soon, however, as a satisfactory result has

been obtained by one or the other of these means, the singers have at once to perform without them, and also occasionally without an accompaniment, in order to acquire independence and firmness.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

* Sometimes it will not be amiss to practice high tones, which have been constantly sung too low. In the beginning a little higher than they ought to be. If a difficult passage lies very high, one may also practice it at first half an octave lower. Every conductor must be able to transpose this much.

NIGHT HATH SONGS.—Have you never stood by the sea-side at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up your chamber window and listened to these? listened to what? Silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were mouths of song—that every star was singing as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well deserved praise? Night has its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirits to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though may be silent to the ear—the praise of the mighty God, who hears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.—*Spurgeon.*

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XIV.

LONDON, June 21.

—So, here we are! The circle has come round like the long dream, long and varied, of a short summer night's sleep. Circle of twelve months making up the year that rounded itself before the mind illimitable in the anticipation. Circle of famous countries, France and Switzerland and Germany and Italy and France again, — the traveller's eager dream, which loomed so large and inexhaustible before him, and which now, suddenly, lies all behind him—hopes all changed to memories—a change as swift and hard to realize as the great change that has come over his own happy land at home,—or what was home. These scenes, with all their new experience of life and men, their contrasts of the picturesque, monotonous and grand in Nature, their historic monuments, their music and their Art, are past—past all, while this feeble attempt at a record and report thereof still hangs suspended and unfinished far back in these wintry days of Berlin, "made glorious summer," though, by Bach and Beethoven, and now that a few days of comparatively quiet, settled life have come at last, here is one more attempt to resume the broken thread of correspondence.

I shudder to think what a wide chasm of continual changes separates me from the point where I left off recording! The last letter was about Bach in Berlin, and recalled mid-winter. It is now midsummer! And since then, topic after topic has kept dropping down stream, while new countries, new interests, wonders, cares, have seized and possessed the mind in rapid, unremitting sequence, making it impossible to write. The Berlin musical winter is not yet half chronicled; and to this now must be added a month of musical life, most genial and social, in quaint old Leipzig; a pair of sunny Spring days, with an

oratorio of Handel, and a revisiting of Raphael and Corregio in Dresden; an evening, a right memorable one, with Robert Franz in Halle; a trip up the Elbe, through the "Saxon Switzerland," and two days like a wondrous dream in one of the two most picturesque old towns of Germany, Prague (the other being Nuremberg, of which, too, there will be something to recall hereafter); a pleasant ten days in Vienna—too late for the great musical season, but not too late for the society and friendship of an earnest circle of young artists of the right stamp, who let me hear Beethoven's last Quartet, and other Quartets, in the way that one likes best to hear such things, the way in which one can come nearest to them and can enter into them; not too late for Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Fliegende Holländer*, nor for gazing with insatiable appetite up the Gothic tower and spire, the growing grandeur, (the type of the Infinite), of St. Stephen's; nor for the rich galleries of Art which Austrian emperors and princes have collected. And thereto must be added—if ever opportunity occurs—ten days of perfect sunshine, and of moonlight nights, in Venice, city of light, with silent streets of water, not a horse in it, save those four brass ones over the door of St. Mark's; most cheerful looking city, but the people very sober and not listening (despite their tuneful temperament) to the splendid Austrian band that plays in the square to idle soldiers and chance *forestieri*; a city sadly changed, yet nearly all the famous things remaining, or at least the outward forms thereof—the palace of the Doges, the inexhaustible beauty of St. Mark's, which seems to have floated up out of the magical caverns of the sea; the masterworks of Titian's art, too, and of Tintoretto's, Veronese's, Giorgione's, John Bellini's, Bonifacio's, and all those rare creations of the Venetian school, which has at length converted Ruskin. And then a day in Padua, fabulously old, which hints of Troy, with its rich old church enshrining the remains of good St. Anthony and its Giotto's chapel (!). Then past Verona, through the smiling plains of Lombardy, past the last famous battle-fields, and safe across the border, beyond Austrian soldiers, to breathe, refreshed, the free air of a new Italy, and enjoy the sight and sound and contact of its happy, courteous, lively, self-possessed, well-ordered, generous people in the stately city of Milan; where, as in Venice and in nearly all Italian places now, the only music is that of the streets and churches; but where the white cathedral, with its forest of arches, spires and pinnacles, and its population of some three or four thousand marble statues, yearningly lifts itself in the moonlight, the completest instance I have ever seen of Mme. De Stael's "frozen music." Here, too, were rare works of art; the Last Supper of Da Vinci, with the heavenly Christ head, and all the grand heads, soiled and worn, in the old monks's refectory; and the collection of the Brera, worth a long journey to see, if only for the exquisite frescoes of Luini, which are collected out of church and convent there, where they may be seen and do good, unlike so many famous pictures in churches, whose light is kept carefully under a bushel, withheld from the flock which the church would fain gather into its fold, and only exhibited for money to the curious stranger.

And still no chance to write! We must move

on; again through battle fields, through delicate green, fragrant plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, to Victor Emanuel's capital, the centre of free Italy until Rome be free; most lively, bustling, political Turin, in the centre of a green plain, ringed closely round by bold snow Alps; and there we hear the tramp of broad ranks of boys and young men in the evening to the Garibaldi hymn; and there we see the first Italian parliament in session, and see and hear Cavour, looking so full of life and vigor,—so happy too, receiving every one's congratulations; never two minutes still in one place, but running about all over the hall, talking in the most animated manner with this one and with that one, now and then putting in a few words in the debate—face beaming with satisfaction and good nature—and had he not reason to look happy? for it was the morning after the great reconciliation of Garibaldi with him and with Cialdini. The last man one would have thought marked for early death; and yet in one month came the shock of that sad, sad news, which was to try the strength of Italy anew, and prove if she be fit enough for freedom to go on without a leader.—And then came Genoa, with its stately old palaces and hanging gardens; and time too short, too full at Florence; and three weeks, laden with the dream of centuries, in Rome—but there was no time to live all this so rapidly and to report it too—and there is no time now. One who has been through it is too much tempted to write down a barren list of names, like the above, since each mere name is so suggestive to himself; whereas to write down the suggestions would be to journalize to doom's day, and far beyond. The blossoms have fallen; but some fruits of all this rich year's experience are, I trust, ripening for the enriching of this our Journal in due time hereafter. At any rate, we can never again discourse of Music to our readers from quite so provincial a standpoint as before; although far be it from us to suppose that we have learned the lesson of Europe thoroughly.

And now, having heard no music to speak of since we left Vienna, in April,—save two or three indifferent operas in the smaller theatres of Italy (the larger were all closed); the Pope's choir, by no means equal to the Dom Chor in Berlin; the Italian street singing and guitaring, decidedly inferior to our "Ethiopian" serenading; and one memorable episode, which shall be told hereafter, an evening when we tracked the Roman *improvisatori* to one of their *osteria* haunts, and heard four men of the people, in their shirt sleeves, alternating rhymes in elegant Italian, to an old chant, Tityrus and Melibæus-like, with wonderful felicity and fluency, through out an hour or two; and also the wonderful orchestra of three instruments, which first accompanied the rhymesters, and then us in a chariot procession by moonlight to the Coliseum (!); to which add a graceful little operatic *jeu d'esprit* of Rossini's, the "*Comte Ory*," at the Grand Opera, on the return through Paris;—having fasted musically to this degree for two whole months, we find ourselves again in merry England, for the first time in London, where the season is still at its height, and one may hear more in three weeks than he can comfortably digest in a whole year.

This letter is too far spent, to commence the enumeration now; but in that of next week I

shall have to tell of Symphonies by Philharmonic Societies; of Concertos (Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, &c.) played by Pauer, Wieniawski, Moscheles; of Ella's Quartets and Quintets; of operas at Covent Garden; of Mario, Tamberlik, Roncone, Formes, Zelger, Belletti, Sims Reeves, Santley; of Grisi (still taking her farewell), Penco, Czillag, Carvalho, Rudersdorf, and perhaps "little Patti" who charms London ears as much as she did those of Boston in antediluvian days before the war. Also of the classical pianist, Charles Hallé, who is performing the entire series of Beethoven's piano-forte Sonatas in course. Four of them I go now to hear, and therefore close this letter. D.

Musical Correspondence.

LETTER FROM TROVATOR.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, JUNE 10, 1861.—It has been my privilege for several years to communicate with the readers of Dwight's Journal, and during that time I have had the good fortune to date some of my letter from the great capitals of Europe, and from the delightful towns of that foremost land of song—Italy. But I little thought that I should have to write to them from the home of the Czars, of "Istwaschiks," of tallow and of all kinds of oily food.

Funny thing on an ocean voyage to watch the passengers. If any of them possess musical talent it is sure to leak out. The Adriatic on her last trip to its shame be it spoken had no piano on board and thus the passengers were deprived at once of much solace and a great deal of torture. Had we had instruments the trip would have been marked by some musical demonstrations, as we had among the passengers the Volpinis, soprano and tenor from Havana on their way to France, expecting to return in the fall. With them was a gentleman whose name I forget—an Italian—a Roman and as splendid a looking man as I ever saw—who was on his way to Italy to form a new opera company for Cuba. Though not a professional vocalist he sang a superb baritone, and enlivened the passage by trying to introduce several Italian choruses and comic songs, with the male passengers as choristers. One of the songs, adapted rather for the nursery than for the stage, and written. I should suppose in the Chinese vernacular and with a pretty little easy melody read as follows:

La tool-a-rool-a-ra,
La tool-a-rool-a-ra
La tool-a-rool-a-ra-ra-ray
La (high note) toor-a-rool-a-roo (low notes)
ditto. ditto.
Ching-ching-ring-ching-a-ring-ching
Ching-ching-ching-ching-ching
La tool a rool, &c.

In the "ching" portion of this touching aria the singer would direct his closed finger at various members of the audience as if he was about to throw pepper into their eyes. What all this meant nobody seemed to know, but they laughed quite as much as if they did, and probably more.

Another favorite was something of the "theme that Jack built" style of sentiment, with a pretty refrain to the words "Entra dolci o non famale;" and another, a patriotic song "Siarra fratelli" with a chorus and the words after each line "all'armi, all'armi." Of course the extempore choristers sang ridiculously bad; and as usual in such cases there was a little man who, too scientific to confine himself to shouting the melody with *oi polloi* made up a painful tenor, while another tall gaunt creature in spectacles made gestures with the arms and grunted out a prodigiously funny and mightily incorrect bass.

The musical notes gathered in a hasty business

trip, through Europe from Galway to St. Petersburg can be but few and weak. In England, there was the opera at the Concert Garden London, where a week or two ago, Grisi began another series of six farewell performances. She has so often announced her farewell appearance, that on the present occasion but little faith is placed in the advertisements; and indeed there is no more reason for her retirement now than there was five years ago. I heard her sing in *Lucia* and while she of course acted superbly, her voice seemed to have regained much of its early power. It is simply absurd to say that Grisi is "worn out." She is yet an incomparable artiste, and her present performances at London would do no discredit to her palmiest days.

Ronconi was the Alphonso; another superb actor, but his voice is so far gone that he has to take the most annoying liberties with the music, altering whole phrases to suit his limited compass. Tiberini sang the tenor, but he has not exactly hit the fancy of the Covent Garden audience, and though he sings with care fails to elicit much enthusiasm. Nantier Didier, the contralto was good. It is worthy of notice that all these vocalists have sung in the United States.

And now the United States is repaying the musical debt. You have undoubtedly before this, heard of the success in London of Adelina Patti, who debuted in *Sonnambula*, made a hit and followed up her success with *Lucia*. She is just now "the rage" of the English metropolis, and Mr. Strakosch has, I understand, effected an engagement for her at London for several seasons yet to come. In the interim she she will visit Paris and probably other continental cities. The English critics praise her acting as highly as her singing, and her success in all the departments of a prima donna's profession may well excite the envy of the old London favorites.

Adelaide Phillips is in London too, and has crossed the ocean to recruit her health, exhausted by a recent illness in Cuba. She will probably obtain engagements at some of the European theatres before leaving for home, and may not return until the settlement of our political differences render the United States more desirable for musical artists to remain in.

At Paris there is nothing specially new going on. Old operas and old singers are entertaining in those musically disposed.

At Berlin, I had a pleasant call on Meyerbeer, who by the way, is not as well posted up in musical matters in America as he might be. He did not know much about our opera houses, or musical people. He remembered William H. Fry, to whom however, he did not allow just originality as a composer, but knew no one else in the musical ranks of America, excepting Maretzek. As he asked me for the name of the best musical composer now in the United States I gave him that of George W. Bristow which name he repeated several times till he learned it by heart.* He asked about the music publishers and of course I mentioned Oliver Ditson & Co.; Hall & Sons, Firth & Pond and others, but the names were so odd that I don't believe he now remembers one of them, as they seemed to puzzle him from their vast difference to German and French names. Meyerbeer is a delightful man in conversation, very unpretending in his manners, and free from any affectation of eccentricity in which so many great men indulge.

The Berlin opera house has so often been praised and has been so recently described in your columns by Mr. Dwight, that I will only say it deserves all the praise which has been bestowed upon it. Yet it is not surprising that in this very home of classical music, in Berlin itself, the opera house should just now be devoted to Verdi, and that poor dear abused "Trovatore" should be played here when the operas of Gluck and Wagner are in existence? Ah! scoffing and ridiculing after all don't kill the vitality and real popularity of the Italian melodic opera in Germany any more than in the United States.

In my next I will give some account of the musical affairs of St Petersburg. TROVATOR.

* The question would have puzzled us. We are glad, however, that our lively correspondent had an answer so ready. Ed.

CHICAGO, JULY 3, 1861.—The Philharmonic Society was organized last autumn. Mr. Balatka, for years a resident of Milwaukee was induced to remove hither and assume the duties of the post of Conductor. The first season of eight monthly performances has been brought recently to a successful close. The orchestra is small numbering less than thirty members; but under Mr. Balatka's careful drill, they have managed to produce some of the Mozart and Beethoven Symphonies in a very satisfactory manner.

The Musical Union are practising the choruses of Elijah with great assiduity. Mr. Geo. F. Root has been elected conductor. But as he is now at the East nobody officiates in his absence. The Pianist of the Union, Mr. Wade, having gone to the country in pursuit of health, the duty of accompanist has devolved upon Miss Tillinghast, occasionally upon Mr. Bird.

The Mendelssohn, and the Glee and Madrigal Societies have very pleasing rehearsals. The following is the programme of Miss Tillinghast's Organ Concert which took place last evening in St. Paul's Church.

1. Overture to Anna Bolena. (Organ). Donizetti
2. Prelude and Fuga, No. 2 of the set dedicated to Thomas Atwood, Composer to H. B. M.'s Chapels Royal. Mendelssohn
3. Strike the Lyre. T. Cooke
Sung by Messrs. Ballingall, Leonard, Fullerton and Cox.
4. National Hymn, with Variations for the Organ. Rink
5. Oh Thou to whom this Heart. W. V. Wallace
Sung by Mrs. Mattison.
6. Grand Sonata for the Organ, Allegro Mod. e Serioso; Adagio—Andante Recit—Allegro Assai Vivace. Mendelssohn
7. Pity Oh Saviour. Stradella
Sung by Mrs. Mattison.
8. Andante from C major Sym., arranged for the Organ. Beethoven
9. Fantasia for the Organ, on Luther's Choral "Ein Feste Burg." Fehllenberg

Miss T's command of the pedals is considered as not the least noteworthy point in her execution. If any of your young organist readers wish to try it on, let them take Concone's vocalises, and practice the voice part with the Pedal coupled to the 15th of the great Organ, and the accompaniment on the Choir or Swell. The stringed instrument triplet allegro runs with which the Anna Bolena Overture opens Miss T. uses with capital effect as a pedal Solo, the Organ full to the sequenters and coupled. While writing, the Evening Journal comes in, containing a notice of the performances which I append. It will be necessary to explain that Mr. De Passio took Mrs. Mattison's place in the seventh number of the programme, on account of her "provoking hoarseness."

Miss Tillinghast's organ concert last night, was a complete success, musically, and was, without exception, one of the very best concerts of the season. Miss T. delighted and astonished all with her wonderful executive ability, and despite the character of the place, received a hearty applause which could not be restrained. Mrs. Mattison, although laboring under a provoking hoarseness, sang with her customary excellence. De Passio did the "Prayer of Stradella,"—*Pieta Signore*—splendidly. De Passio is one of the most careful, conscientious and artistic singers in the country.

We regret that this is the only concert of the season Miss T. will give, if the one of last evening is a sample. It was certainly one of the most delightful musical entertainments ever given in the city.

The new Trinity church has been completed and is soon to be furnished with a new organ from some of your establishments.

New Publications.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—In the present number Mrs. Stowe continues her new story, "Agnes of

Soeronto," which might as well have been called Agnes of Marblehead. It smacks but little of Italy thus far, beyond the Italian names of the Yankee characters, and some rather far-fetched and labored attempts at descriptions of natural scenery. Mrs. Howe contributes an admirable poem "Our Orders" and Dr. Holmes an interesting article on "Sun Painting and Sun Sculpture." "The Ordeal, by Battle" is an able paper on matters of present interest. We regret to learn that Professor Lowell no longer has charge of the Atlantic, which has been much indebted for its success to his various and accurate scholarship, his unerring judgment and good taste, and his brilliant contributions to its pages. His successor should be a man of no small calibre, and will have no easy task to make good his place.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW for July.

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for June. New York. Edward I. Sears. Editor and Proprietor.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Madame Schröder-Devrient, the Great German lyric artist, whose name will forever remain coupled with the character of Leonora in Beethoven's "Fidelio," tells of an interesting incident connected with this impersonation. While she was studying the part, she could never render that scene to her own satisfaction where she suddenly confronts the Governor, while threatening her captive husband with death—with, "First kill his wife!" and presents a pistol at him. She thought she could imagine the wife's feelings in this trying situation and her fancy had made a sketch of the scene, which she tried to act out, but after trying, she felt that there was something wrong in it, though not knowing what. She despaired of giving to the public a striking portrayal of the great scene. The certainty of failure at this point caused her much uneasiness. When the performance took place, this feeling nearly unfitted her to begin her duties. The nearer the dreaded moment came, the more she trembled inwardly. When it came, the thought, that she would not act truthfully, caused her to visibly tremble all over and to come very near to the verge of fainting away. How much was she astonished, when the whole house shook with a tempest of applause, and, afterwards, when she received the loudest and most general praise for this involuntary piece of acting! Of course, profiting by this lesson, although keeping her secret to herself, she ever afterwards rendered the scene as near to the first performance as she could.

PARIS.—The right of authors are strictly guarded by the French tribunals. M. Rely, director of the Theatre Lyrique, was recently sued by Mlle. Rivay, for breach of contract. It seems that she composed an opera called "Maitre Palma," which has been performed at his theatre, without, however, any great success; he had directed her to prepare a new one, entitled "La Croix Blanche," and had guaranteed her forty representations. He, however, failed to produce it, and set up in defence that the dramatic censorship had greatly modified the work, and had changed its title to that of "Gaston." It was, therefore, not the same as that which he had ordered, and he was on that account not bound to produce it. But the tribunal finding that, after accepting the opera, he had wilfully delayed the production, ordered him to pay the plaintiff 1,000 francs as damages for the injury she had already sustained; also to represent the work within a fortnight, under pain of paying her a further sum of 5,000 francs.—*Phil. Sunday Transcript.*

"TANNHAUSER" AT THE STADT THEATRE.—The house was crowded in spite of the intense heat which prevailed on the evening of the performance. To play and sing the music of "Tannhäuser" in a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade, with the additional heat of the gas-lamps and—the music, is no joke; in fact, it is one of those herculean undertakings which the present generation can undoubtedly feel, but that can be thoroughly appreciated only by the future. When we looked at the orchestra, led by Mr. Bergmann with all that vigor and love for his subject for which that gentleman is distinguished, when we saw all of them literally bathed in music, we could not help feeling admiration for the heroic

little band, especially, as somebody whispered to us, that their labors were more an affair of love and friendship for their conductor than anything else. And when we saw the Pilgrims march and sing under these very aggravating circumstances, and the soloists, Mrs. Berkel, and Messrs. Quint, Lehmann, Graf, Friedeborn, and Lotti, enthusiastically struggle against the pressure from below, above, and everywhere, we felt convinced, in spite of the late memorable performance of the same opera at Paris, that "singing under difficulties" was never carried to a greater extent. Well, the public, at least, were thankful. They welcomed the old and familiar music with hearty and thoroughly appreciative salvos of applause, a result, a part of which must be undoubtedly attributed to the fact, that the Venus-scene in the first act, and the combat of the singers in the second act, were omitted. To make up for this deficiency, an act of Herold's "Zampa" was given; and if music ever fell flat, meaningless, and trashy upon the ears of listeners, it was that of Herold's charming little opera on this occasion. Can we, after this experience, felt by every musician present, wonder, that the Parisians, who are brought up and constantly fed by this kind of music, failed to appreciate Wagner's "Tannhäuser?"—*N. Y. Musical World.*

PORTUGUESE MUSIC.—The music which the Portuguese play on their wire-strung guitars, consists principally of waltzes, *landums* and the accompaniments of their *molinhos*, which are really beautiful and national. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The *landums* are more particularly Portuguese than any other of their music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of composition. To be well played, it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the motivo or theme, which is a beautiful and simple species of arpeggio, while the other improvises the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and richest imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvised.

This kind of music is always of an amatory, melancholy nature; to such a degree, indeed, that it frequently draws tears from those hearers whose hearts are more tender, or who find in the words of the musician something analogous with their own situation.

It is customary that in an improvised *mondinha*, strictly speaking, the words, as well as the music, should begin with a motivo, to which all the rest shall have a reference. One of the most famous and popular of the native composers was Vedegal.

There was a time when this composer could have made a considerable fortune, so great was his talent, and so much was he sought after by the best company: but unfortunately, though a great natural genius his talents were confined so exclusively to music, that, as if to balance his extraordinary share of this gift, he was totally destitute of that most necessary of all qualities—common-sense. To whatever company he might be asked, professionally, if the most profound silence did not reign in the room, if any one breathed even too loudly, his harmony would be discord; and rising in a violent passion, he would quit the company, calling them all brutes. On one occasion, a lady who was troubled with a severe cough, and who, to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his improvisations, had been suppressing it even to pain, at length burst forth; when Senhor Vedegal, although he must have been aware of the cause, rose in a passion, and beating his guitar to atoms on the back of a chair, rushed out of the room, uttering maledictions on her for the interruption. Such singular behavior naturally led to his exclusion from good company, and he was obliged to live by getting up occasional concerts of his own, where he might, with impunity, break as many guitars as he judged proper.

The Portuguese piano-music is chiefly that of Bon tempo, the Mozart of Portugal. Although different opinions prevail as to his compositions, his powers of execution were indisputably very great. Marcos Antonio Portogallo has composed some fine pieces, amongst which his "Ritorno di Sese," and "Il Morte di Mitridate," stand very high, and when well given, produce a very fine effect.

A custom prevails, which is connected with music, and which is very striking. Immediately after sunset, the evening bell is heard to toll for the "Ave Maria," or hymn to the Virgin. Groups of people are instantly seen to assemble in front of an image niched in the wall of some house, with a lighted lantern before it, of which there are numbers in almost every street. In some of the streets, the singing, which is in parts, is really very beautiful; we instance the "Rua Esperanca," where there is a foun-

tain, which is always surrounded by "Galegos," or water-carriers; at this moment all of them quit their barrels to join in the general chorus, and base, as well as tenor voices, are frequently heard here, which would not disgrace a concert-room.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Adelina Patti has killed *Guillaume Tell*—we mean the success of *La Sonnambula* has been so great, as to necessitate the withdrawal of Rossini's masterpiece. Well let us not grumble. We have had *Guillaume Tell* performed already seven times this season, and are likely to have it performed two or three times more. Ten representations of one opera in a season is of very rare occurrence. The second performance of the *Barbiere* on Saturday showed Mario again in delightful voice, and warbling the "golden couplets" of Almaviva like a nightingale—a Rossini-ol. Being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded in every part, although the *Barbiere* is not so great a favorite with the fashionables as the *Trovatore*—a thing hardly to be accounted for, since Count Almaviva is the very pearl of a gentleman, while Manrico neither musically nor dramatically is gentle in any way. Perhaps the *Troubadour* is preferred because of the contrast he presents to themselves in placidity and graciousness of bearing. Manrico may have the same fascination for the ladies which the Gypsy Guitarist had some years ago at Norwood. We cannot think, nevertheless, that the music of "Di quella pira" can exercise the same power over sensitive minds as that of "Ecco ridente."

On Monday *La Sonnambula* again, as attractive as ever, with Mlle. Patti ravishing one half the house, and converting the other half, who had gone to hear her, sceptical as to all the reports about her, and now had to enrol themselves among her most enthusiastic admirers. Signor Tiberini is almost entirely extinguished in the dazzling brightness of the young and ardent *prima donna*.

The third of Mad. Grisi's "Farewell performances" took place on Tuesday, when the *Huguenots* was given for the first time this season. We have heard more complete and powerful performances of Meyerbeer's grand work, but Mario's splendid singing, and more than magnificent acting, would have made amends for a thousand times greater drawbacks. His voice had all its pristine beauty and charm—and what voice was ever like it for quality and sympathy of tone?—and he seemed to have gained a renewal or super addition of strength, if we may judge from the force and volume he displayed in the septet in the duel scene. The duet with Valentine (Act 4), however, is Mario's crowning achievement; and here literally he created a furor, and the plaudits rained upon him so thick that he was compelled to appear twice before the curtain—with Mad. Grisi, of course—before it could be appeased. Mad. Grisi, nevertheless, did not allow the great tenor to monopolize all the applause, but won them for *Valentine* individually, when no Raoul was present. It would be impossible for Mad. Grisi to go through a performance without indicating that power and genius which have long placed her name highest among modern dramatic singers. Valentine, though not vocally suited to her style, is, on the whole, after Norma, Semiramide and Lucrezia (we might name perhaps Anna Bolena), her grandest achievement. Here and there—now unfortunately more than ever—the music is too high for her; but, generally speaking, the part is one in which her means and her talents find ample scope for display. The audience, determined to let no consideration interfere with the current of their sympathies, applauded their old favorite vehemently in every scene, and took no cognizance of short comings.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho makes one of the most brilliant of Queens, and Mad. Nantier-Didé is one of the most effective of pages; while M. Faure sustains the character of St. Bris with dignity and power, and Signor Polonini does all he can to allow the mantle of Signor Tagliafico to fall becomingly on his shoulders in the part of Nevers. The Marcel of M. Zelger has been enlogized more than once in these pages; but why the part should not have been given to Herr Formes, who reckons it among his most powerful achievements, baffles surmise.

The band and chorus were unusually excellent, and the "Rataplan" chorus, this time, thanks to the correct singing of Signor Lucchesi, who sang the solos, escaped the customary sibilation.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The performances of Italian opera which for some time past have been advertised to take place at this elegant little theatre—under the

direction of Mr. Mapleson, late factotum of Mr. E. T. Smith—commenced on Saturday night. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, given, so far as the principal singers were concerned, in such a manner as left nothing to desire. This will be readily understood when it is added that Mlle. Titiens was Leonora, Mad. Albani, Azucena, Signor Giuglini, Manrico, and M. Gassier, Ferrando; while the part of the Conte di Luna was undertaken by a new barytone—Signor Delle Sedie, who created so favorable an impression at one of the recent concerts of the Philharmonic Society. An orchestra of some 45 performers, conducted by Signor Arditi, and a chorus of average strength, materially aided the effect of the representation, which was further enhanced by a "*mise en scène*" that would have done credit to any theatre.

About the *Trovatore* itself we need say nothing. By this time it is almost as well known to frequenters of the Opera as the *Barbiere di Siviglia* or *Don Giovanni*, and if its popularity should happen to prove as enduring as it has been sudden, the critics of "the future" will be justified in allotting it a place by the side of those undisputed masterpieces—as a work that (if nothing more) has outlived the "fashion" of the period at which it was originally produced. Nor is it requisite to devote a column to the performance of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, seeing that the Leonora of the one and the Manrico of the other are, to the musical world of this metropolis, "familiar as household words"—the result of an experience to which the "four sea-ours" have, almost in an equal measure, contributed. Since the operatic waters were first troubled by Mr. E. T. Smith, it is difficult to state specifically at what precise period of the year Mlle. Titiens has *not*, from time to time, been singing (magnificently) "*Tacea la notte*," and Signor Giuglini pouring out his vocal soul, with outstretched arms, to the melting strains of "*Ah! si ben mio*." No more, then, will be expected from us than a simple record of the fact that on Saturday night Mlle. Titiens—singing and acting her very best—once again triumphantly proclaimed herself the most superb Leonora, without a single exception, that the Anglo-Italian stage has witnessed; that Signor Giuglini never sang the music of Verdi's romantic and inexplicable hero with greater sweetness and expression; and that the efforts of both accomplished artists were never more thoroughly appreciated or more enthusiastically applauded. Far less familiar to the operatic public, but equal and in some respects superior to either, was the Azucena of Mad. Albani. It has been too persistently maintained that the music given to the Gipsy—"that inauspicious and ghastly woman" (*vide English libretto*)—can only properly be "screamed;" but it is the privilege of Mad. Albani to vindicate the reputation of Signor Verdi, by showing that the music of Azucena may be *sung*—and sung, moreover, with as much ease as if it had proceeded straight from the fluent and graceful pen of Rossini himself. Mad. Albani, indeed, both sings and declaims the part of Azucena to perfection. Not merely in the unaffected melodious phrases of "*Stride la vampa*," and "*Si la stanchezza*," does she illustrate the truth, that in the mouth of a genuine mistress of the art of singing every phrase intended for the voice becomes naturally "vocal," but even when (as in the scene where Azucena narrates her adventures to Manrico) each successive phrase is declamatory, she manages so to temper declamation with the element of vocal expression, that her performance never ceases to be purely and absolutely musical. For this reason alone it is calculated to exercise a charm in which that of other artists of the highest rank—not excluding Mad. Viardot, who exhibits with such terrible minuteness all the melodramatic peculiarities of the character—has been more or less wanting. Signor Delle Sedie made a good impression as the Conte di Luna, especially in the romance, "*Il balen*," which, though robbed of its native simplicity by a slight excess of ornament, he sang otherwise remarkably well, amply meriting the encore that, as a matter of course (when was "*Il balen*" not enquired?), he obtained. The other encores were for the "*Miserere*" (Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini)—an irreproachable performance in every respect—and "*Ah! si ben mio*," which Signor Giuglini gave with true and refined expression. A more efficient representative of the subordinate, but by no means unimportant, part of Ferrando than M. Gassier has not been witnessed. At the end of each act the principal singers were recalled.

After the opera the National Anthem was given—the solo verses by Mlle. Titiens and Mlle. Albani. The house was well attended.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with a cast nothing inferior to that of the *Trovatore*, comprising Mlle. Titiens as Leonora, Mad. Albani as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Giuglini as Gennaro, and M. Gassier as the Duke. It is not necessary to go through a performance so well known, nor point out its many

striking features, such as Mlle. Titiens's transcendent singing of the air "*M'odi, ah! M'odi*;" Albani's *Brindisi*, one of the most perfect vocal efforts ever listened to (of course encores); Signor Giuglini's pathetic singing of the tender and graceful music of Gennaro, just suited to his style; and the very admirable singing and acting throughout of M. Gassier. No wonder indeed that the house was crowded in every part; no wonder that the favoritism was divided between the two ladies; and still less a wonder that the audience were enchanted from first to last. *Il Trovatore* was repeated on Thursday for the second and last time.

This evening Verdi's last opera *Un ballo in Maschera* is announced with a cast, including the names of Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Lemaire, Signora Giuglini and Delle Sedie and M. Gassier. Next week, therefore, we shall be enabled to state how far Signor Verdi has succeeded in obliterating all recollections of Auber's *Gustavus the Third*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Although the series is now drawing rapidly to a close, there being but two more concerts to complete the present season, the public interest in no way diminishes, nor is there any falling off in the enterprise and judgment which have all along so strongly characterised these entertainments. No sooner has M. Vieuxtemps abdicated the post of leader, which he had so honorably maintained ever since the beginning of the year, than he is succeeded by M. Wieniawski, also a fiddler of the very highest pretensions, further attraction being, moreover, added in the shape of a fresh pianist, M. Nicholas Rubinstein, who made his first appearance here on Monday last, and performed Beethoven's "*Sonata appassionata*," and was recalled. The programme was selected from the works of Beethoven, and, in addition to the sonata, included the Quintet in C major, Op. 29; the quartet in F major (No. 1, Op. 59); and trio in B flat major, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 97)—the latter for the first time here, being the sixth and last of Beethoven's piano-forte trios—dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph. M. Wieniawski, who was received with great enthusiasm, was well seconded by Messrs. Ries, Webb, Hann, and Piatti. Mr. Sims Reeve's singing of the exquisite "*Lieder Kreis*," and elegant ariettes, "*The Savoyard*" and "*Stolen kiss*," produced the accustomed impression.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The seventh concert took place on Monday last, when the following programme was given:—

PART I.—Sinfonia Eroica (Beethoven); Romanza, "*Perchè dell'aure*" (Torquato Tasso) (Donizetti); Concerto, violoncello (Kraft); Aria, "*Qui la voce*" (I Puritani) (Bellini); Overture (Ruler of the Spirits) (Weber).

PART II.—Sinfonia in A major, No. 2 (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society) (Mendelssohn); Cavatina, "*Largo al factotum*" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Concerto in C minor, piano-forte (Beethoven); Duet, "*Dunque io son*" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia) (Rossini); Overture (Figaro) (Mozart). Conductor—Professor Sternedale Bonnett.

A magnificent instrumental selection, with one exception, though for some ears somewhat too familiar. The violoncello solo was entirely out of place, and was utterly bad. Signor Pezze, a capital executant, did all he could to render it agreeable to the audience, but to no purpose. The effect of the performance was a decided inclination to somnolency. In fact, Kraft's concerto is a work of little Kraft, by which we do not mean Kraft fils. Had the piano-forte concerto been placed where the violoncello concerto was, and the latter eliminated from the programme, an immense advantage would have been gained. Moreover, the directors departed from their usual routine by the introduction of two concertos into one scheme. The piano-forte concerto was played by Mr. J. F. Barnett with great power and expression, and elicited cheers from all parts of the hall. No success could be more decided or better deserved. The singers were Signora Guerrabella and Signor Delle Sedie. The lady had been heard before in London, but not in so public an arena as the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. She gave the air from the *Puritani* with considerable boldness of style and dramatic energy, and evidently made a "hit." Signora Guerrabella's proper theatre, nevertheless, we fancy, would be the stage, where her forcible manner and vigor would find ample scope for display. Signor Delle Sedie gave the romanza from Donizetti's opera with remarkable finish and a command of the upper tones very unusual in a baritone. We did not altogether fancy him in the air from the *Barber*, nor did the duet from the same opera exhibit both artists in the most attractive light. The last concert is announced to take place on the 24th instant.—*London Musical World*, June 15.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love.

Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Up with the Flag of the Stars and Stripes.
War Song. Words by H. W. Story. Music
by N. Ravnskilde. 25

A song which a patriotic son of Massachusetts, travelling in Italy, wrote, when he heard the news of the glorious uprising of the Freemen in his own country. A friend, a young Norwegian artist, inspired by the subject, composed music to it, such music as no composer would be ashamed of, and the manuscript, by the agency of a kind hand, found its way across the water to the publishers. The words are printed in another column.

Instrumental Music.

Darling Nelly Gray. Varied. R. Schroeder 25

Simple Variations on a very popular melody, pleasant and instructive. Teachers will recollect Schroeder as the author of the well-known Variations on the Swiss Boy and several others.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire.

Carl Meyer. 25

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hands. Gungl. 75

One of the finest sets of modern Waltzes; an uninterrupted chain of beautiful melodies, now jubilant and joyous, then again subdued and plaintive, the whole prefaced by a slow and impressive March in memory of Johann Strauss, who had just died when these Waltzes were composed. Two good players can enchant any audience with these strains. They are not difficult but must have the true whirl of the Waltz, in order to be fully effective.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.) Handsomely bound in Cloth. 3 00

The Piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognised easily. They are all fingered, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who could get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produced in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 485.

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Teachers and Methods of Teaching.

It is manifest that, in order to attain the object of musical education, the choice of a teacher is highly important to the student, while the choice of the most sure method of teaching is equally so to the master. So many parents know not how to help themselves in this regard—so many respectable well-intended teachers are anxious to ascertain and rectify, if needful, their methods of proceeding—so many scholars have already been led astray or ruined, in a musical sense, either by a mistaken choice or an erroneous system, that we have considered it to be our duty to suggest a few hints on this subject. We give only a few hints on the principal points applicable to the matter in general. A fundamental improvement cannot be arrived at by a book; it must be the result of a more elevated education of the teachers, by institutions of the state, and through a real enlightenment of all educated persons on the nature and necessity of music.

The profession of music is highly important, from the powerful influence this science exercises on our senses and on our spiritual and civil life. Parents should weigh well, in the choice of a teacher, that power is given him through his art over the mind of their child; that he may elevate the youthful mind to the most noble sentiments, or defile and lower it to the most grovelling; how prejudicial it is merely to leave the mind vacant, while music is acting irresistibly upon the sense and the mind. Listlessness, thoughtlessness, sensibility, vanity, unbridled passion, may be implanted and fostered by the teacher of music; but we may also be indebted to him for awakening and cherishing the noblest powers and sentiments of the soul.

From the foregoing, it would appear that the weightiest point to be considered, in the choice of a music master, is, what influence may be expected from him on the mind of his scholar. His good manners, however necessary, are no sufficient guarantee for suitability. But, indeed, the high and pure sense in which he has formed his conception of art, and the degree of his general capability and education, which enables him to transfer his conception to his pupil,—all this must be maturely pondered. But the choice made, boldly and with full confidence give free hand to the teacher. Half confidence, interference in the instruction, would only disturb the efficiency of the master.

We must, therefore, with regard to music, consider in the first place, what view the teacher takes of it, and what motive urges him in his employment. The mere technical man, who uses art simply as handicraft, will produce nothing but a handicraftsman. The player, from understanding, will give cold lessons and perceptions; he can give technicality with ease and certainty, but he will never warm the heart with inward fire; he will rather rob it of its natural warmth. The mere man of feeling will perhaps allow the scholar to sympathize in company with him, but never insist upon sure instruction. Art is not mere technicality, nor mere understanding, nor mere feeling. It is the expression of the whole whole man; and only he who embraces it in its entirety can ingraft and rear its true nature and power. Talent and knowledge, a feeling heart, and a rational consciousness of the reality of the nature and operations of art—these are indispensable qualities of a teacher of music. One of the signs of his artistic standing—we must repeat a former observation—is the works at which he and his scholar are employed. A teacher who occupies himself with small worthless compositions, in lieu of the abundant masterpieces of our art, shows the inferiority of his position, and

a poor estimate of art. There are indeed, masters who limit themselves to approved works, on the sole authority of the name, without taking any lively interest in them; in this case, certainly, their instruction can be but of small benefit. The next general qualification which a teacher indispensably requires, is the faculty of working with decision and effect on the mind and disposition of his pupil. The mere capability of playing himself a piece of music with propriety and effect, does not here suffice. It may delight the scholar, it may move or excite him, it may induce him to a successful imitation, and even, perhaps, finally to a more or less noble and happy manner; but will not create himself a free independent feeling, and conscious certainty in art. It is not necessary only that the teacher should enable the scholar to play whole compositions as he does himself, but that he lead him into the composition itself—that he enable him to see and comprehend thoroughly each unity therein, their combination and mutual dependence, and their constitution as a whole. A bright consciousness only of the nature of art and of the contents of each work of art, advances the pupil to a free comprehension and performance peculiar to himself, and conducts him by his own productions to the summit where individuality of the artist and nature of the art join in conscious union, and give style to his creations. Only such a method of instruction works beyond the circle of lessons which he has run through. If the scholar has seized the essence of the matter, he will not hold it fast in studies and forms only, which the teacher has worked out with him; he will seek and seize it everywhere equally when the master is absent. This is the true life in art; this alone guarantees that the exercise of art will not cease with instruction, but will adorn the whole of life. For this object there is required on the part of the teacher, deep insight, extensive knowledge, and in both such ability and certainty that he can comprehend and explain his subjects under all their aspects. A teacher must know more, much more than he is required to teach; he must be everywhere at home, and perfectly master of his subject, in order to be able to answer every question, and supply every unnoticed deficiency.

After the elementary and technical instruction, we require absolutely from a good singing and piano master the study of composition, as the sure, if not the only means of penetrating with full consciousness into the recesses of art. We require of him an extensive and well-grounded knowledge of the masterpieces of art of elder and modern times; and strongly recommend a continually observant and sympathizing eye on new productions, in order to acquire every movement in artistic life, even although masses of unsuccessful or retrograde composition should make the duty burdensome. The higher teacher, especially one who is concerned in the education of composers and teachers or conductors, ought not to delay his acquaintance with the history of art and the science of music, besides his study of fundamental composition; since everything, and therefore music, can be perfectly known and fully understood only by the help of its history.

To the properly artistic capacity and education must be added the knowledge of mankind, and the talent of working upon the minds of others; but then, also, love of the business of instruction, and a heartfelt interest in the advancement of the scholar. An able master studies the disposition and inclination of his pupil. He judges from them, how he may be won, how convinced, upon what qualities he may rely, where he wants assistance, and by what other powers his deficiencies may be compensated. He does not consider himself as another being, foreign to his

pupil; he neither presumes on his own superiority, nor lowers himself to his pupil (both false methods of teaching), but penetrates with his higher ideas and education into the mental condition of his pupil; comprehends as it were, from the soul of the young disciple the conceptions he has acquired of the art and its forms; he here separates by his superior knowledge, the true and healthy from the soft and insufficient; he encourages, expands, and exalts the former, and corrects and amplifies the latter. In short, he endeavors to originate or unravel every desirable faculty in the pupil himself, because only that which is engendered in and grows out from ourselves, not that which is brought to us from without, is vital, and works with the energy of life.

Such a teacher will lose courage only in the case of total indifference or absolute incapacity; or much rather, with our feelings, he would decline the scholar. But each single deficiency, every erroneous or one-sided conceptions, he knows how to meet. If the feeling of measure cannot be trusted, or is perhaps confused by earlier teachers, the master will prescribe very simple lessons of determined rhythm, and then make rhythmic—melodic variations on them, so that the pupil will proceed on the same simple lesson from simple rhythm to more rich, placed together and increasing in difficulty. If the sense of *tone* be undeveloped, the teacher will apply the earlier to the practice of chords; first the major triad, then the chord of the dominant, lastly the major and minor chords of the ninth (major chords always before minor) by ear on the piano, and then have them sung by the pupil. For since those chords are the first indications given by nature herself, one of her *tones* helps the imperfect feeling of *tone* in the student, to the other; and the most important intervals, such as the octave, fifth, fourth, major and minor third, minor seventh, whole tone and semitone, will be gained from the laws of nature. If the scholar has a strong partiality for brilliant and off-hand playing, the teacher will fall in with this inclination (since to oppose it abruptly would rather alarm than overcome), and by gradually shading the passages, separating and binding, changing the *forte* and *piano*, &c., in a manner comprehensible and agreeable to the scholar, he will make the latter perceive how one and the same passage may, by different playing, become newer, more attractive, now more neat and delicate, and then more forcible, &c. It will now be easy to take a more noble direction from this point, and to awaken the deep sense of melody. Should the intelligent element assume a pre-eminence, let us profit by it to comprehend and seize with more intimate feeling, accentuation, which is the nearest associate to rhythm, in relation to the understanding. Let us penetrate, into the innumerable degrees of accentuation, and awaken thereby the conviction that musical matters are not exclusively the business of the understanding, but that it is often necessary to trust to feeling only. Hence it is easy to see that feeling must have free operation, and participate of right in musical composition and performance. If, on the other hand, the scholar should be inclined, perhaps from enthusiasm, to devote himself to the unknown feeling, let that noble power of the soul be respected and upheld which lies at the foundation of this one-sidedness. Let us apply to heartfelt compositions, and with preference to those whose effect has been already experienced, and point out the chief traits which have caused our emotion; illustrate occasionally such passages, by comparison with similar or dissimilar instances, or by changes which would rob us of our power of tenderness. Should our sensibilities be excited, as is generally the case with

superabundant feeling, by melody, chiefly or exclusively, we will apply gradually to movements in which a captivating chief melody is met by a leading passage full of character, or where two or more highly interesting melodies combine and proceed together. In so far as the pupil, either by himself,—or induced by the teacher, can be brought to notice in each of the significant parts that which has hitherto exclusively occupied him, he is on the way to elevate himself above the one-sided, obscure and overworked feeling, to a higher consciousness, to a more comprehensive and fruitful spiritual sympathy.

It is impossible here to accumulate all the counsels and advantages arising from a perfect intimacy of the master with the mind of the pupil. It is enough, if, from a few examples, we have made ourselves clearly understood.

That there are now but few teachers, such as we require for so many scholars, is true. But this is, however, no refutation of the justice of our demands; it is only a sign of the insufficiency of our supplies for the requirements of our consciences; and proves a concurrent striving for a recognized good, according to our power. It cannot also be denied, that often persons, clear-sighted enough in general, instead of selecting the obtainable good masters, procure others far from proficiency, out of thoughtlessness, want of knowledge of the parties, or other secondary considerations. Here, however, the reproach falls on the musicians and teachers themselves, who have given themselves but little trouble in enlightening the public in general on the true nature of their art and the means of acquiring it—a conviction which has had great part in the production of this book.

We must also notice another erroneous idea concerning instruction. It is the deceptive notion, often repeated, that for the beginning an inferior teacher is sufficient. This persuasion often arises from the wish to save for some time the cost of a good master. But we must consider this opinion as an erroneous delusion. The unskilled master lays a bad foundation. He delays the fundamental elements and exercises upon which all future progress must be founded. He neglects the awakening and expansion of the natural dispositions, gives a false direction to all artistic procedure, and misuses or destroys the pleasure and activity of the scholar. The succeeding better master finds a scholar half tired out with wandering hither and thither without profit or reward. He meets everywhere with only imperfect or false preparation, and he finds difficulty enough in exciting attention and activity in the scholar for the attainment of an object of which this latter imagines himself to be already possessed. What teacher, under these circumstances (and they are of frequent occurrence), does not wish that no instruction had been given—that he might freely and with good heart build upon fresh and unencumbered ground; and how many a gifted scholar has abandoned art in disgust, when he has discovered, after years of labor, that in order to succeed, he must begin again from the beginning.

In conclusion, it is the method itself of teaching which claims our consideration. In this matter, after every necessary qualification as to the ability, we will limit ourselves to one fundamental requisition, which seems to us important and comprehensive, and which to the reflective teacher will develop itself so advantageously in every direction, however simply it may be expressed. The teacher must constantly bear in mind that he teaches an art. Consequently he must treat his scholar and the subject of his teaching in the sense of an artist and of art, and prove himself to be an artist.

He must also constantly show to his scholar that love and respect which are due to his fellow artist and to every one engaged in higher and intellectual occupations.

He will foster and elevate the disposition of the pupil of art. Artistic activity must flow spontaneously from the heart, if it is to fructify into life; we cannot force even ourselves into its possession, much less others. The pleasure we derive from it is therefore the first and indispen-

sable condition of all success in this region; and the teacher who knows not how to preserve and increase it will certainly miss his aim. He must, however, awaken true pleasure in the art itself; not false pleasure—vanity, desire for reward or profit; and, in order, indeed, that the student may become constantly more susceptible of her pleasures and more capable of producing them, he must moreover excite his pupil to a worthy use of his powers by an encouraging word, by a well-timed performance of the works of art, &c.

The following point is most worthy of consideration. Art is not abstract thinking,—it is not feeling without thought nor unconscious activity; neither should the teaching be an abstract combination. Every lesson, every rule, must be derived from nature herself before the eyes of the pupil, and immediately, if by any means possible, reduced to practice. That this is practicable in teaching composition, we think we have shown from the fact in our Doctrine of Composition. It was one of the most unartistic aspects of the earlier art of teaching, when all possible intervals and all possible chords were thrown before the pupil in a heap together, and then all the forms of counterpoint in small unartistic passages, before the application of any of them was sought for. Most, indeed, of the books of instruction give no application at all. Nature and the history of art point out another way. Wherever a free course has been open to reason, she has immediately proceeded to the absolutely necessary, and in art to the actual practice, without delay. She has followed reflection by holding fast that which the moment required, and so in every instance she has elevated her mode of action into consciousness, her thoughts into living incarnated operation. Such also has reason, proceeding by facts, by real operation. Such also has been the development of art—entirely according to reason, proceeding by facts, by real operation, as her history, properly understood, demonstrates.

Also, in the practice of music, this fundamental proposition is thoroughly practicable. The total system, the system of notation, the arrangements of rhythm, are so entirely according to reason, that every scholar, under the gentlest guidance of the teacher, can unfold them further from their first intimation, and can again discover them for himself. It appears to us one of the crudities of the usual mode of teaching, to burden the scholar with the whole tonal system at once, then (or even before, as some books of instruction do*), with the whole system of notation (and perhaps in several clefs of the same time), then with the whole system of bars, while for the moment he wants only the smallest part of them: such as a few notes in one clef, leaving the remainder to be acquired on further advancement. By this misapplication, the scholar is withdrawn from immediate living and improving comprehension to an unartistic work of memory. It follows, therefore, that the order of these books of instruction, which merely present the materials of instruction to the memory, should also illustrate and complete their work; and not doing so, can have no claim to be considered an order or plan of really practical instruction.

Even the exercises, whose immediate object is to produce readiness of hand and voice, must not only be brought into the service of the hand and the observant understanding, but also be used for the pleasurable feelings of the scholar, whenever practicable, so that what he has learned may as soon as possible be applied in artistic form. From these considerations we cannot look without hesitation upon an invention lately introduced, to make beginners practice upon finger-boards made of paper. However convenient and cheap this may appear, it is evident that artistic participation must be injured, or, to say the least, not excited or vivified.†

* They therefore teach the sign before the thing signified, so that their notation is objectless, and must remain incomplete until we become acquainted with tones.

† This manner of teaching was adopted in Berlin by the late Mrs. Schindelmesser and Dr. Lange, so far as the author knows, with good result for the quick attainment of technical readiness. The scholars perform the exercises on paper or real keys (without strings), while another person produces the

This is the true doctrine, which, in the smallest and the greatest, holds fast and advances the reality of art, and upholds the student from the lowest up to the pinnacle—however high he may be able and willing to climb—in perfect artistic sympathy and activity. But this is possible only to a teacher, who, himself an artist, is replete with the spirit of art.

Franz Schubert.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THEO. HAGEN.

Of Schubert's Songs, none are, perhaps, so popular as those which are known under the title "Die Schoene Müllerin," words by Wilhelm Müller (born 1795, died 1827). This cycle contains twenty-five songs, of which, however, only twenty were set to music by Schubert.

Each of these songs forms in itself a perfect whole, although it is only a part of the whole cycle. The idea of musically illustrating certain feelings and sensations, in all their stages of development, Beethoven, too, has expressed in his "Liederkreis;" but, besides the difference in the subjects, the treatment by Beethoven must be considered more according to the strict rules of the classical school, while Schubert, in his *Müller Songs*, displays all the charm of true romanticism.

Next to the "Müllerlieder," is the cycle "Die Winterreise" (The Winter Journey), words also by Müller, to which our attention is called. It contains twenty-four songs, mostly of a dark and melancholy character. Schubert read the proofs of the second part of this cycle only a few days before his death. A great interest is attached to his "Songs of Ossian." In these the composer was to give warmth and life to the fogs and cold of the unfriendly fields of Caledonia, to illustrate in vivid colors, the roaring of the rapid stream, the stillness of the heath and the moor, the playing of the Will-o'-the-wisp, and the storming call to the hunt, as well as to musically picture long and descriptive poems like "The Night" and "Loda's Ghost," in such a way as not to become monotonous. If we look at the masterly treatment of this difficult subject, as done by Schubert, then only nineteen years old, as well as at the intimate knowledge of right accentuation and prosody he exhibited in them, we do not know of any other composer who, under similar circumstances, could have done as well as he did.

Just as the first chords of the Ossian Songs remove us at once to a desolate and misty land, so, again, it is the atmosphere of romanticism and mediæval knightdom which we breathe in listening to Schubert's illustration of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "The Pirate," and "Richard Cœur de Lion." He never misses the appropriate expression for the most varied and strange subjects and situations, and just as he hits upon the right tone for the poems by Scott, so does he make us feel, in his treatment of the two poems, "Suleika," the sultriness and the fragrant of the sunny Orient.

Some of the most well-known and charming songs of Schubert are those which he wrote in the latter part of his life, and which, numbering fourteen, were published under the title "Schwanengesang" (Swan's Songs). It is among these that we find his last composition, "Die Taubenpost" (Pigeon's Post) as well as his popular *Serenade*.

The songs by Schubert are a world in them-

sound on a real instrument. The progress of the pupils, at all events, gives evidence of the talents of the otherwise already advantageously-known teachers, and if youth is to be taught in large masses where an instrument is not to be had, or if the unpleasant sound of technical passages is to be avoided, this plan furnishes, perhaps, the most, the best remedy. But it must be allowed that a method of practice so abstract that the scholar does not hear himself—in which he himself produces no sound—that music, which he is to learn and bring forth, he is only to hear by the operation of another: such a musical exercise cannot be so animated and animating as the living sound which the scholar himself produces, and therefore feels with greater vivacity and judges of by his own feelings. But then, must all the world learn the piano? must it be taught in masses? and is not technical skill in inseparable union with true musical practice, and therefore to be acquired before everything audible? The author hopes to publish soon in another place, and after a future more minute investigation, a more extended disquisition on this subject, and he will freely and joyfully retract his objections if any good grounds should appear sufficient to destroy their validity.

selves. There is scarcely one phase of human life which has not found its musical expression in them. Love and hatred, joy and sadness, defiance and resignation, gentleness and anger—every passion, as given to men—has been illustrated, and the deepest secrets of the human heart are brought to light, sometimes in tones of sweetness and tenderness, but often, also, in those of deep and mighty passion.

A large list of Schubert's songs was formerly in the hands of his friend and admirer Pinterics, and is now owned by the music-publishing house of Spina, in Vienna. It contains 505 numbers, but is said not to be complete.

Of the songs for more voices, by Schubert, only the smaller part are strictly vocal, the others are with *obligato* accompaniment of the pianoforte the guitar, the melodeon, and the organ. They are for three, four, five, and eight voices; there are also double choruses among them, for men's and female voices alone, but mostly for mixed chorus, with and without solo.

To songs without accompaniment belong the following ones for men's voices: Jünglings wonne Liebe; Zum Rundetanz und Die Nacht (Night), words by Matthison; Die Flucht, by Lappe; Rauberlied, An des Frühling, Fischerlied, Der Entfernten, Der Wintertag, and the Quartet—"Es rieselt klar und wehend"—sung for the first time at the inauguration of the tablet of memory on Schubert's house of birth, in Vienna. To these strictly vocal songs must be added the *Canons a tre*, composed in 1813; The Gravedigger's Song, Elysium, by Schiller, for two tenors and bass; Holz's Mai Song, for two sopranos and bass; Chorus of the Angels, from Faust, composed in 1816; Trio on the occasion of the birthday of his father, for two tenors and bass; Duo, Abendroth, by Kosegarten, and Klage um Aly Bey, each for three voices; Prayer, by De la Motte Fouque; and the Dance, quartets for mixed voices; the 92d Psalm, in Hebrew, for two baritones, soprano, alto, and bass, composed in 1828; Song in the Open Air, by Salia, quartet for men's voices, composed in 1817; "Wer Lebenslust Fühlet," quartet for two sopranos, tenor, and bass, composed in 1818. Further, the choruses; Das Grah, by Solis; Bergknappenlied, Trinklied vor der Schlacht, Schwertlied, Punschlied im Norden zu Singen, for two voices; Jagdlied, by Zacharias Werner; Lützow's Wilde Jagd, composed in 1815; Der Morgenstern and Jägerlied, by Korner, for two voices and two horns; Battle Song, by Klopstock, for three voices; and the beautiful double chorus, for men's voices, Schlachtlied, by Klopstock, composed in 1827.

To those with *obligato* piano-forte accompaniment belong the well-known quartets for men's voices:—Das Dorfchen, Die Nachtigal, Geist der Liebe, Wider Spruch, Der Gondelfahrer, Im Gegenwartigen, Vergangenes, Nachtgesang im Waile, Frühlinglied, Naturgenuss Nacht-musik, by Seckendorf; Trinklied, from the fourteenth century, from the historical antiquities, by Ritsgraff; and the Boating Song, from Scott's Lady of the Lake. Further, the two comical trios—The Lawyers, for two tenors and bass, and the Wedding Meal, by Schober, for soprano, tenor, and bass; An die Sonne, quartet for mixed voices, composed in 1816; Der Schicksalslenker, Gott in Unge witter, Gott der Weltschöpfer, Hymne an den Unendlichen, Gott in der Natur, also for mixed voices; the Psalm "Gott ist mein Hirt," for female chorus (four voices); Nachthelli and Standchen, for solo and female chorus; Der Mondenschein, by Schober, quintet for men's voices (two tenors and three basses); Coronach, Death's Song, from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," for two sopranos and alto; Miriam's Siegesgesang, for soprano and alto, solo and mixed chorus; at last, the chorus for eight men's voices, "Schlachtlied," by Korner; and also the "Hymn" for eight voices; this last one, also, with accompaniment of wind instruments.

The following songs for several voices are with accompaniment of the orchestra:—The chorus "Auf den Sieg der Deutschen," accompanied by violins and violoncellos; Song of the Spirits over the Waters, by Goethe, chorus for eight

voices, with accompaniment of violins, violoncellos, and bass-violos, composed in 1817; and the cantatas Der Frühlings morgen, Empfindungs Aeusserungen des Wirtin-Institutes der Schullehrer Wiens für den Stifter und Vorsteher der selben, Domherrn Spendu,* for solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed in 1818—1819; Glaube, Hoffnung, und Liebe (Faith, Hope, and Love), for men's and mixed chorus (accompaniment of wind instruments), by Reil, which has, unfortunately, not been preserved; Prometheus, composed in 1816; Die Erweckung des Lazarus, Easter cantata for singing and orchestra, of which, however, only the first part was composed (in 1820); and Volkslied, by Deinkartstein, for chorus and orchestra, performed in February, 1822, on the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz. The same song was published in 1848 as "Constitutionslied" (Song of the Constitution), and is as such designated, with op. 157, in the catalogue of Schubert's works.

Besides these cantatas Schubert composed, in 1827, one with Italian words, in honor of Miss Irene K., for two tenors and two basses; further, "Saenger, der vom Herzen singt," for soprano, tenor, and bass, composed in 1819, and the one for men's voices, in honor of the jubilee of the Conductor Salieri.

It is a matter of course that there is not attached to these songs for several voices by Schubert, that deep and general interest which is felt for his *Lieder*, although some of the former do belong to the best that has ever been written for this branch of music, and Der Nachtgesang im Walde (Night Song in the Forest), Nachthelle,† Miriam's Triumphal Song, and Chorus of the Spirits over the Waters,† stands unrivaled in the whole literature of this class of compositions.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

* The longest title, probably, ever given to a cantata, as may be seen from the English translation—"Uttering of Feelings of the Members of the Institute of Widows of the School Masters of Vienna for the Founder Director of the same." This cantata consists in a solo for bass, a solo for soprano (the wife's) chorus of the children, solo of the mother, a duo between the widow and an orphan, a solo of the bass, chorus of the widows, again, a solo for bass, and a quartet for mixed voices. The piano score was written for Ferd. Schubert. Perhaps this cantata is worthy the attention of our Professors of School Music.—TRANSLATOR.

† Performed in New York. ‡ Also performed in New York.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XVII.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN FRANCE.

The Chanson, Vandeville and Comic Opera—these are *French par excellence*; instrumental music on the contrary—the quartette, the symphony—is essentially German. That which affords the highest gratification in France are the clearness, precision and neatness of the idea; hence the saying of Fontenelle; *Sonate, que me veux-tu?* is still in vogue in spite of the partisans of pure music, which certainly has great value, when it is the expression of happy ideas skillfully developed, but which limits itself to mere scholastic exercises, when it is but the servile imitator of foreign masterpieces.

Surely, notwithstanding honorable efforts made in our country instrumental music ready belongs alone all to Germany, the fatherland of scenery and fantasy. We must bow then before the immortal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—the masters who have reached the highest flights in this elevated, sublime form of pure music. Still we ought not to pass in silence the works of our compatriots, who have devoted themselves to this class of composition—though they have been but little encouraged and inadequately recompensed in our positive and material age. The names of Gossec, Reicha, Onslow, Reher, Berlioz and David, have a real and incontestable worth; they have then a right to the consideration of both artists and amateurs.

Gossec, father of French instrumental music, was born at Vergnies, a village of Hainaut, Jan. 17, 1733. He began life as a choir boy in the Antwerp

Cathedral, but afterwards came to Paris having no other resources than the direction of the orchestra of La Popelinere, the Farmer General. Having first exhibited his powers under Rameau he took to the composition of symphonies. The first were published in 1754,—the same year in which was composed the first symphony of Haydn.* As with all new things, the importance of these works was not at first felt; but after a few years, the public of the Concert Spirituel began to enjoy the vigorous forms of harmony and instrumentation, before which the overtures, which had preceded them soon began to give way.

After the reform of La Popelinere's orchestra, Gossec entered into the service of the Prince of Conti, as Director of his music. His first quartettes appeared in 1759, and his Mass for the Dead, was executed the following year in the church of St. Roch, with a prodigious effect. Gossec also tried his powers in dramatic writing and his opera, *Les Pécheurs*, was successful; but he soon returned to his natural vocation.

In 1770, he founded the Amateurs' Concert, directed by the chevalier St. Georges. Down to this time the most extensive scores were composed but of the four string instruments with the occasional addition of two hautbois and to horns.† Gossec in his 21st symphony in D, added to this combination, the contrebass, flute, clarinet, bassoons, trumpets and kettle-drums. The effect was very remarkable. In 1773 and the four following years, he directed the Concert Spirituel enterprise; but the greatest service rendered by him to French music was the institution of the Royal school for singing, which preceded that of the Conservatory. It was founded in 1784 by the Baron de Breteuil, with Gossec as director, who had conceived its plan and gave in it excellent instruction in harmony and counterpoint. The national fêtes of the Revolution opened a new field for the talents of Gossec. It occurred to him to accompany the hymns and choruses sung in the open air, with wind instruments, and thus obtained remarkable effects. Appointed inspector of the Conservatory in 1795, Gossec actively co-operated in the organization of this establishment and in the preparation of most of the text books employed in the course of study. During his twelve years service as professor of composition, he formed many distinguished pupils—such as Catel, Audrot, Dourlen, Gasse and Panseron. He was admitted into the section of music at the formation of the Institute and decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor upon the foundation of the order. He was pensioned in 1815, but continued to frequent the sittings of the Academy of fine Arts until 1823, when his faculties began to fail. He then retired to Passy, where he died tranquilly, Feb. 16, 1829. Son of a laborer, this patriarch of the French school formed himself entirely by labor and the study of good models.

Anton Reicha, was born at Prague Feb. 25, 1770, and musically educated by his uncle at Bonn. At the age of sixteen years he directed the performance of his first symphony. In 1794 he settled at Hamburg, where he gave lessons for five years and wrote the music to a French opera text—*Godefroid de Montfort*. By the advice of M. de Fombrune, an exile, he journeyed to Paris whither he arrived at the beginning of 1799, and where he made a good impression by a symphony played at the concerts in the rue de Cléry. After this discouraged by the successive closing of the theatres Feydeau and Favart, he

* NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—It will be seen a few paragraphs on, that these so called symphonies were at the most octettes—while Haydn's first was a real symphony; for a full, though small orchestra, and in the true Sonata form. It is this which gives Haydn claim to the title of "Father of the grand Symphony."

† M. Poiselet must mean in Paris; for Handel in England had long before employed trumpets, drums and flutes in his scores—and perhaps other instruments.

went to Vienna, where he enjoyed the friendship of Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Salieri and Beethoven. He here published thirty-six fugues for the pianoforte, constructed on a new system, which consists in making the *answers* in all the notes of the scale. The approach of war caused his return to Paris, in October, 1808. The performance of one of his symphonies at the Conservatory again attracted the public attention to him. He then devoted himself to teaching composition in which field he labored with great success. His "*Traité de mélodie*," published in 1814 does not exhibit genius; it was seldom consulted; but his "*Cours d'Harmonie*," which was followed in 1824 by a "*Traité de haute composition*," was very soon in the hands of all musicians; Reicha succeeded Mehul as professor of counterpoint at the Conservatory; and wrote some excellent quintets for wind instruments.* Upon the death of Boieldieu, he was placed in the vacant chair of the Institute, but died soon afterwards—May 28, 1836, regretted for his social virtues by all who knew him personally.

George Onslow was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, July 27, 1784. He was of English descent on his father's side, but his mother, de Bourdailles, was of the noble family of Brantôme. Under the instructions of Hullmandel, Dussek and Cramer, Onslow became a talented pianist. He remained, however insensible to the operas of Mozart, and had his musical sense awakened by Mehul's Overture to *Stratonice*. He now gave himself to the study of the violoncello and carefully studied the structure of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's quartettes and quintets. His Opus I, consisting of three quintets for the violins, viola and two violoncellos, was published towards the end of the year 1807. He then wrote a sonata for the pianoforte, three trios, and an "opus" of quartettes after which he studied with Reicha. His operas, *L'Alcade de la Vega*, *le Colporteur*, and *le Duc de Guise*, obtained but a moderate success. His symphonies were not warmly received at the concerts of the Conservatory; for his music while it possesses great scholastic merit, is often deficient or even wanting in musical ideas. His orchestration proving colorless and dull, especially when compared with that great German symphonists, Onslow thenceforth confined himself to the composition of quartettes and quintets for stringed instruments, a class in which he achieved a considerable and merited reputation.† Passing most of the year on his estate in Auvergne he found there the leisure and tranquility necessary for his serious and continued labors. He came up to Paris during the winters to produce his new works which were always remarkable for their improvement in style. Onslow had the honor of a seat in the Institute.

His successor in the Academic chair was M. Henri Reber, a modest artist, and like the Germans devoted to music for its own sake. He was born at Mulhouse in Alsace, Oct. 23, 1807, and entered the Conservatory at Paris in 1828, as a pupil of MM. Jelempurger and Seuriot. He was allowed to compete for the prizes the next year, and ended his course of study under Lesueur. In 1835 and following years Reber published an *Ave Maria* an *Agnus Dei*, a quintet and three quartets for stringed instruments. These remarkable productions made the young composer favorably known. MM. Seghers and Batta placed their executive talents at the service of the master. The two trios for pianoforte violin and violoncello (op. 8 and 12) are distinguished by the form and connection of the musical ideas as well as by the ideas themselves. The second trio in E flat is admirably written, the first movement is melodi-

ous and vigorous, the scherzo neat and elegant, and the energetic finale in the old style is a worthy crown to the whole, various pieces for two and four hands, and six waltzes for pianoforte and violin are little masterpieces of true poetry; the themes are free and natural, the harmony correct and striking. All this has real worth.

The "Pirates Chorus," the "Captive" (sung by Gerald), "Hai Luli," the chanson of Thibaut Conte de Champagne, "Bergeronnette," "les Stances à Malherbe," "l'Echange" (so well declaimed by Wartel—all these little pearls of melody gives Reber a just claim to the title of the French Schubert. The beautiful overture to "Naim" and the two symphonies executed at the Conservatory worthily close our list of his instrumental works. For the theatre we are indebted to M. Reber for a ballet "*le Diable Amoureux*," next a comic opera "*la Nuit de Noël*," a charming work in German style, "*Le Père Gaillard*," which obtained a substantial success, "*les Papillotes de M. Benoit*" and "*les Dames-Captaines*."

His enemies or rather those who envy him (for what composer of talent does not meet with envy?) accuse Mr. Reber of being rococo, old-fashioned and obsolete in style. I find, on the contrary, in his retrospective tendencies but a healthy protest against the abuse of the noise, confusion and bombast of the modern school. Certainly, the old school had not at its disposition the richness of orchestral effects which we have. But, it must never be forgotten, that melody is the living soul of music. Reber, as successor of Colet, professor of harmony at the Conservatory, has gained a new title to the consideration of artists. The cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed upon him in 1854, was rather a tardy acknowledgment of his great deserts.

Hector Berlioz was born at Côte-Saint-André, in the Department of l'Isère, December 11, 1803. He was destined by his father to the medical profession, but the young composer preferred the dry problems of harmony to the works upon anatomy and therapeutics, which were put into his hands. When sent to Paris at the age of nineteen, Berlioz showed a similar preference to the conservatory and the opera over the Medical Schools. He immediately copied the scores of Gluck; and became enthusiastic over the "*Danaïdes*" of Salieri. He entered the class of Lesueur and at the same studied the arts of counterpoint and fugue with Reicha. Afterwards, wishing to try his hand at dramatic music, he wrote to Andrieux asking for an operatic text on the subject "*Estelle et Nemorin*." The Academician refusing his request, one of Berlioz's comrades offered his services. From this association of youthful talents, resulted but a very mediocre work, soon thrown into the fire. A mass executed not without much difficulty at the church of St. Roch, though honored by the best energies of Mad. Lebrun, had a similar fate. Berlioz burned a number of manuscripts which seemed to him entitled to the honors of the *auto de fé*. After an unsuccessful trial for the prize of the Institut, Berlioz was called home by his family, but his vocation for music caused him to return to Paris. He was now deprived of the allowance previously made him by his father and gained a subsistence by teaching the flute and guitar, until he successfully completed for the place of a chorist at the theatre des Nouveautés. By the assistance of friends he at length gave a concert made up entirely of his own compositions. The programme contained the overtures of "*les Francs-juges*," "*Waverly*," a "*Scène héroïque grecque*" and "*la Mort d'Orphée*." The members of the orchestra, with their usual kindness(!) left at midnight, upon the pretext that their rules compelled this, leaving the concert unfinished and the composer in a state of exasperation easy to conceive. Their unexpected departure gave rise to the story next day that Berlioz's music put to flight the

musicians engaged to execute it. The unlucky composer was all the more sensible to his misfortune, as his heart was at the time consumed by one of those burning passions, which arouse one to the production of masterpieces or plunge into despair. A blonde Ophelia had made real to the fiery Hector the sweet form of his poetic reveries.*

The cantata "*Sardanapalus*" opened the road to success for Berlioz. The work, expected at a concert of the conservatory, before his departure for Italy, was appreciated as it merited. His "*Symphonie fantastique*" was also played for their first time at this concert. This remarkable work paints all the phases of a passion through a succession of false joys, cruel deceptions, the fury of the jealousy and strange visions.

In Italy Berlioz wrote "*Lelio ou le Retour à la vie*" a monodrama which should be considered as the complement to the *Symphonie fantastique*. Upon its execution at the Conservatory in 1833 it gained an immense success, thanks to the sincere enthusiasm which was then excited by the revolution. The symphony "*Harold en Italie*" written with *alto principal* so affected the celebrated Paganini that the day after the concert he sent to its author a present of 20,000 francs, with a letter declaring him the successor of Beethoven. At the request of the Count de Gasparin, Berlioz composed his "*Requiem*" which was executed for the first time at the Invalides, Dec. 5, 1837, in commemoration of Gen. Damremont.

"*Benvenuto Cellini*," text by Auguste Barbier and Leon de Wailly, badly received at Paris, is at present a stock piece in most of the German theatres. On the day when the remains of the victims of July were brought in triumph to the Bastille, a monster orchestra, increased by the voices of 10,000 spectators swelled forth to the astonished crowd the magnificent tones of the "*Apotheosis*." The symphony of "*Romeo and Juliet*," notwithstanding occasional prolixity, contains many fine passages. The treatise on Instrumentation published in 1841 is an excellent theoretic work. During his travels in Germany Berlioz composed "*la Damnation de Faust*," a work given with success in Russia. Returning to London he wrote "*The Fight into Egypt*," under the pseudonym of Pierre Ducré. That preface to "*l'Enfance du Christ*" opened to him at length the doors of the Institut, where he took the seat of the regretted author of the "*Châlot*."

We add to complete the list of this master's works, a "*Te Deum*" for three choirs, orchestra and organ, executed under the direction of the author in the church of St. Eustache—the cantata "*Imperiale*," written for the distribution of prizes of the Paris Exhibition of Industry—"le Cinq Mai," a work commemorative of Napoleon I.—many choruses with orchestral accompaniment—the overtures of the "*Corsair*" and "*Carnival Romain*," works full of strength and color—divers collections of melodies among which are to be noted "*la Captive*," "*le Jeune poète Breton*," "*la Belle Voyageuse*" and "*l'Absence*"—two very curious books entitled "*Voyages en Allemagne et en Italie*" and "*les Soirées de l'orchestre*"—the remarkable *feuilleton* of the "*Debats*" Journal, and a grand opera in 5 acts, entirely the work—both text and score, of this Delacroix of music. Let us close by saying that in M. Berlioz, the honor of the private man and the impartiality of the critic, are above all question.

Felicien David was born March 8, 1810, at Cadenet, a town in the Department of Vaucluse, was left an orphan at the age of five years, and was brought up one of his sisters. As the child sang with marvellous correctness, some amateurs persuaded the family to present him to M. Garnier, first Oboe player at the Grand Opera, then spending his vacation in the neighborhood. That skillful instrumentist

* Miss Emithson, a celebrated English tragic actress, whom Berlioz finally married.

* These Quintets were revived in Berlin a few years since but attracted little attention, being found hard and dry in effect. Tn.

† Judging from his manuscript works in possession of M. Gouffé, the celebrated contre-Bassist at Paris.

saw at once the vocation of the child, and he was sent to study at the Jesuits' college, working with an attorney of the town, David then nineteen years of age, directed the music in the Cathedral, and composed motets with full orchestra and hymns with organ accompaniment.

The next year he came to Paris and studied with Reber, Fetis and Benoit. In 1830 the young artist joined the Saint-Simonites. The new apostle now wrote for Menilmontant twenty choruses of which most are very remarkable. After the condemnation of Saint-Simonism, in 1833, David embarked at Marseilles for the Bosphorus. He anchored before Constantinople and was soon after cast into the dungeons of the Seraglio. After an exile in Smyrna he visited Jerusalem, Alexandria, Memphis, and afterwards started for Beyrout across the desert. To the strong impression made by this journey which was full of strange adventures the art owes the magnificent production of the "Ode-Symphony," which has placed David at a single step in the rank of creators in this line of art. "Le Desert" is in fact a work *sui generis* full of poetry and oriental color. Everything is expressed in it from the immensity of nature to the measured step of the camel. It is one of the most remarkable masterpieces of the nineteenth century.*

"Moïse au Sinai," "Christophe Colomb," "L'Éden," "la Perle du Brésil" are the great works of this master. We find in the flowing and transparent melodies, an orchestration elegant, sonorous and always clear. "Herculanum" a grand opera first given at the Theatre Lyrique under the title "la Fin du Monde," and afterwards represented at the Imperial Academy, has led to a due appreciation of the science of M. David both in the use of the voice and orchestra. We hope that the next seat of the Institute will be given to this illustrious man—this man of a genius peculiar and creative—something rare to all ages. We add that the world owes David two very beautiful symphonies, remarkable quintettes and a mass of delicious melodies.

* Other critics however speak of it in very different terms. Ta.

Adelina Patti.

The excitement about Mlle. Adelina Patti has not decreased. On the contrary, the young lady's friends seem to grow more enthusiastic with each performance, and the two operas, *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, in which she has appeared, alone draw crowded houses and engross public attention. *Guillaume Tell*, we are sorry to record, has been withdrawn from the bills, after the most triumphant success ever won by it in this country; the *Barbier*, with Mario and Ronconi, has lost its attractive powers; the splendors of the *Prophète* no longer allure; even Mad. Grisi's farewell performances cease to interest. All this has been brought about by a very young artist from America, about whom little or nothing had been previously known, and who has achieved a greater popularity in a briefer space of time than any singer since Jenny Lind, not even excepting Angiolina Bosio herself. We have already chronicled our opinions regarding Mlle. Patti, and have ventured on a prophecy about her future career. That she is destined—a great destiny—to be the legitimate successor of Bosio, we believe, although the two characters in which she has hitherto appeared would seem to indicate the possession of greater dramatic powers than her wonderful predecessor. Mad. Bosio never performed either *Amina* or *Lucia* at the Royal Italian Opera, her performances being restricted to characters of a less tragic stamp, and which depend upon singing rather than acting, for their effective realisation—such as *Adina* in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Matilda* in *Matilda di Shabran*, the Countess in *Conte Ory*, *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*, parts, indeed, the last excepted, which require little amount of energy, passion and instinct for their development but which put the vocal powers to the severest test. Mlle. Patti, it would seem, has a larger ambition than Mad. Bosio, and, judging from the operas she has selected, aspires to the repertory of Jenny Lind. The public, notwithstanding, has accepted the young "prima donna" as the successor of Bosio rather than of the Swedish Nightingale, although she has not

assayed any character belonging to the former, and has appeared in two of the most popular of the latter. For this seeming paradox we do not pretend to account, but merely state the fact, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The part, however, which Mlle. Patti has selected for her third appearance, is one which will bring her into direct comparison with Bosio, and set the question at rest as to the relative vocal capabilities of the two artists. Violetta in *La Traviata*, was first recommended to the English public by Mlle. Piccolomini, who, though an indifferent singer with a faulty voice, had great natural instincts and an intensity of feeling not to be surpassed. Mad. Bosio, indeed, sang the music of Violetta indisputably better than Mlle. Piccolomini; but still it cannot be denied that the *Traviata* is more closely associated with the name of latter than of the former. Thus, it may readily be imagined, Mlle. Patti's appearance in the *Traviata* is looked forward to with unusual curiosity and interest—"Will she sing as brilliantly and as gracefully as Bosio?"—"Will she act with as much piquancy and verve as Piccolomini?"—are questions which cannot fail to be asked times out of number between this and next Thursday. Her friends and admirers rejoice that she has challenged general opinion in a character so well known to the public as Violetta, and await the issue with confidence. No doubt many who had preferred taking the judgment of others in respect of Mlle. Patti's efforts in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia* will be enabled to form for themselves a notion of her singing and acting, after witnessing a performance of the *Traviata*. Violetta, indeed, appears to us a more trying character for the young artist than *Amina* or *Lucia*, if only because it has been more immediately before the public in the persons of two of the greatest favorites of our times. Jenny Lind's *Amina* is too far removed from our remembrance to be recalled with vividness, while Lucy of Lammormoor, however well played and sung, leaves but a faint impression; else, indeed, the recent performance of Mlle. Titiens must have seriously interfered with Mlle. Patti's success.

The performance of Violetta will certainly place Mlle. Adelina Patti's talents in a clearer light, and afford a surer estimate of her merits, vocal and histrionic, than either of previous attempts, because the audience will make direct comparisons and draw direct conclusions. Comparisons are momentous, for upon them the reputation of an artist may hang, and even so it may be with Mlle. Patti on Thursday next. For our own parts, however, we entertain little doubt as to the result, and fully expect to see the youthful "prima donna" come forth from the ordeal, not merely unscathed, but triumphant.—*Musical World*.

Cimarosa and Paisiello.

Some interesting anecdotes relating to Cimarosa and Paisiello have recently been communicated to the foreign journals by Pacini the elder, a music publisher in Paris, who is old enough to remember both those renowned Italians.

It is well known that Cimarosa, on his way home from Russia, whither he had been summoned by the Empress Catharine, passed through Vienna. The Emperor Joseph II. (Mozart's somewhat niggardly patron)—himself an amateur performer upon the double-bass—requested Cimarosa to leave some memento of his visit. Yielding to his Majesty's entreaties, Cimarosa composed *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. It is singular enough that the story of each of the three operas produced in that particular year turned upon marriage: 1st. *Le Nozze di Dorina*, music by Sarti; 2nd. *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart; and 3rd. *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Cimarosa. Mozart's opera partially failed, owing to the intrigues of Salieri and the Italian singers. That of Sarti (now forgotten) was popular for a time; that of Cimarosa achieved one of the most brilliant art-successes on record. Its charming melodies, and the vivacity of its action, produced so great an effect that, at the end of the performance, the Emperor, in his enthusiasm, ordered refreshments to be served to the musicians, and then expressed a wish that the opera should be repeated. In obedience to the Imperial humor, the audience, after a short repose, resumed their places, and the artists went through the whole performance a second time. The public did not leave the theatre till daybreak. Such an incident was without precedent, and (the length of our modern operas taken into consideration), is likely to occur again.

In Naples *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was brought out at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, where tragedy, comedy, and opera buffa used to be alternately represented. The "troop" of Florentine singers comprised so many artists of distinguished merit that the theatre was called after them, and henceforth always bore the name of "Teatro dei Fiorentini." Cimarosa's opera

made a deep impression, and created, indeed, an extraordinary degree of excitement. At the air, "Pria che spunti in Ciel' Aurora," the whole audience spontaneously rose, and commenced applauding with enthusiasm. The singer was a tenor, named Benelli, brother of that Benelli who was known in Paris about seventy years ago. Although very young, Pacini the elder was present on this memorable occasion. An uncle of his rented a box at the Fiorentini, spacious enough (which was frequently the case with the boxes in Italian theatres) to accommodate as many as twelve persons. All the members of the Pacini family assisted at this performance, of which they retained a lively remembrance.

A few years previously at the same Teatro dei Fiorentini, Paisiello's universally admired opera, *La Nina Pazza d'Amore*, was first represented. About this work Pacini the elder has a story worth telling. *La Nina*, it appears, was in rehearsal, and the Neapolitans talked of nothing else. Prince Talleyrand, the French ambassador, not having the patience to wait for the first public performance, requested Paisiello to get up a *soirée* at his own residence, soliciting the honor of an invitation for himself and some of his friends. Paisiello consenting, readily obtained the co-operation of the singers and musicians at the theatre. He lived on the third floor of a house in the street of the Santo Spirito; and the Prince, burning with impatience to hear the new opera, was punctual in attendance. The first violinist at the Teatro Mercieri being Pacini's instructor, he was taken under his auspices to Paisiello's. Pacini was enchanted with the opera; as was no less so Prince Talleyrand, who regaled the performers with a sumptuous banquet.

When *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was played in Paris, Parlagagni, the Lablache of the period, was anxious to interpolate a duet composed for him by Farinelli, in the opera of *Teresa e Claudio*, which he sang admirably, and which had produced a marked sensation in Italy. Farinelli was the best pupil in the Conservatory, and was Pacini's master for *Solfeggio*. Pacini was at his studies when Farinelli composed the duet, "the violin *obligato* accompaniment to which," he declares, "is still ringing" in his ears. The duet, though wonderfully popular in Italy, created little effect in Paris. The cause of this was probably the substitution of new words "which gave the music a wholly different expression." No doubt. We should have preferred, however, more of Paisiello's opera and less of Farinelli's duet—fiddle solo, notwithstanding.

Pacini became acquainted, Cimarosa on leaving the Conservatory (about the same time as Spontini). He learned (or tried to learn) composition under "the famous Fenaroli," who was also originally Cimarosa's master. ("The famous Fenaroli" reminds us of "the great Tritto.") Whenever Fenaroli, deceased with a composition of Pacini's, he would show it to Cimarosa, who used to "advise" him with regard to the scoring. "The composer of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*," adds the venerable relator of anecdotes "is always present to my eyes, and his voice still vibrates in my ears." (M. Pacini's ears are impressionable. What, nevertheless, with the voice "vibrating," and the fiddle "ringing," they must be somewhat perplexed.) "Rossini," says M. Pacini the elder, "adores Cimarosa." Whenever I mention the name, he puts the most minute questions about the appearance and character of the old master. (Cimarosa died rather young by the way, for an "old" master.) All the existing portraits of Cimarosa are, it seems, in Rossini's possession, added to which, he has had the likeness of the celebrated Neapolitan composer painted on the ceiling of his villa.

There is some remarkably pleasant "chit-chat" in these Pacinian anecdotes—and this, in spite of occasional touches of drivelling senility. The "old man eloquent" at times verges upon the twaddle.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XV.

LONDON, June 28.

On the way hither from Paris, on a fresh June day, past the sweet clover fields of northern France, over the smooth channel from Boulogne to Folkstone, and again through greener fields of

Kent, where the hops grow and the sheep graze — fair afternoon's picture of the rural luxury of England — hastening, belated, to get what might remain of the London musical season, I looked into the *Times*, and fancy my chagrin at reading of an event just past, which had always stood high in the list of musical satisfactions anticipated in a visit here. The annual concert of the three or four thousand Charity Children in St. Paul's cathedral had taken place the day before! I enclose, however, the *Times* report of it. Other disappointments were of course inevitable in any plan of a year's travel. Several great things, which it had been my fate to miss all over Germany, I was again too late for here. For instance, the repeated performances of Rossini's really great opera, "William Tell," which are said to have been excellent in every way. So too, the two grandest works in the prospectus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the "Israel in Egypt" of Handel, and the *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven, had gone by. There remained one more concert by that Society, and that was to be on the very evening of my arrival:—Costa's Oratorio of "Eli," conducted by the composer in person. The day's journey had been exhilarating, and the musical appetite was sharp after the two months' fast in Italy. So my first taste of London — after the Crystal Palace had stretched out its arms of greeting in the distance (how it shone against the setting sun!), and after being jostled over crowded London Bridge, and finding lodgings — was a hurried drive to Exeter Hall, to hear what might be heard of at least one London Oratorio.

I arrived in the middle of the first part. The exquisitely modulated and insinuating tenor of Sims Reeves was even then stealing through the passage ways. He was just finishing his principal air. The great gloomy hall was crowded to the utmost, and it was only possible to obtain a back seat in the balcony — not a bad place for listening to such great waves of tone as roll forth from a choir of 600 effective voices, supported by a band of about 100 instruments. I was in no mood to listen or remember critically; simple exposure to the invigorating and refreshing influence of great choral harmonies was all I sought, together with gratification of the natural curiosity to see and hear what one had so long read of. The choruses of Costa are not giant works of genius; he is no Handel, Bach, or Beethoven; only a clever follower of Mendelssohn. But he is a masterly musician, and has contrived some grand, and many beautiful, if not decidedly original, effects in "Eli," as we already know in Boston. There was great precision, positiveness and vigor in the rendering of the choruses. The voices blended finely, the parts were well balanced, the quality of tone was clear and musical. There was no faltering, and little screaming. All were up to the mark, and seemed quite at home in the music, and in such work generally. It was only in the finer contrasts and gradations of light and shade, in *pianissimo*, &c., that one was reminded of the superiority of the choral societies in Berlin, Leipzig and Dresden. It was right hearty, vigorous, unanimous, English work, however, and often told snperbly; once or twice sublimely; and always in a way to stir up much enthusiasm in the audience, who, with the singers, made the evening an ovation to England's favorite conductor, proud to recognize him also in the character of composer.

The solos were sung by Mme. Rudersdorff, a fine and flexible soprano, with good skill and expression; Mme. Sainton-Dolby, who gave the pretty contralto part of Samuel quite acceptably; Sims Reeves, whose sweet, expressive, finished tenor tantalized us with too little — it was only in a trio and a quartet that we heard him, and that with a rare satisfaction; Signor Belletti, our old friend of the Jenny Lind times, who used then to render the bass airs of Handel surprisingly well for an Italian, and who is still one of the main stays of a London oratorio: Mr. Santley, a comparatively new candidate for public favor, who has a rich and resonant bass, which he uses tastefully and with much effect; and Mr. Montem Smith. The orchestra was admirable. The unwearied responsiveness of the great audience was almost as interesting as the performance. Whether the English be a really musical race or not, there is no people that craves and sits out so much music.

Last evening — to jump the interval for the time being — I heard another oratorio in the same place: — the old "Messiah" by the "Yorkshire Choral Union." To hear the famous Yorkshire chorus singers, and in the well-known choruses, was a chance not to be neglected. Nor were my expectations disappointed. This time I had a front seat, in a rather thinly scattered, but delighted audience. There were perhaps four hundred singers, and they were wonderfully effective. The sounds leapt out with a startling elasticity and vigor. There is a heroic unanimity and certainty in the charge of these Yorkshiremen. Chorus singing seems to have been a lifelong patriotic exercise with them; a common cause, honored and carefully kept bright. There was an irresistible spirit about it; here too not much of fine shading, or of *pianissimo*, but a sort of dazzling splendor of delivery, a fervor that sweeps on to victory and takes you off your feet. Of course, the most satisfactory achievements were such pieces as the "Wonderful" chorus, "Lift up your hands," the "Hallelujah," &c. "He shall purify," "Behold the Lamb," and "All we like sheep" were exceedingly impressive. But one missed somewhat of the profound and almost Bach-like tenderness and inwardness of "And with his stripes." The proportion of female voices looked small, but by no means sounded so; they were all telling voices; each voice jump upon the instant in coming in. One peculiarity in the composition of the choir would look strangely in America. In the band of contraltos you see but a dozen or so of women scattered about and isolated among the men. The male contralto, or counter tenor, so exceptional with us, appears to be the rule among the Yorkshire voices. Some of them, of course, were boys, as were many of the sopranos; but the great majority were men. The solo singing was not remarkable, but reasonably fair. The best were Mr. Santley in the bass recitatives and airs, and Mr. Whitehead (so far as I could make out from the bills) in the tenor. Mrs. Sunderland sang mechanically well in the soprano arias, and Miss Freeman furnished little more than voice to "He was despised," &c. The orchestra, from the Philharmonic Society, was effective. So was the organ, played by Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral. The conductor was Mr. R. G. Burton.

In the morning (or, as we say, afternoon) after my arrival (Saturday), I attended the public

rehearsal of the last of the "New Philharmonic" concerts, in St. James's Hall; and on Monday evening the concert itself. It was a large and fashionable audience, all in "evening dress," which is the rule here, where seas of glorious free music, with all the genial warmth thereof, do not avail to melt or wash away old icebergs of uncomfortable etiquette. The Hall, which is much smaller than the Boston Music Hall, is most beautiful and unique in its architecture, and especially in the way in which it is lighted, by single star-shaped jets depending from all parts of the arched ceiling, and at heights varying with the curve of the arch, so that it suggests the free feeling of being under the starry sky. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Wyld, is large and powerful, and played some movements capitally, though it is said to be not the best orchestra in London; but of course there are contrary opinions about that, now that London has three rival orchestral societies, where once the "Philharmonic" had the whole field. The overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven) was certainly rendered with great fire and precision, and made a smart beginning to the concert. Next came a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto by Herr Wieniawski, a young Pole of the Hebrew stamp of features, who has taken his stand in the first class of virtuosos; there was fire and tender feeling, and technical mastery enough in it, if not decided evidence enough of individual genius. Then the dark familiar figure of Carl Formes presented itself, and sang with powerful effect a satanic sort of aria from Spohr's "Faust." Mrs. Lemmens Sherrington followed with a French air from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*, and fine *obligato* violin accompaniment by Mr. Blagrove, first violin in the orchestra, and apparently in nearly all the orchestras here. She has a clear, sunshiny soprano, and fine florid execution. The "Eroica" Symphony closed the first part, much of it impressively rendered, but not up to the Leipzig or the Berlin standard by many degrees. Part II. began with the lovely, tranquilizing Chorus and Soprano solo: "Calm is the glassy ocean," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, nicely rendered. Mr. John Francis Burnett, an *élève* of the Leipzig Conservatoire, played (in the illness of Miss Arabella Goddard) the perpetual *Cheval de Bataille* of young pianists, Weber's *Concert-stück*, and showed very clear and brilliant execution. A florid duet for voice and violin, by Pacini and Artot, was sung by Mrs. Sherrington and played by Wieniawski; and the concert ended with the "Men of Prometheus" overture, thus making it mainly "a Beethoven night." D.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 15.—You have heard, ere this that poor Sig. Amodio died recently, at sea, of yellow fever. He will be regretted by many, to whose amusement and enjoyment he has contributed. Always ready to do his part, and the very personification of kindness and good nature, every one liked him, and his private life is said to have been such as to merit general esteem. Saturday a Requiem Mass was held at St. Stephen's church for the repose of his soul. The church was crowded; one would hardly have expected to see so large and elegant an audience assembled at this season. A number of the fellow artists of the deceased assisted in the musical performances, which were, in fact, very fine. Mad.

Isidora Clark sang the principal Soprano solos, and among the male singers were to be found Susini, Centemeri, Quinto, Arlavani, etc. Most of the pieces were composed by the organist of the church, Sig. Mora. The best of them were the Dies Iree, the Trio and Duets, and the Benedictus. This last, and Sig. Susini's solo were very finely sung. I subjoin the programme:—

Requiem and Kyrie.....	P. Generali
Chorus.....	
Introduction—Dies Iree.....	A. Mora
Chorus.....	
Solo.....	Carraro
Susini.....	
Solo.....	A. Mora
Isidora Clark.....	
Chorus—Rex Tremendus.....	A. Mora
Trio—without accompaniment.....	A. Mora
Isidora Clark, Mme. Berger and Quinto.....	
Baritone solo.....	Mercadante
Sig. Fellini.....	
Duet.....	Mercadante
Isidora Clark and Sig. Centemeri.....	
Offertory.....	A. Mora
Isidora Clark.....	
Benedictus.....	Madona
Sig. Centemeri.....	
Finale.....	Mercadante
Chorus.....	

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Musical Chit-Chat.

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT.—The literary festivities of our Alma Mater, demand our attention only *musically*, of course, and we cannot fail to take notice of the constant progress of this. Art within her walls, of late years. At the Commencement dinner, on Wednesday last, the speeches were interspersed with some choice selections of vocal music sung by a body of graduates, (mostly of the last few years,) under the lead of Mr. L. P. HOMER, who has so successfully discharged the duties of Instructor of Music for several years. It would have been impossible ten years ago to have extemporized a club, at two days notice, able to sing, so creditably, the four-part songs of Mendelssohn and other composers, that were given that day, by these gentlemen, without books, and with but a single rehearsal. Of course the *Star Spangled Banner* followed the eloquent speech of His Excellency the Governor, and when could *Integer Vite* be more fitly sung than after the wonderful speech of the venerable patriot, the oldest surviving graduate, Ex-President of the University, the illustrious JOSIAH QUINCY, who at the age of over ninety years once more joined with his fellow students, as they sang, before leaving the table, the accustomed 78th Psalm, *Give ear, ye Children, to my Law, to the tone of St. Martin's*. "Serus in Cœlum redeat!"

Mr. G. A. SCHMITT, (whose contributions under the signature of *t have done such good service to this Journal, during the past year) has received from the Governor the commission of Captain in one of the new regiments. At the close of the annual examination at Cambridge, where he is instructor of German in Harvard College, he received from the members of the late Junior Class, an elegant and costly sword, as a testimonial of their respect to him as a teacher, and in recognition of the patriotic zeal which has led him to take up arms for the perpetuity of the free institutions of his adopted land. Our readers will heartily join with us in wishing him an opportunity to do good service, and a safe and speedy return.

MADemoiselle GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, as will be seen from her advertisement in another column, is still engaged in instructing pupils in piano playing. Her system of teaching in classes, has proved, (at least under her hands) to be productive of excellent results. Many of our Boston readers have witnessed the fruits of her instructions in the soirées occasionally given by her, which have been reported in these columns. We need not add that she is herself an accomplished pianiste, and deserving of the success that she has attained as a teacher in this city.

The first member of a new musical journal has recently been published at Berlin, under the title of the *Deutscher-Männer-Gesang Zeitung*. It is edited by M. Tschirch and of course, is devoted principally to the objects indicated by its title.

Ullman is (or was recently) in Paris, where we are told that he has engaged for the next season Mme. Charton Demeur and Mme. Medori. Mme. Charton is said to have sung very brilliantly in the rôle of Dinorah at St. Petersburg.

HAVANA.—The *Gazette Musicale de Paris* tells us that Gottschalk lately gave a monster concert in this city. Forty pianists and four hundred and fifty other

instrumentalists took part in the performance. Among other novelties of the programme were a romantic symphony with tambourines and harmoniflutes; a march for eighty trumpets, and finally a fantasia by Gottschalk for forty pianos!

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Thursday, June 27, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced, for the first time, at the Royal Italian Opera, with great completeness and efficiency in the costumes, scenery, and *mise-en-scène*. The management certainly did not indulge in the same lavish expenditure as in the *Prophète* and *Guillaume Tell*, but for obvious reasons. It could not make sure of being reimbursed for its outlay. The ball scene is very striking, but not to be compared for brilliancy and magnificence with the same scene in Auber's *Gustave*, when originally brought out at Covent Garden, under Mr. Bunn's direction. The distribution of parts is as follows: Amelia, Madame Penco; Oscar, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Ulrica, Madame Nantier-Didiée; the Duke, Signor Mario; Renato, Signor Graziani; the Chief Conspirators, Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger. This cast looks powerful on paper, but Verdi's music does not always suit itself to the means of the best singers. For instance, we have heard Madame Penco to greater advantage than in the character of Amelia, which demands, as almost all Verdi's heroines do, an amount of energy and strength of lungs found in few singers. Madame Penco sings Mozart's and Rossini's music admirably, as we need hardly say, and that is a far higher compliment than if praised in the most unqualified manner in Verdi's music. The singing of Madame Carvalho in the part of Oscar was extremely brilliant, and her acting vivacious and piquant. Madame Nantier-Didiée made quite a character of Ulrica, the sorceress, singing with great expression, and dressing the part with a true notion of the picturesque. The Renato of Signor Graziani was a praiseworthy performance, a little wanting, perhaps, in dramatic vigor and truth, but well endeavored and not deficient in vehemence. His splendid voice, with a real show of earnestness, obtained an encore for the romance in the fourth act. We cannot praise very highly Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger for their singing; perhaps the music of the conspirators had not become sufficiently familiar to them. Signor Mario was inimitable as the Duke, acting and singing his very best, and carrying his whole audience with him in every scene. He made amends, indeed, for every deficiency in the other performers, and was encoored in the romance in the first act, as well as in the quintet in the second act, in which his singing and acting were both conspicuous. There was a large attendance, and the recalls being more numerous than the encores, the performance must be pronounced a decided success. *Un Ballo in Maschera* is announced for repetition to-night and Monday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Philharmonic Society has just terminated a series of performances (its 49th) almost unprecedented in success. At the eighth and final concert on Monday night, the programme was as follows:

PART I.—Sinfonia, Haydn; Aria, "Bel raggio," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Concerto, violin, Herr Strauss (Beethoven); Recit. and Aria, "Bella adorata incognita," *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante); Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, M. Moscheles (Moscheles).

PART II.—Sinfonia in C minor (Beethoven); Duetto, "La ci darem" (Mozart); Overture, *Jubilee* (Weber).

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D. There was, moreover, a feature of more than common interest. That veteran to whom the modern art of pianoforte composition owes so much, who, besides being the real originator of the "bravura" style out of which so many celebrities have risen, is a classical musician of the genuine stamp, and author of concertos, sonatas, studies, and a multitude of works that the world (of music) will not readily let die—Herr Ignace Moscheles—who, after residing among us for more than a quarter of a century, and laying the basis of a solid and legitimate school, left England in 1846, to assume a post of equal honor and responsibility in his own country, was induced to appear once more, and for the last time, on the platform of the Philharmonic orchestra, where he had won so many laurels as composer, pianist, and conductor, and to perform one of his own splendid pieces for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, viz., the concerto in G minor, still (and likely to be always) regarded as a model easier to admire than

to imitate. That every lover of the instrument, of which Herr Moscheles is one of the most justly famous representatives, amateurs and professors in an equal degree, should be eager to welcome and applaud the honored master, one of the very last of a race of musical Titans, who thus amicably consented to forget that he had abandoned public life, and to come once more among them, solicitor, as in the olden time, for the guerdon of public approbation, was natural; nor could any one have felt surprise at seeing the Hanover Square Rooms literally crammed to suffocation. To describe the reception awarded to Herr Moscheles as he ascended the steps that lead into the orchestra; or the repeated and hearty bursts of recognition that greeted each familiar passage of his concerto; or the rapturous plaudits that, from every corner of the room, bore witness to the real delight he had contributed by his performance, would be difficult, if not impossible. How he played—how, while the hand was frequently unnerved that once was so energetic, dexterous, and firm, the mind proved still vigorous and young, still lit up with the "divine spark," and in possession of absolute control over those subtleties of expression, those genuine touches, that distinguish the great musician from the mere virtuoso,—the skilled executant and *volfa tout*—must be left to the imagination of the reader. The incident was one of rare interest. It seemed almost as though, in the hour of its threatened dissolution, the spirit of one of the old giants of the Philharmonic had appeared to give the members courage, and lead them once again to victory. A more brilliant finale to the last season before the jubilee,—a more auspicious foreshadowing of the triumph of the jubilee itself,—than this apparition of Moscheles, who was thirty years ago the very soul of the institution, could hardly have been thought of. A word must suffice for the rest of the concert. The symphony of Haydn (*La Reine de France*) recalled the glories of the Philharmonic in its prime. The concerto of Beethoven was finely executed by Herr Strauss, whose success at a former concert fully justified his reëngagement at this; but we did not greatly admire his two cadences. The singers were Mlle. Guernbella, Signor Steller, and Mr. Tennant, who sang, and sang well, the selections from the operatic music of Rossini, Mercadante, and Mozart.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The increasing popularity of Mlle. Adelina Patti, more especially in the *Sonnambula*, and the repetitions of operas which have already been recorded as successes may be accepted as the reason why no novelty has been produced lately. Mario certainly resumed his original part of the duke in *Rigoletto* on Saturday, and gave a new interest to the performance. *La Sonnambula* was repeated on Monday; *Don Giovanni* on Tuesday; *Le Prophète* on Thursday; and last night *Lucia di Lammermoor* for the last time this season. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, announced for Thursday, has been postponed until Thursday next.

ROYAL OPERA, LYCEUM.—Signor Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, produced on Saturday night, for the first time in this country, was a legitimate and triumphant success. The cast was admirable—irreproachable, indeed; the greatest pains had been expended on the rehearsals, and the execution throughout could hardly be surpassed.

The cast was as follows: Richard, Earl of Warwick, Signor Giuglini; Renato, Signor Delle Sedie; Samuel, M. Gassier; Oscar, Mad. Gassier; Amelia, Mlle. Titiens; Ulrica, Mad. Lemaire. As far as the music was concerned, Signor Giuglini was fitted to admiration. He sang in consequence, with infinite charm throughout, and never having to force his voice, was in his element from the first to the last. Signor Giuglini, moreover, manifested, in the first two acts, a talent for light comedy, for which we could have hardly given him credit. His success indeed was triumphant, and in all probability, Richard, Earl of Warwick, governor of Boston, will be repaid, after a short time, his most finished and admirable performance. Mlle. Titiens appears to extraordinary advantage in Verdi's energetic heroine. She sings, and acts the part magnificently, and is everywhere the grand artist. Her singing throughout the entire of the third act, is one of her greatest achievements and could not be surpassed, if indeed, equaled by any living vocalist. We shall take another opportunity of commenting upon this splendid performance, and can only say that Mlle. Titiens in Amelia has put in another claim to the many already advanced for the title of the reigning queen of tragic song. Mad. Gassier, who made her first appearance for some years in London, sang the music of the Page with great brilliancy. Signor Delle Sedie showed decided vocal talent, if not the best voice in the world, in the part of Renato, and was applauded to the skies and encoored in one of his songs. He

seemed inclined, however, to exaggeration in his acting. M. Gassier sang and acted most admirably as the first conspirator, and constituted, certainly, one of the most striking figures in a grand picture. The band and chorus were excellent; the dresses new and appropriate; and the scenery, all things considered, effective. We object, nevertheless, to the size of the Boston moon, and, despite the manager of the lights and shades in the third act, believe that the side *opposite* the opera luminary is that which is thrown into shadow.

Paris.

The last week has produced no other event of importance in the operatic world than the revival at the Opera Comique of Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, Jourdan appearing for the first time before a Parisian audience in the character of Olivier, and, be it said, with entire satisfaction to even the critical part of his hearers. A Mlle. Litschner made her debut the same evening in the part of Athenis. This young lady possesses considerable talent as a vocalist, but which unfortunately does not lie in the direction she has chosen for herself—namely, the florid style. There are two current reports which I am enabled to nail on the counter as false coinage. One is that Tamberlik has accepted an engagement at the Grand Opera here to sing with Fauro in *La Muette de Portici*. The distinguished artist in question, his campaign in London over, will simply sojourn in Paris as a *fugueur* until the trumpet sounds "boot and saddle" to summon him to St. Petersburg. The other spurious item of news is that Mad Pauline Viardot has been engaged at the same establishment for two months at some fabulous rate of emolument to sing in Gluck's *Alceste*. The truth is, that as the management at this time cannot foresee how many performances of Gluck's masterpiece will consist with the taste of its supporters, Mad. Viardot has been engaged to sing, as the technical phrase goes *au cachet*, or, as we should say, by the night. Apropos of these intended performances, it is now certain that M. Berlioz has declined the office of re-handling (*remaniement*) the score of *Alceste*, grounding his refusal on the reverence which is due to the work of a great master. A very proper scruple, and which any one capable of performing the task is sure to share; so that if he done at all, an incapable is sure to be intrusted with it. Why not Alary, the Macdamis-r of Mozart? So true is it ever, that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." By the way, Aubert, who is now in his eightieth year, and saw *Alceste* when Gluck was in Paris, is to preside at the rehearsals and give the times. The astonishing and sustained vigor of Lord Brougham is the only parallel we have to the venerable and still verdant French composer. The great lion pianist—parent and progenitor of all pianist lions and whelps that now prowls the two hemispheres—Franz Liszt himself, has been in Paris, and has been, the papers here inform us, charming the retreat of another old lion—a lion of poetry and voluminous prose, a lion eke of politics—M. de Lamartine. For one entire evening the Hungarian pianist poured out the fullness of his great resources to delight the old republican poet and historian. It was a graceful act, and characteristic of Liszt. He has now returned to Weimar.

Mad. Marie Cabel has landed at Marseilles on her return from Algiers, and has been giving several performances in the former city.

Camille Sivori, a minor violinist compared to the above, incapable of charming *grandes dames* to the tune of fifty guineas, has been playing here, but more in private than in public. The other evening in a *réunion intime* he played a new quintet by M. C. Estrenio, a composer of high merit, of whom I have frequently spoken. A quatuor by this gentleman was played a short time since at Kossini's house. Signor Sivori proceeds forthwith to Italy, where he will remain till August, when he is expected, according to annual custom, at Baden, Wiesbaden, and other Teutonic places of delight. Another inferior confère of the *grande-dame*—captivating Bartelloni, Henri Vieuxtemps, has, I hear, returned to Brussels, where he is reposeing after his fatigues of his English campaign. He was, however, prevailed on the other evening to play one or two of his more recent compositions in the salons of M. Brunel, among them his last concerto.

Prague.

One of the most meritorious musical societies in this city is the one known as the "Cecilian-Verein," or Cecilia Union, now established twenty years, during which period it has exerted a most beneficial effect upon the public taste. The great object distin-

guishing the Cecilia Union has invariably been to perform such works as would otherwise—from idleness, insufficient artistic resources, or intrigue—have never been known. This principle applies particularly to the works of modern composers. Thus, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and, more recently, Richard Wagner, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Union. Indeed, Wagner, of all composers, ought to feel profoundly grateful to it, for it was through its exertions that his operas were brought out at the theatre. In fact, it is beyond all doubt, that the success achieved on the stage here by *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and *Rienzi*, first directed the attention of German operatic managers to the "Music of the Future."

True to the principle it has adopted from its foundation, the directors of the Union introduced, at the second concert of the season, on the 6th of January, a work which is here a novelty, however well known it may be elsewhere. I allude to Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. When the directors announced their intention, public expectation was excited to the highest pitch. The eventful day at length arrived. The exultants took their places, and the audience filled every available seat in the concert-room. But the Praguers have always prided themselves on having an opinion of their own, and being courageous enough to express it, as becomes sons of the Holy Roman Empire, even supposing that opinion runs counter to pre-conceived ideas and the decision arrived at elsewhere. Accordingly, they heard the *Stabat Mater*, and, despite the favorable reports they had received of it from Paris, London, and other great cities, where it is so popular, condemned it, and exalted still higher than ever the banners of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. The general feeling with regard to this work of the Swan of Pesaro is characteristically summed up in the following words of a local critic, who compares "all the ear-tickling melodies of the *Stabat* to those pious beauties who kneel with veiled countenances before the altar of the Madonna, but, through the folds of their picturesquely draped veils, observe with a worldly eye everything that is going on around them." You must not suppose, however, that no parts of the work were favorably received, for such was not the case. The pieces which struck the public as conceived in a spirit of religious dignity worthy of the subject, were greatly applauded. Among these pieces I may mention the introduction, the cavatina (No. 7), "Fac ut portem Christi mortem;" the quartet (No. 9), "Quando Corpus morietur," and the final fugue. The performance was, on the whole, a successful one; the chorus and orchestra being particularly good. The solo parts were entrusted to Mmes. Brenner, Procházka-Schmidt, Herren Fekter, and Eilers, all members of the operatic company at the theatre.

The third concert of the series, held on the 28th February, was a highly interesting one, being devoted entirely to the compositions of the great John Sebastian Bach, and those of the most talented of his descendants, namely Philip Emanuel Bach. It might fairly have been entitled a Bach Festival, so deep a commotion did it excite among all the admirers of sterling classical music. The following was the programme: Overture in C major, from the *Suite des Pièces*, No. 1, for orchestra; Recitative and Air, for soprano, from the *Passionsmusik*, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew; and the "Credo" from the high mass in B minor, by John Sebastian Bach, Philip Emanuel's contribution was his symphony in D major. All these pieces were new to a Prague audience.

MILAN.—According to the *Trovatore*, a periodical published here, Verdi is about to compose a new opera. The libretto is by M. Piave, the same gentleman who transformed Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse* into *Rigoletto*, and young Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* into *La Traviata*. This new production of the composer of young Italy is said to be intended for the Italian Opera-house in St. Petersburg.

VIENNA.—According to report, the season at the Imperial Opera-house will commence on the 15th July with Verdi's *Macbeth*. This makes the sixth novelty promised, the other five being the *Glücklein des Eremiten*, comic opera by Maillach; *Gräfin Egmont*, ballet by Rotta; Cherubini's *Medea*; R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*; and M. Gounod's *Faust*. Verdi's music was performed last season at the Imperial Opera-house twenty-five times, being just two performances more than those accorded to Mozart, Beethoven, and Gluck combined, and there is every reason for believing that the balance in his favor will be even greater next season. The Bouffes Parisiens opened on the 8th, with M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. After concluding their engagement here, they proceed to Berlin.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

All hail to the Stars and Stripes, or The dying Volunteer. L. O. Emerson. 25

This poem is founded on one of the most touching incidents of the war, as far as known, an incident which history will make familiar to coming generations. Mr. Emerson has written to it one of his best melodies, and the piece deserves to be popular among patriotic singers.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love.

Emile Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Up with the Flag of the Stars and Stripes. War Song. Words by W. W. Story. Music by N. Ravnskilde. 25

A song which a patriotic son of Massachusetts, travelling in Italy, wrote, when he heard the news of the glorious uprising of the Freemen in his own country. A friend, a young Norwegian artist, inspired by the subject, composed music to it, such music as no composer would be ashamed of, and the manuscript, by the agency of a kind hand, found its way across the water to the publishers.

Instrumental Music.

Star Spangled Banner Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

Mr. Turner has arranged several of our national melodies, such to which public attention has been particularly attracted by the war for the Union, in the form of easy Quicksteps. Thus arranged they will be most welcome to young players. Besides the above, Quicksteps on the "Red, white and blue" and "The girl I left behind me" are now published by the same author.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire.

Carl Meyer. 25

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Darling Nelly Gray. Varied. R. Schroeder 25

Simple Variations on a very popular melody, pleasing and instructive. Teachers will recollect Schroeder as the author of the well-known Variations on the Swiss Boy and several others.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.) Handsomely bound in Cloth. 3 00

The Piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognised easily. They are all fingered, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who could get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produced in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 486.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 17.

The Celestial Army.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their greatest height,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed—and were no more.

No more? O, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines,
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest, faintest one,
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

THOMAS B. READ.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANK. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

This collection of arias by BACH gives refreshing evidence of the earnest efforts made in all directions in our day, to drag to light again the rich, long forgotten treasures of a glorious Past, and to make them accessible to our taste. We hail it the more joyfully, because it promises a weighty contribution to a movement gradually

commencing even in wider circles, out of which, it may be hoped, will finally proceed a full recognition and just appreciation of SEBASTIAN BACH. Just now indeed opinion wavers, even amongst competent judges; and still we cannot gain the proper stand point, from which a comprehensive view of Bach's nature and of his significance for the present and the future would be possible. A great part of the public sees in him mainly the specifically religious, or (to come more near to it) the Protestant church musician, whether the alone true and greatest, or the more or less antiquated. And there is no doubt, that the most and the greatest of Bach's compositions are designed for the church; that his whole being is rooted in the religious traditions of the Lutheran church; that he stands there as the richest flower of the pietistic movement which goes into the deepest inner life of man, as a last reformer, and as a living, loud speaking testimony of the divine spirit in the midst of an age of newly beginning revelation and expression of all deeper life. No one has ever set forth so exhaustively as he the mystical and inmost quality of the Protestant faith; no one has so symbolically incarnated its moral-personal character; no one has recognized the central significance of the divine as the source and vital foundation of this faith with such fullness of piety; no one has expounded it so spiritually, so exhaustively, and in so edifying a manner.

But this conception of him overlooks the fact, that Bach employed the same form of expression, which he used in his church compositions, and which we are accustomed to call specifically the church style, also for purely worldly subjects; that this form in fact was natural to him. Not a few of his church cantatas had originally altogether profane texts, and the most voluptuous love-songs move him in the same strict style as the most serious church arias. Moreover, he has written a multitude of purely instrumental works, to which no one would ascribe a church character. Hence it is all-important that we find a more comprehensive point of view, from which to judge of Bach collectively.

On the other hand, from the *purely musical* point of view, which is always taken by another not less numerous portion of our public, it is still less possible to form a complete estimate of Bach, since one is so liable to sink into a merely and technical formal apprehension. Unfortunately, there are still many, even among musicians, who are able to discern scarcely anything else in Bach, but the greatest harmonist and contrapuntist; and to whom the symbolical and æsthetical significance of his Art methods is a sealed book, even supposing them competent to understand the ideality and the spiritual nobility of his thoughts and feelings. It is true indeed that no one before or after him has equalled him in dexterity in all arts of counterpoint, in the even flow of his parts and the smoothness of his modulation, in purity of polyphonic setting and fineness of distribution and division in single *motives*

as well as in larger sections, and in all else that may be adduced. It is true that Bach himself attached great weight to his mastery of forms; that he preferred to spend his time on works in which he could display this in its fullest splendor (the art of Fugue). But how unsatisfactory is such a recognition, so long as there are musicians, who, while they praise all this, are still in doubt about the euphony, the sonorous beauty of Bach's works! Nay, supposing even that Bach—which is not impossible—judged himself chiefly as a contrapuntist:—what genius yet dreamed of the full reach of its own prophetic spirit?

Alas! historical research has not yet gone so far as even to attempt a satisfactory answer to the burning question. For as yet there exists no Biography of Bach, which in the remotest degree satisfies what one demands of such a book in our day. While extremely valuable monuments, biographical and other, have been raised to nearly all the other great composers, from Handel down to Schumann, it almost seems as if this honor would remain long denied to the greatest among them all—perhaps for the very reason of his unapproachable elevation. About his outward life, and the shaping influence which it exerted on the inner man, there may be comparatively little to be said, inasmuch as the sources are but scanty, and the life he led was a very quiet one. His works, so far as yet known, furnish, besides quite superficial notices about the period of their production, only a few slight data for a historico-biographical construction. For they bear extremely few traces in them of a development; on the contrary they all show such an astonishing maturity, such rounding off and completeness, that such significant phrases of development, as we find in Handel and Beethoven, are scarcely distinguishable in them. Accordingly every biography of Bach must necessarily assume a far more æsthetic than historico-pragmatic character. The difficulties involved in this mode of consideration are most strikingly shown by the pedantic and uncertain conduct of the current musical criticism upon Bach's works; especially by its almost total silence, thus far, about the publication of Bach's works, which has already been going on for ten years. It is shown not less, however, by the utterly unworthy and uncritical dispute, whether Bach is obsolete and out of date, whether Handel is greater and more universal than he, whether one ought to be enthusiastic for him or not, whether it is possible to execute his things, &c. Whoever has got stuck in such questions, and therefore imagines himself critical, only shows how little he has been stirred inwardly by the touching humility, childlikeness and simplicity, which speak to us in every tone of the master; by that elevation above all narrowness and littleness, that irresistible fervor and inwardness, that tenderness and depth of feeling, that enchanting grace and loveliness of form, that uncontainable fullness and might of ideas! How can we wonder, that the conduct of most of our music-lovers corresponds to this con-

duct of musical criticism, which is in a certain sense the gauge and measure of the public taste? Who does not know the dismal ignorance, mystification and obstinacy, and the multitude of most adventurous prejudices, with which Sebastian Bach has to contend? But who would take upon himself the really urgent, but yet thankless task of holding up before the eyes of our good Germany her irresponsible sins against her noblest sons? Rather be it our endeavor, in noticing the work which now lies before us, and which meets us like a refreshing spring in a barren, unproductive Present, to signalize some traits of Bach's creative greatness; not with the hope of saying anything new or exhaustive of the subject, but simply to direct attention to the work itself, and thereby offer a small contribution to a less one-sided judgment of the man, and to a fuller and more wide-spread recognition of him.

In truth—let us not deceive ourselves about this—BACH can never become the common property of mankind in the same manner, hardly in the same degree, as HANDEL. This is simply owing to the entire difference both in the objects and the manner of their creation. Handel's look is always turned to the world without; the grand forms of biblical and profane history arouse his imagination; everything with him shapes itself to some dramatic action and development. Hence dramatic liveliness and truth of character are with him the paramount aim. His greatness consists not so much in his having greatly increased the tone-material out of an overflowing depth of musical creative power; but far more, as CHRYSANDER has strikingly shown, in his understanding better than anybody else, how to make a comparatively limited tone-material serviceable to his artistic intentions. Hence it is so characteristic for him, to leave no practicable means unused, even the simplest *volks-lied*; to look about him in the world, to live through as it were the different styles, and allow the significant nationalities, with their musical traditions, to exert their influence upon him. The free and original assimilation of all these moments is a main feature of his mastery. Concrete historical truthfulness, grand dramatic power in the delineation of character as well as in the development of the action, wonderful economy and simplicity distinguish him.

It is entirely otherwise with BACH. He does not stretch his hand back into the Past of history; not the outward, visible world of fact is with him the object of representation; he does not show and describe foreign, outlying persons, events and relations; but he is a Prophet, who, while he constantly reproduces *himself*, his present, inmost experiences, thoughts and moods, at the same time forms an organ for the *inmost soul's life* of all men, as filled out and transfigured through the living christian faith. This, by the most wonderful means, with all his ever changing, ever new, yet always homogeneous forms, he moulds to solid Art. Therefore his music has a far more more personal character, that goes immediately from heart, than Handel's while it is in nowise less concrete and universal. If we are not continually transported by it to the great arena of the world's history, yet it leads into the no less stirring, sublime and exhaustless depths of the human heart, which is indeed governed by the same God, and is bound to Him, who rules the history of the world.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

LIGHT READING FOR HOT WEATHER.

If one could spend a hundred years in one long mental feast upon the good things provided by the wit and science of men since the invention of letters, then half a century in ruminating and inwardly digesting the meal so made, visiting various climes and races of men by way of exercise, and then devote another hundred years to the task of writing the results, then—provided one could remain all this time still in the vigor of manhood—something might be written worth the reading. When I find the Elixir of Life and the fountain of youth, it shall be tried. It is hardly worth while to speculate upon the topics which shall fill this juvenile longevity, whether to devote it to squaring the circle, the invention of perpetual motion machines, the study of Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, edible and other roots, or the like, but certainly one art shall have a place, if only as a relief to the more serious studies, and that art shall be music. An ever young Timotheus (of two and a half centuries) might certainly think out something! This idea, which which was carried out to great extent in imagination, occurred to me one evening, as I was walking along the promenade, which borders the channel at Brighton, and invigorating myself after a hard day's work in writing, and arose from the reflection that the experience of the last half year proves that, when one is expected to become a writer, he is in fact just in the state of intellectual culture to be a student. Oh, for an uninterrupted half a life just now for study! So that vapid commonplaces, mere notes of passing events might give place to something of sterling, lasting value!

In London! of all cities the most interesting to most New England men of literary culture—the city of our fathers' history—the centre of the literature of our language—the stage on which Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Johnson—how many more! played and are playing their parts—where every old street and building has some association, which gives it interest in our eyes!

I have often, when speaking of the musical advantages of Berlin, as being so preëminent, excepted London as the city where one could have the opportunity of hearing the most music. The trouble with London, however, is that most concerts are so costly that none but the rich can enjoy them and the student who comes abroad to study the art of music is debarred from hearing much music, as he is from enjoying the instructions of the best teachers from the same cause. Having now spent part of the season there, and through the kind offices of the leading critics having had many doors, otherwise inaccessible to me, thrown open, I can now affirm the statement of the surpassing richness of London in musical entertainments, from experience. And this, too, both in quantity and quality, the latter of course for the sums spent upon music are incredible to one who only knows America, Germany and Italy.

Another general remark, and that is, that the notices of the performances and performers by the leading critics are to my feelings more fair and candid than those I have found elsewhere, with here and there an exception. The writers

are men of such wide experience, have had such ample opportunities of forming a standard of excellence, and are of such high culture, that certainly their more elaborate writings are worthy of all praise. My respect for London criticism has risen to the highest point. Their zeal, too, is to be remarked; think of a man going five or six hundred miles to the Rhine or even Berlin simply to hear for himself some new work of importance. To run over to Paris for such a purpose is an everyday affair. How often on the Continent have I heard English writers sneered at and their praise of English singers made a subject of ridicule. Now setting aside the few great singers of a world-wide reputation and those who are fixed for life in the principal opera houses of the Continent, I venture the assertion, that more good singing is to be heard in London, from performers of English birth, than in any foreign capital from natives. The average excellence of concert singers is far above that in any city in which I have ever been. As to the great exceptional vocalists, they, we know, no sooner have gained a great name than they all come to London to gather their harvest of guineas during "the season," and this has been so since the days of Handel. With performers upon instruments it is much the same. I imagine, however, that as a rule we are not to expect is great solo players of English birth,—certainly not in such numbers, because so few have such inducements to make music a profession, where so many paths of enterprise are open and because it is not so easy to keep a young pupil exclusively employed with an instrument year after year, as in Bohemia, Austria or the German States. I do not believe after what I have seen and heard that England is in any degree short of any other country in musical taste or talent,—that the taste is not so widely cultivated, except by the rich, this cannot be denied. How can it be when as a rule the ticket to a good concert costs more than the earnings of a poor man for a week? The value of cheap concerts in educating the people is, however beginning to be understood, and in one part of St. James' Hall, the finest quartets may be heard at the Monday concerts for a shilling. Good music may also often be heard at the Crystal Palace on shilling days. But as yet nothing for orchestral music exists in London like Liebig's concerts in Berlin. At the very few places, which I entered, where music accompanied beer, the pieces were trashy, the performance very mediocre. Whether good orchestral music can be given cheaply is perhaps doubtful, it is a pity not to try it. Jullien did; but as it seems not with pecuniary success. My pleasure in the cathedral service I wrote you about in the autumn of 1858, there is nothing to be added.

And now to my "Notes."

When I left the Victoria station upon my arrival in London, January 29, the fog was so dense as to cut off all view of more than ten or twelve houses at once, and the new language, English, was often put to use before I found the gentleman, by whose advice and kindness, I had been brought thither.

In the evening he took me to a concert in aid of the Hullah Fund, a mode of paying in some degree the debt which England owes that man for his untiring efforts to make the English people singers. The concert was given in St. James'

Hall in Piccadilly, a room about two-thirds as large as our Music Hall, but so vaulted as to injure in many parts the effect of the music. The theory says that the ceiling of a music room in order to attain the greatest number of good seats for the music should be flat. Does not experience prove the theory to be correct? Compare our Music Hall, that of the Sing-Akademie in Berlin and the Royal Opera house in the same city with any vaulted rooms in the world, similar in size, and the answer must be yes. I have been in seats in St. James' Hall, where every note was beautifully clear and distinct, and in others where all was confused and one could make little or nothing of the performance. At a concert in which Beethoven's Ninth symphony was given, I was forced to go to another and distant part of the room to escape the confusion worse confounded caused by the reverberation and echo of the beautiful-looking vaulted ceiling. The grand object to be attained in halls as in other things is the greatest good of the greatest number without infringing on the rights of the minority. Give us, therefore, music rooms in which all can hear distinctly, such may be constructed. The concert was orchestral and vocal, three overtures, divers scenas, songs, &c, a fantasia appassionata, composed and (solo) played by Vieuxtemps for violin and orchestra, and, as Part II., a cantata, text by Oxenford, music by Benedict. The title is "Undine" and I noticed that to be fully intelligible it requires a precious knowledge of Fouqué's delicious story; Characters, four, Undine, Bartalda, Hildebrand, Kubleborn; choruses of spirits and of men and women. Programme; Overture, Chorus and bass solo, Recitative and song with female chorus, Terzetto, Scena and aria, tenor, March, Wedding chorus, Air, (Bertalda), Duetto, Quartet, Scena and chorus, Solo and chorus, and Undine's closing solo, "Bright green earth, farewell." After the shockingly bad singing of which I had heard so much on the Continent, and to the horridly harsh concatenations of words called *poetry*, so often heard in Germany, there was something indescribably fresh and delighting in hearing English sung once more and by such nice singers as Miss Banks, a young favorite soprano, and Miss Palmer, mezzo soprano or contralto, or whatever they call her, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, tenor. Benedict's music struck me as exceedingly graceful and pleasing, and the Cantata is well worth the notice of our singing societies at home, when war shall give way again to the arts.

Jan. 31. To Her Majesty's theatre. Balfe's Bohemian Girl and the Christmas pantomime, "Tom Thumb." Not very much struck by either says my note book. I enjoyed it specially because it was all English.

Feb. 4. Monday popular concert the tenth concert of the third season. And here was a sight I never saw before, and only possible, as I believe, in London. These concerts are given in St. James's Hall; price five shillings in the best half of the main floor, three shillings in the balcony, and other seats, among them those on the stage, one shilling. The music performed is the best chamber music, and as a specimen of the programme read the following:

PART I.

Quartett in D minor by Schubert, played by Vieuxtemps, Ries, 1st and 2d violin, Schreurs, viola, and Piatti, 'cellist, a most exquisite performer.
Song, "In questa tomba oscura," Beethoven; sung by Miss Lascelles.

Song, "Now summer has departed," Dussek; sung by Madame Louisa Vinning.
Sonata, C minor, Op. 111, (!) Beethoven, Mrs. Davison (Arabella Goddard).

PART II.

"Devil Sonata," for violin, Tartini, played by Vieuxtemps.
Song, "Come back to me," Henry Smart, sung by Miss Lascelles.

Song, "The mermaid's song," Haydn; Mrs. Vinning.
Trio, C minor, piano, violin and 'cello, Mendelssohn, by Mrs. Davison, Vieuxtemps and Piatti.

You see the character of the music. Now, think of an audience of at least 1500 assembled to hear it! The shilling seats, I was particularly pleased to see, were full, as I always found them, and those who occupied them were the stillest and clearly as a class, the most appreciative of the music. My sympathies are always with this class, for I have known too well by experience and observation how many of the truest lovers of music are debarred from it by its cost. It was very interesting to see that so long considered incomprehensible work, Beethoven's Sonata, was listened to with the greatest attention, save by the black sheep, and that the clear playing of Mrs. Davison, as though not a difficulty is to be found in it, gave it coherence and meaning to so large a number, especially to the shilling people. In the high priced seats, there was always less attention, and clearly less understanding of the best music, and many more of those annoyances, girls, who come to show themselves, young fellows who come because it is "the right thing," would be critics who discuss the players and singers with marvellous wisdom, and the like. In Berlin or Vienna there would have been from two hundred to twice that number of auditors perhaps; but if England is so far behind in musical culture and taste, as is often represented, is it not curious that an English city of five times the population of either of those should furnish an audience of full five times the number of one in them?

Feb. 11. Another Monday Evening Concert. This time all the pieces, by Beethoven, and the house was crowded—there must have been, I think, 2,000 auditors! Quartet, op. 57, No. 3; Prelude and Gavotte, Bach, Piatti; Trio in C minor; Quartette in D, by Mendelssohn. Vocal, the "Liederkreis" and the ariette, "The kiss," both sung by Sims Reeves, in an English translation of the texts.

At these concerts are sold, as at many others—indeed it is quite a necessary thing now—books of words with analytical and historical descriptions of the pieces performed; price usually sixpence. Those for the Monday Concerts are prepared by Mr. Davison of the Times and Musical World, and I was rather gratified to find Dwight's Journal frequently affording matter for them, as in the case of the Liederkreis "To the distant loved one." A notice by Dwight of this is copied and then the remark appended, "This is doubtless the language of enthusiasm; but considering the beauty of the music apostrophized, by no means unjustified."

Feb. 12. Having attended the rehearsal the day before of Stoepel's "Hiawatha" I was well prepared to attend its performance this evening. It ought not to have been produced in a theatre, certainly not in the immense one of Covent Garden, so far as the success of this particular work is concerned. At the same time, there may be other reasons why it was well for Stoepel to bring it out there. I was not in America when it was given in Boston and New York, and was exceedingly curious to hear it. Several pieces were "cut" to my disappointment, which

had pleased me much in the rehearsal. How do I like it? Very much. There is, to me at least, a freshness and originality about it, very delightful. I have been for months at Lake Superior, have read all I could find in Schoolcraft and other writers of the Ojibway tales and traditions, and have perhaps greatly admired Longfellow's poem. (I could wish that he had spent a summer there, however, before writing it, it would have given it more life and picturesqueness). Now Stoepel seems to have caught not only the spirit of the poems but of the everlasting forest and cool bright waters of the lake. His music gave me an inexpressible longing to be there again. It touched my feelings, entered into my heart, gave me true musical enjoyment. Miss Heron's voice was not sufficient for the great house, and the audience was small in numbers. These circumstances were unfavorable to the enjoyment of the music, but still I have for a long time heard no work of this species, which gratified me so much.

It was followed by Balfe's "Satanella" which fell upon my ears "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Feb. 14. To Her Majesty's theatre. "Robin Hood;" music by Macfarren. (The Queen kept the audience waiting an hour—three thousand persons waiting for one). The feeling upon the whole at hearing this was one of disappointment, but it was a first and only hearing, and from what I know of the composer, I am convinced that the reasons for it are to be found in myself, and my state of mind on that evening. The story is one which unless barbarously mutilated, must be interesting, and it was not ruined here, and, upon the whole, I believe should we ever have a good English operatic company at home, that "Robin Hood" will be found popular, as well as excellent to the musician. ("Ned" must not be surprised at my speaking thus of it).

Feb. 15. At a lecture by Mr. Chorley at the Royal Institution, on "English Lyric Poets and Poetry." I had hoped that the substance of the essay would have been upon the English language as adapted to music. But this was only touched upon. Still he confirmed me in the opinion long since advanced in Dwight's Journal, that of the three languages, German, French, and English, the latter is by far the best adapted for "a wedding to music." The lecture was so elegant in style, and interesting in matter that I hope some time to read it in print. I was too busy at that time to make notes the next day, and am unable now to "report" it.

Feb. 18. Monday concert again. Mendelssohn's Octet for string instruments, Beethoven's Waldstein sonata, played by Charles Halle, Bach's Chaconne, played by Vieuxtemps, Quartette in G minor, Mozart; vocal, two songs, one by Henry Smart, one by Sterndale Bennett, sung by Miss Laura Baxter, in an immense contralto voice.

By a note in the "programme book," it appears that Mendelssohn composed the octett at the age of fifteen! While it is not to me particularly pleasing music it is a most wonderful production of such a boy, and worthy of the Midsummer Night's Dream overture.

Feb. 25. Monday concert. Quartet, B flat, Mozart; Partita (for piano), Bach, played by Mr. Halle; Double quartet, Spohr; Sonata, piano and violin, Dussek, played by Halle and Vieuxtemps. Vocal, two songs, Dussek and

Mendelssohn, sung by Miss Banks. Dussek ought to be more known in America. His music is delicious, and the Londoners owe much to Davison for reviving it. I am not up to such works as the double quartett, by Spohr, but how beautiful the Mozart quartett! The song by Dussek of whom I hope to send some particulars to the Journal so soon as I am again with my books. Says the analytical programme to one of a set of canzonets in the style of Haydn: "A contemporary of Mozart, although he died more than twenty years later than the composer of Don Giovanni, it is not surprising that a musician of such feeling and sensibility as Dussek should, in a great measure have caught the spirit of that incomparable genius. This is far more remarkable in Dussek's vocal words," &c. Mr. Davison supposes that this canzonet may have been suggested to the composer by hearing one of Petrarch's sonnets to Laura, the one beginning,

"Le Stelle, o' l'eleo e gli elementi a prova," &c.

"The reader was that Polish princess, who, (according to some authorities and among them Fétis) became so enamored of the celebrated pianist and composer, that she carried him off to a secluded retreat, situated near the frontier of Denmark, where they resided together nearly two years." The original words are, however, so uncommonly tame and inspired, that Mr. Oxenford has written a song to the music,

"Name the glad day, dear
Oh, I implore thee," &c.

The entr'acte in this programme contains "Mozart the Artist" (pp. 2 1-2), a short minuet by Bach, sketch of Spohr's life (pp. 3), a sketch for pianoforte by Dussek, and several notices of these Monday Concerts, from periodical publications. There is also appended to the notice of Dussek's Sonata, a sketch of his life.

Remarks on the Present State of Music.

The consideration of what is the true end and aim of musical instruction, and the surest path to its attainment, must be very interesting to an author, anxious to be serviceable to those whose early steps he guided, and desirous, also, of imparting a few hints and remembrances to his more advanced scholars, now perhaps teachers and guides themselves. For these objects no place is perhaps better suited than the present.

We therefore add these remarks, which partly belong immediately to our subject, and are at all events nearly related to it, on the object and method of musical education for the people, and for the profession.

Such observations, however, can be founded only on a clear view of the nature and tendency of music, and on a free and unprejudiced inspection into its present condition; and in the first place, in our own country, if indeed any one can flatter himself with the hope of possessing sufficient knowledge and freedom of opinion. Each individual commands only a limited circle of vision; and he who has looked around with lively interest, and has perceived the necessity of seeing with his own eyes and from his own point of view, knows how insufficient and uncertain are the communications of others in comparison with his own experience. Every individual must further confess, that he himself is influenced more or less by the circumstances of the moment, and that posterity alone can pronounce judgment upon all.

But if we are obliged to leave the decision to our successors, it is also our duty to consider what we are, and what they may become. We are bound, therefore, to examine and weigh our times, and we are content that our judgment on them be converted into evidence on ourselves before a higher tribunal.

If we cast a glance at the present state of music amongst us, we behold an all-pervading musical activity, unexampled in any former period; unless, perhaps, in the golden days of Italy and Spain. Then from vast cathedrals, and from hills crowned with pilgrims, streamed the wave of sacred song; then the festive trumpets clanged from glittering bal-

conies, at rejoicings of princes and nobles; then the balmy nights were musical with harp and guitar in lovely hands. Then, also, our own country-revered in Luther's great days with his mighty melodies, which rolling from the holy choir, awakening, confirming, and inspiring, swept through the crowded market, and busy streets, into the domestic circle and private chamber.

What in those days gushed from excited nature and internal emotion, has been transmitted to us, closely allied as it is, to the deep poetical nature of our countrymen, and now seems to exercise an unlimited dominion over us.

So our public gardens, our domestic circles, our festivals teem with music; numerous and continually increasing bands march with our armies; and our tremulous ball-rooms are sinking under the oppression of pleasure.* What town is there so small as not to have at least winter concerts? What numberless amateurs, what quartet associations, what concerts of all descriptions crowd our larger cities? What period has ever seen in all places, and the whole year throughout, so many operas performed? and can anything at any period be compared to our immense gatherings of cities with cities in our musical festivals? In fine, what period has ever acknowledged, as ours has done, by word and deed, and with such sacrifices of time and gold, the indispensable and salutary effect of music in human education?

This spread of music, this universal sympathy in the concourse of sweet sounds, corresponds with the means which have been applied to it. However expensive instruction, instruments, and musical matters may be, all families of the middle classes, as well as of the higher, seek to procure them. Nowhere is there a deficiency of masters. In all schools singing is practised, seminaries, universities, and especial music schools continue the instruction to a higher grade. Everywhere singing academies, instrumental classes, and musical societies for private and public performance are established. City and state officials provide means, and assist in the performances in chapels and choirs, and in public instruction. Our book trade supplies works of art of all times, more numerous, commodiously, and cheaply than ever; and the construction of musical instruments is improved with the advance of the mechanical arts.

Such is the wonderful power of music to open all hearts, to gain sympathy and support from those even, who by deficient education or organization, are unable to participate in its joys, who bring their offerings to her fane, and then pleased, but unendowed retire.

How has music acquired this influence, and how does she requite our love and devotion?

She has the power, she is all-powerful in man, because she grasps him in all his fibres and nerves, corporeally and spiritually, the whole body and soul, sensibilities and thoughts. The roughest natures tremble at her dread clangor, while none resist her soft and captivating tones. Her corporeal effect is irresistible, magical, for the simply corporeal sensation suggests already that these tremblings of the nerves reach the inmost depths of the soul; that this corporeal charm is rendered holy and consecrated by its connexion with the foundation of our existence. He who has drawn from his soul its most delicate, most powerful, most secret feelings, who has commanded them at will, who has cast a light into the unknown depths of the mind, and there passed a dreamy consciousness; he who has seen in this undulating play of the soul, aspirations, visions, and the deepest ideas, erect as the commanding spirits,—who knows that our existence would be incomplete without the world of sounds, such a one comprehends that the spiritually sensitive pleasure in music leads on only to make our sensibilities more delicate and more excitable, to civilize and fructify the inmost foundations of the mind, and to manifest to our souls the highest expectations, a new invisible world of ideas, a new aspect of existence.

But its nature is two-fold, like that of man—it is corporeal from matter, and spiritual from the mind. Its influence may elevate us from a rough, hard, and useless condition, to humanity, sentiment, and action—it can soften and correct our sensibilities, awaken our expectations, enable us to soar above the purest humanity into the region of the god-like; and, in this inward elevation, fill us with the real working power of goodness. But this same influence of sounds may bury us in the seductive waves of corporeal sensation, always existing, though concealed; it may efface all noble feelings and sustaining power from the soul, and abandon us to thoughtlessness, infirmity of purpose, and the ever-destroying attractions of the senses, in whose train follow the strange twins—satety and inactivity; and, lastly, the fearful loss of interest in everything.

How does the dangerous and well-loved art repay our love and gifts?

Everything in art is pure, and noble, and good. Our weakness is to blame if her gifts turn to poison; if we, being arrived at the threshold of her temple, lie sinking there; if we hear her voice in our souls, but forsake her consecrated halls, and lose ourselves in the outer courts, destined only for the ofal of the beasts of sacrifice.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* Let any one witness the insatiable spell-like influence of our waltzing, accompanied by the resounding swell of the trombone in Strauss' dances.

The National Hymn.

WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

It has been recently stated that the tone of most of the productions sent in to the committee on the National Hymn is religious, and also that none of the distinguished poets of the country have entered the lists. The former statement we know to be at variance with the facts, as far as the committee themselves are acquainted with them. Many, but by no means "most," or even half, or one-third, of the verses thus far examined, are written to sacred hymn tunes, such as "Old Hundred," "Mear," "Coronation," and the like; but even of this part the greater number are not religious in tone. Whether any of the best known poets of the country have competed, we are authorized to say that the committee themselves do not know; for we are informed that they have yet to examine about one-third of the manuscripts in their hands; and as to the authorship of the few out of the 1,175 sent in, which they have thus far laid aside for further consideration, they are ignorant, the names of the writers in question being yet undisturbed in their sealed envelopes. We are credibly informed, however, from other quarters, that several of those who may be regarded as standing high in the second rank of our popular poets have sent in manuscripts.

It is to be feared that the public and the committee will both err in the establishment of too high a poetic standard for the hymn. Something "equal to the occasion" will be looked for; an unusual degree of lyric merit will be insisted on; and the hymns will be tried by their capability to produce a "striking" effect. Such a standard as this is a false one for any song. "Music married to immortal verse" is a very fine thing for a poet to write about; but it doesn't exist. Apollo seems to have forbidden the banners of that much-desired union. The words of the most popular songs are as poetry rarely above mediocrity; sometimes far below it. But they will be almost invariably found to express or suggest some strong sentiment common to the people by whom they are sung, if not to all humanity, or to bring up vividly some cherished association. If a high lyric standard is false for songs in general, written for music, especially is it so for a national song. Lyric excellence is not necessary for these songs. For instance, many fine national lyrics have been written by British authors; but what is the British national hymn? "God save the King;" which your true Briton sings with equal gusto before a big battle and after a big dinner. And yet as a lyric song that is very poor. The second part of the second stanza about the king's enemies is almost ridiculous:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix—
God save the King!"

In fact it is hardly burlesqued, but only made homogeneous by the profane Yankee parody;

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
Get them into a fix—
— their souls."

But, in spite of this defect, it expresses in strong terms the British national feeling—and so, being set to a fine, vigorous, well-harmonized air, it has finally come to be, by mingled fitness and association, the most absolute expression of John Bullism. And, by the way, as it was written, or rather adapted, by John Bull, a doctor of music in King James the First's time, in whose reign the British nation was formed, though the true Briton is a formation of the last century, it would be curious to discover whether the use of John Bull as a nickname is traceable to the composer of the national air, or whether we have here a mere coincidence.

As to a hymn for Americans, it must of all things proclaim, assert, and exult in freedom. Let this be its expression; let it be brimful of loyalty to the flag, which is our only national symbol, and for that all the dearer; let its allusions embody our distinctive traits of nationality; let it have a fine rhythmical flow; and these points secured as to the words, the air is the most important matter. If that be such a one as all who sing can sing, and as the majority

will like, association and habit will accomplish the rest. The public mind is in a condition now to accept with enthusiasm a hymn which fulfils these conditions. Much imagination they will not insist upon; on the contrary, it would be rather an objection in words intended for all lips. And let not the music be brilliant like an Italian cavatina, or curiously harmonized like a German choral. In a word, gentlemen of the committee, don't fire high, or you will miss your aim, but point blank at the people's hearts and then you may hit both head and heart.—N. Y. World.

Conducting;

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.
BY HERMANN ZOPFF.

(Continued from page 117.)

The feeling for rhythmic has to be strengthened by strict adherence to rests; at least, in case a part does not fall in at the right time, it is well to make the choir repeatedly count aloud during the rests; the conductor himself even may occasionally do the same, and explain how to count and how to fall in. Great difficulties are caused by *accelerandos* and *rallentandos*, for instance, by preparing the fermatas; these must be often studied separately. The singers have to be cautioned to take fresh breath for the fermatas; also to acquire equality in holding the same, (swelling and decreasing the tone,) and at last to bring it to an even and exact end. Let the conductor also explain to them the signs which we mentioned in the introduction. Nothing seems to be so difficult as to cause amateurs to be constantly attentive to the doings of the conductor. The singers must be made to look at him in the same way as good orchestra players are used to do.

If the conductor plays himself the accompaniment of the piano, he must try and make it a special practice to play, if possible, every thing with the left hand, in order to have the right hand disengaged for the purpose of conducting. He must also be placed in such a position that everybody can see him. A good distribution of the singers adds greatly to the general effect; it is for this reason that careless standing about or sitting apart in one and the same row of singers ought never to be tolerated.

After having looked to all these particulars and a good many more, which depend upon the individuality of the singers, it is time for the conductor to speak about *delivery*, that is to say, about *distinct pronunciation*, *observance of the dynamics*, and *warmth and expression*.

With regard to distinct pronunciation, let the conductor insist upon plainly-written words; badly-written parts are often the cause of a poor performance. The singers ought, therefore, always to be familiar with the text. The conductor is further to call attention to all such words which have to be accentuated; he must insist upon a clear pronunciation of the vowels, also of certain consonants, and must never allow a breaking of a word by way of taking breath.

As to the observance of the dynamic signs, it is well to call, *beforehand*, the attention of the choir to all the *fortes* and *pianos* in the piece to be performed, also, caution, already mentioned, to take fresh breath upon all high tones. But especially an *equal strength* in all the four voices must be aimed at, as, very often tenor and soprano are apt to scream, while bass and alto bellow, and the latter sometimes can scarcely be heard. If a solo voice is added to the choir, let the conductor take care that it is not drowned by the latter. Let him never lose an opportunity to educate the choir in the art of singing *mezza voce*. The *pianissimo* of a great mass of voices produces a charming effect, which, on account of its *soul-breathing* nature, cannot be equalled by any instrumental effect.

Great difficulty is often caused by those in the choir who are also solo singers. It is chiefly with regard to them that the conductor ought repeatedly to explain to the choir, that a good chorus singer should never hear his own voice in the choir. Who sings so loud that he hears himself in spite of the singing around him, will surely outcry the others, and thus spoil the general effect.

Only on such basis can it be expected to hear a choir deliver with warmth and expression. To this effect it is necessary to call the attention of the choir to the character and the sentiments which are contained in the piece to be performed, and never lose an opportunity to insist upon a *refined* and *expressive* delivery.

The conducting of the solo-parts in a chorus is based upon the same principles, only with this modification, that the signs ought to be less broad. Sure soloists are sometimes disturbed and hurt by a constant time-beating of the conductor. But in the *ensemble* these somewhat spoiled people have to conform to the rules applied to the whole choir.—Mus. World.

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 27, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVI.

LONDON, July 4.

If the chorus singing of the Yorkshiremen in the "Messiah" excelled rather in the heroic quality, than in any especial delicacy or fineness, I certainly can praise their glee singing without any such deduction. This was instanced in a miscellaneous concert which they gave St. James's Hall on the evening after the Oratorio. It was of those long London programmes, whose chief sin is their length. There were perhaps three hundred voices—the male counter-tenor taking for the most part the place of the female *contralto*, as is too commonly the case here. The conductor, Mr. R. S. Burton, seemed to have the entire confidence and control of his forces. They sang with unsurpassable precision, spirit, euphony and delicacy some of those old well-worn glees by Bishop, making them seem like new things, and yet the same, so that one wondered to find them after all so beautiful. "Sleep, gentle lady," "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," &c., were rendered with the utmost nicety. Spofforth's "Hail! smiling morn" took everybody off their feet, there was such a sonorous spring to it. Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" (part-song) was exquisite; no one could complain that "she has not learned another lay." Her old song delights us. So too a couple more of his; and Müller's "May Day" made a great impression particularly by the rich and solid mass of big bass on the phrase; "But my honest heart receiving," &c. Bishop's Quintet: "Blow, gentle gales" was artistically given by Mrs. Sunderland and the other soloists who sang in the "Messiah." (By the way, the tenor on that occasion was Mr. Inkersall, and not Mr. Whitehead; the bill left one to guess which was which.) Sims Reeves, of course, was the crown of the solo-singing; though he might have found better field for his fine abilities than sweetish sentimental airs by Balfe and Kücken. But such a singer can make any song enchanting; he handles every task so artist-like. His voice is sweetness and purity itself, and yet has manly ring and mettle. A more perfect *sostenuto*, a more ductile continuity of tone—the liquid long drawn out quality—it would be hard to find. His is the honest pure *cantabile*, which wins upon the ear by the admirable gravitation of tone, by the exquisite rounding of the phrase, by just proportion and fine shading, in a word, by bringing out just what is in a melody, and not by the addition of common-place, superfluous ornaments. In a song with chorus, which closed the concert, a quaint old thing by Purcell:

"Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, our foes rebound.
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum, &c.

we had a touch of the trumpet quality of his full voice and could understand why he is so famous in the oratorios. Such a greeting as Reeves got from both orchestra and audience would be enough to turn the brain of one less used to it.

He seems to be the hero of the singing democracy. For instrumental music, the pride of British pianism, Miss Arabella Goddard, the young lady who has won so many laurels by her easy mastery of Beethoven's great Sonata, op. 106 (till recently repeated insurmountably difficult), of Dussek's "ne plus ultra" Sonata, &c., treated us, not to examples of such high emprise, to be sure, but to a couple of very beautiful fantasias, to the delight both of the popular and of the classically nice ear. These were, Stephen Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's melodious "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," and a capital fantasia by Benedict on Dr. Arne's jack-o'-lantern little Puck song: "Where the bee sucks." A happy instinct led Mr. B. to such a flower for honey. The old tune lent itself admirably to his graceful and artistic treatment; in his hands it makes a really characteristic fantasia, charmingly fresh after the Thalberg things have grown common-place. The performer left nothing to be desired—in the matter of quality—but of quantity the people did desire more, and so she gave "The last rose," as not "left blooming alone" by Thalberg.

In this connection I may recall a similar feast of vocalism, which took place in the same hall a few evenings before. It was the last subscription concert of the "Vocal Association," a fine choir of amateurs of both sexes, who enjoy the privilege of such a teacher and conductor as JULES BENEDICT, than whom there is hardly a more clever or accomplished musician in England. This programme was even longer than the other—so long that nerves fatigued with sight-seeing in this great bewildering city could not endure the whole of it, even with angelic harps relieving the excess of sweets; and so weak human nature was compelled to leave just as our old friend Aptomas made his bow. Of the beginning, too, we lost a sacred part-song by Haydn, and a "Hark, the lark" song by Curschmann. Our ears, on entering, were greeted by a clear, full flood of harmony, which proved to be a "Christmas Carol" part-song by Otto Goldschmidt and which did honor to the choir and composer. Sig. Guglielmi sang an air from Handel's *Ezio*, and another by Gounod to words by Lamartine. Miss Stabbach sang a solo with charms from Bennett's "May Queen," and "My mother bids me bind my hair;" Miss Whitty (an English lady, from Italian theatres) *Non piu mesta*, and an aria by Coppola; Miss Messent, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the solo in the Ave Maria from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Miss Koch, one of the great airs from *Clemenza di Tito*. All respectably well, I dare say, but leaving no distant remembrance on the fatigued brain. The chorus pieces did impress themselves, and were right edifying; a chorale by Bach especially; and another, by Graun, and Mendelssohn's part-song "O, hills, O vales," all finely sung. Nor can one forget the masterly manner in which Rossini's humorous "Papalacci" trio was sung by the Signori Belart, Garcia and Belletti; or the duet from "the Barber:" "*All'idea di quel metallo*," by Belart and Belletti. Belart has a capital light tenor, which he displayed artistically in an aria from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Belletti, for solo, gave the Duke's aria in *Lucrezia Borgia*. One of the best of baritones is he—grown stouter since the Jenny Lind times in America. A very young pianist, Miss Alice Mangold, played a prelude by Bach, and some of the more difficult of Hen-

self's graceful pieces, with the tasteful ease of a mature artist. And this was not all; but enough for a specimen of scores of such miscellaneous concerts in London, of which this was probably one of the best.

We turn now to a greater theme—too great to enter fully into in a letter. Mr. CHARLES HALLE, of world-wide repute as one of the first classical pianists and musicians of the day, is a German by birth, who first made an available name for himself in Paris, and has since lived for many years in Manchester, England, where a great activity in the highest classical direction has received its constant impulse and control from him. Manchester at any price retains its hold upon him; but to the London season his presence is also indispensable. This season he has been putting the crown upon his many musical good works by giving a series of eight "Beethoven Recitals," in which he is performing in course, in the order of their *opus* members, all the (thirty-two) Sonatas which Beethoven wrote for the piano-forte unaccompanied. It will have been my rare good fortune to attend the last three of these. Of two I can already speak. They are "morning concerts," held on successive Fridays from three till five o'clock P. M., in St. James's Hall. The scene itself is interesting. Imagine an audience of five or six hundred persons, ladies mostly in the majority, but including most of the earnest amateurs and artists of the city, an eminently refined, severe, and therefore the most flattering audience, listening in earnest silence, many of them with copies of the score in hand, for two hours at a time, to such interpretations of all the Beethoven Sonatas as one is seldom privileged to hear of three or four of them! And the attention does not give out with the few well-known specimens, with those that are esteemed the clearest, those which have something popular and taking about them, or which lie nearest to the common plane of moods and sympathies; they follow him, or at least reverently try to follow him, the wonderful tone-poet, into the remoter reaches of his inspiration, into long and arduous passages reputed transcendental and obscure, into the depths where his great soul wrestled with unseen enemies, with Fate itself, and won sweet victory forever. They follow, undismayed by technical difficulties and what seemed labyrinthine or insane anomalies of form, led by the sure hand of this interpreter, who holds the thread of it all, and find and feel that on the inside all is poesy and light, the clearest spiritual meaning, high, distinct, triumphant purpose, the happiest vision and reward of fancy, the directest, warmest utterance of a man's heart, a great one, greatly tried and greatly persevering and believing, plucking an eternal rose of Beauty out of every nettle danger. More or less, we mean, of course, according to the musical and moral fitness of the listener; and no one dares say that he appreciates Beethoven *fully*. But it was something to see an audience so bent on understanding all it could, and for the most part so manifestly gratified. A few restless symptoms in here or there a group or couple caught beyond their depth, were only the exceptions which prove the rule. "Analytical programmes," prepared with tact and understanding by Mr. J. W. Davison, put the listener without a score in possession of the historical origin, the general design and characteristics of each Sonata, together with

the notes of leading themes and striking points of treatment. Such aid is worth the shilling.

In his sixth "Recital," June 21st, Mr. Halle opened with the Sonata in F, op. 54, which consists of only two movements (*Tempo di minuetto*, and *Allegretto*), one of the least elaborate or striking perhaps of the series, but still unmistakably Beethoven's, and interesting in the course. Then came a song (in English) from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*—worthy relief for such a programme, worthily presented by Sims Reeves. Next the grand "Sonata Appassionata," in F minor, op. 57, one of the great ones, full of fire, original and moody fancy, and of wondrous art. Mr. Halle gave an unimpeachably clean, tasteful, forcible and and finished reading of it. We could have wished a little more fire, more nervous abandon in his playing. Every other excellence it had; but it seemed (like most of his renderings) like a masterly and faultless reading by one of a much cooler brain than that from which the composition sprang; it lacked the Beethoven temperament. The third lesson of the day was the lovely Sonata in the difficult key of F sharp major, op. 78, commencing with a brief, questioning *adagio*, answered at length by an *allegro ma non troppo*, and followed by only a second movement *Allegro vivace*, in the same key; both developed out of most melodies and unique themes, a work of the finest beauty, but too baffling to most fingers to have become widely known. It will be admired in London after this. An indifferent ballad by Sims Reeves, and then, fourthly and finally, that lively, happy, sunshiny little Sonata, sometimes called the "Queen of Sonatas," in G major, op. 79, which opens with a rapid waltz-like measure (*Presto alla Tedesco*) inimitably fine and unique in its phrasings and its modulations, and yet as spontaneous as it is singular. This is followed by an *Andante espressivo* in G minor, nine-eighths measure, which sounds like some old *volkslied*. The happiest and play-fullest of *Vivace*, one might say *Scherzo* movements, but for the 2-4 time, concludes it. He played this to a charm. We have heard the old Moscheles also play it *con amore* in his hospitable home in Leipzig. Here we must break off in the middle. D.

Sixty-Eighth Annual Festival of the Public Schools.

The Sixty-Eighth Annual Festival of the Public Schools of the city of Boston, was celebrated at the Music Hall, on Tuesday last, July 23, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The following was the Order of Exercises:

1. Voluntary on the Organ, by J. C. D. Parker.
2. Prayer.
3. Address, by the Chairman of the Festival Committee.
4. The Lord's Prayer, a Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools.
5. Choral, St. Ann's. Attributed to Sebastian Bach. With Organ Accompaniment.
6. Address.
7. Three-Part Song, by Abt. Sung by the Girls' High and Normal School.
8. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn. Sung by the Children, with organ and orchestral accompaniment.
9. Address.
10. Hallelujah Chorus, from the Messiah, Handel.
11. Choral, The Judgment Hymn, Martin Luther.
12. Address and Presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars, by the Mayor. During the presentation, music was performed by the Germania Band.
13. The Old Hundredth Psalm.
From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

14. Benediction.

The arrangements for this beautiful festival were almost identical with those of former similar occasions which have been often described in these columns. The decorations this time, of course, were more than usually, emblematic of the feeling of the day, and the country's sacred flag was everywhere conspicuously displayed. There was the same bouquet of youthful beauty rising in a vast amphitheatre from floor almost to ceiling, and encroaching a little more than formerly upon the seats of the balconies. The young choristers, at the sound of the trumpet, came in orderly procession and quickly filled the seats assigned them, presenting a charming spectacle to the eyes of the spectators.

The addresses by His Honor the Mayor, the Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., and the Rev. Dr. RANDALL, were judiciously brief and appropriate, all colored by the feelings of patriotism that were uppermost in the hearts of all, that day.

The singing was even an advance upon the admirable performances of former years. We have never heard half the number of voices sing so absolutely with but one voice, as did these twelve hundred children in some of the pieces of this programme. It was but one voice, precise even to a syllable or a letter, in the words, and accurate to perfection in the duration of the notes, obeying implicitly the baton of Mr. ZERRAHN. The crescendos and diminuendos were admirably given, and the performance reflected the highest credit upon the conductor, for his success in training so large and unmanageable a body, as so many persons of tender years must of necessity be. The most successful performance, as well as the most difficult, was that of the Hallelujah Chorus from the MESSIAH, which was given with excellent and novel effect.

We doubt whether the charity children at St. Paul's (whose performance is described in another column) can have given it better than the children of our public schools did in the Music Hall last Tuesday. We especially recall the fine effect of the passage "The Kingdom of this World" as we then heard it, and likewise, "And He shall reign forever and ever." It would have been difficult to imagine that this sublime chorus could have been so effectively rendered without the male parts which seem to give some of its grandest effects, in its original form.

The pretty ceremony of presenting the bouquets to the medal scholars, by the Mayor, followed the singing and addresses, when the whole audience joined in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm and after the Benediction, speedily dispersed to allow the children to partake of the collation prepared for them.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are about to start on a little summer tour; going to Brunswick and Middleboro, to attend the College Commencements in those places, and giving a few concerts there and in the neighboring towns. To our readers in those places, we need hardly say any more of the rich treat that is in store for them, for our columns have often reported the excellencies of their performances, and we should be at a loss to find new terms in which to commend them to the audiences that are yet to listen to them. The best of music played as this Club play it, will be no small enjoyment in these times when pleasures are few.

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN JULY 22, 1861.—If ever a man made a promise to himself (and did not keep it says you)—it was myself—that I would occasionally jot down the musical doings that take place in this neighbor-

hood. War times have frightened the singing birds away or into silence. Concerts are things that were. Of course there is no opera unless we take a steamer to hear our dear little Patti in London. Ullman, however has returned from his annual trip to Europe, and having a lease of the New York and Brooklyn Academies promises a full season (?) Muzio is still in town and will probably make an effort in Boston and Philadelphia. (So he says.) What can I do better than to give you our "Philharmonic" programmes of last season, hoping in my next, not to be obliged to speak of the musical past, to make up an article?

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has finished its fourth season with great *eclat*. All bills are paid and the treasurer shows a balance of two thousand dollars. The orchestra is most capital and is composed of fifty of the *elite* in their profession. Mr. Theo. Eisfeld conductor.

First Concert, Nov. 17, 1860.

Second Symphony, D major. Beethoven
Overture, "Byron's Manfred". Schumann
Overture "A Night's Sojourn in Granada". Kreutzer
Soloists—Madame Fabbri, Signor Stigelli and Mr. F. Bergner (Violoncello).

Second Concert, Jan. 19, 1861.

Third Symphony, A minor (Recollections of Scotland). ... Mendelssohn
Overture, "The Bride of Kynast". Liszt
Overture "Euryanthe". Von Weber
Soloists—Madame Colson, Signor Ferri and Mr. L. Schreiber (Cornet-a-piston).

Third Concert, Feb. 16th.

Symphony in B flat. Gade
Overture, "Magic Flute". Mozart
Overture, Tannhäuser. Wagner
Soloists—Miss Hinkley, Signora Elena, Signor Susini and a quartette of French Horns (H. Schmits, Prahl, Lacroix and G. Schmits.)

Fourth Concert, March 23d.

Eighth Symphony in B flat. Beethoven
Overture, "King Lear". Berlioz
Selections, "Midsummer Night's Dream". Mendelssohn
(1 Scherzo—2 Intermezzo Allegro—3 Nocturne—4 Wedding March).
Soloists—Miss Carlotta Patti, Mad. Strakosch, Mr. Robert Goldbeck (Pianoforte).

Fifth Concert, April 27.

Symphony in F major, (Consecration of Sound). Spohr
Overture, "Elisire". Beethoven
Overture, "Olympa". Spontini
Soloists—Miss Kellogg and Mr. C. Kopplitz (Flute).

Extra concert in aid of the Patriot Fund, May 18. Popular programme—Overtures "William Tell," "Massaniello," "War Gallop," by E. Mollenhauer. New National Song, words by Gen. George P. Morris, music by Signor Muzio. Soloists, Misses Hinkley and Kellogg, Signori Brignoli, Susini, Centemeri, Mr. L. Schreiber (Cornet-a-piston) Mr. Geo. Wm. Warren (Pianoforte and Alexandro Organ). Also the chorus from the Italian opera conductors, Mr. Eisfeld and Signor Muzio.

This extra concert gave the Patriotic Fund \$900 after paying all expenses. The "Academy" was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and the occasion was delightful in every way. The artists all volunteered of course and so sang and played *con amore*. The attendance during the whole season has been excellent—(that two thousand dollars over and above being the proof) and our new and very handsome Opera House presented on each occasion a gay appearance, for Brooklyn is replete with beauties, who dress charmingly and although they chat over much (no thanks to those fascinating young men) at all rehearsals and even in a less degree at concerts—still they love music, make the papers support the "Philharmonics," and the Opera, and give zest to all musical undertakings among us. Yes, verily.

JEM BACOS.

The Boston Post asks, "Who wants a better 'National Him' than Gen. Scott?" Hartford Courant answers, "Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that and 'Uncle Psalm.'"

Musical Chit-Chat.

CHICAGO. — In the last letter from our correspondent from this city, Mr. CADY was the conductor of the concert reported, and not "*nobody*." Mr. Cady is surely entitled to an apology which is herewith tendered.

Mr. J. K. PAINE, who left this city two or three years ago, for the purpose of studying music in Europe, has returned, after acquiring much fame as an organist in Germany, where he has received the highest commendation from the best musical critics in the old world. He is soon to give a concert in this, his native city: and he must receive the most substantial tokens of our appreciation of his successful efforts to obtain a musical education.—*Portland Transcript*.

The organ in the Episcopal Church in Hampton, Va., was found to be out of order on a recent Sabbath, whereupon a skilful private in a Massachusetts set to work and repaired it.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.—Late foreign papers bring us the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Browning, an event which occurred on the 29th of June, at Florence. She was born in London in 1809, and was educated with great care in a masculine range of studies, and with a masculine strictness of intellectual discipline. Beginning to write at a very early age, in 1826 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." In 1833, she again appeared before the appeared before the public in a volume entitled "Prometheus Bound, and other Poems." In 1838 appeared "The Seraphim, and other Poems." About the time of the publication of this volume, Mrs. Browning's health became impaired by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and her state was rendered even more critical by the subsequent sad death of a much-loved brother. For many years her life was that of a confirmed invalid. In the retirement of her sick chamber she sought refreshment in the gravest studies, and from her pen there appeared in the London Athenæum, a series of articles on the Greek Christian Poets. In 1844, the first collected edition of her works was published, and this was soon followed by her introduction, to Mr. Browning, whose wife she became in the autumn of 1846, being then restored to a good degree of health. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning have resided for the most part in Florence, where, in 1849, a son was born to them. "Casa Guidi Windows" was published in 1851. "Aurora Leigh," her most important work, was published in 1856.

The *Phil. Evening Bulletin* gives some extracts from Scudo's musical article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for May:

He says "after the three stormy representations of Tannhäuser, the theatre has returned to its ordinary solemn calmness. The German tenor, M. Niemann, has thrown up his engagement, and retraced his steps to his own country, which he should never have left. The two sisters Marchesio, have also gone from the Opera. They are two sisters of talent, who cannot be separated without losing much of the charm which results from the fusion of their soprano and contralto voices. Endowed with little natural grace, wanting in style, the Marchesio sisters have not enough *élan* and dramatic originality to satisfy all the exigencies of the operatic *répertoire*. Taking it all in all, the Marchesios have done well in returning to *leurs premiers amours*."

"Mlle. Trebelli is a young person of about twenty-four years of age, middle height and intelligent face. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of good high compass, perfect equality and tinted towards the low part with a certain contralto sonorousness, but it is not a contralto properly said. The voice of Mlle. Trebelli recalls Pasta's to me a little, and she is about Pasta's height. Mlle. Trebelli vocalizes with great mechanical perfection, but this mechanism is without accent, and her voice, which is so equal and well managed wants radiance and liquid lightness; in other words, Mlle. Trebelli is cold; she is a pretty Parisienne, who sings with more intelligence than sentiment, with more bravura than style. Her pronunciation, too, is

quite defective; she sometimes displaces the prosodic accent and breaks of the termination of phrases in a disagreeable way. The Parisian public received Mlle. Trebelli with kindness, but without the slightest enthusiasm, as she produced on them only the effect of a good scholar who has yet many things to learn, if it is only modesty. Mlle. Trebelli must not forget that at Paris we are not so easily pleased as people are at Berlin and Madrid."

Then follows this notice of an American singer. "As for Mme. Lorini, who comes also from Brussels and Berlin, she is a large and beautiful person, who sings like —, an American, which she is. Her voice is an extensive and flexible soprano, which ought to have been something remarkable in the first period of her career. She is, however, a singer of talent."

ORGAN EXHIBITION.—The exhibition of the large church organ, built by the Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, for St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., took place at their manufactory on Saturday afternoon, according to previous notice. The organ, though not one of the largest manufactured at this establishment, gave evidence of thorough and careful workmanship, and was remarkable for its power and brilliancy as a full organ, as well as great purity of tone, and the smooth and even voicing of its individual stops. The case is in the Gothic style, to correspond with the architecture of the church, built of solid chestnut, and displays a front of massive gilded pipes, which form a part of the Great Diapason. As we listened to the instrument, which, under the skilful hands of J. H. Willcox, Esq., gave such convincing evidence of its capabilities in its solo and orchestral effects, together with its powerful resources for chorale and Fugue, we could but wish to congratulate our Detroit friends upon the accession of so valuable a musical aid, and at the same time so successful a specimen of New England skill and ingenuity.—*Transcript*.

A POET AMONG THE SOLDIERS.—N. P. Willis, who has been visiting the city of "magnificent" encampments, thus writes to the *Home Journal* concerning—

VESPER SERVICE AMONG THE RHODE ISLANDERS

Washington is all one stirring drama; but the "thing to see," among the daily sights, is the evening parade and vespers of the Rhode Island Regiment. My friend Lieut. Wise drove me to the spot, amid one of the most beautiful of sunsets, and we found a large representation of the society of the capitol already on the ground—the band playing and the men under review by their Colonel.

The locality of the encampment—(Eckington, the country seat of the late Joseph Gales)—will be remembered by many as the scene of never-ending hospitalities. The house stands just as in the life time of the eminent and beloved man whose home it was, (Mrs. Gales still resident there), and the barracks of the regiment are just visible through the trees across the lawn. A lap of green meadow lying in the lap of a curved ridge, beyond the grove, forms the parade; and this, as the spectator looks down upon it from the terrace above, is the foreground of a landscape in itself absolutely delicious; but the regiments with their Kossuth hats, and glittering arms, and with the quiet tone of their uniforms, complete the picture with wonderful effect. The poetic part of it is its prayer. The grounding of arms, the sudden stillness of the drums, the stepping forward of the chaplain, and the well-chosen words of the invocation and blessing, left scarce a dry eye among the spectators; and how salutary and elevating must be such influence to the soldiers themselves, needs but little skill for the divining.

I can scarcely imagine a righteous battle better prepared for, than by the closing hymn that was sung after the prayer, accompanied with the music of the military band. The voices of the men swelled up like the trained tumult of an advancing host, through an atmosphere that was all aglow with the red and gold of a magnificent sunset, and the smoke of the camp-fires among the trees seemed to pause and tremble with the reverberation—the whole scene appearing like a sublime service that had been consecrated by the sudden kindling of earth and sky with an "unavailing of the shekinah." The Rhode Island Regiment should be congratulated, too, I think, on the chance that has given them a leader who looks fully up to it, Col. Burnside's uncovering of his head for the benediction as he stands before them, being such a show of intellectual pre-eminence (phrenologically and physiognomically speaking) as may well invest it with an authority like that of a sacred altar that is to be borne before them to victory.

The Charity Children in St. Paul's Cathedral.

After their temporary emigration to Sydenham it was pleasant to find the charity children once again assembled under the magnificent dome of that cathedral which, time out of mind has been the scene of their anniversary festival. It was at one period believed in many quarters that the doors of St. Paul's were closed forever to these interesting gatherings, but the sequel has proved that this was entirely a misapprehension, and that the removal last summer to the Crystal Palace was necessitated by the changes and repairs within the walls of the sacred edifice, in connection with the evening services under the dome, and other important innovations—the removal of the old organ of Father Smith, and the erection of the (all but) new one of Mr. Hill, among the rest. At any rate, the anniversary was celebrated yesterday to the edification and delight of thousands upon thousands of people, who came not merely to join in the service, but to welcome the juvenile choristers back again to their proper domain. Never was the meeting held under more auspicious circumstances; nor could it possibly have afforded more unalloyed satisfaction to those who enjoyed the privilege of witnessing it. Mr. Arthur S. Newman, the able and zealous architect of the Society of Patrons, had a double task of preparation. Everything was to be done again,—the scaffolding to be entirely remodelled, improved accommodation to be furnished, as well for the children as for the public, and a new pulpit to be erected for the conductor, besides other provisions rendered indispensable by the recent alterations in the interior of the cathedral. All this has been accomplished with the very best results; and not only are the children now heard better, but they are seen better in the bargain—a circumstance not likely to be regretted. The "*coup d'œil*," which has been so often described in enthusiastic terms, was, perhaps, more imposing now than on any previous occasion; and, as the singing not of the children solely but of the gentlemen and boys of the united choirs in an equal degree—was, for various reasons, much more steady and effective than formerly, the gratification of all who take an interest in this important feature of the Cathedral service was complete. The new conductor, Mr. Buckland (one of the vicars-choral), who, in conjunction with Mr. George Cooper, the talented sub-organist, has been training the children in the interim, is evidently well fitted for his post. His method of beating time is more precise and intelligible than that of his respected predecessor, Mr. Bates, of Woodford, and he exhibits, moreover, equal promptness and decision wherever those qualities are most needed—as, for example, in beginning and in leaving off.

The whole of the musical arrangements were, as usual, under the superintendence of Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who has so often entitled himself to honorable mention at these anniversaries, and who was never more successful in obtaining an efficient execution of the responses, psalms and anthems on the present occasion. The magnificent new organ, at which—with the able co-operation of Mr. George Cooper—Mr. Goss presided, was, as may be readily believed, an important auxiliary; while the trumpets and drums—stationed, according to custom, in the immediate vicinity of the organ, and represented by those thoroughly experienced performers, Messrs. T. Harper, Irwin, Stanton, Jones, Macfarlane, and Chipp, were as useful as ever in promoting vigour and precision of the "attack." The order of the service, so far as the musical part was concerned, presented no change. Before prayers the children gave the (old) 100th Psalm—"All people that on earth do dwell"—with marvellous purity of tone. Such a choral unison is, indeed, unparalleled as it is peculiar. The contrast between the solo verses—for instance, the second and third, the former of which was delivered by the boys, the latter by the girls alone,—and those, like the first and last, upon which the whole body of voices (close upon five thousand) were engaged with a sonority that baffles description, was of the remarkable features of this remarkable performance. "Before the sermon," the 113th Psalm (new version)—"Ye saints and servants of the Lord"—set to a tune by J. Grantham, which, composed nearly a century since (1774), has, nevertheless, little that is venerable about it, was chiefly worth notice on account of the "Hallelujah" at the end, which, though in the same key, does not seem to belong to it. "After the sermon" was quite another affair. Dr. Croft's tune to the 104th psalm (old version), "My soul praise the Lord; speak good of His name," written as far back as 1702, is one of the finest psalm tunes extant. It was well and powerfully sung by the children, a sort of antiphonal effect (really "effective") being obtained by allotting the second verse to the girls on one side, and the third to the girls on the other side of the organ,

which, moreover, afforded a grateful and delicate relief to the first and fourth verses, upon which all the voices, boys and girls, was simultaneously employed. The exertions of the united choirs were all that could be wished, although the result of their singing would, we think, be even yet more impressive if the scaffolding was arranged as to place the choir of adults a little higher above the troubles (boys), by which a more thorough assimilation of tone would undoubtedly be obtained. Their programme was blameless, if by no means novel. Dr. Crotch's double chant "in C," for the "Venite," substituted a second time for the familiar "Jones in D," substituted a second time for the familiar "Jones in D," with deference to Haydn, who admired (and is said to have patched up) this "composition" of the then organist of St. Paul's, and with deference to His Majesty George III., who also entertained for it a signal predilection, probably because it was very easy to sing—is superior in every sense to its long established predecessor. Even this, however, might be improved upon, if Mr. Goss would set about it. "Boyce in A," for "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" (rendered to perfection by the choir), though originally composed for that excellent amateur, George III., might also be exchanged with advantage; and if there is any foundation for a rumor that, before next anniversary, something new (from Mr. Goss's own pen?) will be in readiness—something, too, in which the children can take part—we may have at length an opportunity of judging what the experience of modern art is able to contrive with such an exceptional combination of resources. Nothing could possibly be more appropriate, nothing more welcome. The children who yesterday gave the responses of old Tallis (organist to no less famous a potentate than "Good Queen Bess") so well, joined with such unanimity in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms, and—most difficult of all—were favorably conspicuous, by the side of the practised musicians of the choir, in Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the priest," and in the magnificent "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*) of the same immortal composer (the time of which was most judiciously moderated by the organist) would, surely not sink under the burden of this fresh task, which could easily be accommodated to their recognized means. Failure is possible, doubtless; but, even with that untoward eventuality in the background, the experiment at least should be tried. The fact that contemporary art, native or foreign, has attempted nothing whatever for such a ceremony, is not very creditable to either. It seems scarcely probable that the effect of this multitude of young, fresh, and telling voices, heard, for example, in the unison—"The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ,"—and other points of the "Hallelujah," should not have inspired some composer with an idea worthy of the occasion. Why, moreover (to quit the subject), should not the children as well as the members of the choir, join audibly in the Confession, Creed, and Lord's Prayer? The result could only enhance the solemnity of these impressive parts of the service. The prayers were "entonned" by the Rev. Mr. J. V. Povah, and the lessons read by the Rev. Mr. W. J. Hall (Minor canons). The sermon, delivered by the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord Auckland)—who selected for his text a significant passage in St. Matthew—"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them"—(chap. 11, verse 5)—was unusually brief but excited marked attention on the part of all those who were near enough to the preacher to catch the words that flowed with unimpeded eloquence from his lips.

One word about the organ, which among the recent acquisitions of the Cathedral is certainly one of the most eminently serviceable, and for that reason if for no other, ought not to be left the most incomplete and unsightly. It is beyond question one of the finest instruments of modern English manufacture, but although it contains 60 sounding stops, much more is wanted to make it all that is desirable and all that is capable of becoming, larger bellows, for example, and a steam engine (water-power being perhaps the most costly), as a substitute for eight men, whose united and arduous exertions are now required to supply the necessary wind. Other improvements (to specify which would be trenching too closely on professional technicalities) are no less indispensable, if the organ is to be worthy of its original design, and of the place it occupies. How these are to be brought about, however, with nearly £600 still owing to the mere charge for removing it (from the Panopticon) and re-erecting it where it stands, remains to be seen. The friends to the charities, the advocates of the evening services, and well-wishers in general to our noble Cathedral (to say nothing of the lovers of music, and especially of sacred music, to which the organ is so powerful an adjunct) might do much to promote this object, and to assist the children's

anniversary as well, much more, in fact, than—rather, perhaps, from ignorance than indifference—they have hitherto shown any inclination to do. The unprecedented success of yesterday's meeting may, it is true, be the means of drawing public attention to the matter.—*London Times*, June 14.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts Volunteers at Fortress Monroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (13th Reg.) now at Fort Independence.

Our Banner shall wave forever. Song and Chorus. T. H. Howe. 25

A stirring Song which notwithstanding the great number of patriotic airs coming forth from all quarters, will make its mark.

All hail to the Stars and Stripes, or The dying Volunteer. L. O. Emerson. 25

This poem is founded on one of the most touching incidents of the war, as far as known, an incident which history will make familiar to coming generations. Mr. Emerson has written to it one of his best melodies, and the piece deserves to be popular among patriotic singers.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love. Emily Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Instrumental Music.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. R. Fitzgerald. 25

Quite a pleasing, lively waltz, which can be dashed off with considerable eclat, without being at all difficult.

Star Spangled Banner Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

Mr. Turner has arranged several of our national melodies, such to which public attention has been particularly attracted by the war for the Union, in the form of easy Quicksteps. Thus arranged they will be most welcome to young players. Besides the above, Quicksteps on the "Red, white and blue" and "The girl I left behind me" are now published by the same author.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire. Carl Meyer. 40

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES FOR THE FLUTE. 50

This new collection of Flute Music will commend itself to the favor of Flutists both from the great variety of its contents and from their intrinsic merits. Fifty cents is certainly a very moderate price for so valuable a repertoire of choice music. Amateurs will find in it all that can be desired in a work of the kind.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 487.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 18.

Our River.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(For a Summer Festival at "The Laurels" on the Merrimack.)

Once more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales at home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river.

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing—
And bore its memory o'er the deep
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory:
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle Sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kias of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud—the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying

That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

And thou, O, mountain-born!—no more
We ask the Wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day,
And make a joy of duty.

Atlantic Monthly.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

LE DOMINO NOIR.

LIGHT READING FOR HOT WEATHER.

Feb. 26.—This was one of the most enjoyable musical evenings during my stay in London. The performance was an opera of which I used to hear the overture with great delight in the Boston Academy Concerts some eighteen years ago—which was all I knew of it. It was—but last as have the short, explicit, title of the text book.

"The Black Domino, a comic opera in three acts, the music by M. Auber, words by M. Scribe, arranged for the English stage by Henry F. Chorley. First produced at the Royal English Operas Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, sole lessees, Wednesday, Feb. 20th February 20th, 1861. Copyright. London, published and sold in the Theatre."

The music is in Auber's best vein, light, sparkling, melodious, deliciously beautiful and as to appropriateness—it is perfect. When that English Opera company is formed, *compel* it to produce the Black Domino. But what a queer subject for an opera in a Roman Catholic country! Wait a moment, until I have collected my thoughts and I will tell you the story, in a somewhat rickety manner, though.

LE DOMINO NOIR—OR THE BLACK DOMINO.

Once upon a time in Madrid, during the reign of a certain Spanish queen (for whose names, please consult the—authorities, and also for the "once upon a time") Senora Angela, niece of the great Duke Olivares, not having a fortune equal to her birth, was placed in a convent and destined in due time to become its head as Abbess. Not having been in Spain, nor possessing that knowledge of nunneries and convents, which Scribe doubtless had, I am unable to explain, how it was that the lady Angela, could have had the freedom and power of an Abbess for a long time before she took the vows, and irrevocably decided her vocation. Nevertheless so it was—for is it not so written in the chronicle of Mr. Scribe? Now, having this freedom and power, and feeling no doubt a rational desire to know something of the follies and perhaps wickedness of the world that she might in the future be better able to give sweet and pious counsel to tender soul of nun and maiden, on Christmas eve, Anno Domini—for the date consult the authorities again—she clad herself in a black domino and hid her face

in a mask and taking Brigitta, her friend and confidant, like wise masked, as her companion, left the convent secretly and calling a hackney coach drove to the ball in the Queen's palace. It was naturally a great occasion—there were present the Joblillies, the Garyulies, the Pickinies, in fact all the Grandees, Hidalgos (sons of somebody, you know), Señors, Señoras and Señoritas, and the Grand Panjandrum himself—with a little round button at top, as Foote said. This latter personage was no less than the great Prince Grumbaff, whose wife was a born Olivares, with royal blood in her veins, and a cousin of the future Lady Abbess, Señora Angela.

A Count Horace Massarena—who was half affianced to the daughter of Count San Lucar—and his friend Don Julian who keeps bachelor's hall in a splendid house, with old Jacinta as housekeeper, and who is a roistering roving blade, fond of deep play—were also at the ball.

They danced and among Count Horace's partners was a lady in a black domino. Once when her mask happened to fall he caught sight of her face, and this in addition to the charms of her conversation, drove the daughter of Count Lucia, (niece of an ambassador) quite from his thoughts, save when he dwelt in honor upon the marriage. He told the unknown all about himself but just as his fancy began to flatter him with the idea that he was becoming an object of interest to the lady, her companion passed suddenly, whispering "twelve o'clock, madame!" "So soon," exclaimed she, and left Count Horace's arm trembling. He followed them to their carriage, a very common one indeed—but they did not drive off at once—reason, they had forgotten their purses—and the Count threw them his, and away they went. A day or two afterwards there came a package to him—a purse not his own, but one embroidered with real pearls, containing his money, and a note saying, "You are Secretary of the Embassy; which I think at the ball I understood you wished to be." This broke that camel's back. The lady was one of high birth, of influence in powerful quarters, and conveniently rich. The Count was Secretary of the Embassy, affianced to one woman and now desperately in love with another, and one unknown to him, a sad complication. (Dear reader, drop a tear.)

The chronicle of Scribe makes no account of the time, which lapsed in minutes, hours, days, weeks, months—each doubtless longer and more tedious than its predecessor, until the year is round again, and the Queen's ball assembles the Joblillies, Garyulies and all once more in her palace, and, lo! the two black Dominos again. But wait a bit.

Prince Grumbaff did not love Count Horace Massarena. He lost two hundred Napoleons at whist to him in half an hour, and moreover the Count was a favorite of the ladies and Princess G. was both young and a beauty. "The women adore him!" said the Prince to Don Julian, "I hate the coxcomb!"

"Punish him then Prince," said the Don; "After the ball, come to supper and cigars in my house, and win your money back. No Christian man or woman thinks of going to bed on Christmas eve."

"Save my wife," returned the prince—and *she* chose to go to bed instead of coming here."

The Grand Panjandrum had some suspicions of Count Horace, over which Count Julian made merry to his friend as they met in a drawing room at the palace. Count Horace's assurances, that he did not know the feminine Grumboff and had never seen her, together with his admission, that he knew nothing of the name or station of the lady with the domino, did not tend to persuade Don Julian that the Prince's suspicions were unfounded. Leaving the Count to his fancies, Don Julian went to the ball-room. It was then that the two black dominos entered the drawing-room where Count Horace sat upon the sofa, and not seeing him, discussed the great question of meeting there at twelve to return,—for failing in this would be ruin. The trouble was simply this; at a certain hour old Gil Perez, the convent porter, locked the doors and there was no possibility of ingress after that—and if the two Señoras, were once shut out, then—well, the Inquisition—that was all!

What could Count Horace do, thus hearing their private conversation? What but go to sleep, or pretend it, as the two ladies walking up the room became aware of his presence. The lady Angela recognized him at once, and, what is more, felt that she, who tomorrow was to take the vows and be consecrated lady abbess of the convent, returned his love to the full. (Was it not a pathetic situation? Reader, did you ever love?—then drop another tear).

And now what could *she* do? She looked at him; admired him; drank in love, as it were; and could not be drawn away from "the sleeping beauty" by Brigitta. At last Don Julian came in again, and hearing from Count Horace—who awoke with singular suddenness—that the lady was the unknown, kindly relieved him from the presence of Brigitta by taking her in to dance. And here let me extract a little of the conversation of Count Horace and Señora Angela, as recorded by the chronicler.

Angela. Ah, then you were not asleep?

Horace. I did my best but could not; you were there, my good angel, whose never forgotten face—

Ang. (unmasking). Learn to forget it for my sake, for your own sake, for your bride's sake.

Hor. Bride! no bride for me.

Ang. You are to marry the daughter of the Count of San Lucar. It has been my idea to assure you fortune.

Hor. Fortune! I will not marry except where I love, and I can, will love but one, and that one yourself.

Ang. And can you be sure that I am free to receive your love? I am not.

Hor. Great heaven! are you married?

Ang. Why should I not be?

They were at length interrupted by the appearance of Prince Grumboff, who could swear from the figure—for the lady had donned her mask again, that his wife stood before him, had he not left her laid up with a racking headache. Still he had his suspicions. To gain opportunity to confirm or allay them he invited the unknown to

dance. He accepted the invitation promising her hand to the Count for the next set.

When Don Julian met his friend again, the latter poured out his delight at the prospect of dancing once more with the lady of his love and his despair that at midnight, he must part with her forever. Julian was quickwitted—he would aid his friend by sending off Brigitta, and by detaining her companion. He did this by moving the clock forward to four minutes to twelve, which drove Brigitta to her coach almost in despair at leaving her mistress, and after her disappearance by putting it back an hour behind the time.

Prince Grumboff recognized his wife, as he supposed, in the masked lady and in an interview with Julian uttered furious threats against the Count, which Don conveyed to his friend upon his re-appearance after the quadrille with the lady.

And now upon Horace's urgent entreaties for her to fly, it came out that she was not Princess Grumboff at all, and she certainly, would not leave the ball—glancing at the clock—three quarters of an hour before her time.

With dancing and lover's talk time passes rapidly—as the present writer does not know—for he never *danced*—and the Count's pleadings were interrupted by the striking of the clock. No Brigitta was to be found, and the lover's trick was acknowledged. Oh, the despair of the fair lady Angela! (Tear drop No. 3, comes in here.)

Now you must know, that old Gil Perez had a rather intimate acquaintance with old Jacinta, Don Julian's housekeeper, and used occasionally, after locking up the convent, to go there for a little quiet chat and supper. He was expected on the night of the ball, and the old woman was in a sad taking both because at one o'clock in the morning he had not come, and because her master was although so late, to give a supper to his harum-scarum friends—a circumstance fitted to interfere rather, with any quiet lovemaking in her own apartment.

"Black enough the night is," said Jacinta looking from the window into the deserted street, "Poor dear Gil Perez; suppose he gets lost in the dark. Ay, ay, yonder he is; don't I know his black cloak; scudding here at such a rate, too. I must smuggle him away somewhere though; and get my rakish young master to bed as fast as I can."

Tap, tap, tap, at the door, which Jacinta opened and in came the lady Angela in black domino and mask!

When she learned the deception practised upon her, there was nothing to do but fly from the palace. No coach, no key to the convent, had she known the way, she could but hurry through the streets, hopeless and forlorn. At one time she hid in the dark corner of a doorway to escape the night patrol; at another she was forced to bear the familiarities of a student, who let her escape with a kiss or two; and so at last weary, worn, distracted, seeing Jacinta's light, she came thither to beseech protection. Gold, a ring with real diamonds and her noble air and manner proved to the old woman the respectability of the fugitive, and she took her to her own room and clad her in the peasant dress of her niece who was daily expected from the country. Leaving her in her own room, Jacinta now ad-

mitted Gil Perez, whom she bestowed in another chamber, in spite of his protestations against it.

And now came Don Julian with his guests, to whom Jacinta introduced her protégée as her niece. Her beauty surprised, and as they became heated with wine, inflamed the young men, who crowding round her for a kiss, she rushed into the arms of Count Horace for protection. Her assumption of the language and manners of a peasant girl deceived all but him. He penetrated her disguise and, to save her from insult, returned from the supper-room and putting her in Jacinta's apartment locked her in and took the keys with him. The coast being now clear Gil Perez determined to go to his favorite quarters by Jacinta's fireside and having unlocked the door with a key of his own, was appalled by a sepulchral voice from a figure clad in black and masked, which addressed him:

"Vile blasphemer and thief, what would'st thou?"

Poor Gil trembling with fear poured out a torrent of exclamations, but the voice interrupting him at intervals, demanded of him the convent keys of which he "thief, steward, and spy, was not worthy," and he was only too glad to escape by their surrender. Waving him into the room the Lady Angela was upon the point of departing when Jacinta again entered. As the room was unlighted the lady was unobserved and when Jacinta entered her own room, Angela turned the key upon her and fled. There was great fun, as may readily be imagined, when Horace returning, followed unknown to him by Julian, Grumboff, and others—Grumboff by the way no longer jealous having found his wife at home sound asleep in bed—entered the room and led out a woman, who proved to be old Jacinta, and entering again brought out another person, no other than Gil Perez. Count Horace had the worst of the joke. Meantime poor Brigitta was sad enough in the convent—her friend and mistress lost, the hour of consecration approaching, scandal and the Inquisition in the background. She could do nothing but guard Angela's room from the intrusion at break of day of Ursula, the other candidate for the peace of Abbess, under pretence that her lady was ill. That something was wrong Ursula more than suspected—the absence of the porter and the loss of the convent keys proved this. Brigitta however succeeded in persuading her to go with her to the chapel to prepare it for the ceremony, and at this moment happily Angela entered and reached her room unobserved, weary, terrified, torn by the pangs of hopeless love, and by her horror at the vows she has so soon to take.

But the moments were fleeting and soon were heard the bells ringing, the sweet voices of nuns in the chapel, the gathering of crowds to witness the ceremony. The Lady Angela appeared dressed in her official robes and the procession was formed to move into the chapel. At this moment one of the nuns brought word to the abbess that a gentleman would take no denial, but must see her upon business of importance alone. Permission being given, Count Horace was introduced, the lady thickly veiled remaining of course unrecognized. He came to acquaint her that he found it impossible to marry the young lady, niece of Count San Lucar, then living in the convent as a novice, and besought the holy mother to inform the young lady of the fact—one

which could hardly break her heart, as she had never seen him. A messenger from court interrupted the conversation by bringing a letter from the Queen informing the Lady Angela that the Duke of Olivares had left her his immense fortune and that as her vocation was not yet irrevocably fixed, she of course could accept and enjoy that fortune. Turning to Count Horace unveiled, he saw his black domino, and the pretty servant girl in the lady abbess! Despair! (Tear No. 4).

Well, how do you suppose these adventures of a night ended! How but by Lady Angela appearing at the altar in bridal instead of an abbess' robes, with Count Massarena as bridegroom, and Ursula in the place which she had so nearly been forced to fill.

How they lived long and happily; how they died and were deposited in marble tombs, and what children succeeded to their possessions and honors—are not all those things to be read in the chronicles of the houses of Olivares and Massarena? Rest their souls in peace, let all good Christians pray!

The plot is absurd enough, but it is full of situations, some of which are irresistibly comic—while the music, as before said, is of the very first order in comic opera.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANK. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 130.)

From what we have said of the spiritual and introspective character of Bach's music, it follows that with him the artistic aim and the fixed limit of economy must be less obvious to common apprehension. A concrete historical situation and the corresponding feeling, whether of the single individual or of participating masses, has a much more definite measure in itself, than the ever fluctuating mood, forever floating off into the Infinite, which is begotten of a thought, a heart experience of the immediate and still recurring Present. Hence with Handel those unshakeably determined forms, fast as the rock; while with Bach all is flux and motion:—the truest symbol of his thoughts. For the peculiarity of the objects, to which Bach felt himself drawn by his whole nature, must naturally also have determined his manner of production. The difficult problem, of indicating this in all its special and almost innumerable materials, must be left to a future biography to solve. Suffice it here to remind ourselves, that Bach, as a consequence of what has been stated, must have cultivated with particularity the contrapuntal mode of writing handed down to him, and all the forms connected with it. For that alone could represent and imitate the infinitely rich relations of the inner life with any satisfactory correspondence. That art he has carried, as we all know, to a height never reached again; it may be seen most clearly in his vocal compositions. For here it is indisputably clear, how much more perfectly than any other this Art-form mirrors the wonderful organism of the human soul's life filled with spiritual influence; how it represents the innermost nature of music, out of which it originally sprang with almost mathematical consistency, and at the

same time solves its most ideal problem, that of symbolizing the soul's life, in the most natural and most legitimate manner.

Now the reason, why Bach with his way of treating counterpoint has reached the highest point, lies on the one hand in his inexhaustible invention of the most pregnant leading motives—this mystery of the most immediate act of genius; and on the other, in the astonishing plastic energy, with which he handles and develops these. His text clothes itself in a motive, which conceals in itself, in embryo, the entire musical development that follows, and with it too the meaning of the text. Plastic clearness and roundness, elastic many-sidedness, harmonic fullness, and a characterization which never fails to hit, distinguish every one of the Bach motives. The working up and unfolding of these motives is done, as is well known, not so much by artificial dismemberment, dispersion, conjunction, &c., which all rather belongs rather to the domain of rhythm,—but, so to say, by modulatory shading, that is, by harmony, in that the same motive, for the most part through its whole extent, is placed under the manifold lights which sprang as if spontaneously out of the different voices in which it enters, out of the related keys through which it must move, out of the counter-motives which germinate from it and combine with it, out of the inversions, contractions, expansions, and so on. Now so far as mere technical skill is of any avail here, Bach uses it never as such, but always as a means to the highest ends. Else how comes it, that the working out of his movements with the greatest simplicity of outline, with the most faultless symmetry, with the seemingly ever charming regularity and constancy of the fundamental relations, still all the time exceeds the limits of our power of comprehension; that frequently we cannot comprehend the inward necessity and intentional arrangement, the climax and conclusion of a passage, and that still the most instantaneous conviction forces itself upon us, how necessary all is, since in the whole and in each detail the most intimate interpenetration of the word-thought and the music manifests itself? We involuntarily ask, whether certain technical mysteries have not become lost to us, which were perhaps born with Bach and buried with him; or if it is only that we lack the inward depth, simplicity and humility to feel and comprehend all the loftiness of thoughts and combinations which were natural and necessary to the deep soul of the master. The answer is for the most, no doubt, reserved to a future and maturer generation, even if much is to be set down to the account of the taste of the time in which he lived; although we cannot, of course, in the remotest degree assent to the idea of his being altogether "antiquated" or "foreign to our religious consciousness."

A second leading characteristic, which distinguishes Bach's manner of production very clearly from that of Handel, is the Choral. Through it Bach plants himself most distinctly on the ground of German nationality and universal intelligibility. It is far from our purpose to describe even cursorily his position as a reformer towards the Choral; these remarks aim merely to cast a little light upon the most all-important questions in regard to Bach. Hence we content ourselves with showing how he, faithful to his nature, takes this most immediate product of the evangelical

communion, this simplest possible lyrical expression of the Protestant Christian soul's life, and by large combinations raises it to the most pregnant universality. For this is undoubtedly his purpose when he either clothes it as a *cantus firmus* with all sorts of symbolical figured work, or works it up as a theme into fugued movement, or carries every single strophe of it through in canon form. What results he has reached by these means, is shown by a multitude of his Cantatas. For example, the first choral movement of "*Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir*" (In deep distress I cry to thee"), is so wonderfully mystical, that one no longer merely hears the sin-struck agony of the Christian congregation, but also feels somewhat of that wrestling and "sighing of the creature," which only the most deep-souled men have shared with the apostle.

The proper focus, therefore, of Bach's creative activity lies in the endeavor to fathom the universal soul's life of humanity in its deepest depths; to seize it in its collective and its individual relation to the living God, as well as to the sinful world—a trait of speculative mysticism, if you will—and to incarnate it in a comprehensive tone-symbolism. No wonder that for such a task he seems peculiarly prepared, before all others: with the most inexhaustible imagination, with the mightiest productive energy, with the most prophetic depth of feeling. Hence if we justly call Handel universal, in so far as he has freely assimilated to himself all the musical elements existing in his time, it may be permitted after what has been said, as an offset to this more quantitative universality, to ascribe to Bach an equally great, intensive, spiritual universality; so that the two men mutually complete one another, and so render all question about the greater or less worth of the one or the other wholly superfluous.

(To be continued.)

Remarks on the Present State of Music.

Much has happened which is calculated to disturb and distress, in our time, the pure enjoyment and the legitimate progress of art. The waves of political events beat awfully in the minds of men, and into all forms of social and inward life; but still there is wanting in the masses a uniting, elevating, and spiritually exciting idea. Overwhelming circumstances and recollections have called forth on the one side, vehemence of desires, and the habit of impetuously-changing impressions; and, on the other, their opposite conditions—relaxation and a deep want of quietude of mind, and of a cessation of mental struggle. In both relations, materiality—as as the element of more powerful excitations and effects, or as the soft tranquilizer of mind by lulling the senses—has obtained a height of command unknown to art; and the spectacle more than once witnessed before is now repeated—that in such moments, when the tension of the German mind and character of their own peculiar feelings becomes relaxed, and collapse in the masses of the people, a foreign hand, especially the frivolity and fluttering prosaicalness of France, or the enervating sensuality of Italy, assumes the sceptre. Then it is, so far as regards music, at the opera, that the foreign productions gain an easy and sure victory by display and exaggeration. How many wiles are employed to charm the senses in those exhibitions, to distract and intoxicate the mind of the spectator, and to cloud his judgment as to the real matter before him; and how can all the other branches and departments of art remain uninfected by such an influence, when they proceed from the theatre—the highest and most commanding position of the arts.

If, on the one hand, we must confess the degrading direction to materialities of the foreign operas, a direction which in these times derives so much influence from our being accustomed, and, indeed, forced, as it were, by the public and political circumstances of the West, to keep our eyes on that quarter, as to the dial-plate of disturbance in Europe; so, on the other hand, we will recognize the positive advantages we have from them (which have been but too much neglected by our musicians and poets) in the more urgent endeavor to produce dramatic, or, at least, scenic animation and effect from combined personal situations in more common relations, and in the public and ordinary events of life. Only when, through the real poverty, degradation and error of the foreign opera, our musicians shall have recognized this element, and have adopted it with dignity and truth in the German opera, will our art herein also celebrate its inevitable triumph.

Until that period the foreign style will be predominant, will be loved; it will draw after it the artistic requirements of the multitude, and will satisfy them. The inevitable consequences of this dominion are, outward attractions and excitements of the senses, external magnificence with internal poverty, superficial contentment in lieu of soundness and depth, a yielding to unworthiness, and a base condescension of dignity position to a mere parade of effect. Degraded music, a mere matter of amusement, is dragged everywhere; it pursues us into our gardens and at our meals; and, in endeavoring to fill up the void in desolated social intercourse, it alike deafens our ears to all rational converse, and deadens our feelings to the true powers of art. Loss of character and significance pervades all its branches, and is followed by increasing loss of interest. The more we depart from the idea of the whole, from the meaning, from the conception of art and the unity of artistic works, the more decided is the progress of that disorder,—that inward death of art occasioned by considering the means as the principal, and neglecting the end. Thus, those foreign seductive operas have been able to attain their influence over us. We have been blinded by the authority of their origin, and by the fame of their highly-gifted singers; by the extraordinary means employed to produce effect; by the very ridiculousness of some of these incidents, such as a sale by auction a tender, sentimental post-boy, not to mention more recent instances, which, from their utter novelty on the opera boards, are absolutely startling. On the other hand, we are ourselves reproached, and not without some reason, with not being sufficiently attentive to our means, a bad habit of which we trust bitter experience will correct us.

Hence, music assumes to us at present an aspect which is by no means satisfactory.

We have abundance of music, but little pleasure from it. We obtain from it distraction and amusement, where we might derive thought and elevation. Thus it is with our fashionable opera, where its frequenters are swooning with giddiness for a moment, and then are left empty, and in another moment forget it. So in our concerts, whose utmost effort is to display an extraordinary artist, creating astonishment, the most fruitless of all states of the mind. So in our public music, which, without giving our sympathy, destroys our conversation. So it is, in fine, in our social parties, where confined to heartless school exercises, or ill-judged repetitions of fashionable airs, instead of producing the enjoyments of art, it causes more embarrassment, envy and tediousness than we are willing to confess to each other, or even to ourselves.

We willingly avert our eyes from the unpleasant spectacle. It is not, however, here the place nor our object, to pronounce a judgment; but we should certainly wish to call the attention of those to the subject, who feel an interest in art, and in popular education. And, indeed, notwithstanding the corruptions and weaknesses which we have lamented, we must be total strangers to the feelings of our kind, not to acknowledge and honor the most earnest and prom-

ising exertions and struggles, the strong adhesion to the works of the elder masters, from Beethoven back to Gluck and Seb. Bach, the most extraordinary, although perhaps technical industry of executants, the zealous competition of youth for scholastic and universal cultivation, so indispensable to artists, all of which has never been so conspicuous as in our times. There is to be observed, however, in all this very praiseworthy labor and exertion, a considerable degree of unconsciousness or indifference as to matter and object, which must be overcome before the proper fruits can be expected; and which presents to our view, occasionally, depth and superficialness, genuine and spurious art, in equal estimation; while the undistinguishing pursuit of good and bad is honored by the name of impartiality, and discrimination is denounced as illiberality.

A widely-spread activity, of great promise if well conducted, prevails in the track and propagation both of the good and of the spurious, but the individualizing, animating idea, the leading consciousness, the highest power of art, have still to be drawn out from their deep recesses.

Many noble-minded and earnestly-thinking people have viewed in this confused whirlpool of struggling powers, the death of that art which has been the bright sunny ray of their lives, in Bach, or Gluck, or Mozart, or Beethoven; but we will hold fast to the conviction that art is a necessity of human nature, and is therefore equally imperishable. On the same ground, we conclude that, in any particular nation, music cannot be destroyed and lost but with the nation itself; although both together may undergo moments of error, delusion, or failure. A well-pondered review of the history of music teaches us this; and an elevated contemplation of what our nation is, and of what music requires and can expect from it upholds, in times of undeniable retrogression, those hearts which beat for something beyond the fleeting moment.—*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

Amina and the Mill-wheel.

When some one asked Byron whether he did not find the acting of Miss Kelly in *The Maid and the Magpie* deeply true to nature, Child Harold replied: "I don't know. I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon." But, in spite of the sharp saying, the story of the girl of Palaiseau, falsely accused of theft, and saved by an extraordinary accident, still lives on the European stage, so, in this country, does the memory of the cordial and pathetic actress with whom the drama is associated.

More powerful still to move, more universal to charm, is the story of the peasant girl who saved her good fame by walking in her sleep over the mill-wheel. Some such exploit, no doubt, has been really told and believed somewhere as a thing which once happened; and the tale has spread from one country to another, even as the tale of the traveller who fainted dead on seeing by morning light the broken bridge he had safely ridden over in the dark—what shall we say?—as all real stories do. Let the true origin and locality of the transaction be suggested as a matter of shrewd investigation and amicable quarrel to those who make "Notes" on "Queries," seeing that, now-a-days, the business of criticism is to prove that everything must have been something else. The *Marseillaise Hymn*, one Herr Hamma assures us, is a barefaced plagiarism by the Dihilin of France, Rouget de Lisle, from the "Credo" of a dry German mass, written for an obscure village town in a corner of the Lake of Constance, with which town on the lake, of course, and with its manuscript mass-music, the Parisian vagabond man of letters could not fail to be as familiar as if Meersburg was Montmartre, or Montmorency!

Be these things as they may, our anecdote of the Sleep-walker was dressed up in the form of ballet, some thirty-five years ago, by M. Scribe. As a French ballet, *La Sonnambula* had not a long success. The Italians prefer for their ballets incidents which admit of strong and mute action. The French are not thus constructed. There is small space to dance upon in the story of the peasant girl, who, by perilling her neck over the old mill-wheel, cleared herself from her lover's jealous suspicions. But there is room in it for passionate and pathetic gesture; and the incidents are not crowded so closely together as they are in other dramatized ballets, such as the *Sylph* and the *Gipsy*, both of which (no offence to the music of Mr. Barnett and of Mr. Balfe)

made had opera books. Thus it fell out that in 1829, or thereabouts, a gentle and graceful young Sicilian composer, Bellini, chose this subject for music. From his first outset in art—unable to compete with Rossini in versatile richness of melody, he conceived the idea of devoting himself to dramas of greater pathos, force, and feeling, than those which had been taken hold of, with a carelessness savoring of arrogance, by his predecessor. Further, Bellini had to write for the greatest actress who had yet trodden the opera stage. For Pasta, when in the prime of her power, was *La Sonnambula* written. But the noble and gifted woman, whose *Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Medea*, *Anne Boleyn*, were creations each differing from each in its regal pomp and majesty, could hardly look the part of Amina; and though Pasta acted it, as she did everything she touched, consummately; the delicacy of the music, and the compass of its melodies, were calculated to betray the peculiar defects of her voice, which, never agreeable by nature, was always liable to be out of tune. Amina, then, was one of Pasta's less fortunate impersonations. She placed it on the stage, however; and with it, as with all her other characters, a host of those traditions and suggestions which have been invaluable to all destined to succeed her. The influence of Pasta, to name one instance distinctly to be traced, throughout the long and glorious career of Madame Gristi, has never died out, in spite of the notoriously ephemeral duration of singers' influences.

If Pasta brought *La Sonnambula* to the Italian stage, Malibran popularized the music and the legend in England. The critics of Pasta's day, who had not even then thoroughly recognized Rossini, being strong in the national and convenient mania of liking as few things in art as possible, would not hear the pleasant freshness and simplicity of Bellini's music; they denounced it as weak and trifling. But how astonishingly were the Italian words "done into English!" Of many similar versions, the book of *La Sonnambula* is the most absurd perversion. That wonderful explanatory complot which occurs just before the closing scene,

And this sir, you must know, though remarkable it seems,
That sonnambulists they're called, because of walking in their dreams,

is only a sample of the entire book. Then, Malibran was badly supported on the English stage. Peace to the memory of her ungainly middle-aged opera-lover, with a poor voice through his nose, whom she drove about the stage like a whirlwind, and whom, by her vehemence of action she absolutely made seem to act! No matter. A pathetic drama, wholly conducted in music and acted with energy, was new to English playgoers; and there were an exuberance of fire and of feeling in Malibran's acting, a daring and a passion in her singing, which, while she was before us, entirely carried off her extravagances. Never has opera-queen, singing English transported her subjects as she did. Here, however, was no Swiss Amina, but a Southern peasant with a brilliancy in her delight, and a rockless abandonment in her hour of distress, that gave the part an intensity of color, and a sharpness of contrast, neither "calm nor classical" which seized us with a resistless fascination. In the chamber scene, where the sleeping girl unconsciously enters with the light, Malibran was not equal to other Aminas, who have held us fast to the situation by their ghostly quietness. Her despair, in the instant of her detection and abandonment by her deceived lover, was terrible. She would not let him leave her; clung to him, pursued him, twined herself round him, and could only be flung loose to endure her agony when the strength of her misery would avail her no more, and she was left and broken (it seemed) for ever. Then the walk over the mill-wheel, which vindicates the heroine's virtue, was protracted by her with almost a cruel relish. She did her best to terrify her faithless lover into the keenest spasm of fear and remorse; as though sleep had brought with it the counsel of heartily punishing him for his suspicions. All this was to lead to that burst of ecstasy with which she flung herself into his arms in the "frantic certainty of waking bliss." The final rondo (one of the happiest expressions of joy ever poured forth in music) was not so much sung by Malibran, though in it she heaped vocal change on change, triumph on triumph as thrown out in the irresistible abundance of a new buoyant delight and relief. London was never tired of Malibran's Amina; nor even when she had grasped "the town" by another remarkable personation totally different, that of the devoted Prisoner's Wife in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, could the one success efface the other. There must have been something true and permanent in the peasant story and the despised Italian music after all.

The next Amina on the long list who is worth remembering, for qualities entirely different from those

of the gifted and fervid Spanish woman of genius—was Persiani; Grisi having, in the interval, attempted the opera and laid it aside. She was never beautiful she can have never looked young, she in no respect showed herself a great actress: as a singer, she had been born with an ungracious though ready voice (a "bitter" voice, Mendelssohn called it), a voice always more or less false; nevertheless, considering the part musically, Persiani was the best Amina among all the Aminas who have been heard here. This, not only because she was accomplished to the power of working every phrase and note of the music to its remotest corner, leaving nothing for the apprehension to desire in point of skill, not only because her command over the graces and resources of ornament was limitless, but from a certain conception of the sentiment of the situations in the story, which stood her in stead of apparent freshness or originality, whether studied or instinctive. Great singers among her comrades, tired, and in their great-coats, ready to go home or to go out to supper, might be seen waiting in "the wing" till she had sung the final rondo. Persiani's version of that air lives among the most complete of musical satisfactions recollected. Its fascination was strong enough to enthral even such opera-goers (their name is Legion) as care only for a pretty voice or a pretty woman. The conquest told much to "the score" of Persiani, something, not less real, to the story on which was built the score of Bellini.

Next came an English Amina, not merely an Amina in English, competent in right of natural dramatic genius, powers acquired for its expression, to compete with any of the Italian singers at any time, the last of the great Kemble race. Here again, however as in Pasta's case, Nature had set her face against the Maid on the Mill-wheel. Form and features were opposed to the attempt. There was a certain heaviness in the quality of Miss Kemble's voice which has nothing to do with dramatic versatility. Those laugh the best on the stage who can cry the best. Pasta's smile was as glorious and natural as her sorrow was subduing, as her wrath was appalling; but the smile was on the noble and serious features of the Muse of Tragedy; and the many are apt to read such smiles as mere grimaces. Miss Kemble's Amina, admirable in many respects, was the least admirable among the few parts played by her during her bright and brief career on the English opera stage.

Writers of musical history will find a wondrous theme in the story of the next Amina, the Swedish lady, who, on our Italian stage, made play-going London, whether grave or gay, madder than London has been made mad since the opera-days when (as Byron said in his stinging lines) crowds jammed into the pit, country ladies fainted and were carried out, and dandies were civilly rude to the same provincial females, in the eagerness of their worship of (*sic* in Byron) "Catalini's pantaloons." How the Lind-fever was begotten, how nourished, on what basis the excitement rested, are so many facts of no importance to this sketch. That it lured scrupulous divines out of their churches, that it threatened, for a nine month's wonder, the whole rival dynasty of opera with revolution, shame, and overthrow, are truths which have nothing to do with the real musical genius of an artist, even of genius as singular, as successful as she was. Without doubt, Mlle. Jenny Lind, with her large and speaking eyes and her clustering fair hair, will be remembered as the type of the Swiss peasant-girl, real and rustic, in all her simplicity and sincerity. Her northern voice, too, was admirably suited to Bellini's music; the power which she possessed of drawing out its tones to any required strength and softness, made her more fit to present what may be called the ventriloquism of the sleep-walking scenes than any one before her or since. She could act further, just to the point of sorrow and gentle woe which the situations of the tale demand. She could take, moreover (this was less fair), what was not her own, in the fullness of her determination to "have and to hold" her audience. In the chamber scene of her detection, by way of showing the splendor of her upper notes, she quietly appropriated the music of her lover's part, choosing to dominate in the moment of her disgrace and suspense, rather than to be struck down by them. This usurpation passed undiscovered. It was in some measure redeemed by the extreme and touching beauty of her second sleep-walking scene; just ere Amina awakens. Nothing more carefully devised than this, nothing in the art which conceals art is seconded by congenial Nature, could be conceived. The soft, sad, slow notes seemed to flow from lips as totally unconscious as were the fingers which let slip the flowers, that poor battered treasured token-nose-gay, last forlorn relic of Amina's betrothal (her token ring having been reft from her). There was a wondrous fascination in that musical scene, not wholly

belonging to the singer, nor to her looks, nor to her voice, but in part, too, to the story and to the music. In the last joyous outbreak which follows this dream Mlle. Jenny Lind was inferior as a singer to Persiani, and as an actress-and-singer-in-one to Malibran.

Next came Malibran's younger sister, one of the greatest artists of any time, happily still living to show the world how Genius can be lord of all, when the expression of a dramatist's thought, or the representation of a musician's ideas, are in question. Her Amina was remarkable, not for its musical treatment (because consummate art is, in music synonymous with the name of Viardot), not for her voice, not for her pleasant demeanor (infinitely simpler and less feverish than her sister's) but because of the wondrous deadness of the sleep thrown by her into the scenes of the girl who had to walk over the mill-wheel to clear herself. Without Lind's long respiration, without rare beauty of tone—with something by nature quick and impulsive in her Southern Composition—Viardot worked out another corner (till then unexplored) of Bellini's opera.

There may be twenty (for aught the Sybils know) new renderings of the hopes and fears of the Singing Sleep-walkers to come. Ere we name the last and youngest, it should be told that Sontag, too, after breaking her twenty years' silence, was tempted by the tale and the music on her return to the stage; too late, as it proved, though her excellent tact always bore her above failure—that the genial Albani was fascinated into forgetting every disqualification of voice and figure, in the hope of making so favorite a part her prize. A vain fancy! Not even her beautiful, full, languid contralto tones, and her faultless execution, could carry the enterprise through. It was more curious than exciting to see with what solid and demur carefulness she braved the ordeal of the perilous walk above the wheel, holding steadily on to the protecting rail of wire which no eyes are expected to recognise, and relieved apparently when the terra firma of the stage was once more under her feet. Amina was no more possible for her to conquer than the Sylph who distracted her lover by her aerial exits up the chimney, or her gambols from flower to flower, would have been. What spell is there that will defend singing women and playing men against the disappointment of such mistakes? When will the Listons cease from wearying to be Orlandos and Romeos?

And now—at this time present, though it might have been fancied that all the changes conceivable and have been rung on on Bellini's present opera—when half a dozen musical dramas, fifteen years more recent, prodigious and terrifying, have become stale, past the power of the most wondrous genius to revive them—has come the youngest Amina of all, though assuredly not the most gifted—and at once, and without a single note of prelude or preliminary trumpet, has stirred up the tired town to an enthusiasm recalling the days when Malibran tottered across the stage in haste and frantic grief, and when Lind (with an Ophelia touch in the thought) breathed out her whole soul of sadness over the flowers, as leaf by leaf, they mournfully dropped on the stage. Born in Madrid, Italian by parentage, trained exclusively in America, Mademoiselle Adeline Patti, on her first evening's appearance at our Italian Opera—nay, in her first song—possessed herself of her audience with a sudden victory which has scarcely a parallel, the circumstances considered. Old and young are now treating as conspiracy and treason any looking-back to past Aminas—any comparisons. This new singer, in her early girlhood, is (for them) already a perfect artist—one who is to set Europe on fire during the many years to which it may be hoped her career will extend. Nor is their delight altogether baseless. Mademoiselle Patti's voice has been carefully and completely trained. Those who fail to find it as fresh in tone as a voice aged nineteen should be, must be struck by its compass, by the certainty in its delivery, by some quality in it (not to be reasoned out or defined) which has of the artist than the automaton. She has a rare amount of brilliancy and flexibility. She has some "notions" (as the Americans have it) of ornament and fancy which are her own, if they be not unimpeachable, say the Dryasdants, in point of taste. If not beautiful, she is pleasing to see; if not at a Pasta, a Malibran, or a Lind in action, she is possessed with her story. There is nothing to displease, if not much to move, in her version of the sorrow so mysteriously caused—of the joy which poetical justice has laid out so incomparably for a felicity-rondo to close a sentimental opera. For the moment, the newest Amina has the ear of London; in the future, Mademoiselle Patti may become worthy of having her name written in the Golden Book of great singers. Meanwhile, what a tale is here told, not merely of her great and welcome promise, not merely of her possessing that

talent for success—charm—which is born into few persons, and which cannot be bought or taught, but of the lasting truth and attraction of the music to which Bellini set the story of the innocent girl who walked across the mill-wheel in her sleep! The moral should not be lost on composers of music to come, nor on those who dream of stories for stage-musicians to compose.—*All the Year Round*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVII.

LONDON, July 11.

Did I say six hundred people listened to CHARLES HALLÉ'S "Beethoven's Recitals?" That was a far too timid estimate; those who know best tell me that there were at least a thousand. Very close, attentive listeners they were, with few exceptions; many with book in hand, as I have said; mother and daughter perhaps looking over the same copy of the score, husband and wife, or pair of friends, or lovers—is their love as deep, we wonder, as the language which now vibrates through them? Have they in them that which answers to the tone-poet's wonderful, most human, most heartfelt confessions? If so, they will know few better hours than that in which they followed, with Hallé for interpreter, that tenderly impassioned Sonata, op. 81, whose three moments bear the titles: "*Les Adieux*," "*l'Absence*," and "*le Retour*;" or to the next in order, op. 90, in E minor, with which (according to Schindler) there also goes a story, that it was written for the Count Lichnowski, when in love and hesitating, and that the first movement (*Vivace e sempre con espressione*) was to have been called "Contest between head and heart," and the second and last (*Allergretto*, E major) "Conversation with the Beloved." Lonely indeed is that last movement—tranquil and deep and full of bliss as Mozart. Two more perfect love poems, true to the heart's experience forever, do not exist even in music; and it will always be among the worthiest ambitions of first-class pianists, such as Hallé, to perform them worthily, as it is with colors of true genius to keep fresh the inexhaustible significance of Shakespeare.

These two Sonatas formed the first part of Hallé's seventh recital. Their treatment under his hands was masterly and delicate. If one could have wished a little more nervous fire in the first one,—more of the restless and impatient Beethoven temperament—the second was all that could be desired; it seemed not only tastefully and finely, but also sympathetically played; most clearly, delicately outlined, warmly, rich colored, softly, exquisitely shaded. And yet the admirable pianist has not once impressed me as having the live spark of *genius* in him. I could name a player or two, who give me that, while they could never trust themselves to do what he does. The two Sonatas were separated by that beautiful song of Schubert's: "*Du bist die Ruh*" (Thou art the rest), sung in French, under the title of "*L'Attente*," by M. Tennant, who has a delicate and expressive tenor. They song afforded just the right relief, harmonizing well with the mood of the Sonatas; but it would have been better not in French.

The second part contained two great ones—two of the so long dreaded Sonatas of Beethoven's "last period," about which there has been so much mystification, until some of the more genial and earnest of our new school pianists (*Prestiligitateurs*), have turned their attention from the ground and lofty tumbling feats of senseless show fantasias, to these real poems, long locked up in difficulty, and have mastered them and made them clear to every listener with brains of music in his soul. The first, op. 101, in A major, which also has its love story, and dates from about the same time with the *Lieder-kreis*, I had heard admirably played by Clara Schumann. I am not sure Hallé did not play it even better at least so far as the masculine and moody vigor of the second movement (*Vivace alla marcia*), and the wild impetuosity, self-constrained into a *fugato* form, of the brilliant finale *allegro*, are concerned. Passing a rather common place "Evening Song" by Blumenthal, what shall we say of the famous Grand Sonata (sometimes called "Double Sonata," because on account of its length it is sometimes published as two), in B flat major, op. 106? It is indeed a "Titanic" work; and of all things ever written for the instrument it offers perhaps the severest test of all the faculties, technical and genial, of the executive pianist. We have all read, and so too some of the best authorities have told me here—Mr. Benedict, for instance—that no one hitherto has achieved this task so triumphantly as Miss Arabella Goddard. Unfortunately I have not heard her. Of the composition, as such, it would be too much to try to give any account here; but in the performance Mr. Hallé certainly astonished and delighted everybody. It was his crowning feat. If he did not bring out all that possibly could be brought out from a work so crowded with ideas and inspirations, he at least made it all so clear, so consistent, so beautiful and grand and happily varied, so fascinating from first to last that the charm seemed as short as it was perfect. One wondered when he found the great hill of difficulty actually behind him, lying there so soft and picturesque on the horizon. It certainly required a masterly rendering to make that very long, sombre deeply brooding *Adagio sostenuto* (in F sharp minor) interesting to the end, to nearly all the audience, as he did; or to thrice the mazes of that wondrous fugue, "a *tre voce, senza alcune licenzie*," of the finale, with such unerring vividness of outline.

The last "Recital" was on Friday, July 5th, when Mr. Hallé fulfilled his arduous design to the last letter, by masterly readings of the last three Sonatas. First, that in E major, op. 109, with its fitful alternation of *Vivace* and *Adagio espressivo* fragments in the first movement, its *prestissimo* in the minor of the key, and finally its *Andante molto Cantabile* (never had the deaf giant been so profoundly, sweetly melodious, so apt to melt into the pure *cantabile*, as in these last days), which has been "justly called" "one of the most genial and exquisite of those original melodies which he has treated in the *variation* form." Then, — after a pause filled by the *Adelaida*, finely sang by Sig. Gardoni — the Sonata, op. 110, in A flat major, also abounding in fitful alternations of tempo, fugued passages, subtle and suggestive variations, singular rhythmical divisions, warm, throbbing melody, and all the characteristics of his last period, while the logical

consistency and unity of origin and purpose are never once lost sight of. Finally—after Gardoni had sung *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, in Italian—the last of all the Sonatas, the great one in C minor, op. 111, ending with another wonderful *Adagio cantabile*, after an *Allegro* whose fiery, restless mood seems to revert to that of the C minor symphony, and the *Sonata Pathétique*, also in the same key. Wonderfully crisp and clear, but perhaps too rapidly did Hallé take the bold continuous *Allegro con brio*, which sets out in unison. The *Adagio* was beautifully done. And everybody involuntarily lingered, as if unwilling to believe that these rare feasts of music were indeed all over. But to every one who listened truly, it still lives! If ever concert-giver could congratulate himself on a good work done, and with complete success, that pleasure must be Mr. Hallé's.

To look at him, you would not think him such an artist. There is something almost methodical in his serious, homely, long face, and the straight sandy hair well smoothed over the shining head. But there is a beautiful clearness in his look, as of a stream never sluggish, and a quiet self-possession in his manner, which denotes artistic fidelity and character. — Such a concert was riches upon riches, following, as it did for me, the unexpected revival (on the day before, the 4th) of a rare experience of brighter days, which was no less than hearing the LIND sing again — and with nothing of the old charm, on her part, wanting! Of this I have yet to tell; as well as of many interesting concerts heard in these last weeks; and admirably performed operas, besides, including (after all) the "William Tell," and *Don Giovanni*, with the wonderful debut of "little PATTI" as Zerlina. Meanwhile, just to show the wealth of London — alas! that it takes so much of the meaner kind of wealth to go to operas and concerts here; yet thousands do contrive to pay their guinea every night — look at this list of really distinguished singers, every one of whom has been here and could be heard here during the last few weeks:

Soprani.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, (only once).
"Giulia Grisi, (still taking farewells!).
Mlle. Tietjens.
Mme. Penco.
"Gassier.
Mlle. Adelina Patti.
"Czillag.
Miss Anne Banks.
Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington.
"Rüdersdorf.
"Miolan-Carvalho.
Mrs. Sunderland.
Mlle. Anna Whitty.

Contralti.

Mme. Alboni (gone to Paris).
"Nantier-Didiée.
"Lemaire.
"Sainton-Dolby.
Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung).
"Freeman.
Mlle. Parepa.

Tenors.

Sig. Mario (still in his prime).
"Giuglini.
"Gardoni.
"Tamberlik.
M. Belart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
"Inkersall.
"Tennant.

Baritones.

M. Faure.
"Gassier.
Sig. Belletti.
"Delle Sedie.
"Guglielmi.
"Garcia.
"Ronconi (as Masetto!).
Mr. Santley.
"Montem Smith.

Bassi.

Herr Carl Formes.
"Zelger.
Mr. Weiss.

And more, whose names escape me; while one or two of these, perhaps, I have not rightly classed, not having heard them all. Of what I have heard I hope to recall enough to lend interest to another letter. D.

New Publications.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August. Contents:

Trees in Assemblages; Miss Lucinda; A Soldier's Ancestry; Fibrilia; Nat Turner's insurrection; Concerning Veal; Reminiscences of S. A. Douglas; Our River; Agnes, of Sorrento; Mail-Clad Steamers; Parting Hymn; Where will the Rebellion leave us; Theodore Winthrop; Dirge; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Musical Chit-Chat.

There are some of the most widely-known compositions for the Pianoforte which their real authors never get the credit for. To be sure they are but of trifling value; but why not let them be known by their proper names? There is for instance, a charming little Waltz of C. G. Reissiger's which people persist in calling "Von Weber's last Waltz" or, in elegant French phrase, "Le dernier pensée musicale de Weber." All that Weber ever had to do with it, was that Reissiger once played it to him; Weber liked the strain and improvised a few lines of text to fit the music. After that the subject passed probably immediately from his memory. But a French publisher heard of this anecdote and on the strength of it issued Reissiger's Waltz as Weber's last musical idea. Another widely-known little Waltz, called the *Sehnsuchts* or *Desire Waltz* is commonly attributed to Beethoven, when in fact it was composed by Franz Schubert and published with about a dozen others, all without any particular names attached to them, by this composer in the earliest part of his career. The Viennese must have liked it better than the others, because Czerny singled it out as a theme to set variations to and published it as his twelfth work under the title of "Variations on the favorite Vienna Trauer-Walzer." These variations, which are very well made had a large sale and helped much to establish a reputation for its author. Another case is the song called "Adieu" or "Last greeting," passing throughout the musical world as one of Schubert's best songs. It was really written by an amateur in Vienna, *Weihrauch* by name, and after the young ladies there had pronounced it very beautiful, it was issued by an enterprising firm under Schubert's name. B.

FRANZ LISZT has been in Paris. Very few have heard him play. He played at the Tuilleries, at Count Walewski's, Mme. Erard's, Halévy's and Charles Gounod's. At the Tuilleries the Empress asked for Chopin's Funeral March, the favorite piece of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. Liszt acceded to the request, when her Majesty's tears came thick and fast and she left the apartment overcome by emotion. At table the Emperor observed incidentally: "It seems to me sometime that I have lived a hundred years." Whereupon Liszt quickly rejoined, "That does not astonish me, because—vous êtes le siècle." The Emperor forthwith decorated the smart Pianist with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Rossini is reported to have said: "Liszt dit toujours qu'il ne joue plus, moi je trouve qu'il joue trop. However as everything of this kind is attributed to Rossini, the authorship of the "bonmot" is doubtful. SIGNALE.

The *Utica Telegraph* contains the following notice of the late O. J. Shaw, who was well known here as a teacher and composer of popular music.

The intelligence of the death of Prof. Oliver J.

Shaw will fall sadly on the ears of his large circle of friends in this city. He came here from Albany, some ten years since. In that time he had acquired an acquaintance and friendship with our best citizens which was justly a source of heartfelt gratulation to himself and to them. While his presence was always welcomed by the mature in age, it was a source of unceasing delight to children. Probably no man living knew better, or practised more gracefully, the little winning arts that so captivate the young. To see him surrounded by a bevy of his fair young proteges, as was often our privilege, one could not but admire the rare adaptability of his nature; in ordinary society, the courteous, well-bred gentleman, but among his much-loved children, the perfect child himself.

His musical compositions, published, numbering several hundred, were universally successful. But, with all his varied talents, we shall chiefly miss him as the warm, earnest friend—the cheerful companion. Many a little face will look wistfully for his coming, as the season for the summer recreation draws near; and many a little form that moved so blithely to the music from his hands of a winter evening, grow sad with waiting for him to come.

His death was truly in keeping with his life. Like a little child, he went home to his mother to die! After "life's fitful fever," let us hope "he sleeps well."

MOZART AND THE ORCHESTRA.—Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera incognito, to hear the performance of his "Villanella Kapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astonished, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

Music Abroad.

Don Giovanni in London.

GRISI, PATTI, TAMBERLIK, RONCONI, FORMES, FAURE, TAGLIAFICO, &c., IN THE CAST.

The London Times, of July 5th, contains the following interesting account of one of Mme. Grisi's farewell performances at the Royal Italian opera:

"The curtain has descended upon the fourth act, to rise again, by the way, and fall again this evening, when Donna Anna's recital of her wrongs will be heard for the last time from the lips of Madame Grisi; when, for the last time, in passionate accents, she will mourn over the dead body of the murdered Commandant; for the last time reproach the inert Don Ottavio, who talks so much and does so little; for the last time confront the unprincipled Giovanni (of whom Hoffmann insists that Donna Anna is secretly enamored) with the glance of that penetrating eye, the uplifted menace of that sculptured arm, the swelling disdain of that once magnificent though youthful, still magnificent though matured and maternally form. Perhaps there is no character in which the admirers of high-class lyric drama will remember Grisi with more pleasurable emotions than Donna Anna. No one ever looked the part so nobly; no one ever acted it so forcibly; no one ever exhibited such passionate vehemence, amid a classic severity of pose (posture will not do) in the scene after the murder, and in the reproachful duet with Ottavio, "Fuggi, crudele, fuggi!" What if she transposes, and has for many years been in the habit of transposing, the grand air, "Or sai che L'indigno?" does she not throw her whole soul into it all the same?—is not the recitative, in which she narrates to her vacillating lover (who draws the sword at his next interview with Don Giovanni, to sheathe it again un-

stained) the outrage that had been put upon her, unparalleled in its impetuous and agitated eloquence? and is not the exclamation, "O Dei! O Dei! quegli e il carnefice del padre mio," enough to rouse Hamlet from his lethargy, and precipitate him from reverie to action, from soliloquy to revenge? What, too if she holds on the high notes of the trio in masks,

"Proteggia. Il giusto cielo.
Lo zelo del mio cor;"—

longer than was Mozart's intention? Are they not still grand notes? does not the innovation spring from an earnest desire to please, and a fixed resolution to "bring down" the house with applause (witness its result in the "encore" of Saturday night)? Lastly, what if she almost invariably omits the air, "Non mi dir?" is it not because, with her fine conception of scenic propriety, she cannot abide singing in the absence of Ottavio, to whom, like the recitative that precedes it, the air is directly addressed, in answer to his unreflecting importunity, and who, for all that, however charming the Donna Anna—imagining, we presume, that by singing "Il mio tesoro" twice, he has fairly earned his honorarium, and may leave his mistress to her solitary woes for the remainder of the opera—never, by any chance, comes to hear it? Whatever, indeed, may be criticized in Grisi's Donna Anna—and there is not much open to criticism even at this last stage of her career—is redeemed by so many beauties that the impression left is one of having witnessed a performance no less faultless than striking. On Saturday night she was more than grand. She seemed to have summoned up all her energies to present such a delineation of one of the finest characters in the operatic drama as, after her retirement, might in vain be looked for. Not to tire by recapitulation, we may notice a passage in her performance which has never been sufficiently dwelt on. This occurs in the quartet:

"Non ti fidar, o misera!
Di quel ribaldo cor!"—

where the abandoned Elvira denounces Giovanni to Anna and Ottavio. The suspicion evidently engendered in the bosom of Anna at the first sight of Giovanni, whose features during the progress of the quartet she is perpetually scanning, while his words seem to fall listlessly on her; the gradual and steady growth of suspicion into certainty, until as the libertine slowly takes his departure, she watches his receding form with ever-increasing interest, dogging his steps, as though impelled by fate to worm out some secret of which he alone is the possessor; and lastly, the look and gesture of despair, when, the whole truth flashing across her mind, she utters the exclamation, "Don Ottavio—son morta!" form part and parcel of a scene which, both in idea and performance, may be compared with the very highest exhibitions of dramatic art.

The occasion was rendered further interesting by a new Zerlina, and such a Zerlina as, all things considered, the stage has not witnessed for many years. So far, indeed, as the mere impersonation goes, we are inclined to think that only they who are old enough to have seen Malibran in the part can remember anything to match it. We may as well premise that the music has been rendered with greater finish by experienced singers—Persiani, Alboni, and Bosio, for instance—but never with more eminently musical expression. The audience were taken at once by the youthful and prepossessing appearance of Mlle. Patti, and by the vivacity of her "Gioviette che fate l'amore." With "La ci darem" they were thoroughly charmed. The hesitation conveyed in the solo of Zerlina, "Vorrei e non vorrei" (I would and I would not); the archness she threw into the line, "Ma puo burlarmi ancor" (But still he may be joking with me); and the passing thought, while still her mind is not entirely made up, bestowed on poor Masetto, "Mi fa pietà Masetto," were one and all perfect. The encore that followed was unanimous. Still more striking, however, was "Batti, batti," a little drama in itself. Besides being exquisitely sung, the by-play by which Mademoiselle Patti accompanied this was inimitable. When she says, "Batti, batti, O bel Masetto," it is with an evident conviction that, were Masetto a thousand times as jealous, he would not (could not) do it on any account. When she adds she will stand like a lamb to await his blows;

"Staro qui come agnellino
Le tue botte ad aspettar,"

and simply take his hands in hers, to kiss them, in return, the consciousness that she had gained her point and softened her sullen avain, while at the same time playfully taunting him with having no heart, ("Ah! lo vedo, non hai cor.") is conveyed with indescribable piquancy. Receding a few steps away from Masetto, as if the better to satisfy herself of her victory, and then, seeing the complete metamorphosis her endearments have achieved, running back to embrace him, like a wayward child—with

the words, "Pace, pace, o vita mia!"—the whole picture is filled up, the sentiment of the duet expressed to the life, and just as complete a conquest made of the audience as of the Masetto. In the ball scene the astonishment of the peasant girl at the grandeur that surrounds her, the restraint with which she listens to the insinuating advances of Don Giovanni, her awkwardness in the dance, and many other happy and delicate touches, show that—like her incomparable Masetto, Signor Ronconi—she never for an instant loses sight of the character she is sustaining. The "Vedrai carino" was less spontaneous, less finished, too, in its vocal phrasing, and somewhat damaged at the end by a trivial ornament, which altered the text of Mozart while very far from improving it. The acting, however, in this, as in "Batti batti," was irreproachable; and, like "Batti batti," it was encored, though hardly with the same unanimity. But, every short coming allowed for Mademoiselle Patti's Zerlina was a genuine artistic triumph, and made an unmistakable impression upon the most crowded house of the season.

Of M. Faure's very admirable impersonation of Don Giovanni; Madame Czillag's intelligent and thoroughly well studied Elvira; the Don Ottavio of Signor Tamberlik, who obtained a tremendous encore in "Il mio tesoro," and, what is more, deserved it; the Leporello of Herr Fornes, who presents us with the accepted German reading of the part; M. Tagliafico's Commandant, the most sonorous and imposing on record; and the Masetto of Signor Ronconi, who, by pure force of genius, raises what has been treated as an insignificant part of the dignity of a great one, we have spoken in a former notice. It is only required to add that the orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Costa, were entirely "up to the mark," and that the performance generally was one of the finest ever heard—even at the Royal Italian Opera.

EXHIBITION OF 1862.—You are doubtless aware that Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 at South Kensington addressed letters to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini with a view to obtain three new musical compositions which should represent France, Germany, and Italy, and be associated with a fourth composition standing for England, the representative of which is not yet known.

The commissioners make no demand for the copyright, but merely request the right of performing these compositions on the opening of the Exhibition in a manner befitting the occasion.

With regard to the class of composition required, these are the four pieces proposed:

1. An anthem about equal in extension to the Coronation Anthem of Handel.
2. A chorale without instrumental accompaniment.
3. A triumphal march.
4. March for wind instruments.

I believe I am right in stating that the triumphal march was the piece for which Rossini was solicited. The maestro has declined the honor in the following letter addressed to the secretary of the commission:

"I regret I cannot accept the honor which Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 are good enough to do me.

"Were I still a member of the musical world I should make it a duty and pleasure to prove on this occasion that I am not forgetful of the noble hospitality of England.

"Permit me to hope, sir, that you will kindly receive, and transmit with all my regrets to your colleagues, the expression of my high consideration.

"G. ROSSINI."

[NOTE.—MM. Auber and Meyerbeer have both written to the commissioners signifying their assent to compose a musical work for the opening of the Exhibition of 1862.—Ed.]—*Musical World.*

Amsterdam.

A new Symphony, with chorus, entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, is now creating some sensation in musical circles in this country, and, consequently, an account of it may be interesting to your readers. It was first performed at a concert given some little time since, in Amsterdam, by the local section of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art. The programme on the occasion consisted of the above-mentioned symphony, followed by Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*, neither of which works had ever previously been performed. The composer of the symphony is Herr W. F. Thooft. It was written in consequence of a prize being offered, by the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, for a work in which the vocal portion should be symphonically combined with the instrumental. One of the conditions imposed on all competitors for the prize was,

therefore, that there should be no separate instrumental portions, as in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*; but that the vocal and instrumental music should, in every instance, go hand in hand. Of course, under such circumstances, an especial book was necessary. Dr. Heye wrote a *libretto*, entitled *Immortality*, but only one person set it to music, and his composition was far below the requisite standard of excellence, so that the prize was not awarded at all. In 1857, another *libretto* was selected. It was entitled *The Emperor Charles V.*, the author being Dr. Wap. Two competitors set it to music, and one of these, W. F. Thooff, carried off the prize of 200 florins.

Although the *libretto* is, in many instances, admirably adapted for treatment as a symphony, the composer's task was no easy one; since, as a rule, the poem is worked out dramatically, and the music had, therefore, to be as dramatic as possible, and yet to partake of the nature of the symphony. The principal incident is the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., at Bologna, which was as remarkable from the circumstances under which it took place as from the mighty hero who was crowned. After having brought to a fortunate termination two wars, one against France and the other against Turkey, and having reduced Mexico and Peru to subjection to Spanish rule, Charles received at Bologna the Iron Crown, as King of Italy, and, two days subsequently, the Golden Imperial Crown, from the hands of Pope Clement VII. himself. Charles, at this period, was Emperor of Germany, King of Italy and Spain, Lord of the United Netherlands, and a large portion of America, and exercised a sway which, although of short duration, is perfectly unique in the history of modern times. In the first three parts, Charles is celebrated as Sovereign, Warrior and Protector of the Church as well as the Arts and Sciences. The first part consists of two choruses, namely, a chorus of Maltese knights, and a chorus of Dutch, German, and Italian women. The two choruses alternate with each other, and at last combine at the conclusion of this section of the work. The form is kept in strict conformity to the rules of the symphony.

The first principal motive is given to the male, and the second to the female, chorus. The two choruses combine in the *coda*. The orchestra plays a perfectly independent part of its own, and, both in the treatment and carrying out of the principal motive, takes the initiative. By this arrangement, the relation of the chorus to the orchestra is partially a completely novel one, though it does not in the least detract from the due effect of the chorus. Care must, however, be taken that the latter be not too weak. The second part consists of a chorus of Priests, who render their homage to Charles as the defender of the Church.

The orchestral introduction is shorter than that in the first part. The instrumentation is remarkable from the fact of the violin parts standing altogether by themselves, and, as far as the chorus and wind instruments are concerned, being treated as a solo. The effect is very good, although such a system should be employed very sparingly. The third part was the most difficult for the musicians. The author of the words presents us with two contrasting elements: Charles as a Warrior, and Charles as a Prince of Peace, the patron of the Arts and Sciences. A fine occasion is thus offered the composer for the symphonic form. The text, however, is very dry and—which is a great fault—too didactic; but the composer has overcome the difficulty, and made the most of the orchestra. The latter portrays, in the introduction, the two opposite elements mentioned above. Then comes a bass (solo)—a so-called "speaking part"—which the orchestra illustrates, freely using for the purpose the motives contained in the introduction. The second element, "The Prince of Peace," is represented first by a solo soprano, and afterwards by a quartette, the orchestra acting so to speak, as accompanist. In the fourth and last part, the *libretto* takes a strange turn. Nothing more is heard of the hero of the poem. Casting a prophetic glance into the Future, the author summons up the Genius of History, who announces the transient nature of all human greatness. Thereupon, we hear, in the final chorus, various nations of the earth, who, while rejecting outward unity gained by means of a single monarchy, embracing the whole globe, declare themselves to be children of one and the same eternal God, and exhort each other to inward unity, resulting from brotherly love. This part of the work is not composed in the form of a symphony, nor does the orchestra assert, to so great a degree as in the previous parts, its independent character. After a short choral-like prelude by the orchestra, we have the soprano solo (the Genius of History) with a recitative or *arioso*, followed by the final chorus (the Nations or "Peoples"), the ordinary form of a choral finale, namely, *Andante maestoso*, *Allegro molto* and *Fugato*,

being adopted. The work was warmly applauded both by the public generally and the "professionals" in particular. The performance was under the personal direction of the composer, who had reason to feel deeply indebted to the orchestra for the admirable manner in which it carried out his intentions. The solos were excellently rendered by Mad. Offermans van Hove (soprano), Mad. Collin-Tobiasch (alto), and two clever amateurs. The chorus, on the contrary, although entitled to hearty commendations, was too weak.

Up to the spring of 1859, theatrical matters in Rotterdam were in a seemingly hopeless state, and the disunion which prevailed among the principal supporters of the theatre did not tend to improve them. In consequence, however, of the publication of several excellently written articles in the different papers, attention was gradually but surely directed to the subject, and the public became convinced that a complete orchestra and an operatic company were an absolute necessity for the city. In conjunction with Herr de Vries, manager of the theatre here (Amsterdam), certain spirited individuals formed a plan for the purpose of forming a German operatic and a Dutch dramatic company for Rotterdam and Utrecht. The plan did not meet with the requisite support, only 20,000 guildens being subscribed to carry it out. Its originators would not, however, allow themselves to be beaten. A fresh committee was appointed, but their efforts would hardly have been crowned with success, had not one of the members hit upon the idea of granting a free admission to each person taking a certain number of shares in the enterprise. By this means, subscriptions were obtained to the amount of 75,000 guildens, which was sufficient to enable the promoters of the scheme to commence active proceedings.

The direction of the opera was confided to a very excellent musician and conductor, Herr Skraup, formerly in Prague. This gentleman has fully justified all the expectations formed of him, and out of the chaotic medley of artists, vocal and instrumental, unknown to him and to each other, created an admirable working troupe and a first-rate orchestra. The season just past was brought to a triumphal close by a new opera, *Meergesue*, from the pen of the worthy conductor. The work was well sung, well played, and warmly applauded.—*Lon. Mus. World*.

The Diapason.

Our readers may, perhaps, take an interest in following, through its different phases, the ascending progress of the diapason during the last two centuries—a progress which has just been summed up in an ingenious piece of workmanship, by M. Emile Pfeiffer, of the firm of Pleyel, Wolf and Co.

Under the form of a vertical instrument, in front of which are nine keys corresponding to nine diapasons, M. Pfeiffer's invention exhibits in four synoptical tables the principal lyric works represented on the French stage from 1680 to 1859.

The first commences with Lully's *Armide*, sung to a diapason giving 810 vibrations, according to the first scientific experiment made by Sauveur, and quoted by M. Lissajous, in the notice he read before the Société d'Encouragement.

In a similar manner, if we strike all the keys in succession, we perceive, in an ascending progression, eight principal epochs, corresponding to the first representation of *Les Danaïdes* (1784—818 vibrations); *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785—820 vibrations); *Adolphe et Clara* (1799—838 vibrations); *La Vestale* (1807—848 vibrations); *Guillaume Tell* (1829—860 vibrations); *Robert le Diable* (1831—865 vibrations); *Le Pré aux Clercs* (1833—868 vibrations); and lastly, *Faust* (1859—898 vibrations).

In the intervals between these epochs we find exhibited the other master-pieces which have added fresh glory to the French opera, and which were the productions of Rameau, Glück, Piccini, Berton, Lesueur, Méhul, Cherubini, Della-Maria, Nicolo, Boieldieu, Rossini, Carafa, Auber, Hérold, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Verdi, Félicien David, and Gounod, in the chronological order in which they were brought out.

We see that, from 1807 to 1859, the upward progression was greater than before. This necessarily required the reform which the French Commission properly adopted, when they restored the diapason to the elevation at which, within a few vibrations, it stood at the time of the production of *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*.

We believe that M. Pfeiffer intends to send his work to his Excellency, M. Lvoff, Master of the Russian Court, and director of the Imperial private bands, an eminent composer and musician, to whom Russia owed the adoption of the normal diapason, even before it was generally introduced into France.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I am returning to thee Annie, Answer to "I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie." Geo. Barker. 25

This song will no doubt share in the universal popularity of the first "Annie" Song. If it was difficult to invent another melody whose accents would fall upon the ear with like sweetness, the author has shown that still it could be done. Like the other song this is written for medium voices and accessible to singers of all classes.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts' Volunteers at Fortress Monroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (18th Reg.) now at Fort Independence.

Our Banner shall wave forever. Song and Chorus. T. H. Howe. 25

A stirring Song which notwithstanding the great number of patriotic airs coming forth from all quarters, will make its mark.

Our good ship sails to-night, my Love. Emily Berger. 25

An uncommonly pretty song, the words of which have a more than ordinary significance in the present times. This will no doubt contribute to make it popular; but the music itself is sufficiently striking to direct attention to it.

Instrumental Music.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. R. Fitzgerald. 25

Quite a pleasing, lively waltz, which can be dashed off with considerable eclat, without being at all difficult.

Star Spangled Banner Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

Mr. Turner has arranged several of our national melodies, such to which public attention has been particularly attracted by the war for the Union, in the form of easy Quicksteps. Thus arranged they will be most welcome to young players. Besides the above, Quicksteps on the "Red, white and blue" and "The girl I left behind me" are now published by the same author.

La Reveille. Grand March Militaire. Carl Meyer. 40

A very brilliant Concert March, rather difficult. It is quite indicative of the brisk step of the soldiery when marched to the battle-field, full of life and animation. The Trio has fine melodious strains. Altogether amateurs fond of a good show-piece will find much pleasure in the practice of this piece.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES FOR THE FLUTE. 50

This new collection of Flute Music will commend itself to the favor of Flutists both from the great variety of its contents and from their intrinsic merits. Fifty cents is certainly a very moderate price for so valuable a repertoire of choice music. Amateurs will find in it all that can be desired in a work of the kind.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 488.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 19.

The Two Armies.

[From Vanity Fair.]

Two armies toiling day and night
By bridge and barricade—
Or by the hearthstone—full of might,
Each working for the truth and right,
And neither one afraid.

Two armies:—one of noble men,
All strong and stern and brave;
Forward at duty's call, and then,
It matters not the how or when,
To glory—or the grave.

Their country's glory is their own,
Their common graves—her shame;
Their watchword Union, that alone,
Though on the field their hosts be strown,
Shall lead them yet to fame.

Two armies:—but the second one—
A fairer, sadder sight;
With steadfast purpose, all as one,
With sickening labor never done—
Toils fearless for the fight.

Daughters of men! we know ye now,
For what ye ever were;
Angels with calm unclouded brow,
Before whom every man should bow
In penitence of prayer.

Though death should come, and come full soon,
We fear him nevermore;
We ask of Heaven one only boon,
And pray beneath the placid moon,
Who never prayed before:

"Oh, Lord! within the coming strife—
Sad war of kindred blood—
Grant strength to every soldier's wife,
Teach her to live without his life,
And so reward the good."

By every tear-damped thread she draws,
By every needle's gleam,
She links her heart's blood to the cause,
She binds her soul to arm our laws—
Wounded but to redeem.

Oh! soldier, in your camp by night,
Bethink you of her toil.
How you are linked, though dead in fight,
By golden soul-rays glimmering bright
In sorrow and turmoil.

Linked to the nobler soul on earth,
By these weak hands of thread;
'Twas woman's love that gave you birth,
Her love shall bind, come grief, come mirth,
The living to the dead.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

CONCERT OF THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Feb. 27.—If a man could find time and strength to do everything, which he would like, or even intends to do, so might I have been able to send you that complete account of this Society, which I intended. As it is, only some general notes upon it can be sent. It was founded—or as the

bill has it, "established" April 30, 1858. It appears to comprehend all the leading musical talent in London, theorists and executants, as is indicated by this list of the council, which contains many names well known on our side of the ocean:

Jules Benedict, Henry G. Blagrove, Wm. Chappel, James Wm. Davison, Joseph F. Dugan, Charles E. Horsley, Edward James, Joseph Lidel, G. A. Macfarren, Frank Mori, Geo. Alex. Osborne, John D. Pawle, John Sampson Peirce, E. F. Rimbault, Charles Salaman, Augustine Sargood, John Simon, Henry Smart.

Charles Salaman, Esq., is the Secretary and a most energetic one he is. The Society gives a series of concerts and has private meetings at which new compositions are examined and tried—through the kindness of Mr. Macfarren at a trial meeting in May, young Paine's (of Portland) Quartette for string instruments was one of the pieces played. What the objects of the Society are beyond this, and the arousing of an *esprit de corps* among the musicians, I do not know. Certain it is, that one object *ought* to be the formation of a good musical library, which for modern German musical history still seems to be utterly wanting in London. I would not exchange my own collection in this department for any which I could find in this great city during three months stay—not to speak of our two libraries in Boston.

The orchestra employed at the concerts consists of 1st. violins, 16; 2d. violins, 16; violas, 10; violoncello, 11; contrabassi, 9. String instruments, 62. Flutes, 2; oboes, 2; clarinets, 2; bassoons, 2; horns, 4; trumpets, 2; trombones, 3; ophicleid, 1; drums, 1; bass drums, 1; side drum, 1; triangle, 1. Total, 84. Conductor, Alfred Mellon—a splendid one too!

At this concert the orchestral pieces were. "Ruy Blas" Overture, Mendelssohn; "Tempest," do., Benedict; "Le Philtre," do., Auber; Beethoven's violin Concerto; Solo played by Vieuxtemps, and Spohr's Symphony, op. 59, in D minor. The performance was very fine—St. James' Hall full. The vocal pieces were (with orchestral accompaniment) from Weber, Mozart, and Rossini.

The enormous expenses incurred in carrying on any project of this kind in London, one would think, must break them all down—that they do not, is proof that the people, who support music, whether from the love of it or because it is the fashion, are better able to throw away guineas than we are dollars. The Musical Society however seems to be really flourishing and one can only rejoice in its prosperity, and hope that it may become a musical "power in the land" as the old Philharmonic has been for so many years. But is there no way of giving good orchestral music to shilling people? Must tradesmen and mechanics and their families be excluded from so powerful a means of culture? When the musical Society was in contemplation an article was written "On the great increase of Musical

Societies, &c., in London," a copy of which printed on a separate sheet has fallen into my hands. In what degree allowance is to be made for the bias and private feelings of the author, I do not know—but it contains some historical notes, which seem worth preserving. It is moreover a droll specimen of very plain talking. Some of the Societies mentioned seem to me to have been most praiseworthy attempts to really benefit the cause of music, at great personal sacrifices of the men engaged in them, and attempts, which in London could only succeed by the favor of a wealthy public. This public, however, seems to be not much different from those of other countries; it is easy to get large sums for a Bloudin, or a Heenan—for a great vocal gymnast—for any kind of quackery—for anything amusing—but to pay high for real values—no, that will not go down. Cæsus pays a guinea for green peas and strawberries out of season, and grumbles at an extra penny on beef. But to the article.

ON THE GREAT INCREASE OF MUSICAL SOCIETIES, &c. IN LONDON.

[Written in the winter 1857-58.]

Scene—Vide Macbeth. (Eight New Musical Societies, &c., appear and pass over the stage, in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Bankruptcy following.)

Ruined speculator:—

Thou art too like the former swindle,—down!
Thy plans do sear mine eye-balls:—and thy look,
Thou other thing, is too much like the first:—
A third is like the former; filthy hags!
Why do ye show me this!—a fourth!—start eyes;
What, will the line stretch out to crack of doom?
Another yet?—a seventh!—I'll see no more;—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold Halls and treble Bonus carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now I see, 'tis true;
For Bankruptcy with taunting look smiles full on me
And points at them for his.

To the editors of the Musical World and Musical Gazette:

Gentlemen,—Perceiving by recently issued Prospectuses, that the public and profession are to be again offered immense advantages by the establishment of new societies of practical musicians, &c., allow me to present to your notice a few ideas of similar undertakings (suggestive of speedy dissolution) for the edification, not of yourselves alone, but more particularly of those who are not acquainted with the numerous difficulties to be encountered. Almost all of the following pleasant devised schemes have proved abortions, and although aided by the great business capabilities and integrity of men occupying the most exalted positions in the profession and music trade.

"The Musical Antiquarian Society," (established 1840-1). The council consisted of Messrs. W. S. Bennett, H. R. Bishop, W. Chappell, G. Hogarth, W. Horsley, G. A. Macfarren, C. Lucas, E. F. Rimbault, J. Tule and Sir Geo. Smart.

The subscribers to this Society were promised, for this one pound, 500 pages of music per annum! By a strange oversight the works issued were deprived of the only thing likely to make them of any use, viz: A separate pianoforte accompaniment. This fact may account for enormous quantity of these publications continually appearing in Messrs. Puttick's music sales, where the "pounds worth" is generally knocked down for a few shilling!

"The Handel Society," (established 1843-4). This Society was originally set on foot by Mr. Rovedino, who contrived nevertheless, to get ejected by his own friends, in a way best explained by himself (see Mr. Rovedino's account of this transaction, printed at the time.) The council (at last) consisted of Messrs. Addison, Bennett, Crotch, Davison, Hopkins, Macfarren, Moscheles, Mudie, Rimbault, H. Smart, Sir G. Smart, and Sir H. Bishop. This lazy body, to perpetuate the fame of Handel, commenced with the most common of his works, and expended their funds for twelve years on works which Dr. Arnold, Randall, &c., had made quite common. In the same time Novello would have engraved the whole of his works in far better style, and at a much lower rate. It would be interesting to know what became of the large fund raised for these publications.

"The Royal Surry Gardens Company." This concern was smashed in less than no time, which is the more to be wondered at, as, according to the prospectus, the Directors seemed to have "t'ae'n a bond of Fate" to secure success,—*On dit*. Some fortunate person has bought the place for £13,000, so that the shareholders have something to look forward to.

"The Harmonic Union." This Society appears to have issued a prospectus with the names of Mr. Benedict as Conductor and Mr. H. Smart as organist (1852-3). But as the object seems to have been to restore vitality to defunct or non-appreciated Oratorios by the Musical Genii of England, viz., Messrs. C. Horsley, H. Leslie, Pierson and W. S. Bennett—the latter of whom the Directors stated to be engaged on a new sacred work (probably a *Missa pro defunctis*) for the Society. I need hardly add that the affair was soon swamped.

"New Philharmonic Society," (1853). This healthy society, supported by H. Berlioz, Dr. Wyld and W. Beale, commenced its career by an early performance for the benefit of the "Asylum for Idiots," patronized of course most extensively by the friends of the Society. But the "Charity" manoeuvre did not take, and a new Oratorio, written by John Milton is said ultimately to have knocked a hole in the bottom of the concern which nothing could mend.

[The New Philharmonic, however, still goes on, 1861.]

"National Opera Company," (1855). This company never recovered the issue of its first prospectus. From what I can gather the verdict was "found dead."

"The Professors' College," 18 Hanover square. This Institution I suppose to be a chapel of ease to its apoplectic neighbor in Tenterden street—but never having seen anybody in the building but the proprietor, I cannot say how it goes on.

"The St. James's Hall Company," of this place I know little, except that the capital is said (see prospectus) to be £40,000; but curiously

enough, the expenses (see estimate), are also £40,000 to a halfpenny. So, as by their own account they have no funds left, I leave the public to draw their own conclusions. Nevertheless, on looking again, the clouds clear off, for we have all the available talent in London to see after its welfare, viz., Messrs. W. Chappell, T. Chappell, F. P. Chappell, G. Leslie, T. Beal, J. Ella, O. Jones, &c. This like the Professor's College seems from its decorations inside to be a sort of a chapel itself.

Guided by the preceding cases, I rather trust my money to one respectable man than to 18 calling themselves a "Society;" for in a society I become a mere *atom*—my only duties being to listen periodically, to an account of its *excellent condition* (although mortgaged and on the eve of bankruptcy) and to pay my subscription or call with regularity. For if I exceed these duties and with becoming humility venture to ask why £20,000 is added to the builder's estimate, I am straightway assailed by that worthy himself, backed perchance by the Solicitor and informed that it is highly improper to stir up ill-feeling amongst those who are professors of *harmony*. This exceedingly jocose sally causes a sleek youth to make a statement about some mysterious old cesspool or plague pit, which the worthy builder and solicitor did not expect to find in that locality; or perhaps they hit upon the crater of an extinct volcano and what with that and the interference of parish authorities, &c., he, the "Youth," thinks it certainly cheap at £30,000, and of course a dead bargain at £20,000. A great coughing and some applause follow and I sink into my boots and am silent. In fact, to sum up—in nearly all such cases. A wants a nice berth or position as an Architect, Solicitor, Treasurer, Secretary, Conductor, Lecturer, &c., and, finding he cannot do it all by himself, he appeals to B, C, D, E and F; and forthwith we behold prospectuses (like legal documents) Councils, Members, Subscribers, &c., with occasional bits of reasoning in the shape of Bonus of 15 per cent. the first year, "love of Art" and such humbug. This goes on well enough till the "Sham" appears. Then they all go to loggerheads and the "Solicitor" and two or three of the "legs" perform a demoniacal war dance in the background, getting more jolly as the thing gets more complex; till at least they mortgage the whole property (for a tithe of the prime cost of the whole) probably to a friend of A, B or C. The bubble bursts—"no effects" is the reply to all inquiries. This result, according to the Solicitor is the fault of the shareholders—they say it is the Solicitor's, &c., and after much reading, writing and arithmetic, on both sides, the society is "wound up" by being "run down" at the Bankruptcy Court.

R. E. L.

P. S. "The cry is still they come," I subjoin two more announcements just recovered, viz.—

"The Musical Society of London," (established 1858.) Council Messrs. W. Chappell, W. Beale, Macfarren, F. Mori, E. Rimbault, Horsley, Wallace, Salaman, Benedict, &c.

"The London Music Printing Society," (established 1858.) As the respected progenitors are at present, to use a vulgar word, but "hatching" these associations. I forbear going into details—for if the eggs should turn out as usual "added" I should probably get abused for it. However, for the edification and comfort of

all I hear the hens are sitting and cackling with much glee, seeming confident this time of producing something more stomach-sustaining than the time-honored empty egg-shell.

KEMP'S "OLD FOLK'S" IN LONDON.

Feb. 28. Kemp's "Old Folks' Concert" in the small St. James's Hall. I went several times to these performances, the pieces being to me "*Herimathsklaenge*"—sounds from home. The Hall is small, I found the audiences the same, I think it was a mistake to come to England with that kind of musical wares. The cultivated public took no interest in old psalmody, the uncultivated prefer Christy and Woods Minstrels. The really good voices sadly lack cultivation, and but few of the songs and solo pieces were decidedly successful, though these few were. The American pieces as a rule did not please, and the staple of the concerts soon became, the "Dying Christian," "Strike the Cymbal" and the like, which came to America about fifty years since from England. Nor could the English appreciate at all "Yankee Doodle," which was given in the stage-Yankee manner, but with a text very much changed for the worse from that which Burgoyne has been said to have written. One mistake of Mr. Kemp was in taking up everything almost too fast. As to the dresses, they had little interest for an English audience, as every man woman and child can see the wigs, cocked hats, breeches and broad coats, any day perched upon carriages in Hyde park. The ridiculous costume of 1815-30, was the only novelty.

Mr. Kemp told me he was paying expenses—which I was glad to hear, having doubted the possibility of his doing so. If an article from a Brighton paper, which I sent to the Journal was copied I need not say more.

WALLACE'S AMBER WITCH.

March 2. At Her Majesty's theatre. "The Amber Witch" text by Chorley, music by Wallace. Every reader knows, or ought to, the beautiful story with this title translated from the German of Dr. Meinhold—a tale so successful in its imitation of antique style as to have been received as a real village chronicle—and thus enable the author to turn the tables upon certain critics and show how unsound were their principles of criticism.

As to the text of the Opera—to my feeling Mr. Chorley has worked it up very well, giving a fine plot and many interesting incidents, nor could I at all sympathize with several persons, who called the story (on the stage) heavy and undramatic. I enjoyed it. Some passages as sung differed much from the text in the books—this was explained thus; during the rehearsal, some of the singers found fault with the words as not being "singable" and the author wrote new ones; but before the production of the piece the vocalists changed their minds and restored the original words. One critic was bitten by this; for he in speaking of the words, mentioned that the singers had been obliged to change Mr. Chorley's text! No doubt the words might be improved somewhat now, for they were written about a dozen years ago.

The scenery was very beautiful, equal to much of the best which I have seen; but as a rule the machinery on the London stages does not work nearly as well and quickly as on the German

stage. One great mistake in propriety is placing the beautiful night scene in a mountainous country, like the Hartz or first ranges of the Alps, instead of putting it among the dunes of Pomerania where amber is found; not in veins but in deposits.

Wallace's music was a treat. It is very fresh and its leading characteristic is I should say, sweet melody. One very beautiful one is in the scene where Mary in the dungeon, half awake, sings the ballad:—

"When the elves at dawn do pass
Leaving pearls along the grass,
And a dreamy light is creeping o'er the sea;
When the blushes of the East
Tell that weary night hath ceased
And the cheery day come back for you and me;
When the stars are growing dim
And the birds begin their hymn
And the newborn flowers are drinking from the air;
I cannot choose but sing
'How delightful is the spring,
And the early morning how very fair!'"

Another song by Count Rudiger, with a chorus of soldiers struck me much:

"Go sing how our troops war the first in war,
On some lazy noon in May;
How of peace no coward dared prate afar,
When our trumpet loud said 'nay!'
For come are the first, or come are the last,
To his priests or his hundred lords,
The king on his father's throne sits fast,
By the aid of our bright broadswords," &c.

This was the first opera by Wallace I had heard, and I was very agreeably surprised by it. It seems to be a very valuable addition to the small stock of English operas, and one which must be successful if ever produced in our country. Dare I hope to hear it there sometime?

March 4. Monday concert again. A Rosoumowsky Quartette, the Sonata, op. 111, the Kreutzer Sonata, and a string trio, all by Beethoven, instrumental, "The Kiss" and "Adelaide," Italian words, sung by Reeves, and two songs by Miss Banks, instrumental.

ELIJAH.

March 8. A long desired gratification—"Elijah" at Exeter Hall, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The hall was erected for speaking and is very bad for music. There is no due proportion between length, breadth and height, and the grand choral passages sound muffled and dead in most parts of the room. What I never saw in Germany is universally the practice here as with us, viz., bringing the orchestra in front and forcing the singers to sing through the crash of the instruments. I, decidedly, as an auditor, and still more so as a chorus singer, prefer the German method of playing the orchestra in the rear, bringing down the centre part of the string band only. With the accompaniment behind, the voices are supported and kept up to the time much better, besides which the singer feels a pleasure in his work, impossible when he stands away up there by the organ and can hear nothing of the leading melody and of the harmony of which he is part. It seems to me radically wrong—this English and American arrangement of the stage and the musical forces upon it.

Now here at Exeter Hall, I heard, on the whole, the finest body of chorus singers I ever listened to, not excepting the Sing Akademie, or Stern's Gesangverein in that city. And yet

yet the vocal effect was not beyond that in the Sing Akademie hall, with less than half as many singers (true the hall is hardly half as large) and and not comparable with that in our Music Hall, when we had about 500 singers at our festival a few years since. The Alto in proportion to the other parts in the Sacred Harmonic Society, is not so fine as it is (or was) in the Handel and Haydn Society—the Bass not finer. But the tenors and trebles leave ours far, far behind; and as to the singing as a whole—well, when some English singer again appears in our oratorios in Boston, and praises up to the skies our chorus—just turn your back upon him and tell him, that there is such a thing as going too far in absurd flattery, even for us! The Sacred Harmonic Society is composed of people, who expect to be at some expense to gratify their love of the best music. They study their parts, and go through with an amount of releasing, of which we know nothing. They have their reward in the consciousness, that nowhere out of Exeter hall can such oratorio performances be heard.

At this performance of Elijah, with all its difficult recitative chorus, no slip, no want of precision in attacking the rough points, marred the beauty of the performance. All went smoothly, all with a power and grandeur, which would warrant very strong terms of eulogy. The six hundred singers moved with the steadiness and precision of a vocal quartette. The principal soloists were Mr. Santley, (Elijah) Mrs. Sainton-Dolby—with whose voice, I was much disappointed—but this was her first appearance since childhood—Mad. Laura Baxter, with her large, grand deep voice, Miss Parepa, from one of the English operatic companies and Sims Reeves. Oh, that Reeves! of him another time. Take them together I have nowhere at home or in Germany, heard the parts so well given. All I ask is that the Sacred Harmonic Society may have a better hall.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 139.)

We have shown how different the natures of the two masters. It necessarily follows that their influence on the public would differ in the same way: HANDEL's influence would be more extensive, Bach's more intensive. Handel has never been unknown; always from the first has he both morally and artistically inspired, elevated, refreshed and enlivened a very great part of the public; he is part and parcel of the national pride of the English. Bach has only very lately risen out of a long, almost complete oblivion, and has his admirers chiefly among musicians and believing Christians; but he takes such a lasting hold upon one, that whoever has got to be thoroughly at home with all other music, comes back again and again to him, to constantly discover new wonders. He thus had the power to transform the musical way of thought and feeling of the modern generation; for only since he has become better known, has the musical understanding experienced an important conversion toward a better direction, if this influence is not

to be ascribed exclusively to him. To whom does not the comparison with Spinoza occur here? So long as Leibnitz and Wolf reigned, nay even in the Kantian period Spinoza was scarcely read, and still less understood; since men have learned to know him, he has helped to work such a revolution in the consciousness of the age, that he, at last regarded as the inmost and choicest treasure of a whole cultivated generation, has taught us how to understand the rest more deeply.

But be that as it may; at all events Bach may make claims to a far more general, more earnest and devoted recognition, and to a far deeper study, than has been his lot heretofore. To this the work which now lies before us will, as Herr Franz expressly declares in his "Preface," afford a contribution. Let us now proceed to examine it. Thirty-six arias have in the course of two years (1859 and 1860, as the publisher states in a manner worthy to be imitated) been selected, and provided with pianoforte accompaniment, out of the scores of the "Bach Society" of Leipzig, with the laudable end to "pave the way for the more general public to the treasures of this edition." They are, with but few exceptions, taken from the *Cantatas*, a species of composition which Bach evidently cultivated with especial fondness; for there are said to have been *five whole years*, each of which contained at least *sixty* such *Cantatas*—one for every Sunday and festival day—and of these only one half have been found, and but a small part as yet published.

The *Cantatas* were specially written only for church service; and their form seems, like that of the *Passions-music*, to have proceeded from a naïve imitation of the Protestant forms of worship. They adhere strictly, that is, to the Gospel for the day, and bring out its leading thoughts as well as celebrate the peculiar character of the day itself. The various participants in the solemnity, the parish, the preacher, the single member of the congregation, are all made available; each in his way contributes to the full understanding, to the living enjoyment and to the musical communication of the divine word. Thus for example, the *Cantata* for Sexagesima Sunday turns upon the Gospel for that day, the parable of the sower, and the different kinds of ground upon which the seed of the word fell, in the following manner: It begins with a "Symphony," which, as is usual, forms the preparation for what follows, inasmuch as its immense *unisonos* and the interwoven figures spread out over them were plainly meant to depict the fullness, the might, the blessing of God's word, much in the same way as the preacher sums it up in the text-words of the following Bass recitative: "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my Word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—*Isaiah* lv., 10, 11. Then a spokesman for the congregation, in a Tenor recitative, expresses their readiness to receive the preaching of the Word; the congregation confirm this in the words of the Litany "That thou wilt give thy spirit and power to the

Word; we beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!" which gives the preacher an opportunity to hold as it were a preachment, in a long bass recitative several times interrupted by the litany of the congregation; he following the train of thought in the litany and having reference, as far as possible, to the gospel text. Here, too, all turns up on the Word of God, which is to shield them against devils, Turks and Pope, as well as banish sins and error from Christians led astray. This response between congregation and preacher forms the middle point of the Cantata. Now follows, in regular symmetry; first, another member of the congregation, singing, in a Soprano aria, of the "soul treasure," above all treasures, of the Word of God (see No. 1 of the Soprano Arias); whereupon the congregation close with the Choral song, that God may not take his holy word away from them, lest their "guilt and sin should shame them."

In many of the Cantatas the gospel text itself is also used, either entirely, as in the Christmas Cantatas, or in part. In the latter case, it is characteristic with Bach to select the most important passage, the point as it were of the whole; for example, in the Cantata for the 14th Sunday after Trinity, upon which falls the gospel of the ten lepers, (Luke xvii., 11);—in order to indicate the idea of gratitude, of which the whole Cantata treats, according to the text as it were, he takes the 15th and 16th verses, the point of the narrative, and places them as a recitative in the middle of the whole: "And one among them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God and fell down upon his face at his feet giving him thanks. And he was a Samaritan."

As in the *Passions-musik*, so too in the Cantatas we find dramatic, epic and lyric elements interwoven; but mixed in such proportions, that, in keeping with the object of the Festival, the lyric and contemplative predominate. Hence the choral song of the congregation usually places itself in the foreground. It presents itself, on the one hand, as an artistically wrought out figural counterpoint, having great advantages for representing in the most comprehensive way, both objectively and subjectively, the rich relations of the divine word, which here lies at the foundation, whether as Bible text or church hymn. On the other hand, the congregation appears in the Choral, which usually forms eth close and is kept for the most part in the purely lyric style; instead of this, too, we often find an *Arioso* for the choir; less frequently a wrought out contrapuntal movement. Against this stands the Recitative, which is kept sometimes in the narrative, but for the most part in the reflective, or even lyric vein. In the first case it is assigned to the Evangelist (tenor solo); otherwise, either to the preacher or a member of the congregation. It commonly paves the way from the congregational to the solo song, or *vice versa*. Finally, in the *Aria*, the individual subject, as the representative of all believing Christendom, places himself, with his personal faith and his pious feeling, in lyric outpouring, over against the congregation. Here then we see unfolded the richest variety of moods, which every individual may experience daily in his religious life, a many-sidedness worthy of the highest admiration. A more intimate acquaintance with this portion of Bach's creations is the more interesting, stimulating, and

edifying, since these by their nature, more than any other, give us without doubt an insight into the inmost soul's life of the noble man. If only for this reason, the collection now before us cannot be earnestly enough recommended.

(To be continued.)

On Musical Terms.

We observe from European papers that *Pauline Viardot Garcia*, the great singer and instructress of the voice has edited a collection of classical Cavatinas, &c., so far principally from the old Italian school, with the details for rendering them properly and effectively, minutely carried out. This will be a capital thing for those who will never learn to walk alone, who have no artistic instinct in them to develop the slumbering hieroglyphics of the composer into the thing of life and beauty which floated before his vision when he committed them to paper. In fact most of our singers are of this class. They need a model in all cases. In olden times the composer thought an occasional *p* or *f* sufficient to indicate the light and shade of his work. Now every two-penny composition is crowded with signposts, bearing mysterious inscriptions in foreign languages, and studded with signals at every crossbar, taken from the musical signal code and extending from a battalion of *f*'s drawn up in line of battle, to as many *p*'s, the latter reminding one of the story told of *Talleyrand* who, being toasted at a public dinner, arose before the tumult had subsided and merely moved his mouth for half a minute as though he were speaking, bowed and sat down, whereupon everybody applauded on the mere mental conviction that the Prince must have said something smart, as he was in the habit of doing. (Remember also *Jullien's* orchestra in this connection.) Our modern composers guard against all misunderstandings. They are bound that there shall be no chance of spoiling the text in the reading. This may be eminently proper when a great work is concerned but the same ceremonies observed in the short-lived trash of the day reminds us of a drove of jackasses, marshalled and escorted like a body of the Imperial guard of France. Our young composers are amazingly fond of using ostentatiously the vocabulary of the Italian terms which have stuck to their memory during their long and tedious studies. To them it sounds indescribably charming to prefix to the introductory measures of their first song (commencing "I met her first in cabbage time when she was cutting kroat") in the purest Tuscan *con mola tenerezza*. You might as well attack a mosquito with the gigantic fury of Booth in the last scene of *Richard the Third*. Affectation is a bad thing. The affectations of the French language in the music titles is altogether unnecessary. Only the other day we met with a *Grande Marche des Wide Awakes*, and felt much commiseration for the author. Anybody who knows what silly words are being constantly set to music and published by fond authors mostly at their own expense, can imagine how gawky the Italian terms look that are thrust upon them. The following lines for instance which wind up a song of four verses might be ushered in with *con abbandono ed espressione*, followed in succession by *melanconico, ritenuto assai* and *morendo*. Observe the effect:

And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use
I see her drop a silent (!) tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

Sister, of course, has died, when quite small. *Accarezzevolmente* is a nice word because a big word. We earnestly recommend it to young authors. It would go nicely with the following fashionable serenade—or something equally poetic and sensible—in six-eight time, key of A flat:

"Come where the moon's straight beams
Dark shades illumine,

Where near aquatic streams
Mushrooms are blooming."

Scherzosamente e lusingando would not stand amiss with

Folly has a lubly nose
Flat across her face it grows
It sounds like tunder when it blows!

Nor does this uncalled for, ridiculous profusion of Italian terms comprise all the foolish directions attached needlessly to musical compositions. We suppose it is only when an author utterly despairs of his composition carrying with it a clear idea of its form and meaning that he need resort to the expedient of giving general directions like the following: "Sing this piece with tones rather plaintive and with feeling. Let your own soul be fully imbued with the sentiments of the Song," or "Quality of tones somewhat sombre and agitated, yet full of earnestness and interest," or "Let the tones speak of quiet and earnest joyfulness," &c. Besides being altogether superfluous this is much more than a singer can do. He can sing soft or loud, *legato* or *staccato*, hurry or retard, and darken or brighten his voice. But it would confound a singer who really can do all this—and there are a great many who cannot—to attend to such prescriptions as the above. A physician might as well tell his patient to take a dose of medicine with the tenor of his system in a quietly exhilarating condition. If *Bellini* had interlined the score of his "Norma" with an exposition of each and every feeling into which the heroine is plunged by the rapid changes in her position towards those around her, we should have had but one *Norma*, a stereotype character, soon to become a pasteboard puppet on our lyric stage, we should have had no distinct creations of the part by *Pasta*, *Lind*, &c. The artists want freedom of interpretation. If short-sighted composers erect barriers and fences round their works and these are things which have life in them, it is the artists duty to tear such barriers down. Very few composers, we dare say, fully understand the power of their works in all their bearings. Haydn was overwhelmed by his "Creation," when he heard it performed for the first time. He attributed the music directly to Divine inspiration. Goethe never thought the character of *Mephistopheles* capable of being interpreted at all on the boards. The manner in which the most adored *Cantatrice* renders a certain Cavatina need not be binding upon anybody. Rules and models will do for pupils, artists. Composers and performers—must walk alone. B.

Conducting;

A FEW PRACTICAL COUNSELS HOW TO LEARN IT.

BY HERMANN ZOPFF.

(Concluded from page 117)

CONDUCTING AN ORCHESTRA.

The counsels, I gave in the introduction, I consider also applicable to the conductor of an orchestra, and will now add only a few hints, chiefly based upon experience.

One of the most painful observations for a conductor is the neglected state of mind a great many orchestra-players. With few exceptions most of these artists, having often been deprived of a good education, are made dull, indifferent, and even vulgar, in consequence of poor payment, competition, constant rehearsing, and playing to dance during the whole night. These people care for music less than the mechanic for his trade; and those who make an exception, the so-called "learned" members of the orchestra, are generally so conceited on account of having made some studies of the method of harmony and their being able to play their respective instruments tolerably well, that they will strenuously oppose everything which is not sanctioned by tradition in the orchestra, or which they are unable to understand. Woe to him who does not know how to impose upon these people by a display of talent and energy!

Whoever wants to become a conductor of orchestras will do well to go often amongst the players when they are at rehearsal, in order to observe their doings, and to study the *timbre* of the different instru-

ments, as well as to make friends with the influential members. By and by let him call upon them, and beg to be instructed in the technics of the different instruments, to be made acquainted with all the tones of the different registers in the wind instruments, and let him also take note of everything that is difficult and impossible to execute, in order when he later comes across passages that are not practicable, to be able to alter them. If solo passages are not performed satisfactorily, let the conductor practice them with the player in his own room. It is thus that he will learn to know better the instrument in question. The practical musician is always pleased to find in the conductor a thorough knowledge of his instrument; the conductor will also gain much esteem by counting any faults occurring in the middle parts of the score, thus evincing a sharp hearing.

The performers on wind instruments ought always to be treated in the same way as the singers. One must well observe their breathing and give them a sign as soon as they are to resume their parts, for taking new breath. Precision in cases where the whole orchestra must resume anew, consequently also after *fermatas*, can be best obtained by preparing the resuming half or a full measure beforehand. Performers of instruments to which are generally given long and frequent rests, are used to prominent signs on the part of the conductor when they have to play again. Phrases and passages which are not given as they ought to be, can be best corrected by singing them or by indicating the rhythm with the baton. In order to repeat without great loss of time, the score must be divided by large letters, and these letters must be marked in all the parts.

It is generally very difficult to obtain an even piano from the orchestra, at least from the performers of brass instruments. These, especially when belonging to a military band, must be made familiar with this effect, because in the open air they are used to play as loud and strong as possible. Very difficult it is further, to induce players of brass instruments to use instruments without valves in such pieces, where they are prescribed. Most of the performers can only play on chromatic instruments in F, and are, moreover, so lazy as to prefer transposing every thing before they play on the required instrument; it is thus, that the easiest natural tones are sometimes missed.

Another evil in the orchestra is the constant and loud tuning. This has become such a habit that the musicians, quite thoughtless, tune, prelude, and rehearse without interruption, as soon as the last tone of the piece has been played. This can, of course, be easily checked by the conductor who, on the proper occasion, may also tell them, that, as they have not to play before Turks, who, like their ambassador at the Prussian Court during the reign of Frederick the Great, always admired the piece which was played before the "overture" beat, meaning of course the tuning, it would be well, if they stopped that barbarous custom. Tuning ought always to be done in a side room of the concert hall. Who during the performance wants to retune, can easily do this in such a way as not to cause a disturbance.

It is usual to tune the instruments after the A of the Oboe, but this is not often admissible on account of the temperature which influences the wind and stringed instruments in a different way. A tuning machine invented by chief military conductor Wieprecht, which is not submitted to any influence of the temperature, must therefore be welcome and we hope will soon be introduced. Performers on reed instruments ought to be cautioned to keep their instruments warm during long rests. All performers of brass instruments cannot lose in tune by drawing in and out but a quarter of a tone; of stringed instruments more than this can be expected.

The conductor meets often in the members of an orchestra negligence, inattention, dullness, and thoughtlessness. Especially is this the case in the first rehearsal where most of them are so much engaged with the reading of their parts, that they can only be made aware of the presence of the conductor by repeated beating of the time on the desk. Even often in the performances themselves does the conductor feel this heaviness on the part of the orchestra, and in this case he will do best to beat the first measures a little faster. But often the contrary takes place; the performers commence hurrying to such an extent that they hardly touch the last quaver. In this case the conductor must observe an imperturbable coolness in order to check the rare ardor of the members. Besides it is always good while conducting to remain cool and self-possessed, although with regard to singers a more animated proceeding is often necessary. If there is little cheerfulness on the part of the orchestra-players, the conductor has to cause it by some good-natured remarks; but let him be also mindful, never to tire the performers of

the wind, especially brass instruments. If he meets with a want of civility or, in the rehearsals, with the nasty habit on the part of some players to smoke, let him rebuke this in such a manner as to appeal to their sense of honor and delicacy; and if this will not do, let him send them away. Coming too late or leaving too early is best checked by reductions in the salaries. There is nothing which touches the orchestra-player so quickly as loss of money. A good impression is often produced by not using the *baton* at all in such places where it can be conveniently done. This shows confidence in the abilities of the orchestra, which is generally repaid by more attention on the part of the members.

Let us conclude with a few hints in regard to conducting of *Singing with Orchestra*. Only a few orchestras can accompany singing well, for it requires first, that the members have practiced in such a manner that the greatest evenness throughout is obtained; second, that they know how to play *piano*, consequently know how to control themselves; and third, that they are used not only to mind the conductor, but also the singing.

If a conductor wants to practice conducting of singing with orchestral accompaniment, he must never lose an opportunity to accompany good and bad singers on the pianoforte, in order to obtain routine in the close following up of the singing, and consequently in the yielding to the singers. It is also necessary for the conductor to initiate this great truth into the members of the orchestra, viz., that the most esteemed virtue of good accompanists of singing is: yielding and subordination.

The most difficult part is an always ready accompaniment of the recitatives, because in these the time is constantly changing. The conductor must before all things see that the recitatives are written out in all the parts for the instruments used for the accompaniment. If this is the case, he can in an accompaniment with simple chords restrict himself to simply marking the beginning and end of each chord, without marking the measures.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

The National Hymn.

Nearly four weeks have elapsed since the day appointed for the opening of the manuscripts sent in to the Committee upon a National Hymn, and impatience is manifesting itself in many quarters for the announcement of the expected award. Aside from any interest which the public at large may take in the subject, the great number of the competitors—only a few short of twelve hundred—makes it inevitable that there are thousands of eager expectants sitting upon the anxious seat in this regard. For it can hardly be that each competitor has less than a dozen friends who are solicitous for his success. We have therefore thought it worth while to inform ourselves as far as possible upon the subject, and we learn that the Committee are upon the verge of the conclusion of their labors. They have not yet, however, decided upon making an award; and we remind our readers, that in their advertised conditions of competition, they expressly stipulated that they were not to give the prize to the best hymn sent in; but that they should reject all, whatever their intrinsic merits, if they found none exactly suited to the purpose.

Their mode of proceeding, we understand, has been this: The manuscripts containing words alone were first opened, the music being laid aside for separate consideration. The verses were then read by the member who opened the envelope containing them. If they were condemned at once by a nearly unanimous voice, they were cast into a waste-basket ready at hand; if not, they were reserved for future consideration. But, by a waste-basket, must not be understood any of those wicker concavities, known to ordinary mortals by that name. A vast washing basket—a "buck-basket," big enough to hold Falstaff himself—was made the temporary tomb of these extinguished hopes; and this receptacle was filled, it is said, five times with rejected manuscripts, which were seized upon for incendiary purposes by the cooks of the gentlemen at whose houses the meetings of the Committee took place. Alas for the hapless writers! Were even the priceless manuscript plays of the Shakspearian age that Warton's cook purloined and used to put under pies so lamented as those remorselessly incriminated hymns will be? The mass of these manuscripts, we are informed, were either the merest common-place, or absolutely neither rhyme nor reason. From the whole collection only about thirty were reserved as worthy of a second reading, and these, on a second and third examination, were reduced about one-half. Several were also preserved on account of their absurdity or grotesqueness. They were so bad as to be good.

The hymns sent in with music were about three hundred in number. To enable them fairly to judge of the merits of these, the Committee called in competent musical aid, and after a winnowing of the heap over the piano-forte, the residuum found worthy of a more particular hearing, were sung. This second examination left less than twenty compositions in the hands of the Committee. We hear that among the rejected musical manuscripts were very many that were evidently sent in by persons who were ignorant of the very first principles of harmony and who to their ignorance added utter lack of native musical capacity. It has been stated that the Committee called in two eminent musicians to pass judgment, as experts, upon the compositions sent in to them. But we are informed that this report is not correct, and that judgment upon the merits of contributions has, in all cases, remained entirely with the Committee, among whom are gentlemen of well-known musical taste and cultivation.

But even with their stock thus reduced the Committee hesitated about their decision; and, finally, determined to call the public to their aid. It is to the public heart and to the general ear that the words and music of the hoped-for hymn are to be addressed; and, therefore, it appears to us that this determination is a wise one. It is to be carried into effect by the performance of the songs, now in the hands of the Committee, at concerts in New York and Brooklyn, in which soloists, a chorus, and an orchestra, will test in the most satisfactory manner the fitness of these hymns for national purposes. The names of the authors and composers will be withheld; and, indeed, they are yet entirely unknown to the members of the Committee themselves. It is not, we believe, intended that the question shall be decided by the amount of applause elicited by this or that hymn; but that the manner in which the performance affects the public shall enter largely into the considerations by which the final judgment of the Committee is affected. The plan is at least an ingenious one, and the concerts, which are to be given at a low price of admission, though in the most creditable style, will doubtless excite a very general interest.—*N. Y. Daily Times*.

Mr. Paine's Organ Concert.

A musical entertainment whose almost sole attraction is the performance upon the church organ, is somewhat of a novelty in Portland. The full powers of this noblest and most imposing of musical instruments are seldom revealed to our concert-going public. We listen to the organ as playing a subordinate part in divine service, without always remembering that it is an instrument requiring the highest powers to call forth its finest effects.

To many, we doubt not, the performance of Mr. Paine afforded a new revelation of the majesty of tone and grandeur of effect which the skillful musician may call forth from the organ. He certainly exhibited remarkable skill in the handling of the instrument, as well as complete knowledge of the most difficult compositions. The result of his years of study abroad was quite apparent. The clever boy who went forth from among us has returned a thoroughly educated and accomplished musician. We are no musical critic, and cannot speak of this performance in the terms most befitting it, but we know that persons whose musical knowledge entitles their opinions to respect, declare that nothing like it was ever before heard in this city.

As the principal attractions of his programme Mr. Paine chose several of the works of the great master, John Sebastian Bach. He has evidently made the works of this great musical genius a subject of close study, and the fact that he has attained to a knowledge and full appreciation of their marvellous invention, extraordinary power, and science, is the best evidence of his own advanced position as a musician.

The Prelude and Fugue in A minor, by Bach, was played on the full organ throughout. It is a most elaborate composition, yet moving with the most perfect harmony. The manner in which the pedal movement came in was exceedingly neat, and won the applause of the highly cultivated and fashionable audience. The Trio Sonata in E flat, also by Bach, was well chosen to follow the Prelude, its soft and vivacious movement contrasting finely with the solemn grandeur of the first piece. The pedal performance here was quite extraordinary, the feet being continually employed. The solemn "Agnus Dei" was sung by Miss Cammett and Messrs. Dennett and Thurston with fine effect. These performers always do justice to whatever they undertake. In the variations and the Austrian National Hymn, and the Star Spangled Banner, our young townsman displayed his powers as a composer in a highly creditable manner—especially in the former piece. In the latter

variations a passage occurred which is played by the feet alone.

Mr. Paine must take high rank as an organist, and we congratulate our citizens upon having among their number one whose example must do much to elevate the standard musical education among us.—*Portland Transcript.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XVIII.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LONDON, July 16.

Had I come here unconvinced either of the existence of an uncommonly wide-spread and real love for good music in London, or of the possibility of making "classical" music "popular," a single occasion, such as I am about to describe, would have removed all doubt upon the subject. The only regret is, that I can speak only of the last of the so-called "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS," for, having heard the last, one would gladly summon up before him the whole series, now stretching back through three seasons, from Feb. 1859 to July 1, 1861, between which dates no less than sixty-four concerts have been given in St. James's Hall, with programmes of the most classical character, without an orchestra, but with first-class performers—really artists, and such only—and never failing to secure the strict attention and unfeigned delight of a very mixed and numerous audience. So I am told, and what I have just witnessed makes it easy to believe it. They are called "popular," because they are made accessible to the general mass of music-lovers, and not, like most London concerts of the higher order, only to the wealthy and the few—although you would perhaps be astonished to see how many and how constant are those "few" who frequent fashionable operas and concerts to the tune of a guinea for a seat! The "Monday Popular" are cheap—for London; that is, there is a liberal allowance of room for unreserved seats, and not bad seats, at the one shilling price, while the more favored places range from three to five shillings. For most of the oratorios and higher kind of Concerts the minimum price of admission is three shillings, and the maximum half a guinea, and in many cases a guinea. So that these concerts are "popular" in the sense of comparatively cheap. That they are so in character as well, was a matter of conviction and experiment on the part of the enterprising director (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell), until their remarkable success rewarded the experiment and proved the conviction sound. The Director, in thanking the public at the end of his third season, says:

"Till very recently, a string quartet or a pianoforte sonata, played by first-class artists, was a luxury reserved for the enjoyment of a few, and regarded, on the other hand, as something inevitably 'caviare' to the multitude.

"The Monday Popular Concerts, however, were originated with the firm conviction that the quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, solo and concerted, &c., of the great masters, would be listened to by the general public with decorous attention; that the oftener

they were heard the better they would be liked; and that every composer, from the profound Beethoven, the elaborate Bach, the genial Handel, the earnest Mendelssohn, the elegant Spohr, and the universal Mozart, to the light and cheerful Haydn, would find admirers. The result has demonstrated that a faith in the readiness and ability of the public to appreciate the highest manifestations of artistic beauty was thoroughly justified."

And one of the leading journals says what is simply true and reasonable in the following extract:

"The epithet 'popular,' as applied to a performance of music, no longer means something adapted to an uneducated and unrefined taste—something in which the high and classic productions of the art are eschewed as being calculated to weary the audience. At some of our popular concerts, the customary fare is fit for the palate of the most fastidious amateur. And, far from being neglected on this account, such concerts flourish more and more. Such is the case with the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, given every week during the season at St. James's Hall. At first we had some suspicion of the reality of the musical taste shown at these concerts. When we heard pieces of great length, highly complicated, such as we always believed to be 'caviare to the general,' not only attentively listened to, but applauded with enthusiasm, we could not help thinking there must be some affectation at bottom, and that people would tire of pretending to be delighted with things they did not understand! But time has shown that this was a mistake. These Concerts, successful the first season, are still more successful the second. They are even improved in quality; an inferior piece is never admitted into the programmes, nor is an inferior performer employed. Yet the spacious hall is every night crowded to the doors by persons in the habit of frequenting cheap entertainments; and no assembly of cognoscenti could show a sounder or more discriminating taste. The consequence is, that the Monday Popular Concerts are now attended by the most musical people in London.—*Spectator.*

In confirmation of all this I certainly must testify, with regard to the last concert (July 1), that the hall was filled (though not to overflow— for overflow, thank decency, is not allowed in Europe, neither in concerts nor conveyances, in theatres nor railway trains, in oratorios nor omnibuses); that the company appeared composed equally of the wealthier patrons of music and of the music-lovers of more modest rank, who have not much to spend; that all listened most attentively and looked intelligent, applauding warmly what was really best; a well-pleased sympathetic, encouraging audience, and yet in large part not ignorantly pleased, but musically experienced and critical. Whether the things performed were really "classical," whether the feast was fit for cultivated taste, whether genius played a larger part in it than hum-drum or clap-trap, the reader shall judge for himself; here is the programme:

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, No. 12. Beethoven
M.M. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Song, "Le Secret" Schubert
Miss Banks.
Suite de Pieces, containing "the Harmonious Blacksmith."
Miss Arabella Goddard.
Song, "Pria che spunti" Cimarosa
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, for Violoncello Solo. Bach
With Pianoforte Accompaniment (Mr. Benedict).
Signor Piatti.

Song, "Name the glad day." Dussek
Miss Banks.
Sonata, in G major, Op. 69, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski. Dussek
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)

PART II.

Quartet in D. Op. 63. Haydn
M.A. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, and Piatti.

Song, "Adelaide" Beethoven
Mr. Sims Reeves, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard.
Harpsichord Lessons. Scarlatti
Mr. Charles Halle.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Song, "The Hunter's Song" Mendelssohn
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Duet for two Pianofortes, in D major. Mozart
Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle.
Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Not one of these choice selections but what shone by excellent performance. Especially the opening string Quartet of Beethoven, the first of the five belonging to his latest period and called, without reason, "posthumous;" a work requiring true artists to seize its spirit and rightly render its design. The four interpreters could scarcely have been better. Wieniawski proved himself an admirable quartet leader; Piatti's bass was worthy of his reputation; and the middle parts were such as it is a comfort to hear. That a mixed public should be readily impressed by a Symphony concert, (like those of Liebig, for instance, in Berlin) is not so remarkable; a fine orchestra, by mere mass and brilliancy, by wealth and variety of tone color, arrests and captivates; great thoughts are greatly enforced by such large utterance; the profoundest and most complicated tone-combinations tell upon the crowd by the mere might of volume and of euphony; a Symphony, too, has something dramatic and exciting in its progress. But that a violin Quartet, the pure outlining of the intrinsic musical thought, with all its inmost subtleties laid bare to close attention, but not enriched by accessories of various instrumental color, not massed into large orchestral proportions so as to arrest attention at a distance,—that a Quartet of such a man as Beethoven, and in his least understood and latest manner, and, stranger yet, heard for the first time by most, and played in a large hall, should be listened to with eager interest through all its movements by so large an audience, and be in fact appreciated (if attention and applause and manifest delight are any signs), is certainly a fact worth chronicling, and should give encouragement to concert-givers and societies who care for Art as well as money. After Beethoven, there was no risk in venturing a Quartet by "father Haydn," whose cheerful face and easy eloquence of manner, let him present himself in what form he will, are always welcome and familiar. This was one of the least well-known, and yet one of the most original and piquant of his eighty and odd Quartets; and its effect on all faces was as of fresh air and sunshine.

I was much interested in the selections from Dussek, the Bohemian composer, contemporary with Mozart, who has been famous in his day, and now has his day again in England. The Sonata Duo was worthy to appear in the same programme with the great names, and it was elegantly rendered by both artists. The song "Name the glad day," was much in the same style with Haydn's Canzonet: "My mother bids me bind my hair," and quite as beautiful. The singer (Miss Banks) has a fresh and lovely voice, good style, and entered into the spirit of the song; and she was no less winning in the more serious and fervent melody of Schubert's song: "The Letter,"—why metamorphosed into the French "Le Secret" I know not. One of the pleasantest and most novel features of the evening was the set of "Harpsichord Lessons" by old Domenico Scarlatti, a contemporary of Bach and Handel, and a great admirer of the latter, as he knew him in his young days in Italy.

They are full of difficult and graceful passage-work, a sort of delicate melodic arabesque, sparkling and lifesome, and Hallé played them to a charm; one smiled at the perfection of the thing. The union of two such pianists as Hallé and Miss Arabella Goddard, in the Duet by Mozart, ensured that most satisfactory conclusion of a good feast, in which all rise with an appetite. It was in the *Suite* by Handel, containing the well-known variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," that I have had as yet the clearest instance of the pianism of Miss Goddard. I never heard it played more perfectly, perhaps never quite so well. In all respects of facile, finished, clear, expressive execution it was faultless. It has not been my fortune yet to hear her play Beethoven; it is in the great Sonatas that she has chiefly won her laurels. The Prelude and quaint old dance movements by Bach, for violoncello, were played *con amore* by Sig. Piatti, and won new admiration for the happy inexhaustible invention of the genial, learned, wonderful old master. It only remains to speak of Sims Reeves. But he was ill and did not sing; an agreeable substitute appeared in Mr. Santley, the baritone.

The beauty of the whole thing was, that here were the best artists performing (and let us not forget among them Mr. Benedict, who was the masterly accompanist), not to exhibit themselves but to draw attention to the great composers. If I have given more space to the record of this one concert than I have left for others equally important (the reader can imagine that he reads this part through a magnifier), it is because of the "Popular" claim, which has been so well vindicated by these Monday Concerts, without any compromise of high artistic tone. I would commend the example to our music managers at home, so soon as we shall have time again to think of music, so soon as our distracted country shall have come out from her great struggle, with her free institutions nobly saved, her vigorous system purged forever from the treacherous poison so long secretly imbibed from contact with a principle as opposite to its own as darkness is to light; and shall enter upon a new era of *real* liberty and lasting peace, released from all old blind and suicidal pledges to the only alien and weakening element in our grand symphony of states, to Slavery, the natural enemy of Freedom and of Civilization, the sleepless traitor to the general cause, the curse that clung to all our aspirations, the monster that has been weaving round us a most specious web of "compromises" in the full hope of devouring us! So soon as this good fight shall have been won (as most assuredly it will, since God is just); so soon as the Union shall have saved itself, and shall have guaranteed its own existence by refusing henceforth every guarantee to Slavery, beyond that of non-interference (except where it deprives a citizen of his constitutional right to free institutions, free speech, &c., rights for which the Union was made); so soon as Peace and Plenty shall return again, then certainly will come a great reaction of activity in the behalf of Art and Music and of all ideal and harmonious pursuits. With the new sense of Freedom and of Union based upon the solid rock of principle, these things will not be despised as trivial pastimes of the "piping times of peace," but will be more respected and more earnestly pursued than ever, as belonging

to that real education of humanity for higher spheres of being, to secure liberty and room for which is just the motive of all patriotic struggles. This day will soon return to us, if we are true: the day when we shall again have leisure for the true ends of our national and social existence. Music, no more than Religion, is to be silenced or put out of thought for more than a short day by the din of war. So that it may not be idle even now to be holding up good examples and suggesting useful hints to the peace-makers and the peace-improvers, to the educators, and the wielders of refining influences, to those who arrange for our natural supplies of Art and Music, when their time comes. — And so, with this little parenthetic burst of patriotism, here endeth the lesson for to-day. D.

Mr. WILLIAM SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, favorite Solo-Tenor of the Orpheus Society, and long and favorably known as an accomplished music-teacher as well as amiable gentleman, has left this city to take up his abode in San Francisco, Cal. We understand that he has taken this step at the solicitation of many friends who preceded him, especially at the instance of Mr. Trenkle, now the leading teacher there. This does high credit to the ability of Mr. Schraubstaedter. We sincerely hope he will find there a large field for his labors and many congenial minds, and recommend him warmly to our California readers.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, AUG. 7, 1861.—It is generally believed that to give a complete musical education it is necessary to go to Europe for instruction. I do not suppose that the Journal of Music endorses this theory, but some of its readers may be interested in the testimony of a young artist who tried the experiment. Thinking that a European master would release him from the disagreeable drudgery of exercise practice upon which his teacher in America had insisted, he went to Leipzig and became a pupil at the Conservatory, expecting to enter at once upon the study of the works of the great masters. But his hopes were sadly disappointed. His new instructor stopped him in the middle of the first piece he played and condemned him to the practice of the scales! He says; "this was exceedingly cool and refreshing. I had travelled more than three thousand English miles to do what? Scales, and scales, from morning till night with a few delightful interruptions for five-finger exercises. While I was thus practising high art, I could not help thinking of my first teacher in the United States. What I did at Leipzig was exactly the thing he wanted me to do at home, a thing I utterly scorned as being old foggy and unnecessary."

Again, it is said that classical music, such as the sonatas of Haydn, the fugues of Bach, &c., are seldom heard in this country. I remember a complaint of this kind in the Journal of Music not long ago, and am happy to be able to mention one place, where these compositions are often performed, and in a style which would do credit to professional artists. I refer to the Mendelssohn Musical Institute at Pittsfield, in which I know you have long felt an interest, that is well deserved. I do not believe that in any "Conservatory" or school in Europe is music more thoroughly taught than in this institution, and those like our friend mentioned above who are contemplating a trip to the old world might well save themselves trouble and expense, by going through the course of instruction pursued here. I send you the programme of a soirée given at the end of the term first closed.

1. Overture—Egmont. Beethoven
Miss Harriet A. Hall and Janet M. C. Dolg.
2. Song—"Liebes Botschaft." (Love's Message). Fesca
Miss S. Louisa Monroe.
3. Grand Rondo, Aufforderung zum Tanze, (Invitation to Dance). Weber
Miss Helen Mac Gregor.

4. Vocal Trio, L'Esperance (Hope). Rossini
Misses Hall, Merrill and Dolg.
5. Song without words—Blumen Stueck, (Flower Piece). Robert Schumann.
Miss Monroe.
6. Song—"Leibe's Fruehling," (Love's Spring-time). Mendelssohn
Miss Mac Gregor.
7. Sonata in D major. Haydn
Miss Eleanor L. Glasier.
8. Prelude and Fugue in G. Bach
Miss Elizabeth F. Merrill.
9. Aria—"Non so più cosa," from "Figaro's Hochzeit," Mozart
Miss E. L. Glasier.
10. Sonata in E flat. Clementi
Miss Dolg.
11. Vocal Trio—Roaming Song. Abt
Misses MacGregor, Hall, Monroe, Dolg, Glasier and Merrill.
12. Grand Morceau de Concert. Schubert
Andantino, Allegretto, Allegro.
Misses Monroe and Merrill.

The pieces themselves need no comment—it is not often that we get so fine a selection—and all were well rendered. I might perhaps particularize the Overture to Egmont, the Sonata by Haydn, and the Grand Morceau de Concert, a magnificent close to the evening's entertainment, for instrumental pieces, and for vocal, the Aria "Non so più," from Figaro's Hochzeit, sung by a little woman from Hallowell, Maine, of whom if she has a mind, we shall hear more. On the whole I consider myself indebted to Prof. Oliver for the greatest musical treat I have enjoyed for many months, and heartily wish him the success he deserves in the great work which he is doing for music in this country. H. N. E.

Musical Chit-Chat.

PARIS.—The storehouse of scenery of the Opera, was destroyed by fire Friday, July 19th, containing 133 sets of scenery beside other properties; the loss amounting to 750,000 francs. The scenery of Semiramis, Tannhäuser, La Sylphide, la Juive, Orfa, la Reine de Chypre, was destroyed, but that of the operas now being played was kept in a different place, so that there will be no interruption of the performances.

ALFRED JAELL, after great success in Paris, has played (the piano), at Baden, Ems, Weisbaden and Nanheim, receiving everywhere a most flattering reception. He proposes to pass the summer at the lake of Geneva.

A BILLIARD TABLE PIANO.—A. Bataille & Co., of Paris, have constructed a piece of furniture which unites the functions of a Billiard table and a piano-forte, for the Viceroy of Egypt. The French papers praise the ingenuity, elegance and convenience of this invention and think that Egypt will not be the only country where it will be wanted.

JULIUS KNORR, well known for his excellent School for the Piano died recently at Leipzig, where he was professor of music.

TURIN.—M. CONCONE, well known in the musical world as a teacher of vocal music and by his writings, died here recently, where he had been for several years Chapel-master of H. M., Victor Emanuel, the King of Italy. He is said to have been a person of a noble character and high intelligence.

At the funeral of Count Cavour, a remarkable funeral mass by Peri was performed. The solos were sung by Mirate and Beneventano.

Mad. de Lagrange is in Paris. She is in treaty, it is said with M. Bagier to sing in Madrid during the next season.

ABDUL AZIZ, the new Sultan of Turkey. Events would seem to justify the more favorable opinion previously formed of the new Sultan's character. That his tendencies inclined towards the old Musselman party, the choice of Namik Pasha, to which I shall presently advert, must be taken to imply. Yet one of his acts would negative the presumption of a blind fanaticism. Signor Guatelli, the late Sultan's band-master, has been in the habit of giving lessons on the piano to Abdul Aziz Effendi. On the day after the accession of the latter his music master called at the palace. He was at once admitted to the presence of the new sultan, who asked him to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit. "I have come to give your majesty your lesson on the piano," was the answer. "You know," rejoined the sultan, "a pasha cannot condescend to give lessons in music." Signor Guatelli was thus informed for the first time that he had been raised to the rank of Siva Pasha Marco Bey. His imperial majesty's physician, another Christian, has been raised to the same rank.

Parliamentary Views on Architecture.

The following amusing and not uninteresting debate occurred a few weeks since in the English House of Commons. We think Lord Palmerston had the best of it.

On the motion for going into committee of supply.

Lord Echo submitted a motion that in the opinion of the house it was not desirable that the new Foreign-office should be erected according to the Palladian design now exhibited in a committee-room of the House of Commons. The noble lord commented with some severity upon what he called the Palmerstonian style of architecture, and urged that Mr. Scott's design was altogether unsuited to the country, the climate, and the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and that a pure Gothic (not the abuse of Gothic, as in the case of the new houses of parliament) was that of which the country would approve. The new hotel close to the Victoria station at Pimlico, and the Crown Life Assurance-office in Bridge street Blackfriars, from the design of the late Mr. Benjamin Woodward, were in his opinion favorable specimens of what might be done in the way of Gothic street architecture. He called upon the noble lord at the head of the government to give up his Italian notions of art, which were at a deplorable discount, and consent to build the new public offices for the rising and not for the setting generation.

Mr. Buxton seconded the motion.

Mr. Cowper defended the department of which he is the head, and denied that classic architecture was at a discount, advancing as an illustration to the contrary that out of 280 designs sent in for the new foreign office, but fifteen were in the Gothic style.

Mr. Layard spoke in favor of Gothic as on the whole most appropriate, and ridiculed the grotesque ornamentation of the House of Lords and Commons, which he called the "gorilla style."

Mr. Tite eulogized the design of Mr. Scott, and asserted that the great majority of the architectural profession were of opinion that the new foreign-office ought to be in the Italian style. To attempt the introduction of color in our public buildings, either by *terra cotta* or variegated marbles, would, in his opinion, end in failure.

Mr. Osborne expressed his opinion that of all tribunals in matters of taste the House of Commons was the very worst. When the competition for the design was thrown open, it was thrown open to all the world, and five thousand pounds premium was offered for the best design. The first premium was awarded to Messrs. Coe and Holland, and the second on the list were Messrs. Banks and Barry, but in consequence of Mr. Scott, who had, it was true, an European celebrity as a Gothic architect, being secured for furnishing the plans of the foreign and war offices, Mr. Scott was, by some curious hocus pocus, put forward between the two gentlemen who obtain the first premiums and the noble lord (Lord J. Manners), who was a devotee in the Gothic school (hear). If the house were to treat this subject properly some one would move an amendment and say "A plague on both your houses" (laughter). Reject both the Palmerstonian and Scott plan, reopen the question, and give the building to the man who gained the first premium (hear, hear). He expressed no opinion upon either style—he was so afraid of being a party to the enormous expense which was about to be incurred. He thought the whole question ought to be re-opened, and that these gentlemen ought to have the benefit of the position which they had fairly gained in 1855. He should take no part in the division, but he advised the house to be on its guard, and remember always that the estimate for the house of parliament was £750,000, and the actual cost £2,500,000. They were the worst building committee in the world, and they stood disgraced in the eyes of Europe as men of business ("Oh, oh," and "Hear, hear"). The cost of this undertaking would, he believed, in like manner swell into a million, and if any gentleman would move that both

plans be rejected, and the thing thrown open as at first he should be happy to vote for it; but he would say nothing of the merits of the Palmerstonian style, or the Gothic.

Lord Palmerston: The battle of the books, the battle of the big-endians and the little-endians, the battle of the green ribands and the blue ribands were as nothing compared with this battle of the styles (a laugh). But I must say I think that if I were to pronounce an impartial verdict as to the issue, I should say that the Gothic has been entirely defeated. Objections have been made upon the ground that these plans have no originality, and it is said in the first place that it is not a national style—that the Italian style, I will not call it the Palladian, but the Roman classical, is not national. Well, is the Gothic national? I never heard much of the Goths and Vandals and Saracens doing much in this country (laughter). I have been told in my early days that the Romans were in this country for a considerable number of years, and it is probable, therefore, that they have a better claim to have established in this island some style of architecture which may be considered English, than those who never came here at all (laughter). But my noble friend talked about what was the real ancient architecture of England. Why, my hon. friend who followed him thought that Stonehenge might be considered as a specimen of ancient architecture of the country (laughter). But I would go further, and say that the real aboriginal architecture of this country was huts and wicker wigwams—these were the original styles of those who first inhabited this island (loud laughter). And when we talk of Gothic having been practised at certain periods, so has Italian. When we are asked what is the national character, we might, I think, very reasonably ask the question upon which it must very much depend, namely, who have been the most distinguished architects of the country, and what style did they practise? We have had Vanbrugh, of whom truly it has been said he laid heavy loads on earth, but who has given us fine buildings in the Roman and Grecian style. We have had also Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones—great men, who have erected great edifices to excite admiration to the present day. Do not tell me, then, that Gothic is the characteristic architecture of the country. If there was one character more prevalent than the another it was the castellated mansions; but they were erected for purposes of defence. We find them all over the country; but the reason they were erected has ceased to exist, and we may, therefore, I think, dismiss that style with all its inconveniences. My hon. friend says there is nothing so light as Gothic, on account of the number of windows you can introduce. But we have heard of the

Great windows that exclude the light;
And passages that lead to nothing.

(Cheers and laughter.) And these were after the Gothic style. Then my noble friend has very kindly invited me to take a morning drive, which I am unable to accept, through the streets of London, to test the public taste, forgetting all those fine buildings Somerset house, St. Paul's Cathedral—

An Hon. Member: The Post-office.

Lord Palmerston: Yes, the Post-office, and several others. Why, it is very much as if a gentleman should drive through the streets of Rome, and, seeing a number of children with arms dislocated and legs out of joint exhibited as beggars for the profit of their parents, should say, "These are the tastes of the Roman people," forgetting all the while the many stout, well-conditioned, able-bodied men he may have met (laughter)—and should say, "Let us make our children like the people of Rome, for these are the tastes of the Roman people" (renewed laughter). My noble friend reverses the boast of the Roman emperor, "I found it of brick and left it of stone," and would make these buildings of brick. Well, we all know what color brick turns after a certain exposure to London smoke. I am afraid to quote an Italian authority against it, because I do not admit Italian taste; but I will quote what was said to me by Canova, a man versed in arts, and supposed to be a good judge in these matters. He said, "If London were only widened it would be a real Paradise." But instead of making it a real Paradise my noble friend would make it a real something else, by the gloominess he would cast over all the streets (cheers and laughter). He hoped the house would not, by agreeing to the motion, delay the execution of the works, which were urgently required for the public service.

On a division the motion was rejected by 188 to 95.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mary Boll. Song and Chorus. *G. F. Benkert.* 25

A melodious little song in the popular style. Quartette Clubs with a good Solo Tenor will find it taking with the public.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie, with Guitar accompaniment. *C. F. Dorn.* 25

One of the prettiest of ballads, long a favorite everywhere, adapted for the Guitar. The arrangement is easy.

Glory! Hallelujah! Popular refrain, as sung by the Federal Volunteers. 25

A people's tune said to have originated with the Massachusetts Volunteers at Fortress Monroe. The tune has spread more rapidly than even "Dixie," and at this time one can hardly walk on the streets for five minutes without hearing it whistled or hummed. As it is a capital marching tune, our soldiers will carry it with them where they go. There are added to the popular words some verses written expressly for the Fourth Battalion of Rifles (18th Reg.)

Instrumental Music.

Gen. Scott's Grand Review March. *S. Glover.* 50

A capital march, full of spirit and vigor. The title-page is illustrated with a lifelike portrait of the great Commander, as he now appears, in full uniform with all the insignia of his rank. It is one of the best likenesses out, superbly designed and richly colored.

Heart's Ease. Waltz a la Tyrolienne.

Carl Faust. 35

By a new composer of Dance Music, a German, of late a resident of London, whose charming Polkas and dashing Galops have become staple articles in transatlantic Ball-rooms. A Polka-Mazurka of his, the "Violetta," is perhaps the prettiest piece of music ever written to the measure of this lovely dance. All his melodies are graceful and striking.

The girl I left behind me. Varied. *C. Grobe.* 25

An easy arrangement of this pretty air, just now of more significance than ever before. It is written for young pupils and of the same difficulty with the numbers of the "Melodies of the Day," of which set it forms one.

Castles in the Air. Valse brill. *R. Fitzgerald.* 25

Quite a pleasing, lively waltz, which can be dashed off with considerable eclat, without being at all difficult.

Books.

THE UNION STAR.—A collection of Operatic Choruses, Glees, Quartetts, &c., for the use of Conventions, Schools, Clubs and the Social Circle. Edited by B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins. 50

This new glee book contains all the favorites; on this account and the low price at which it is sold it is an exceedingly desirable publication for musical conventions and schools. An advertisement in another column of this paper will inform our readers of its contents. It has been compiled with much care and will prove a fine acquisition to the collections of Societies and of amateurs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 489.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 20.

Cavalry Song.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
With sabres ringing by our side—
The warning knell of death to all
Who hold the holiest cause in thrall :
The sacred Right
Which grows to Might,
The day which dawns in blood-red light.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
To conquer, tide what may betide,
For never yet beneath the sun
Was battle by the devil won ;
For what to thee
Defeat may be,
Time makes a glorious victory.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Who braves the battle wins the bride ;
Who dies the death for truth shall be
Alive in love eternally :
Though dead he lies,
Soft, starry eyes
Smile hope to him from purple skies.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Hurrah ! for the surging thunder-tide
When the cannon's roar makes all seem large,
And the war horse screams in the crashing charge,
And the rider strong,
Whom he hears along,
Is a death-dart shot at the yielding throng.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
The hall is open, the hall is wide—
The sabre, as it quits the sheath,
And beams with the lurid light of death,
And the deadly glance
Of the glittering lance,
Are the taper lights of the battle dance.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Find your foemen on either side,
But woe to those who miss the time,
Where one false step is a deadly crime :
Who loses breath
In the dance of death,
Wins nor wears nor wants the wreath.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Our swords are keen, our cause is tried ;
When the keen edge cuts and the blood runs free,
May we die in the hour of victory !
We feel no dread ;
The battle-bed,
Wh'er'er it be, has heaven o'erhead.—*Knickerbocker.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

March 9. A Beethoven concert in the afternoon at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham.

In the Palace is a music-hall—"wheel within a wheel"—nearly as large as ours in Boston, in which music sounds reasonably well. An orchestra of some 35 men ; under the leadership of A. Manus, a German, discourses music various in style and excellence. This day it was all excellent. Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, Violin Concert (Vieuxtemps) and that great work, op. 124, the Overture "Consecration of the House."

Mr. Henry Haigh sang "Adelaide," in Italian and "Entreaty" op. 82, and Mad. Rudersdorf, a scene from Fidelio and a song called here "Wake thy lute, oh, gentle lady," of which I know nothing, or, rather I do not remember which song it can be.

Saturday is the half-crown day of the week and on these days entertainments of a higher order are given. There is a constant effort to improve the musical performances, for happily Mr. Bowley, the general manager of the palaces is so much of a musical person, as to be a leading man in the Sacred Harmonic Society, and in Mr. Grove, the Secretary of the company, I had the happiness to find not only a scholar and a gentleman, but a devoted admirer of Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, &c. Mr. Coward and another gentleman (name forgotten) are the regular organists, and that instrument is played daily. The organ struck me as being too loudly voiced (if that be the correct expression)—apparently with the design to make up in sound what is wanting in true power for the immense space it has to fill. Hence the effect of its tones is injured by harshness, however that is of small account ; for when one has spent hours in walking through the fairy land—that truly marvellous museum—it is a most delightful thing to sit down and listen to the orchestra or the organ, and calm and rest one's self with music.

No American coming to London should omit to pay several visits to this place, it is certainly one of the most instructive and interesting places of resort that earth can show.

March 11. New Philharmonic Concert in St. James's Hall. For aught I could see these concerts have life enough, though we are assured upon hymnbook authority

"'Tis not the whole of life to live."

The Director and Conductor of music is Henry Wylde, doctor of music ; the orchestra consists of 1st. violins, 20 ; 2d. violins, 18 ; violas, 10 ; violoncellos, 10 ; contrabassi, 12. Total string instruments, 70. Flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, 2 each, 10. Horns, 4, trombones, 3, 7. Drums, triangle, ophicleid, &c., 5, 22. Total, 92.

The performance for this season are six concerts and five public grand rehearsals. To these the prices are as follows : The first class seats on the main floor, subscription for the series of concerts £2 2 ; first row in the balconies £1 11s. ; 2d row in do. £1 1s. ; a single ticket, best place 10s. 6d., in the balcony 7s., 5s., and 3s. At the rehearsals single tickets 5s. and 3s. The pieces performed on this evening were, Overtures, "Egmont," Beethoven and "Oberon," Weber, Symphony, Schubert's in C. Concertos, Violin, Mendelssohn, Solo by Vieuxtemps, and Pianoforte, E flat, Weber, Solo by Miss Goddard (Mrs. Davison) : Vocal, "ob die Walken" from "Der Freyschütz," sung in English, "Glocklein in Thale" from "Euryanthe," sung in German, the air "My long hair is braided," from the

"Amber Witch," all sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and a chorus from Haydn's Seasons. All went well and the large audience had every reason to be satisfied.

The programme book (16 pages price 25 cents) gives not only the themes of the Symphony but a sketch of Schubert's life—not the sketch from Dwight's Journal, which I found in a Monday concert programme book—which at the close I recognized as an old contribution of my own.

Leaving the concert before its close I accompanied the editor of the Musical World to Covent Garden theatre, to hear Mendelssohn's operette "Die Heimkehr," put upon the stage here in English, with the title "Son and Stranger," a nice little work with true comedy in it—making one regret again the early death of its author. It was composed in honor of the "Silver Wedding" of Mendelssohn's parents and performed in private by the family and friends. It was given this evening as an afterpiece to the "Black Domino," but it was very late and only a small portion of the audience remained to hear it.

March 12. Another society—this time the "Vocal Association"—its first concert of the fifth season, conductor Benedict—about two hundred voices. The choir sang first a Motet, written by Neithardt for his "Dom Chor," in Berlin—but by no means with the effect produced by that wonderful boy choir. Indeed, thus far, I have never heard that class of music—I mean that written expressly for boy's voices and by a composer equal to the task—given with its due effects by women for Soprani and Alti, and vice versa. There is so much excellent music written for mixed chorus that it seems a mistake to study other.

Two chorals harmonized by Bach, and sung to English words, seemed to please the audience greatly ; there were also several part songs by Mendelssohn, Bishop and others. Madame Laura Baxter sang that piece so full of tears from Handel's "Rinaldo," "Lascia ch'io pianga," and a glorious song by Benedict, "By the sad sea waves." Miss Banks, too, gave a piece or two with her sweet soprano voice, one of them a solo with female chorus from Benedict's "Undine." The programme was varied by a Quintet of Onslow's—no favorite with me—Bach's "Tarentella" prelude and fugue played by Mrs. Davison and a pianoforte fantasia in English airs composed by Benedict and played by the same lady, to a degree of wonderful perfection.

The performances of the Association (choral) struck me as being very good, though not get up the highest standard. In quality of tone, I think as a rule the chorus singing in London superior to that in Germany, no doubt in part owing to the language, and inferior to that with us, although we seldom hear anything at home so good in point of execution. The contralto part of a Boston chorus is perhaps in quality of tone the best I have ever heard—a Mrs. Rametti is only to be found in Boston, so far as my observation extends.

March 13. Imagine a snug little room filled with treasures of literature, and hung with beautiful pictures and sketches, most of them by Turner; some of them exquisite specimens of that master. The "House Father," to use a German term is a lawyer some 70 years of age, full of life as a young man of thirty — a widower — with a loveable dark-eyed niece for his house-keeper. We have had tea, and now the gentleman takes his violin, a clergyman one of the violas, his wife 2d violin, and two gentlemen the other viola and violoncello, and strike of into a string quintett. And so I spent this evening.

March 18. Monday Concert. Beethoven night. Trio in D, op. 9; Sonata in A, op 101; Quartett in F, op. 59; Sonata, P. F. and violin, C minor, op. 30. Soloists, Vieuxtemps and Mrs. Davison. Vocal, the "Liederkreis" and "Ade-laide," sung by Sims Reeves.

Davison says in the descriptive programme:—

Those pianoforte sonatas which Beethoven produced towards the latter period of his life, and which are no less remarkable examples of what the art critics of Germany denominate his "third manner" the Ninth Symphony, the Mass in D, and even the so-called "posthumous" Quartettes, were till recently almost neglected. The expertest performers have either ignored them altogether or regarded them with suspicion or distrust. One evident source of this unmerited treatment was their extreme and in some respects almost unsurmountable difficulty. But a reason still more constantly pleaded, and openly avowed by pianists, was the obscurity of style, and general want of intelligible form, by which, it was assumed, these sonatas were distinguished. Times have happily changed; and at present the last sonatas of Beethoven like the above-named quartettes, are ranked by unanimous consent among the most striking masterpieces of his genius. Beethoven himself considered them the best of his many contributions to the pianoforte and at length the world seems to have endorsed his opinion. Posterity has done the grand "tone-poet" justice. One of the most thoughtful and clear-sighted of modern critics on music (the late Ludwig Rellstab of Berlin) laid it down as a maxim that whatever Beethoven had written *must* be played; and this decision has passed into a law. Pianists apply themselves with courage and perseverance to master the vast mechanical difficulties in which these wonderful compositions abound; and it is now universally admitted that the mere fact of their having been written for the pianoforte, has elevated the character of that instrument and placed it next in value and importance to the orchestra itself. That such was Beethoven's opinion his works sufficiently attest. However this may be, the last sonatas are now studied *con amore* and pianists agree to consider the task of mastering them in the light of a sacred duty. Of course we allude to performers unusually gifted, since to players of ordinary ability the last works of Beethoven present inseparable obstacles.

"When some not very profound critic," says a clever and eloquent writer, "ventured to pronounce certain passages of Goethe's second part of *Faust* obscure, the great poet-philosopher retorted 'Are you quite sure sir, that nothing is the matter with your light?' Beethoven might have put some question to many of the would-be executors and critics of the stupendous

works belonging to his so-called "third manner" many of which remain still perfectly unintelligible to all but artists of the very highest order and these we need scarcely add, are extremely rare in every country." The Sonata, Op. 101, is one of the most remarkable of those inspirations of what critics call his "third period" which were for a long time condemned even by Beethoven's admirers as incomprehensible rhapsodies, impossible to execute. That they should be incomprehensible if not executed distinctly may well be credited; and as, till recently, pianists "de la première force" were chiefly occupied with composing and performing fantasias upon popular operas and airs with variations of the same stamp, there was little chance of their meeting with that clearness of execution indispensable to render them intelligible. Mendelssohn would often play them with delight to those he thought capable of appreciating them; but then Mendelssohn was a phenomenon, and what was impossible to the majority of *professed* pianists was nothing to him. Liszt never attempted any of them publicly, though of course no one can doubt of his ability to play them. The modern "virtuoso" style of pianists were satisfied with a fugue or two of Bach, and a concerto and one sonata (generally the *Moonlight Sonata*) of Beethoven, as a sort of classical stock, to be served out occasionally to the English public. And so Beethoven had composed the largest number of his pianoforte works for the shelf.

So far Mr. Davison. In the same descriptive programme in the *Entr' Acte* is a fine analysis of this Sonata (Op. 101) — but it is too long for me to copy.

March 20. "Exeter Hall National Choral Society." First concert concert of unaccompanied music, 600 voices, Conductor G. W. Martin." So it stands on the title page of the book of words. Remarkable singing there certainly was not on the part of the "600 voices," some of which must have been doubled to make out the number I notice that most of the pieces in the book have a note to the effect, "Journal of Part Music, No. so and so, price 1½d. 2d. as the case may be. I notice, too, that of 16 vocal pieces on the programme, seven are harmonized or arranged by G. W. Martin and that three are composed by him, one of them being a prize glee." I notice moreover, that "old English melodies" as "Barbara Allen," such popular ones as "Last rose of summer" and the like are among these arrangements, and very bad they are. The best things were "Hail Smiling Morn," by Spofforth, "Awake Æolian Lyre," by Danby, "In these delightful pleasant groves," by Purcell, "My pretty Jane," by Bishop. Upon the whole the impression left by the concert was not particularly favorable to Mr. G. W. Martin either as conductor, harmonist or man of musical taste. Mrs. Davison gave two remarkable performances on the pianoforte, of show music.

March 21. Another vocal concert of what Mr. G. W. Martin calls "unaccompanied music" — this time in St. James's Hall — by a society called Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, numbering about 80 voices only. This was the third concert of the sixth season — the number of the concerts this season being seven. Save two pianoforte pieces of little interest, the following was the programme, and a very fine one it was, especially the old pieces:

Madrigal, "What saith my dainty darling" T. Morley, 1596
 " " "In the merry spring"..... Ravenscroft, 1513
 " " "Flora gave me fairest flowers"..... Wilbye, 1609
 Part-song, "Love's 'Heighio!'"..... Walter Macfarren
 Glee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts"..... Sam. Webber
 Trio, for female voices, "Hearts feel that love thee".....

Mendelssohn
 Madrigal, "Take heed ye shepherd swains"..... R. L. Parnall
 Part-song "When the shades of eve descending".....

Henry Leslie
 Glee, for single voices, "Come see what pleasure"..... Elliot
 Madrigal, "As Vesta was from Latmus hill descending".....

T. Weekes, 1000

PART II.

Forty-third psalm, 8 parts, (Dom chor music) Mendelssohn
 Glee, for 5 single voices, "Beauty sweet love"..... W. Horsley
 Part-song, "Come and watch the daylight dawning".....

S. Reay
 Trio and chorus, The chough and crow to roost are gone".....
 Bishop

Part-song, "Evening"..... H. Leslie
 Do. "This pleasant month of May"..... Do.

Solo and chorus, "Now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fall".....
 Bishop

You see what a splendid selection, combining variety, and the highest excellence, and giving both old, standard and new pieces.

I have but one remark to make as to the execution, and that is, it was the most perfect choir singing I ever heard in my life from a mixed choir; the Dom chor in Berlin, being the only one I ever heard to rival it, but that we all know is a boy choir. To one so passionately fond of glees and Madrigals, as I am, it was worth coming to London just to hear once. Such precision, such perfect time, such crescendos, deminuendos, pianissimos, such enunciation of the words, nowhere have I heard anything like it.

The psalm by Mendelssohn, however was not effective to me having heard it sung by the Dom chor, it is not exactly fitted for woman's voices, but its execution was superb. Nothing that I ever heard in Boston or New York could do more than give a faint idea of such glee and madrigal singing.

March 22. Christy's Minstrels, in a small concert room connected with her Majesty's Theatre. The same old story.

March 27. Sacred Harmonic Society, "Messiah." Perfection. Soloists, Sims Reeves, Mr. Saintly, (bass); Madame Sainton-Dolby, (contralto); Miss Louisa Pyne, (soprano).

March 30. Heard part of a concert this afternoon at the Crystal Palace, viz., Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang." It was given in the "wheel within the wheel," drew a good audience, and went exceedingly well. Chorus of the Italian opera reinforced by amateurs. Very enjoyable.

April 1. Amber Witch again; this time in the Drury Lane Theatre, my liking for the music confirmed, the generally favorable impression as to the work strengthened.

April 3. Concert of the Vocal Association again, I am sorry to say; the less said about it the better!

April 8. Rehearsal of Beethoven's great Mass in D, at Exeter hall.

April 10. The Musical Society of London — its second concert of the season. See what a glorious programme:

First Walpurgis Night..... Mendelssohn
 Concerto in C, for pianoforte, solo by J. F. Barnett. Mozart
 Symphony, B flat, (4th)..... Beethoven
 Scenes from "Faust," sung by Louisa Pyne..... Spohr
 Vocal Trio from "Fair Rosamond"..... Barnett
 Overture, to "Chevy Chase"..... G. A. Macfarren

The cantata (Walpurgis Night) given by this grand orchestra and a professional chorus of 80 voices, was one of the finest *successes*, I have heard. The performance was worthy of the

poem. 'Twas superb. But what I paid special attention to was the difference of effect arising from the use of the English instead of the German language. The translation is by Wm. Bartholemew, a difficult thing to do, because the words are to fit music already composed, and because Goethe makes such a variety of rhythm and so fits the sounds of his words to the sense. Upon the whole it is well done. The English version is far more singable than the German and the vocal effect much better than when I heard it by one of the best societies in Germany, —Stern's.

Take the opening solo and chorus, and see how much more easy the English words are to pronounce with a good tone than the German ones, in most of the lines.

Now May again
Breaks winter's chain
The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen
The vales are green
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is win'try white
Upon it we will gather
Begin the ancient holy rite,
Praise our Almighty Father
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together.

Es lacht der Mai!
Der Wald ist frei
Von Eis und Reifgehangen,
Der Schnee ist fort
Am grünen Ort
Erschallen Lustgesänge,
Ein reiner Schnee
Liegt auf der Höh:
Doch eilen wir nach oben
Begehn den alten heil'gen Brauch
Allvater dort zu loben,
Die Flamme lodre durch den Rauch!
So wird das Herz erhoben.

It is all nonsense for people to talk of our mother tongue being so bad for singing. Of course if you undertake to sing the first chapter of Chronicles you will find hard work of it; but English lyric poetry—that which is lyric—is unequalled by any except that of the Latin languages on the shores of the Mediterranean. If our singers would study English singing, or rather the English language for singing, as the French and Germans do their own tongues, we should soon cease to hear complaint and might hope to see the few Italian airs now sung to death in our concerts give way to the beautiful compositions, which I hear in London. One of these days when peace has come again and slavery ceases to bring about a commercial crisis every ten years, I hope that music will raise her head again in Boston, and that the "Walpurgis Night" may be studied and given even if far less beautifully than on this occasion.

I was told—I do not vouch for the correctness of the story—that twenty years ago or more, "Chevy Chase," a melodrama, was to be brought out at one of the London theatres, but at the last moment there was no overture. The manager applied to Macfarren; he undertook it; composed away for dear life; copyist following close at his heels, and in a night, or so, the overture was finished. Hearing it but once I can only say that for style it struck me as a curious

blending of Mendelssohn's forms with those of Beethoven—as though one should write a poem one part like Longfellow, and another like Dr. Johnson's "London." This is said not of the musical ideas but simply of the mode of treatment as it struck me at the close of a long concert in which we had so important a specimen of both Mendelssohn and Beethoven.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment.
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 148.)

It would be worth the while to form an idea, from the sources themselves, of the state in which Bach found the religious Aria. The examination would no doubt show in a much clearer light the new shape it received from him, and probably would lead to the conclusion, that what went before him scarcely deserves mention in comparison with his,—as may indeed be maintained with perfect right of all the other spheres of his activity. For it becomes gradually more apparent, that only a very small part of German music before Bach, great as its historical worth may be, yields any lasting artistic interest. Hence the historical-critical introduction to these Arias must be left to men approved in such researches; a few remarks only may be here in place, suggested by the work itself which lies before us.

As regards the architectural structure of these Arias, they consist, not always to be sure, but commonly of three parts: the anterior, middle and concluding sentence. The anterior and concluding sentence are often, especially in broadly laid out arias, the same—which is indicated by the *Da capo*; at least they are often very like to one another, except that the concluding sentence contain significant heightenings, embellishments, &c., but even in these the *Ritornel* commonly returns unaltered at the close. The anterior sentence usually consists of two clauses, frequently preceded, after the *Ritornel*, by a short attacking phrase of the voice as it were. They move in the Tonic and one of the related keys, most commonly the Dominant; the parallel key (Relative Minor) is reserved for the middle sentence; this too is commonly two-fold, though not always, for general exhaustive rules can only be approximately applied to Bach's thoroughly free artistic method, which is bound to no absolute formula. The second part of the Aria seldom forms a sharp antithesis to the first; the principal motive is copiously used—especially in the accompaniment—but freely modified in various ways; the newly added matter often can be scarcely called an independent motive, and is seldom wrought out on its own account. Here, as elsewhere, Bach proceeds with an astonishing economy, which makes, however, always the impression of exuberant fulness; for he knows how to spin out his ideas so broadly, to put them in such striking connections with one another, to metamorphose them so variously, and and above all to win from them continually such new sides by ever new melodic turns in the voice part, that once for all, one comes to feel, that this plastic faculty is inexhaustible and inimitable.

We can trust the master, who made every

means of Art serve an ideal end, for proceeding very carefully and according to fixed principles in the choice of solo voices for his texts; although it is difficult to state precisely, what those principles were. But the deep and labored thought, which we already find in the composition of the texts for his Cantatas—and it seems to be beyond doubt that he took the most active part in that himself—justifies us in the most unqualified confidence on this point. This much it may be permitted to say in general: that the text for Tenor and Soprano airs have, in the average, a more personal, more purely lyrical character, than those for the Bass and Alto airs, in which frequently a reflective or rhetorical moment only melts into a lyric flow by means of the music. But it can be more confidently maintained, that the Bass arias contain the most dramatic life; the Tenor, the most brilliant psychological musical dialectics; the alto, the most tranquil depth and clearness; the soprano, the most fervent, inward glow of feeling. Bach is in fact a perfect master in showing the distinctive character of every voice, in respecting its compass and in placing its most brilliant and effective portions in the foreground. To be sure, the excessively high pitch of our instruments occasions almost insurmountable difficulties, especially to the Tenor arias; but Bach is not responsible for that; consider on the contrary the thoroughly peculiar stamp, which, in the *cantilena* as well as in the figured work, distinguishes an Alto absolutely from a Bass aria; this goes so far, the even the harmonic relation, which the voice part (according as it lies in a higher or lower stratum) sustains to the accompaniment, is always taken into consideration, and hence in a Tenor air, for instance, a very different sonority is intended, than in a Soprano air. This becomes most clear if you attempt to apply to these airs the direction now so much in vogue: "for Soprano or Tenor," &c.; the air *sounds*, to be sure, but its impression is incomparably weaker, than when it is left to its own proper organ. On the other hand, there need be less hesitation about allowing Alto arias to be sung by a rich mezzo-soprano voice, and the Bass arias by a Baritone; since with Bach neither the Alto nor the Bass voice seeks its richest development in the deep tones; it is only from some special motive that it descends occasionally from the middle height.

But let us take a look at last into the work itself and allow it to speak to us by some examples. We will select—without any special particularity—one from each set, and try to analyze it, well aware of the insurmountable limits to the expressive power of words, where music is the subject. It will be necessary to adduce numerous citations; these of course cannot make the comparison of the work itself superfluous, but are designed as much as possible to prompt and further it.

From the Nine *Alto* arias, which appeared first, we select No. 6,* out of the Whitsuntide Cantata; *O ewiges Feuer, O Ursprung der Liebe* ("O eternal fire, O wellspring of Love"). The aria forms the middle point of the Cantata, in which at first a powerful chorus prays to God, the eternal source of Love, that he may fill and enkindle the hearts of men: "We desire, O most high to be thy temple." Whereupon a Tenor recitative reminds the Lord of his sure promise, repeats the prayer and adds:

"Ein solch erwählter Heiligthum
Hat selbst den höchsten Ruhm."
(Such a chosen sanctuary
Has even the highest honor).

And at this point our Alto Aria connects itself:

"Well done, ye good and faithful servants
Whom God hath called to homes above,
What earthly crown so worth possessing,
What wealth of everlasting blessing
And all from Him whose name is Love.

It sets out—certainly on purpose—in A major. Bach is a very fine character-painter of the keys; and that he allows himself to be determined in his choice of keys by no law but the nature of his texts, is proved (for example) by the fact, that he commences the Cantata: *Du Hirte Israel* ("Thou Shepherd of Israel," in G major, and ends it in A major. The *Ritornel* or symphony, which, as is often the case, sums up briefly the leading movements of the Aria, begins with a tender and lovely *cantilena*, which floats up and down through 2 bars over the bass which lies in the Tonic, pulsing in equal quaver beats; and in such a manner, that the upper as well as the middle parts move in octaves; but the latter, reversing the motives, cross the former. (A).†

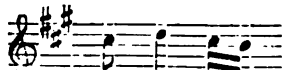
The rich fullness of tone here developed, makes palpable to sense, as it were, the multiplied blessing and blissfulness which streams through the "*anserwählten Seelen*" ("chosen souls," in the Boston edition: "good and faithful servants.") Then in ever richer and lovelier forms the rythmical design of the leading motive develops and extends itself the more, that in the second half of the introduction we pass suddenly into the Dominant key (E major) and make a close in that; then by a swift transition to the Tonic the entrance of the voice part is prepared. First, in a short section it simply brings out the leading motive and ends in the Dominant. Then, starting again with the same motive in E major, it draws the hitherto so quiet bass into emulous, fluctuating motion like its own; new and bolder wave lines appear too in the upper part of the accompaniment. (B).

A lengthier development, in which the accompaniment repeats the second part of the *Ritornel*, gives the voice free room to unfold itself, at first in shorter, then in ever broader and more compound *melismata* (melodic phrases). Already the accompaniment has found an end, while the voice, barely supported by a pair of tones to fill out, takes still another upward flight and then sinks softly down upon the Dominant. (C.)

The most wonderful freedom and dexterity is shown in the independence, with which Bach sets off his voice part against the accompaniment; he lets it go free, as it were, and then he weaves it in with the accompaniment again most intimately. Frequently the voice goes with the accompaniment; but quite as frequently is, as they say, "written in" (interpolated). Here nothing seems to have been impossible to him. Not only in the Arias is he never at a loss, how to write into the full organic harmony of the accompaniment a melodious, beautifully conducted, characteristic voice part—but even in the choruses, where there are four voices, we meet this phenomenon. When we think what inexorable powers the vocal organ and the text are, and when we see the clearness, ease, correctness in which all stands

before us, we cannot sufficiently admire the mastery, with which Bach has wrought. Instead of many other examples, often much more artfully constructed, the one just cited will illustrate what we mean.

A longer interlude, again ending in E major, forms the conclusion of the anterior sentence and at the same time the transition to the middle sentence: *Wer kann ein grösser Heil erwählen*, &c. ("What earthly crown so worth possessing.") It consists of two parallel clauses, with an interlude between them; the first in F sharp minor, the second in C sharp minor, but both concluding with a free modification of the principal motive. They were originally accompanied only by the organ and the *basso continuo*; hence the voice moves here in a more free and characteristic manner, almost like recitative, which corresponds completely to the interrogative form of the first two lines of the text, even outwardly, according to the rising and falling of the voice. But the parallelism does not prevent, that the second clause should contain heightened reproductions of the first, which are already significantly indicated by the interrupting interlude. For here, in the middle point of the whole Aria, the simplest element of the leading motive



urged itself gradually upward and thus brings the highest energy of expression into the aria. (E).

Who can fail to remark, in this middle sentence, the depth and freedom with which Bach interprets his text? Most others would perhaps have employed here for the first time the whole wealth of melody and the greatest fullness of tone in the accompaniment to the words: *Wer kann des Segens Menge Zählen*. ("What wealth of everlasting blessing,") &c., in order to represent them as sensuously as possible. Bach never descends to soulless word-painting; whatever of that sort you seem to find in him is always more symbolical, more deep and musically logical, than may appear at first sight. He describes the seen and palpable beatitude of the "chosen souls" with such richness of color, such sweetness as to excite the deepest longing; but so soon as the question arises about the magnitude, the wealth, the source of the blessing, he lets the accompaniment become silent, man sinks into pensive contemplation; and who could overlook now the painful feature which the interlude just cited introduces into the midst of it?

But this cannot be the last of it; the fullness of inward peace gushes forth anew in yet more tender and voluptuous melodies. By a free re-entrance of the leading motive, we are transported back with glad surprise into the ground-tone of feeling, which the concluding sentence, heightening and expanding, conducts now to its goal. This third sentence moves throughout in A major; its second clause, which the anterior sentence had in the Dominant, returns now to Tonic; so that by its higher place in the scale it acquires a heightened expression, which reaches its goal and acme in a beautiful ecstatic cadence. (F).

Apart from all the fine traits, only obvious to a close examination and a technically sharpened eye, this aria, by its magical sound, its wondrous lovely and caressing melody, its thoroughly poetic

temper, can be sure of a marked impression even upon quite unmusical persons, provided that the piano-player knows how to loose the magic charm locked up in it. For the piano part is not without its difficulty; but who can talk of difficulty, with such reward in prospect?

* No. 1, of the 8 *Alto Airs*, as published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

† The letters A, B, &c., refer to the numerical illustrations, which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself, published as above stated.

(To be continued.)

(Translated from the French of *Scudo* for the Musical Times.)

Dramatic Music.

Many theories are formed upon music and particularly on dramatic music. There is no sort of vagary which is not indulged, particularly in Germany, in regard to this admirable art, which touches upon such delicate questions, and which, at the same time, is not understood but by a small number of good intellects. Nothing is easier than to build chimerical and pretentious systems upon the works of a Mozart or a Rossini, to glance over with a bird's-eye view, the history of the art, to bring together glorious names, and strangely mingle them, with impunity, because the public, very ignorant in such matters, is not there to contradict or disprove you. But I dare to affirm anew that nothing is more difficult than to form a good judgment upon the composition of a master, to seize its true character, and to assign it an incontestible rank in the hierarchy of the works of the human mind. Success does not suffice to give measure of the durable merit of a musical composition; for I can cite such an opera, Italian, German, or French, which has had more than a hundred representations without having a note of it remain in the memory of the following generation. Who knows anything now-a-days of *La Cosa rara* of Martini, which, however, disputed the success of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*? It is a certain sign of the decadence of the age to pretend to exact from an art like music or painting effects of a false profundity, which it is not in its essence to produce. It is form which reveals the intellect and the sentiment which animates it; and without form, which ought first to please my senses, it is in vain for you to invite me to reflect and meditate long on a picture or a score which does not exhibit the particular beauties I have the right to seek. Let us beware of this hollow German symbolism which indulges in such dark reasonings in matters of art, and which thinks it sees in everything obscure, unpleasant or incomprehensible, a superior conception to a work brilliant with light, which speaks to all, and which expresses the truth through the medium of beauty, without which there are no fine arts, above all, music. I don't go to the theatre to attend a course of metaphysics, or meditate upon the government of empires and the mysteries of Providence. I go to enjoy a delicate pleasure, a moral pleasure without doubt, but hidden under the attractive forms of poetry and art. It is from Germany, and contemporaneous Germany, that has come to us this abstruse and barbarous theory of a pretended *spiritualistic* music, a music so sublime that it goes beyond the empire of sound, if we must believe the demi-poets of Leipzig or Berlin, and surpasses the senses and intelligibility. It is by such absurdities that they have sought to explain certain equivocal passages in the last compositions of Beethoven, and to ring the changes upon the miserable productions of the poor imitators of this great genius. Shall I say my whole thought? I begin to throw off the too heavy weight of the false profundity of German estheticism, and I have begun to prefer a limpid, healthful page of Descartes or Pascal to the nebulous pathos of the pantheists beyond the Rhine.

An opera should satisfy two essential conditions to merit a rank among the great works of art. The music must be imprinted with the general character of the story to which it is adapted; it must express the characteristics of the dominant

characters; it must paint the struggle of great passions by the means proper to it; it must adapt itself, in fact, to the laws of verisimilitude and dramatic logic without ever forgetting that it is poetry, and cannot descend to material imitations too much extended, without losing its prestige, and compromising its power over the heart and imagination of men. This first condition of general truth being fulfilled, and it is not the most difficult, there remain, pure music, beauty of language, elegance of form, simplicity of means, delicacy of detail, nobleness of melody, richness of coloring and instrumentation, everything which tends to the dramatic illusion, but which outlives representation: in short, style, which gives permanence to a musical composition as it does to a poem, and which constitutes the eternal charm of great works. The most impressive drama, the most powerful lyric conception put effectively upon the stage are works of an inferior order without style which consecrates them, and alone ensures them the admiration of posterity. Let one read the score of *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, even the *Vestale* of Spontini, who was not, however, a great musician, and in the dead letter of these fine dramas, so vital upon the stage, one will find a musical poetry by turns vigorous, powerful, exquisite, profound, with the only profundity which it belongs to the fine arts to reveal, that of sentiment and grace. Be a philosopher if you will; but be one as a creative artist, like Poussin, in speaking the language of the gods.

Do you wish a shining example of the doctrine which we maintain here, of what one has the right to exact from a dramatic composition to warrant its classification among the rare chefs d'œuvre which please the learned as well as the ignorant, and which make an epoch in the history of art? Go and see *William Tell*, the marvel of our time. From the overture, which is a true picture, as clear as day, as transparent as light, as colored as night where the scenes occur, you are informed of the character of the story which is to be told you—a heroic and pastoral drama, where the divine sentiment of love of country predominates; and the poet tells you this in an admirable language, which at once charms the most inexperienced ears, which seizes upon the imagination, and touches the feelings. Then comes that colossal introduction, where a thousand episodes mingle, without the musical discourse being ever weakened or interrupted, a vast *Kermesse*, where the coloring of Rubens shines with a distinctiveness of form which the Flemish painter never knew. Need I cite all the beauties of this marvellous chef-d'œuvre, the duet of Arnold and William, so vigorous, so melodic and always musical, the air of Matilda, *Sombres forêts*, whence exhales an exquisite sentiment of nature, serene and bright as it is dreamed of by poets of the south, and the duet which follows between the two lovers with so chaste and profound a tenderness? In the opinion of all musicians and connoisseurs, there exists nothing on the stage comparable to the second act of *William Tell* for united dramatic truth and musical beauty. The chorus, in which the sons of Switzerland swear to live free and to exterminate the traitors among them, is a thing absolutely surprising; and as to the trio for three male voices, known to all the world, I do not think that there is a piece of dramatic music where the pathetic expression has ever been pushed so far without ever forgetting the beauty of language which it belongs to art always to utter. The trio in *William Tell* can be put beside the masked trio in *Don Giovanni*. I will not continue this arid enumeration of the beauties of *William Tell*, which the whole world knows by heart. Some day or other I will perhaps attempt a more complete examination of the author of so many chefs d'œuvre. Take the score of *William Tell* only, reduced to the simple proportions of a piano accompaniment, that is to say, despoiled of the coloring of its instrumentation, the prestige of stage effect, and all the powerful accessions of a good performance. You will be even more surprised at a nearer view of those limpid, large simple, vigorous melodies, which live by their

own life, accessible to all voices, intelligible to all the world, those duets, choruses, concerted pieces of a construction so simple, a harmony so new, so picturesque, so natural, those admirable modulations which are born from the development of the idea whose form they vivify, and which are not the cold artifice of an impotence which changes a key because it cannot change the theme. When a great dramatic composition can undergo this ordeal of pure art with impunity, and after having moved the crowd assembled in the theatre, retain sufficient internal vitality to charm the individual connoisseur, and everywhere spreads the sentiment which animates it, it is the indelible mark of a great work. *Joseph of Méhul*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, *Zampa*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavolo* and almost all the ingenious and piquant labors of M. Auber, are in different degrees, musical compositions sufficiently pure and vivacious to exist without the prestige of representation. Dramatic truth, of which people are so jealous now-a-days, is after all only a qualification in lyric drama secondary to beauty, abundance and originality of purely musical ideas, which alone classify and consecrate great works. I once knew a professor of music who read the holy fathers of the church and the *Somme* of Saint Thomas to make the fools and demi-connoisseurs believe that he drew thence the inspiration necessary for his high mission. If he had known his business, he would never have had recourse to such stratagems. Let us be certain then: to create great works in the arts and in poetry it is not absolutely necessary to know how to read the *Mechanique Celeste* of Laplace; it is sufficient to possess the genius of Mozart, of Weber, or of Rossini.

An Hour with Meyerbeer.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HIS VIEWS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)
MEYERBEER'S REPUTATION.

BERLIN, June, 1861.

The distinguished composer of the "Huguenots" has occupied a prominent position in the musical world for so long a time that his name and reputation are beginning to savor of the traditional past, while, at the same, in the composition of his later works, he manifests all the vigor and activity of the actual present. The last generation were quite as much delighted as is the rising one with "Robert le Diable," and the newspapers and magazines of a quarter of a century ago talk with fond enthusiasm of the great singers who in their day took part in its performance, and who now are either dead and buried, or have retired from the stage to a life of private obscurity. Who has not heard of the effects produced by Levasseur, when he played *Bertram*? and even Jenny Lind's first appearance as *Alice* at London dates back some fourteen years. Rossini, also, though still living, enjoys a traditional reputation, for with his operas are associated the names of such artists as Rubini, Lablache, Persiani, Pasta and Malibran, all of whom belonging to a time which has passed away. Indeed, at so early an age do real musical geniuses begin to develop their powers and to reap their harvest of fame, that it seems difficult to remember that neither Meyerbeer nor Rossini can be now really called old men, and that Bellini and Donizetti, had they not died so young, would at this day have been but little past the prime of life, with their eyes undimmed and their natural force unabated.

MEYERBEER'S COMPOSITIONS.

But while the gentle author of "La Sonnambula" and the delicate composer of "Lucia" have left only their works and their memories, and while the swan of "Pesaro" has for many years ceased to put music on paper, the industrious man to whom we owe "Robert" and the "Prophete" continues to work steadily and faithfully. He is not a rapid composer. While an Italian would write fifty, Meyerbeer would write but one opera—spending, for instance, eight years on the "Prophete." But then how noble has been the result of this plodding toil! Meyerbeer has not written a single weak opera. Every one, though different in outline and coloring, is a noble monument to his genius; and while each is in itself too complete a work to be heard to advantage in any other state than that of perfect completeness, yet the gems which best bear to be detached are models in their way. What more touching than the

Ah mon fils—what more inspiring than the *Coronation March of the Prophete*? What more majestic than the old *Chorale*, more quaint than the *Piff-paff*, or more thrilling than the *Valentine* and *Raoul* duet in the "Huguenots"? What air has been oftener sung by cultivated artists than the famous *Robert toi que j'aime*, and what concerted piece is more effective than the concluding trio of "Robert le Diable"? And "L'Etoile du Nord," though less generally known, is replete with delicious melodies, both of the andante and bravura styles. These are all, in every sense of the word, grand operas; and after they have brought the composer, it might be said, almost an immortality of fame, lo! he turns away from the monarchs and splendors of these themes to take up a libretto of the loves of simple shepherds and weaves about it the delicious music of the "Pardon de Ploermel."

HIS RESIDENCE.

With such a man as the creator of all these *merceux* it would be indeed a privilege to have a personal acquaintance; and I gladly availed myself, while in Berlin recently, of an opportunity of calling on Meyerbeer, especially as he had honored me with his card of private invitation. As is usual abroad with even the wealthiest, he occupies a suite of rooms and not a whole house. The mansion—an elegant and princely one—like all the larger residences in the Prussian capital, is at the open piazza at the end of the *Unter-den-Linden*, and is the second house from the magnificent *Brandenbourg Gate*, through which the Berliners reach their large public park, which lies just outside the city walls. Meyerbeer's rooms are on what we would call the third, but what is known in European houses as the second story. There is no name on the lower door, but affixed to the wall at the foot of the third flight of stairs is a porcelain plate bearing in neat letters the one word "Meyerbeer."

A ring of the bell brought to the door a neat German maid-servant, who took my card to her master, quickly returning to usher me in. Passing through a long dark entry I was shown into a well-furnished square apartment, and welcomed in French by a small man apparently about sixty years old, of Jewish features, round stooping shoulders and green spectacles. It was Meyerbeer.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

If not an Adonis in appearance, I found him to be—what is after all much more agreeable—a perfect gentleman. He showed no assumption of condescension, no haughtiness of manner, no affectation of eccentricity—nothing which would intimate that his natural simplicity and geniality had been at all affected by the praises which have for so many years been ringing in his ears. After the usual salutations were over Meyerbeer began to speak with interest of affair in the United States. Like most Europeans, his sympathies were with the North in the dreaded struggle; he heartily expressed his regret that difficulties had occurred, and that the land which was to liberal Europe at once the type and realization of national liberty, should be the scene of fraternal discord and bloody warfare. From this was the conversation turned upon musical affairs in our country, in regard to which, indeed, I found Meyerbeer not as well informed as might have been expected. He at first remembered only the name of Maretzek among the laborers in our musical vineyard.

MEYERBEER ON AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

"And was there not a Monsieur Free?" he added soon, "who wrote some operas?"

"You mean, I suppose, William H. Fry?"

"Oui, c'est le même. Is he living yet?"

"Yes, he is alive. Turned his attention some time ago to politics; became a popular stump orator, and is now the Secretary to the American Legation at Turin."

"Ah! Then he don't compose any more. Who is your best American composer now?"

"Well, I suppose Mr. Bristow must have the palm."

"Who do you say—Breestau? Is he a German?"

"No, an American—George W. Bristow." And after I had said this Meyerbeer repeated the name several times, as if to get it by heart.

"He has written several oratorios," I added, "and an English opera, 'Rip Van Winkle,' which has been performed in New York."

"Is the plot from Washington Irving's story?" asked Meyerbeer, and the reply being in the affirmative, he added: "I know well Monsieur Irving. He was a most amiable and delightful man. He called on me once in Paris, and I also met him a long time ago in Spain. But he is dead. Then there is another American novelist, whom I have only known through his works—I mean Cooper. Is he living yet?"

HIS VIEWS OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

This question being answered, and the interlocutor duly informed as to the facts of the case, the conversation suddenly turned again to political affairs, and Meyerbeer asked with much curiosity about President Lincoln and his antecedents. The brief biography I gave of the rail-splitter, and especially the fact that he had risen from the position of a flatboatman to that of President, seemed to greatly interest the composer. "*Quell energie!*" he said admiringly.

Then followed some shrewd inquiries as to the existence of a copyright law in America, and the rights of American publishers to print foreign music without paying the author. He was not aware that his "*Diinorah*" had been published in Boston, but had heard of its performance in New Orleans, and of the success of Adelina Patti therein. "Is this Patti a fine singer?" he asked, and my next duty was to give a history of this charming young prima donna, who was at that time singing with great *clat* at the Covent Garden theatre, London. Then came questioning as to the European singers who had visited America. Carl Formes had personally given him some account of his experience there, and as other singers who had crossed the ocean were mentioned, Meyerbeer expressed his opinion of their merits. La Grange he deemed an almost unsurpassed vocalist, a careful actress and a perfect lady. Bosio was finished and elegant, but so cold! Alboni's superiority as a contralto was readily acknowledged, and others were pleasantly spoken of, while Frau Lucca, the then reigning favorite at the Berlin Opera-House, came in for a share of his kindly appreciation. He then invited me into the next room, a long apartment with four windows looking on the street front. In the centre, on a platform raised at least a foot above the floor, stood a grand piano open and strewn with sheets of music. Directly over the key-board, yet leaving plenty of space to play on the keys, was arranged an odd little desk, on which lay an inkstand, pens and unfinished manuscript music. This was Meyerbeer's work-bench; here he composed his great works, while the unfinished manuscript I saw was part of a cantata for the next grand concert to be given before the Prussian Court.

HIS LIBRARY, ETC.

He opened his musical library, which occupied one end of the room, and showed me its contents, consisting principally of various editions of his own works, while on the upper shelves were a number of bundles tied up in brown paper.

"Those," said he, pointing at the bundles, "are my compositions which have never been printed—cantatas, operas, and oratorios."

"But I hope they will be printed soon."

"I don't know," he answered; "*ça depend*;" and with a French shrug of his shoulders he closed the doors of the library and showed me the pictures, chiefly portraits of musical celebrities, which adorned the walls of the room. Before the portrait of Sontag he lingered with delight. "Here," said he, "is the singer of the century—poor Sontag, who died in Mexico." Of Jenny Lind he also spoke very highly, as of Roger, Liszt, and Thalberg. Donizetti and Bellini he had known personally, and seemed to hold them in deep regard, both as men and as musicians. And so with pleasant chat the moments glided away, until I rose to leave, unwilling to depart, but not wishing to trespass on the time of my distinguished host. A warm invitation to visit him again, and counsel to come to Berlin in the winter, when the musical season was at its height, closed an interview so agreeable to me.

Meyerbeer is the *Kapellmeister* to the King of Prussia, and in virtue of that office is obliged to live about six months of the year in Berlin; but he prefers Paris, and passes most of his time there. Wherever he goes, in refined society he is welcome; for besides that interest which all must feel in the personality of the individual who has given to the world those marvellous works—the *Prophete*, the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Diinorah*—Meyerbeer renders himself attractive by his sprightly conversation and his unaffected and agreeable manners.

W. F. W.

Criticism.

"For the sake, or rather for the purses, of the artists in Paris, M. Fiorentino, the well-known writer of the *Moniteur* and the *Constitutionnel*, has been discharged by Count Persigny. It is said that this man drew every year some twenty thousand dollars from the 'celebrities' in Paris."

We cut the above from the Boston *Post*. It is a text from which some sage conclusions may be drawn regarding the calibre and the value of French criticism. Here is a man who is the so-called critic

of two leading journals of Paris. He stands with his pen in one hand, while the itching palm of the other is spread to catch the black mail of the poor artists who are seeking fame and fortune. The *Moniteur* and the *Constitutionnel* will have a so-called critique on these artists. Will it be the opinion of a well-balanced mind; the impartial sentence of a clear headed judge? No! It will be a glowing puff or a deprecatory trifle, in proportion to the golden titillation of that outspread palm.

We hear foreigners in this country boast of the educated critics of the continental papers, while our thinkers and writers are spoken of with contempt. We know from the flippant arrogance of some English journals, and the utter silence of Parisian journals, that American criticism is thought to be worthless. But while the principal journals of Paris are supplied by so-called critiques, which are merely the boughten puffs of a mercenary stipendiary, American journals, as a whole, contain the real, honest, thoughtful judgment of the writers who treat of music. They may, at times, show unfamiliarity, sometimes a venial writer may prostitute his pen to vulgar flattery or undeserved blame, some obscure journal may be the vehicle of vulgar pomposity; but it is certainly true that the leading journals of America are, as a whole, the exponents of a straight forward, honest, hearty, manly criticism. We have looked over many foreign journals, to find matter for our own, that might bear translation, and have been surprised at the lack of descriptive criticism which they show. When we read that one of the principal critics of the principal European city is a black mail writer, who fleeces the artists that fall into his hands, and puffs for pay, we may well doubt the value of Paris criticism, and be better impressed with the sincerity of what emanates from America.—*Boston Musical Times*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1861.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XIX.

London, July 22.

Speaking of the concerts, it will not do to omit the old PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, now that we have spoken of the "*New*." A famous lighthouse in the distance has that been for many a by-gone year to the poor Yankee all afloat in vague, unsatisfied musical wants, and longing for such *terra firma* as he read in English journals of those "*Philharmonic*" feasts, with their two whole Symphonies each night, their Concertos, Overtures, and extracts from great operas by great singers. The old Society played an important and most useful part in its day, and great was the prestige thereof, year after year and decade after decade, while it stood (to speakers of the English tongue), alone in its glory. It has had Symphonies composed for it by some of the greatest masters in music; the *Die majores* of the German Olympus have courted inspiration to its order, and some of their best things have been first produced before a public in its halls. But now, since rival organizations have sprung up—one, two, perhaps we should say three; now that the "*New Philharmonic*" has hardened into bone and sinew by annual persistency, and the young "*Musical Society of London*" takes such formidable strides (many say that its orchestra is the best of all—I have not been to one of its concerts, but only to its very sociable and pleasant and æsthetic "*Conversazione*"); now that there is a "*Musical Art Union*" too, which has its orchestra, and which plays Schumann as well as "the old fogies," thus having an eye, shrewdly or not, to "the Future," it is no longer the Philharmonic by the undivided vote, and enjoys the distinction of being (among the critics of the Press) the best abused Society in London. Yet certainly, to judge from its last concert, that of June 24, it seems to hold its own quite well. The only thing about it which I could have wished much better was the rather small and gloomy looking hall in which it was held. Hanover Square Rooms are fashionable, and have perhaps to the habitué a

charm, in that the scent of the roses (of past musical languets) lingers there still; but they are not to be compared for light and beauty to St. James's Hall, and cannot hold half as many people as the Boston Music Hall. There was no sign of flagging interest; on the contrary, an eager audience, crowding the room to the doors; a fashionable one too—is not the Society "under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty and of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort?" The programme, too, was a fine one, made up of things that never can cease to be good, if it did lack the interest of novelty; the conductor was no less a person than "Professor STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. Doc."; the performances were all of sterling merit; and a venerable coryphæus among classical pianists and composers, on a visit from Germany among the scenes and comrades of his old labors, had come to pay a tribute to the old Society, in which he had played a distinguished part, by performing one of his most important compositions, as well as to receive a most enthusiastic tribute in return—and this perhaps was one chief secret of the eager crowd that night. For the programme, here it is:

PART I.

Sinfonia (La Reine de France).....Haydn
Aria, Signora Guerrabella. "Bel raggio" (Semiramide).....Benedict
Concerto, violin, Herr Strauss.....Beethoven
Recit., ("La Dea di tutti i cor") } Mr Teonant, (Jigjura-
Aria, ("Belle adorata incognita") } mento.....Mercadante
Concerto in G minor, pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles.....Moscheles

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor.....Beethoven.
Duetto, ("La ci daran") Signora Guerrabella and Signor
Steller (Don Giovanni).....Mozart
Overture (Jubilee).....Weber

The Symphonies were finely played; although the glorious C minor was certainly not up to the incomparable performance of it which I had heard at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Beethoven's great violin Concerto would be a capital feature in any concert; the execution was rather too mechanical, but firm, accurate and true; the player's two cadenzas were more elaborate than happy. The singing does not leave a vivid impression; so that it was probably neither very bad nor very good. Naturally the climax of interest with the audience was the appearance of the veteran Moscheles. It is sixteen years since he assumed his present important post in the Conservatorium at Leipzig, after a residence of more than a quarter of a century in London, where he had done much for the Philharmonic Society, much to build up a sound classical taste in England. His influence upon the whole history of pianoforte music since the time of Beethoven, has been perhaps as great as that of any man. While he has been one of the foremost interpreters of Beethoven, while he has composed Concertos, Sonatas, the "*Hommage à Handel*," and such solid things, he is also called with truth the real originator of the "*bravura*" or "*fantasia*" style, which has run away with so many famous virtuosos, and run out, leaving their fame nothing lasting to repose on,—nothing like, for instance, this Concerto in G minor, in the interpretation of which the old master seemed that evening to renew his youth. Certainly the beauty and perfection of his playing were astonishing and might have been the despair of many a younger virtuoso of the highest pretensions, not that the thing was mechanically as whole as it might once have been; that there were no threadbare places; that nerve and muscle quite kept pace with clear conception, and never dropped a note. But in elegance and fineness of expression, in all the lights and shades, in the lending of exquisite point and finish to the least details, so as to make all significant, it was wonderful; and there was an animating life and spirit in the whole, as if we had the master in one of his best hours. The composition indeed was not that of a Beethoven, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, or a Chopin, in point of imaginative genius; the orchestra played but a secondary and comparatively uninteresting part in it; yet it had

great beauties and was a work worthy of a place in a Philharmonic concert. The old man is still young in his musical enthusiasm; still the kind friend and adviser of young men who have the will and talent to be artists; still active in composing. He too has been full of Bach of late, and played to me in Leipzig quite a number of pieces for two pianos (with his laughter), in which he had been marrying a modern piano part, sometimes a melody, sometimes in concertante character, to Preludes from the "Well-tempered Clavichord." One may condemn the match-making but he could hardly deny the beauty and the harmony of the result, at least in several instances. May I recall, too, here the satisfaction of a private reading which he gave to me one morning of several of the Sonatas of Beethoven? They were played with the heart and with the understanding, you may be quite sure.

The old "Philharmonic," thanks in great degree to Professor Bennett, seems to be lifting up its head, and is already preparing to make a great point twelve months hence. "It is intended," says the programme, "to mark the year 1862 as a peculiar epoch in the annals of the Philharmonic Society, that year being its fiftieth anniversary. The jubilee will be distinguished by offering to the subscribers, after the eighth concert, a complimentary concert, to be held in a locality adapted to the performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Sterndale Bennett, at the request of the Society, will compose a large work for the occasion.

At the second concert of the MUSICAL ART UNION—also in Hanover Square Rooms—I arrived too late for what to me would have been the greatest novelty of the programme—a "revival" the critics call it—the Overture, or *Suite de pièces* for orchestra, in D, by J. S. Bach; too late for "*Natti, batti*" sung by a Signorina who might fill as large a frame as Alboni; and even too late for the first bars of a Concerto in A minor (Op. 54) by Robert Schumann, in which the prominent part (pianoforte) was very finely played by Herr Pauer. The work is rich in ideas, and interesting to the end. Schumann first wrote it during the year following his marriage, as a *Fantasia* for piano and orchestra, for his wife to play, and it was printed. In 1845, when settled at Dresden, he extended it into the present Concerto, and dedicated it to Ferdinand Hiller. It was first performed in public by Madame Schumann that same year, and has been played once by her in London, in 1856, the year of her first visit to England, at one of the new Philharmonic Concerts. After another song by Mlle. Parepa (an air from Auber's *Serment*), the concert closed with a worthy climax to the two fine things already given, by an admirable performance of Beethoven's seventh Symphony only; there was now and then a rudeness on the part of drums or trumpets in overdoing an emphatic phrase. The orchestra numbered about forty of the viol family, and was well conducted by Herr Klindworth. In its third and last concert the Union had a chorus, and performed Cherubini's *Requiem* and Gade's "*Erl King*." I was not able to be present.

So much for the orchestral societies. And now for something, more sheltered in a sort of semi-privacy, something in which benevolence conspired with Art, something very choice, and fashionable (though how does that agree with privacy!) The object was to aid the "Society of Female Artists;" the place was Dudley House, "by the obliging permission of the Earl of Dudley," known in the musical world hitherto as Lord Ward; the company, some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of the distinguished classes, were closely packed in two large rooms (the ball-room and the picture gallery) of the aforesaid mansion. The artists and the programme were as follows:

PART I.

Duo, Theme and Variations, Piano and Violoncello. Mendelssohn
Mezra Goldschmidt and Plattl.
Air, "Without the swain's" (Susanna). Handel
Madame Goldschmidt.
Romance, "M'appari tutt' amor" (Martha). Flotow
Sig. Giuglini.
Ave Maria of Schubert, transcribed for the Violoncello.
b. Tarentella. Violoncello, Signor Plattl.
Rondo for Voice and Violin Obligato, from "Il re Pastore"
Mozart
Madame Goldschmidt and Herr Deichmann.

PART II.

Duet, "Son geloso" (La Sonnambula). Bellini
Madame Goldschmidt and Sig. Giuglini.
a. Romance. (Don Pasquale). b. "Bravo, bravo! Il mio Belcore!" (L'Elisir d'Amore). Donizetti
Sig. Pelletti.
Gavotte and Minuet (dances) and Allegro. J. S. Bach
Pianoforte—Mr. Goldschmidt.
Trio, "Fatal moments" (Robert le Diable). Meyerbeer
Mlle. Goldschmidt, Signor Pelletti and Giuglini.
Cradle Song. Reber
Violin—Herr Deichmann.
a. "John Anderson, my Jo". Scotch Ballad
b. Echo Song. Norwegian Melody
Madame Goldschmidt.

It was in fact "Jenny Lind's" concert. The great songstress had chosen this occasion to make renewed trial of her powers before a public for the first time after a long seclusion. And the result was so satisfactory as to inspire a general wish, amounting almost to a hope, that she may yet resume her throne as Queen of Song; for surely there is no one who could dispute it with her; no one who could radiate or rather vibrate a purer and more quickening influence from that tuneful eminence. Ten years, of course, with their domestic duties, have not left the outward person wholly unchanged; but the same soul, ever young, lit up the face in song; as she sang on she became the Muse, as formerly. When she began, I thought the voice had grown a little worn and hard (it always had to struggle for a moment through a slight veil; but its intrinsic richness and all-conquering beauty made it the more interesting on that account). And so now all doubt of that sort vanished as she went on, and that pensive, moralizing strain of Handel sank most deeply and most musically into the listening sense and soul. In the Mozart Rondo all the old brilliancy and triumph of execution, voice vying with instrument, and adding the grace of soul to every passage, was completely felt. And there was the same warmth and tenderness, the same lyric fervor and chaste pathos in the Bellini Duet and the Trio from *Robert*. I heard but one remark on all sides—and the critics echoed it the next day, even the sceptical ones of old—to wit: that the great singer never seemed in better, fresher voice, never in fuller possession of her powers and that she never sang better in her life I would hardly dare to assert all this, charmed as I was with all the rest, for genius has a way always of making you grant all and more too. Genius, after all, is the main thing, and, having that, "all these things shall be added;" that is to say, feeling the genius, the soul, the artist's real "righteousness," you forget to miss or measure what may possibly be wanting; and that is heaven's economy, which lets us enjoy the heart of the matter, and saves us the slow pain of criticism, and, Ariel-like, eludes its dullness.

A glance at the programme will show how harmoniously and worthily the accessories were grouped about the central attraction of the concert. Mr. Mr. Goldschmidt played the variations by Mendelssohn and those dainty things of Bach with true artistic feeling and precision. The cello and the violin were admirable. Giuglini is one of the most pleasing of the tenor singers; and our readers know already what Belletti is, since he is all he was. A word only of the conclusion, the two old songs in which Mme. Goldschmidt used to be so popular—"John Anderson" and the Norwegian herdsman's "Echo." Here she seemed more than ever herself. The simple, searching pathos of the one, the mountain air elasticity and freshness of the other, revived completely the old charm. Musically these are hacknied, unconsidered trifles; but with such a singer they become alive and full of meaning. One could not help thinking of Mendelssohn's "Nightingale" in the part-song:

The nightingale has been away,
But spring again invites her;
She has not learned another lay,
Her old song still delights her.

The last line applies better than the third one; for this nightingale learns all new lays, when they are worth the learning. D.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A writer in the Vienna *Musik Zeitung*, which city has of late shown a great partiality for the works of Schumann—solemnly protests against the practice of the Music-of-the-future party of placing Liszt in the same category with Schumann. "The only similarity which exists between the works of the two composers, is the strangeness with which they fall upon the ear of the great public. The works of the one show but an eternal striving and seeking for what the other had in abundance. Musical Young Germany tries to get the public into worshipping its king and master, Liszt, by familiarizing it with Schumann,—whom to understand and properly to appreciate they reserve the exclusive right to themselves, just as, not very long ago, a lot of Beethoven-enthusiasts used to sneer at everybody outside of their coterie who dared to enjoy the compositions of their idol in his own way. But the Young-Germans omit to speak of a something which, for a long while yet, nobody will accustom himself to, that is, the power of impotence—as a Frenchman has called it—apparent in Liszt's works."

CHURCH BELLS.—In childhood the church bells used to make us melancholy. They have not that effect now. The reason we take to be, that they sounded to us then from the remote regions of the whole world out of doors, and of all the untried hopes, and fears, and destinies which they contained. We have since known them more familiarly, and our regard is greater and even more serious, though mixed with cheerfulness, and is not at all melancholy, except when the bell tolls for a funeral; which custom by the way, is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful. One of the reasons why church bells have become cheerful to us, is the having been accustomed to hear them among the cheerful people of Tuscany. In Catholic countries bells are ringing at all seasons, not always to the comfort of those who hear them; but the custom has associated them in our mind with sunshine and good nature. We also like them on account of their frequency in colleges. Finally, they remind us of weddings and other holidays; and there is one particular little jingle in some of them, which brings to our memory the walking to church by the side of a parent, and is very dear to us.—L. Hunt.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

July 18.—This week the *Prophète* is produced, and as I told you, Mad. Viardot is to play Fides, in which part she will appear some half dozen times previous to making her debut in *Alceste*, which is not to be produced until the 15th of next month. Mean while we are promised two new singers. One a robust tenor, M. Dulaurens, who erewhile was a slender tenor at the Théâtre Lyrique. He will make his debut in *Robert le Diable*. The other is M. Ecarlat, a medium tenor—*tenore di mezzo carattere*—who effects his plunge in *La Favorite*. These accessions will fill up the void left by the absence of M. and Mad. Gueymard, who take their congé next month.

The Opéra Comique has again engaged M. Roger for a series of performances, and he made his appearance last week as Georges in *La Dame Blanche*. His reception was, of course, that of an old favorite, and one who had not yet outlived his power of pleasing. *Les Noces de Jeannette* is in rehearsal for Mlle. Marimon and M. Coudere; and so is the Poniatowskian operetta, *Au Travers d'un Mur*.

The Théâtre Lyrique, I think I have already mentioned, will open with a new opera by M. Grisar, the book of which is due to the joint authorship of MM. Dumanoir and Denney. Such a trio ought to brew something worth tipping. After this novelty, the manager promises *The Templars*, by Marschner.

The Académie des Beaux Arts has been awarding its prizes for musical composition. The first grand prize was carried off by M. Dubois, a pupil of MM. Ambroise Thomas and Bazin. The second grand prize was adjudged to M. Salome, a pupil of the same brace of successful preceptors; and yet another second grand prize was awarded to M. Anthoine, who derived his instruction from MM. Carafa and Elwart. One Titus Charles Constantin, a pupil of M. Thomas, came off with an honorable mention. The cantata which gained for M. Dubois his prize was executed by Mlle. Monrose and MM. Wurot and

Bataille. By a statement in the papers, it would appear that the successful candidate, shortly after entering himself for the composition, was seized with an attack of small-pox; and thus he may be said to have been pitted against his rivals in a double sense. As we are on the subject of musical honors, let me notice a curious one conferred on a German musician M. Robert Franck, director of music to the University of Halle. He has had conferred upon him the degree of "Doctor of Philosophy." The grounds upon which he has been thus dubbed are his talent as a composer and his zeal in propagating the music of Bach. What this has to do with philosophy is more than lies in mine to divine; but German philosophy embraces heaven and earth and all that in them is. It puts me in mind of a similarly inscrutable compliment paid to Franz Liszt, to whom a "sword of honor" was presented. But the lion pianist being a bit of a bashaw, there was some little appropriateness in giving him a scimitar to hang by his side.

Berlin.

The principal subjects of interest at the Royal Opera-house, since my last letter to you, have been the farewell performance of Mad. Köster, as Julia; the reappearance of Mad. Herrenburg, after a long absence, as Endora; and the appearance of Mlle. Lucca, as Recha and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*). These events have given a fillip to the apathy in which the theatre-going public have been plunged by the heat which has lately prevailed here.

The part of Recha, as the Berliners call it, in Halévy's *Juive*, is one of the most difficult which Mlle. Lucca has hitherto attempted. Only an artist of great vocal and dramatic ability can, in my humble opinion, render the character an effective one, while persons of moderate talent can do no more than evolve a few isolated "points" out of the numerous difficulties with which the part is so plentifully interspersed. Mlle. Lucca, however, achieved a triumph, and realized the intentions of the composer with something approaching inspiration. Mad. Herrenburg sang the music of Endora with her usual correctness and finish, setting a brilliant example to the many young and fine aspirants for operatic fame who have just now commenced their arduous career. Herr Formes was an excellent Eleazar, although laboring under indisposition; this prevented his impersonation from coming up to his customary standard. The gem of the opera was the concerted music in the second act, admirably sung by Mad. Herrenburg, Mlle. Lucca, Herren Formes and Krüger. Herr Fricke made an imposing Cardinal. A word of praise is due also to the chorus, the ballet, and the orchestra.

Before taking a temporary leave of the public, previous to her annual holiday, Mad. Köster sang the part of Julia in Spontini's *chef d'œuvre Die Vestalin*. This part is generally acknowledged to be the best in her classical repertory, and, as such, is always sure of attracting a good audience. Her impersonation is particularly distinguished for its great dignity and warmth of feeling, which are really inimitable. She is especially happy in those portions of the work which bear the impress of a sort of elegiac tenderness; for instance, in the air, "*Dich soll ich wieder sehen*," and again in that of the third act, "*Du den ich trost los hier verlassen*," the dramatic vigor and passion she infuses into the second are more than ordinarily remarkable. She was vociferously applauded and called before the curtain. Mlle. de Ahna was the high priestess. The part of Licinius was entrusted to a young beginner, Herr Schäfer. He has still far too much of an amateur about him to be judged by the standard of criticism we apply to more experienced artists, but he gave unmistakable proof of possessing a fine and very high tenor voice, which, as yet, he is unable to turn to the best account. He was the most successful in the third act, and was rewarded by encouraging applause. The other principal parts, namely those of Cianna and the High Priest were played respectively by Herren Kranse and Fricke.

Despite all the opposition it has met with on the part of the critics, Verdi's *Trovatore* has become a stock opera, and takes a good position among the productions of the Italian school. It certainly deserves that position when it is given with such spirit and perfect finish as marked its performance on the 2nd inst., and which, probably, could with difficulty be surpassed on the German stage. Mlle. Lucca was the Leonora. She was admirable throughout, more especially in the finale of the second act. Mlle. de Ahna was in every respect an Azucena worthy of the Leonora. The other parts were well given. The chorus was irreproachable, and the orchestra did its duty valiantly under the direction of Herr Taubert.

MUSIC IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—It excited much surprise among that portion of the public—no inconsiderable one—who take an interest in the state of music in this country, that, in the arrangements for the great Exhibition of 1861, designed to forward the progress of the arts throughout the world, the art of music was altogether ignored; for we cannot consider the distribution of prizes to the manufacturers of pianofortes, &c., among other industrial classes, as any recognition of music as an art. And yet, as is now universally acknowledged, there are few (if any) arts which have a greater or more direct influence on the welfare and happiness of society.

We have received a communication from which it appears that an important measure is contemplated for rendering the exhibition of next year conducive to the interests of music. A circular, in the following terms, has been addressed to the principal choral societies and other musical institutions:

"I write to inform you that several gentlemen connected with music are making arrangements for building an international concert room at Kensington, for the display of music during the forthcoming Exhibition of 1862. They are of opinion that such an opportunity ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed by the musical profession, but that an effort should be made to bring before the public the different styles of English and Continental music. Every care and attention will be showed on the construction of the building to make it peculiarly adapted for musical performances, and also in the preparation of the concerts, that they shall be of the highest class; and to prevent interference with existing interests, it is contemplated that the concerts shall take place between the hours of four and seven o'clock in the afternoon. The undertaking will be entirely of an international character; the Continental societies will be invited to co-operate. The profits of the undertaking will be devoted to the furtherance of music. The building will be of a temporary character, and afford accommodation for an audience of 12,000, and the orchestra 500 performers; this, if necessary, on certain occasions, could be enlarged when an increased number of performers are required. The necessary capital will be raised by means of a guarantee fund, each guarantee to receive a certain amount in tickets for the performances.

Such are the leading features of the scheme, and as we are preparing the programme of the concerts which are to take place, would feel obliged if you would kindly favor us with your opinion respecting the same, also whether we can depend on the support of your society, in arranging to give one or more performances, subject to such conditions as may hereafter be agreed on."

The matter being thus brought under the consideration of the parties whom it most immediately concerns, and who may be presumed to be the most competent to judge of the expediency and practicability of the proposed measure, of course its promoters must be governed, in their further proceedings, by the nature and amount of the encouragement, advice, and assistance, that they may receive.

In the meantime an application has been made to her Majesty's Commissioners for the use of the vacant site at the back of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, and plans of the proposed Concert Room have been submitted. We may add, that the character of the eminent individuals concerned (whose names, doubtless, will speedily be made public) gives full assurance of the purely artistic nature of their views; and we look with much interest for further information on the subject.—*London Daily News*, July 22.

BASEL.—A performance of J. S. Bach's *Johannes-Passion* was lately given here. It was not only the first performance in Basel itself, but the first that had ever been given in Switzerland. The attendance was very great, several of the visitors having even come from Paris, to be present on the occasion. The solo parts were sung by Herr Julius Stockhausen, and K. Schneider (from Wiesbaden), assisted by excellent amateurs, a chorus of 150 voices, and a fine orchestra. Especially praiseworthy was the feeling of veneration for the great composer, which induced the committee to exert themselves to the utmost in order to restore such instruments as the "*viola d'amore*," etc., in use in Bach's days, but now fallen into desuetude. The rehearsals for the performance were going on for six months previously, and the highest praise is due to Herr E. Reiter for the energy and untiring perseverance he displayed during the entire proceedings, as well as to Herr Rippenbach-Stehlin, a perfect Mæcenas of music, for the great liberality with which he enabled the Committee to meet the exceedingly heavy expenses they had incurred. Indeed, had it not been for this gentleman's assistance, the performance could not have taken place.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Where are all the young men gone? Song.

J. M. Jolly. 25

A young lady complains in a droll manner how slow and dull the time passes since the young men have taken so much to soldiering, and that the time formerly spent in their company is now employed in drill-clubs and parading. The music is spirited and well suits the words.

Oh! if I had some one to love me! Song and Chorus.

Fred. Buckley. 25

A new melody by this favorite writer. In London, where the author is at the head of a highly successful establishment devoted to Ethiopian Concerts, this Song is nightly called for.

The Volunteer's wife. Song and Chorus.

Fred. K. Pease. 25

Fine and brave words which many a wife left behind by our volunteers will heartily subscribe to. Combined with the music which is excellent they are truly touching and the Chorus with its bold ending cannot fail to inspire the hearer.

Mary Bell. Song and Chorus. G. F. Benkert. 25

A melodious little song in the popular style. Quartette Clubs with a good Solo Tenor will find it taking with the public.

Instrumental Music.

Glory Hallelujah Quickstep. J. W. Turner. 25

An easy piece introducing the popular refrain in a striking manner.

The Captain. Varied. C. Grobe. 25

One of Mrs. Florence's popular songs. The air, in March-time, makes a very pleasing piece. It is arranged for beginners, and a number of the "Melodies of the day" sort.

Early morning Galop. J. Smalley. 25

Very lively, with a chorus *ad libitum* in the Trio, somewhat similar to the one in D'Albert's Nightbell Galop. For the Orchestra it is one of the most effective pieces of the kind.

Heart's Ease. Waltz a la Tyrolienne.

Carl Faust. 35

By a new composer of Dance Music, a German, of late a resident of London, whose charming Polkas and dashing Galops have become staple articles in transatlantic Ball-rooms. A Polka-Mazurka of his, the "Violetta," is perhaps the prettiest piece of music ever written to the measure of this lovely dance. All his melodies are graceful and striking.

Books.

THE UNION STAR.—A collection of Operatic Choruses, Glee, Quartetts, &c., for the use of Conventions, Schools, Clubs and the Social Circle. Edited by B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins. 50

This new glee book contains all the favorites; on this account and the low price at which it is sold it is an exceedingly desirable publication for musical conventions and schools. An advertisement in another column of this paper will inform our readers of its contents. It has been compiled with much care and will prove a fine acquisition to the collections of Societies and of amateurs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 490.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 21.

"Not Yet."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O country, marvel of the earth !
O realm to sudden greatness grown !
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown ?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low ;
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No !

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart ?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo !
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No !

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free ?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No !

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear —
For scornful hands aside to throw ?
No, by our fathers' memory, No !

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No !

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country welcome to the pit !
So soon art thou, like us, brought low ?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No !

For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save —
That mighty arm which none can stay —
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No !

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

April 12. The Sacred Harmonic Society, is, like the Sing Akademie, of Berlin, a model Society. Its members love good music, and study it regardless of the question of dollars and cents. Whatever there is of greatest and most profound — that which is rarely to be heard and is above the popular comprehension — this they seek out and give it that thorough study which leads to perfection of execution. Hence, knowing that its performance would end in a loss of a thousand dollars to the Society, they gave on this evening, Beethoven's great second Mass, or, as they call it, "Grand Service in D." I have already recorded, in former years, the intense feelings of

excitement aroused by this work. Nor has its power diminished upon new hearings. There is a colossal breadth of effect in it nowhere to my mind equaled save in Handel's works. That all the parts, especially those where the solo singers are heard, are beautiful music, or even fully satisfactory to the ear, that one does not feel here and there that the effect cannot be what Beethoven intended, that the deaf man has not written agreeably for the voice, these things I will not assert. But there are spots on the sun. The sun does give light and heat, it does vivify all nature, it is the highest of which we can conceive in glory and radiance. So whatever faults the critics point out and prove to me do exist (in their opinions) in Beethoven's Mass. Still, when I listen to it, and imagine myself in some vast cathedral, throwing myself for the time being into a state of sympathy with the devout Roman Catholic, and so in my mind's ear hear the services at the altar between the various movements of the musical service, put myself, in short, into the frame of mind and position, which Beethoven necessarily had in view, ah, then, this work rises to a height of grandeur, vastness, and power, of which words can give no conception. It works upon the feelings until such a choking sensation rises, that one rejoices when a pause comes and he can turn away and find relief in chatting with his companion.

The solo singers were Madame Rudersdorf, Mrs. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas. An ungrateful task it was indeed for them, but one grandly performed. I doubt if ever the work was so heard as from that mighty orchestra and chorus, in which its strength lies.

April 15. Monday popular Concert. The principal pieces were the Octett of Mendelssohn, and Spohr's double quartet, E minor, op. 87. No. 3. I have confessed before that I am not up to these works, at all events they afford me little satisfaction, and I think that the amateur portion of the large audience agreed with me.

April 16. Concert in Exeter Hall in aid of the funds of Middlesex Hospital. "Abraham" an oratorio, text from the Old Testament, music by Bernhard Molique, was performed. The style is that of Mendelssohn's Elijah. I found it very uninteresting, and am sure that it is not a work for the Handel and Haydn Society.

April 18. Concert in the smaller St. James's Hall, of six Swiss women and girls, uncultivated voices, but good. Frau Decker-Schenk an immensely deep contralto singer, noteworthy — the leading soprano voice apt to come out at the final chords just enough flat to make one shiver. Still most of the pieces, part songs, were well done and very effective. A comic song, with spoken interludes, in which an Alpine herdsman describes a Berlin, a French, and an English tourist, with their broken German was exceedingly funny, and drew out shouts of laughter from the Teutons present. Fraulein Johanna Clausen, too, gave a very comical description in a song of a bashful lover. Should they come to

America, they will be found worth hearing at a "quarter."

April 22. New Philharmonic. The grand features of this concert were a concerto (piano forte) Mozart, C minor, solo played by Charles Hallé, a violin fantasia, Ole Bull, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that work, which, according to an American writer, has now been played enough to prove its poverty of idea and its absurdity of construction and is laid upon the shelf forever! What a love for music God must have given that writer. The multitude which crowded St. James' Hall this evening had the folly to find the choral symphony abounding in the most musical thoughts, the most wonderful instrumental combinations and effects, and the choral part transfused with a glorious energy and power, which almost took away the auditor's breath. As this audience was made up of the most highly cultivated musical people of London, the "appreciative" out of these millions of people, the inference is, that some American newspaper writers know things about music which Londoners do not. It went gloriously, though I found fault with the tempos in some parts. The soloists were Miss Parepa, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Signor Belletti.

I intended to give some specimens of the execrable French text which was sung, but cannot find it.

April 23. Mr. Walter Macfarren's Concert. This was one of a series of three concerts "of solo and concerted pianoforte music," to which the prices were, subscription tickets for the three one guinea, single tickets, half a guinea, or three tickets to one concert, one guinea. The performers were, pianoforte, Mr. Macfarren, violin, Mr. Blagrove, cello, Piatti. A Miss Lindley played in a duet for pianoforte with Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Berger accompanied the songs, sung by Madame Laura Baxter. Of the excellence of the performances nothing need be said, for my experience is, that nothing but the best (of its kind) has any chance of success here and here the kind was good. The programme was very fine, and contained both old and new. First three pianoforte and violin duets by Spohr, which I believe are unknown in our concerts, and therefore I copy Mr. G. A. Macfarren's notice of them.

"Three Duets, op. 127, Allegro, Larghetto, Allegro Moderato. These pieces are chosen from a series of six duets which were first published about the year 1843, when the composer, at 59 years of age, though he had passed the meridian of his greatness, had still a large portion to fulfil of the important labor to which he was destined in the jealous service of his art. It was after this that he produced his quartet concert, his Historical Symphony, and his Symphony of the Seasons, his opera of the "Kruetz-fahrer" and his Sestet for string instruments, all compositions of extensive form, original purpose and careful study; and thus though he never equaled what he had accomplished in his earlier efforts, though

from the number of the present work we see that these efforts were of enormous amount, it is clear from the sequel that the powers of the veteran were by no means failing him, but that he was still as full of vigor for his task as of readiness to pursue it. The Duets form a rare example of what is a great desideratum in chamber music namely, a series of concerted pieces of earnest purpose of artistic design and of moderate length. Many are the occasions to which the performance of a work of the extent and elaboration of the Sonata would be inappropriate; and when a piece of the trivial character of those bravura compositions, which have as much use, too, in their way, as they have celebrity, would be wholly uncongenial with the taste of the hearers. For such occasions, the pieces under consideration are eminently valuable. Each of the series is complete in itself, announcing and fully developing its ideas in natural sequence and with perfect symmetry; and though any two or more of them may be played in succession, any one might be given alone, and its effect would be entirely satisfactory. It is difficult to cite any other pieces with which they may consistently be classed; the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn near perhaps as near an analogy to them as anything that can be named; but Spohr's Duets differ from these—not only in being written for two instruments instead of one—they are both longer and generally of a more brilliant character."

After these duets Mr. Macfarren played these rarely heard variations, for the pianoforte, Beethoven's op. 35, the basis afterwards of the Finale to the Heroic Symphony. It would be hardly modest for me to quote the historical notice from the descriptive programme. Suffice it to say that this work ought to be a stock piece in our own chamber concerts, both for its beauty and its interest historically.

Then came Madame Baxter with that ever new and lovely "*Lascia ch'io pianga*" of Handel, after which Mr. Macfarren and Miss Lindley gave a specimen of his compositions in a fine *andante* and *Scherzo* for four hands.

A trio by Mozart, pianoforte, violin and 'cello in B flat, a song, "*By the sad sea waves*," a *mazurka* and *saltarello*, by Mr. Macfarren and duet, pianoforte, and 'cello in D., op. 58, by Mendelssohn, were the other pieces.

The Concert was in the Hanover Square rooms, and I could hardly be convinced that that small room has been the scene of the Philharmonic triumphs, now for forty-nine years. Real—I cannot see how 800 auditors can crowd in—music of the highest class must indeed have been in London the luxury of the few. When will it be the daily food of the many?

April 25. Another of the exquisite performances of Henry Leslie's choir. All the strong terms in which I have described the first, were warranted by the success on this evening. Mr. Hallé was pianist and played the *Kreutzer Sonata* with Strauss of Vienna (not the Strauss) but a first class violinist, and two pieces by Chopin to perfection. Strauss played also a lovely *notturmo* for violin by Ernst.

April 26. Beethoven's great Mass again at Exeter Hall, just as wonderfully done as before perhaps more so if possible.

May 1. To the Crystal Palace—with 13,000 other people (I was there one day, when over

50,000 were present); the attraction to-day was Haydn's "*Creation*."

But, first, let me quote a passage or two from the preface to the book of words sold (price 25 cents) on the occasion, in which preface by the way are divers very queer errors as to Viennese names and the like.

"Early in the year 1800," says Mr. W. H. H., "the full score of the oratorio was published at at Vienna with a German and English titlepage; the German and English words under the music; [does this imply that our wretched text is one of of Vienna manufacture? One might think so, "on mighty *pens* instead of wings, for example] and a list of 411 subscribers (nearly one half of whom were English) subscribing for 510 copies, prefixed. Immediately on the publication, Haydn forwarded a copy of the score to his friend Saloman, with a view to the production of the oratorio at his concerts, at which Haydn had brought out during his stay in England his twelve grand Symphonies. Before, however, this copy of the score reached Saloman, another was brought to London by one of the king's messengers, who was a friend of John Ashley, at that time the director of the oratorio performances, which were then given at Covent Garden theatre on the Wednesday and Friday evenings during Lent. This person arrived in London late in the evening of Saturday, the 22d of March, 1800; and Ashley, using the utmost possible speed, procured the parts to be copied and the work rehearsed, and actually had it performed at Covent Garden theatre on the following Friday, 28th of March, 1800, the band and chorus consisting of 120 performers. Produced in such hot haste and with the less perfect executive ability of sixty-one years ago, it is no matter for surprise, that the work was only partially successful. It gained however sufficient reputation to induce its being performed at the meeting of the Three Choirs at Worcester in the autumn of 1800, where it met with so much success and gained such favor that it was given in 1801 at Hereford, in 1802 at Gloucester and in 1803 again at Worcester."

Again. "Although the '*Creation*' could not be said to have failed in its first production in England in 1800, its success was not fully established until some years later. On the 17th March, 1813, Sir George Smart reproduced it at Drury Lane theatre as one of the series of Lenten Oratorios conducted by him. It was on that occasion interspersed with recitations from Milton's *Paradise Lost* by the favorite tragic actress, Miss Smith, afterwards the wife of the late eminent comedian Mr. Santley. After this time its popularity increased to such a degree, that for many years scarcely a musical festival of any importance was held without some portion at least of the work being included in it; and its attractiveness is even now but little, if at all diminished."

And so May-day was celebrated with it at the Crystal Palace in this year of our Lord 1861.

The announcement was that orchestra and chorus would number at the aggregate three thousand persons. That at least five-sixths of that number were really present there is no doubt. The large stage in one end of the transept was filled in the centre by hundreds of instrumentists, and the chorus rose tier above tier back to the wall. The building is very bad for sound and the effect is in no proportion to the

force; but when that vast mass of tone in chorus rose it swelled forth—though muffled and sadly unresonant, with a subdued power and grandeur that filled the very soul. Though the kindness of Mr. Grove, secretary to the Palace company, I was allowed to listen to the effect in all parts of the building, and ascended the upper gallery but one, away at the opposite end of the transept. It was there that the effect was finest. The masses of sound rolled up surging like the solemn roll of the ocean on the beach. It was a new effect in music—that of mere massiveness. Haydn's Music however has not breadth and weight enough to bear this sort of thing—it is too nice and dainty—and one ought to hear Handel's choruses under such circumstances. So Haydn's symphonies are rather injured in effect by employing a very large orchestra while many movement in those of Beethoven will gain by every addition to the number of (adequate) performers.

There was something very grand and exciting in looking down from that lofty gallery upon the big audience on the main floor, in the side galleries, and wherever a view of the orchestra could be obtained, and although I was so ill that day as hardly to venture thither and was alternately enjoying the heats and chills of incipient fever—consequently in bad condition for either the scene or the music—all together has left a very strong and agreeable impression. It was worth the visit just to hear for once in a man's life the wonderful effect of hundreds of string instruments in that vast space. The effect was not that of loudness but of wide reaching power, which set the whole atmosphere in a vibration, and you seemed to feel as well as hear it.

The soloists were Formes, Reeves, Fraulein Titiens and Madame Rudersdorf. Their magnificent voices surely here had ample verge and scope enough, and though on the main floor they were in some degree lost, they came up to the gallery some 400 feet away, with a force and power really bordering upon the majestic and grand. Titiens is truly wonderful for power and general "gloriousness" of singing, and how her vast powers have developed since I hear her some years since in the Berlin Opera. I imagine her to be for the great style the finest singer living. She is a tall woman with not a handsome, but an expressive face.

These great performances have proved that there is no more difficulty in ruling great numbers of singers than large bodies of soldiery—and it is to be hoped that at length an acoustical building may be erected for performances on this scale. Be sure of this when this is done it will be found that two men have lined with powers equal to any demands; Handel in choral music, Beethoven in orchestral.

May 6. New Philharmonic Society again. The Symphony was Spohr's "*Weihe der Töne*"—called on the programme "*The Power of Sound*." They make queer work, I find of German words, and sometimes I cannot imagine what work is meant until I hear it—but the most outrageous instance is the one mentioned before in which a quite different text was used in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The concerto was the one in G, op. 58, Beethoven, solo played by young Barnet, and very finely, too. The singers were Titiens and Giuglini.

Have we no players in Boston and New York

up to Beethoven's concertos? Of course we have; I could name a dozen. Why then are they never heard? They are as unparalleled for beauty and wonderful depths of expression as his symphonies, and deserve to be made as familiar to all music lovers. I had never heard this one before, although that exquisite player, Julius Eppstein in Vienna had given me an idea of it as well as could be done upon the pianoforte. But the contrast of orchestral effects was of course wanting.

May 8. Third Concert of the Musical Society of London. The principal pieces were Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B flat, and one by Haydn in E flat, here called No. 10. The former fell dead upon the audience, its prominent themes reminding people of those in Schubert's C symphony. It was curious to see how faces brightened when old father Haydn's work was begun. I felt the difference so strongly, that I looked round me to see how others took and found on all sides sympathy. People will enjoy Haydn more than Schumann, and I believe with good reason. Miss Parepa sang Beethoven's "Ah, perfido," with full orchestral accompaniment to universal delight. How surpassingly beautiful it is—it was a work of the young B., he was only 25 when he composed it.

May 9. Rossini's "Tell," at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Magnificently done, and put upon the stage superbly. So much has been written in the Journal of this glorious opera, of eulogy already, that I need only cry "ditto" to it all. Wonderfully fine as is the music, I must still give the preference on the whole to that in "Moses in Egypt," possibly, it is true, because I am more familiar with it. As a play, however, the "Tell" is far, far beyond the "Moses," the latter, as I remember it in Berlin, being to a New Englander, who drew in the old Testament with every breath in childhood, both silly and in parts blasphemous, as where Moses is called by a mysterious voice, and is seen ascending a mountain at the back of the stage, and a bright cloud comes down to him, which opens, and he takes out the two tables of the law! This I saw. But its music is favorite Rossinian music for me. The gathering of the Cantons however in Tell is for beauty, force, and dramatic effect, I do believe not surpassed by anything ever written for men's voices.

No wonder Davison and others so insist upon this work being made a stock piece. No wonder at their lamentations, that the marvellous success of Miss Patti should compel it to give way for "Sonnambula," "Lucia," &c.

By the way, we are all so proud of her success!

May 10. I delayed my departure from London, luckily too for my great object, as the delay gave me a mass of original letters of Beethoven to copy, which, although printed in part if not completely, it was very important to me to see and copy for myself, so little reliance I find it to be placed upon transcripts (as a rule) made for the press—some ten days, to hear the performance on May-day. Then a transient fit of illness, and the announcement of the performance of this evening kept me there so much longer—nor do I regret it on any ground save that of the delay.

If I were condemned to lose my hearing utterly, but had the liberty of choosing the one grand performance of music, of all which I have heard in my life, to hear once more and take its

recollection with me into my future of never-varying silence, I think the decision would be made at once. No opera of Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Rossini, Spontini—not even those all-glorious performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Overture in C. op. 124, which so excited me in Berlin six years since, and in Vienna last year, not Handel's "Messiah," nor the "Requiem" of Mozart and Cherubini, no performances of the Dom chor or the Sing Akademie of Berlin—none of these but Handel's "Israel in Egypt" by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, as heard on the evening of May 10th, 1861, in Exeter Hall. I have not forgotten, though it is not mentioned above, Beethoven's great Mass, which perhaps of other vocal works most powerfully affects me. But for pure musical delight, for that feeling carried to its highest pitch, which in childhood a fine psalm tune or delicious melody used to excite—that indescribable emotion, which used them to make the little bosom swell and the little heart beat with delicious pain, when hearing the tavern hall in our village ringing with the "tunes" and anthems of the old singing-books—for this give me again the "Israel in Egypt." Even now when I think of it my mind is in a tumult—I have no words for it—can only say, that my dreams of what vocal music can do in awakening emotion and touching the very heart, with no extraneous aid from dramatic story or theatrical effect, have never gone beyond the reality as here experienced. It was a positive relief, that owing to the necessity of rest, the choir was allowed to pause for some minutes after almost every number. While on the one hand I cannot conceive of anything surpassing the simple grandeur—nay, the positive sublimity of the music, so on the other it is equally impossible to imagine several hundred performers executing their task so with one mind and will as was here done. One thought not of difficulties. The choruses went of themselves. They rolled on and on as calmly as the waves of the ocean—mighty masses of tones, overwhelmingly sublime. No, there is nothing like it in music. There cannot be! And so closed my London Season.

Memoirs of my Life.

[MEMOIREN MEINES LEBENS.]

BY DR. J. F. CASTELLI. (PRAGUE.)

The writer of this autobiography has had many of the opportunities of Lorenzo da Ponte, and we might have expected a somewhat similar story. He has lived in Vienna the whole of his long life, and since 1801 has been writing for the stage. The number of his dramatic works amounts to a hundred and ninety-nine; for some years he was the poet of the Kärntner-Thor theatre; he knew all the singers and some of the composers of the Austrian capital; he remembers a character who figured importantly in the life of Mozart, and the first performance of the "Zauberflöte." He knew Sontag, and Weigl, the composer of a popular German opera, "The Swiss Family," of which he wrote the libretto; Zacharias Werner, the dramatist; and Theodore Körner, the patriotic poet. He collected more than 300 songs, 1,800 snuff-boxes, a mass of books of plays, portraits of actresses, autographs of actresses, and all the playbills of Vienna since the year 1800. But, out of all these materials, Dr. Castelli is very far from constructing a living picture, and his life and portrait furnish us a reason. He was most part of his life an employé, and his portrait gives us the thorough bureaucratic face of a German Beamter. The love of adventures for which Da Ponte's life was chiefly

remarkable, figure very slightly with Dr. Castelli; he once loved an actress who was false to him, and once a young Hungarian who could not spell correctly. The chief interest of his autobiography lies in the illustrations of manners and customs of the former time, and the occasional allusion to well-known names which now seem to belong to the past.

A long and interesting sketch of Schikaneder, the author of the text of Mozart's "Zauberflöte," the manager who produced it, the critic who gave Mozart instructions how to write for the public, and the good friend who cheated the composer of the profits of the opera, will be relished by all students of the life of Mozart. Any one familiar with Mozart's operetta, "The Impresario," will remember many traits of Schikaneder's character which Dr. Castelli fully confirms:

"Schikaneder," he says, "was, strictly speaking, a natural poet; if he had received scientific training, he would have better satisfied æsthetic laws. The verse in his operas was, truly, enough to make one's hair stand on end, and was full of contradictions. Read through the text of the 'Zauberflöte,' which only a Mozart could have set to music. He was a pitiful singer, because in his operas he either wrote the music of all the passages he had to sing himself, or dictated it to the composer. Thus several of the airs in the 'Zauberflöte' are by Schikaneder himself; Mozart made them works of art by his wonderful instrumentation. The bass Sebastian Meyer told me that at first Mozart had written the duet between Papageno and Papagena, when they first meet, entirely different from the way it stands at present. Both cried out in astonishment 'Papageno!—Papagena!' But when Schikaneder heard this he called out to the orchestra—'You Mozart! that is nothing; the music must produce more astonishment; both must look at each other in silence, then Papageno must begin to stammer. 'Pa-papapa-pa-pa;' Papagena must repeat this till at last both have spoken the entire name.' Mozart followed the advice, and the duet had always to be repeated so. Further, when the Priests came together in the second act, at the rehearsal, there was no accompaniment to the scene. Schikaneder, however, desired a pathetic march to be composed for it. On this Mozart asked the musicians for their parts, and wrote at once the splendid march which now stands there. It is laughable to relate what Schikaneder said to a friend who complimented him on the success of the 'Zauberflöte,' and on his share in the work. He replied, 'Yes, the opera has succeeded, but it would have succeeded much better if Mozart had not spoiled my ideas as he has done.'

Of the first performance of the opera, Dr. Castelli says: "The 'Zauberflöte' was first given on the 30th of September, 1791. On the playbill it was simply stated, Herr Mozart will to-day direct in person."

It is, however, natural that Dr. Castelli should not tell us much about Mozart, whose death took place in the tenth year of the autobiographer's life. The account of Weigl is more detailed, and the history of the "Schweizer-Familie," may be worth repeating:

"I must here observe that I may call the text of the 'Schweizer-Familie,' in the fullest sense, my work, for I only took the idea from the French; the characters, the scenes, the dialogue, the situations, and the distribution of songs, were entirely my property. If this is called adaptation or translation, there are very few original works in the world. When I brought the first act to Weigl, he thought it had succeeded fully, and some parts pleased him so that he set to work to compose without waiting for the other two acts. But will any one believe that he did not like the splendid air of Emeline, the air which is the sun of the first act, and he doubted if he would set it to music; and then he had to compose it three times over before he contented himself. I must here observe that Weigl, in all his operas, as soon as he had composed any piece, would play it over on the piano to those two friends for whom he always wrote the best parts, and would ask their advice. I now worked at

the other two acts of the opera, and then read the whole at Weigl's house to himself and his two friends. It pleased them thoroughly. I thought I had now completed my work, but I had not by any means. The poet must go hand in hand with the composer, if they would bring into the world a capable child. Weigl soon asked me to put a couple more verses in one place, or to strike out a couple in another; one time he wanted verses with a single, another time with a double rhyme. At the rehearsals one speech must be shortened, another lengthened. At last, on the 14th of March, 1809, the opera was given in the Kärntner-Thor, and received with enthusiasm. It was not a success, it was a jubilee. Now that I had earned so much honor, how did I come off in the pecuniary question? It has long and justly been a subject of complaint in Germany, that dramatic writers receive so little payment for their works, while authors in France build themselves country houses, and touch yearly rents of 20, 50, 80, 100,000 francs. The 'Schweizer-Familie' had a European reputation, partly from the excellent music of Weigl, partly, also, from my text. It has been given in every theatre of Germany, and has succeeded in every one. In Vienna it was given more than a hundred times. It has been translated into French, Italian, Russian, and Danish. Guess what I received. You will never guess. I got 8 florins (4.). True I got 100 florins in bank notes, but to bring the bank-notes to the level of silver, you had to divide first by five, and again by two and a half."

Dr. Castelli's adventures with his patriotic songs were as unfortunate as his *librettos* could have been. On one occasion he was refused permission to print a song of his own which another was allowed to pirate. At the time of the French invasion of Austria, a patriotic song was the cause of Dr. Castelli's proscription. He applied to the Emperor of Austria for help, but the Emperor, on hearing that he had written a war-song, asked who had told him to do so. The mention of the Censorship, which forbade him to print his own works, yet suffered another to pirate them, leads us naturally to the most amusing passage in Dr. Castelli's autobiography, his chapter on the Viennese Censorship.

The first censor of whom Dr. Castelli had any experience, was a certain Hager, whose reverence for the name of God was so profound, that he only allowed the name to be employed in the Court Theatre. All the suburban theatres had to substitute Heaven, and once a rhyme of Dr. Castelli's was cruelly murdered, sacrificed to the Censor's reverence. The precision of Censor Hager in all delicate matters was equally commendable, and not even the stage directions escaped his observation. When it was written "He kisses her," the Censor would alter it to "He gives her a kiss." The production of Schiller's "Don Carlos" was long forbidden, because *Don Carlos* loved his stepmother; in "The Robbers," the *Father* was turned into an uncle, and a stupendous effect was produced by the cry of "Uncleicide," substituted for Parricide. A composer wrote a sonata to the manes of Hummel, but there was a law of the censorship that no Dedication might be printed without the permission of the person to whom it was offered. Accordingly the Censor asked the composer to produce the permission of the manes of Hummel. Another time a censor struck out a long quotation from Montesquieu, and re-wrote it in the opposite sense, and, probably, in a dissimilar style. But it had to figure as a quotation from Montesquieu. Dr. Castelli was twice fined for disrespectful remarks on the language of the official journal of Vienna, though his remarks appeared in Dresden. The *Imperial Royal Vienna Gazette* placed among its deaths, "Marianna H—, Lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty the Empress, born Hölzl," and Dr. Castelli observed, "According to this wording, the Empress' maiden name was Hölzl." Next time, an Academy was announced for the benefit of "The in-the-town hospital-grown-poor citizens," and the Doctor remarked it must be an ill-conducted hospital in which citizens grew poor!

The first volume of Dr. Castelli's autobiography brings us to the year 1813. Two or three more volumes are promised to bring the life nearer to the memory of men still living.—N. Y. *Musical World*.

Russian National Music.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.)

ST. PETERSBURG, July 4, 1861.

This splendid metropolis lies upon the Neva, at a point where it suddenly expands, or rather empties itself into an extension of the Gulf of Finland. For the gulf actually reaches up to the city, though above Cronstadt it is called the river Neva. Near the mouth of the river proper are a number of islands, on several of which is built the Russian capital, while the others are devoted to pleasure grounds for the populace generally, and to the country seats of the richer classes; the Emperor himself having here two charming retreats, which in their construction and surroundings unite both the rural and palatial. To these islands the fashionable world of St. Petersburg takes its daily drives, the hours being from eight to ten in the afternoon. In any other clime this would be called evening, but here, where the sun does not set till nine o'clock, and twilight lingers on till midnight, it is but a modified day.

There are a few places of amusement on these islands. There is the theatre on the Kammenoy Ostrov, (the word ostrov means island,) where Italian operas, sung in Russ, alternate with Russian plays. On another island is a place of resort so characteristic as to need special description.

It is accessible from the city by little steamboats which run hourly up the branches of the Neva and pass by shores lined with country seats, (among them the favorite and unpretending summer residence of the Czars), and dive under low bridges, lowering their smoke pipes with a terrible splutter of steam and splash of wheels, as they rush under the blackened archways. The last landing is made opposite this Russian resort, and leaving the steamboat you cross the road and pay thirty copecks (about twenty-five cents) for admission to a large garden pleasantly laid out in well-graveled walks. In the centre is a building used as a refreshment saloon, where you can get anything from onions to ice-cream, from cold tea with sliced lemon in it, to champagne, claiming, at least, to be pure Verzonay. Tables are also scattered among the trees, and numerous waiters are in attendance.

Scattered around the gardens are some half a dozen little theatres, the seats being chairs set out in the open air, while the stage is neatly fitted up with scenery, proscenium, &c. On one of these stages a performance is taking place; a Russian clown is making himself ridiculous and sometimes vulgar, while the ring-master is as easily duped and as absurdly conventional as this class of individuals always are, whether the scene of his labors be Niblo's, Astley's, or a Russian open-air theatre. A man with trained dogs next appears, and the animals with the profoundest gravity impressed upon their canine features, jump through hoops, sit up on chairs, turn somersets, &c. One performance is, however, more remarkable. Dog A gets on the top of a globe, while dog B pushes it about the stage, dog A maintaining his equilibrium with scientific skill. Then the clown makes a funny speech, in the delicious Russ language, the entire *dramatis personæ* (consisting of two dogs, clown, ring-master, dog-trainer, two gymnasts, and three boy "supes" in shabby spangles) appear together, make low bows and the curtain drops.

Immediately a band of music strikes up and the audience hasten towards the next attraction. The musicians are stationed on a platform covered with a convex roof in the form of a huge shell. Ornamental rock work, interspersed with flowers, adorns the front of the platform, and creeping vines wind about the edges of this artificial cave. The musicians play well, and the popular Italian and German composers—Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Wagner and Strauss—are all represented in the programmes. After the music there are some gymnastic feats performed by professed gymnasts, and then on another shell-covered platform a band of Russian singers demand attention.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

Their performance forms the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. They are sixteen in number, all males, the oldest about fifty years of age and the youngest five. They are all dressed in the Russian national costume, with black velvet frocks, trimmed with golden fringe, reaching to the knees, and are led by a very active, lithe, and energetic *maestro*, who stands in the centre, with his sub-

ordinates ranged about him in the form of a semicircle. At a given signal from the *maestro*, who has a long baton and gesticulates as fiercely as a drum-major, they strike up a melancholy minor chorus, in which is frequently repeated a pleasing refrain. The *maestro* then essays a solo accompanied in unisons by a clarinet, the only instrumental aid employed by these singers; at the end of each verse occurs a chorus, during which the clarinet player, departing from the melody, indulges in quite a fanciful arabesque obligato.

The next chorus is in waltz time, and at the refrain the youngest member of the troupe, a boy some five years old, runs out of the ranks and commences a wild national dance, waving his hat, and at intervals shouting out as a racer does to encourage his horse; and at the same time a reserve orchestral force, consisting of a triangle and a tambourine, are suddenly brought into active service. Soon the next youngest member joins the dance, and then a third, the singers, the clarinet player, the tambourine striker, the triangle jingler, and the three dancers all at work, till the chorus suddenly ceases, and the performers retire.

This odd entertainment has interested me more than any I have yet seen in the Russian capital. The native melodies are all in the minor mode, and invested with a strange and plaintive melancholy; and even the dance music gives that impression of forced gaiety which any would-be lively music, performed in minor keys, imparts. The singing is at the first start very bad, the singers producing fearful discords, through which the shrill clarinet pursues its way most vigorously. Soon, however, the vocalists fall into their parts and sing with a fair degree of accuracy. Their time is excellent, and the bass voices are universally fine. Indeed, Russia, I believe, contains the finest bass singers in the world, and at the churches, where the best are heard, there is always one who ends on a prolonged note way down among the double D's and C's—a note which Formes or Marini may well envy, for they cannot equal it in depth or sonority.

There is on another island, a Russian place, with a French name, the *Café Chantant*, the only one in the city of St. Petersburg where the amusements are more genteel, but not near as entertaining. In place of national games and singing, French conjuring and "Tyrolean warblers" are the attractions. When considered as places of popular amusements, the prices of admission to these establishments are dear. To the Kammenoy Ostrov opera the charge is from ten rubles to one and a half rubles; at the *Café Chantant* the admission is a ruble, and seats and refreshments extra. A ruble is worth seventy-five cents. There are no theatres open in the city during the summer. The very lowest classes of St. Petersburgers seem to have no higher amusement than sprawling at full length in the sun, and eating garlic.—W. F. W.—("Trovator" of *Dwight's Journal*.)

My Whistling Neighbor.

We have moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all bound up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my own home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"O!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be, if it is to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and judging from two days'

observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate step, its threshold. The flying feet that sprung along the hall, and the eager voices that filled suddenly, the air in sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but the birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to revolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit, "Begone, dull care!" And the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms to my heart! O, love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder towards my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exercising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellant sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquillity which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry in her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needle work, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said in self-rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way affect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy."

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air or the associations of bygone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again. During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute-like tones again, very pleasant, and my ear harkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstances. One reason of this lay in the fact I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bed-room, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer, as the notes of "What-Fairy-like Music steals over the Sea," rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans' beautiful words, "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse—

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's own sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's tasks are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet,
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow—thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the days anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me.

My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awak'ning bird, tuneful matins, "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn," winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being covered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast-table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things, are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long

period was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul.

"You live at Number 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, Sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor, if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First-rate for the blue devils I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed."

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I.

The man sighed faintly.

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?"

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There have been some low, fitful warblings. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction that blended on his face.

"I wouldn't send that note," said I meaningly.

"No, hang me if I do! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hindrance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterwards I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No Sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered, "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words at a little while before.

Grisi.

London now in reality has seen and heard the last of the Giulietta Grisi. Wednesday night at the Royal Italian Opera closed the dramatic career of the renowned artist; for, although she appears on the stage in the provinces before taking her final leave, she has virtually laid aside her crown, and for ourselves and all opera-goers she has quitted the scene forever. The career of Grisi on the stage has been indeed unparalleled. For nearly thirty years she has been before the public; and before Time only has the lustre of her genius grown pale. During that long period she has had, in her special line and range of characters, absolutely no rival, and Mlle. Titiens alone has recently attempted to divide with her the tragic throne. When Giulietta Grisi first came to this country she found Pasta reigning supreme at the Opera, and Malibran the object of unbounded idolatry at Drury Lane. Her success, nevertheless, was prodigious, and the young *prima donna* soon became the rage, despite her alarming proximity to two artists of greater genius and talent even than herself. But Grisi's voice was of that quality that might truly be called "divine," and her beauty was of the highest order. In fact, to look upon her or to listen to her was alike enchanting; and as everybody could appreciate in a moment such recommendations, her popularity became universal. To admire and appreciate Pasta, some knowledge and understanding was required; to feel the intensity and profundity of Malibran's acting and singing, it was necessary to see her more than once; but Grisi entranced the audience in a moment. Who came to see her, learned or unlearned, went away in wonder and enthralled.

It was fortunate that Grisi selected a part for her first essay which did not place her in direct comparison with Pasta or Malibran. Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*, had been played by both artists; but subsequent performances of a loftier stamp had expelled from the public mind any impression it had made. When afterwards Grisi performed Anna Bolena, and Amina in *La Sonnambula*, neither impersonation was calculated to efface the sensation created by her Ninetta. In fact, Grisi, like Beethoven, had "three styles." Her first, belonging to the romantic, and comic line, embraced such parts as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Elena, in *La Donna del Lago*, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, Amina in the *Sonnambula*, Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, Eliza in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and Elvira in the *Puritani*. Her second style, appertaining to the grand and heroic, comprised all her celebrated tragic parts, with which the reader is sufficiently acquainted; while her third refers to the period when she was compelled from vocal decadence, to have recourse to the repertory of the French Grand Opera. It will be thus seen that Grisi, at three periods of her career, was in reality three different artists—now sustaining the parts of Sontag, anon those of Pasta, and finally those of Alboni and Mad. Viardot, gaining eminence in all. Has history of the art produced another example? We think not. Few singers outlive one style; few indeed are permitted to shine through a third of the longevity of Grisi. The vocal organ is perishable, and a few seconds' over-exertion, or merely a sudden catarrh, may destroy the most powerful and well-educated voice ever heard. Grisi's career might be denominated a miraculous one, not simply in reference to the length of the time she has endured, but to the wear and tear her voice has undergone. Let it be remembered the parts she has played and the music she sang were almost always such as to put her powers to the severest test. Artists like Sontag and Alboni, whose repertoires involve no parts which are calculated to fatigue the voice, we can easily understand singing to the end of the chapter. It is another thing to perform such parts as Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Donna Anna, Semiramide, Anna Bolena, and those belonging to the lofty tragic line, continually; more particularly when the artist exerts herself to the utmost—as Grisi never failed to do—on every occasion. A powerful constitution is no less requisite to a great dramatic singer than a powerful voice; and if ever vocalist was blessed with that most desirable of all nature's gifts—a good constitution, it was Giulietta Grisi. Healthful strength, indeed, was in her case art's greatest help. It was the means of making her outlast the common period allotted to three ordinary singers; it kept her vocal powers free from the elemental casualties to which all artists are more or less subject; and, above all, it enabled her never to disappoint the public. No wonder, then, she preserved her powers but slightly impaired to the end. And even now, were music written expressly for her by some cunning composer who would carefully nurse the upper tones, we have little doubt Grisi would still manifest her supremacy as a declamatory singer. But of that there is no hope. Grisi has sung her last, and has taken an

eternal leave of the public. Her tears on Wednesday night left no doubt of the fact.—*London Musical World*.

Mr. John K. Paine.

A few weeks ago, while sojourning for a day or two in the beautiful city of Portland, we had the good fortune to meet with a young American musician, whose name is familiar to most of the readers of the *Musical Times*, Mr. John K. Paine. At the suggestion of a mutual friend, Mr. Paine very kindly permitted us to enjoy an hour's unalloyed pleasure in listening to his rare interpretation of the music of the great master of that grandest of instruments, the organ. When at last we were reluctantly compelled to leave the church, we went away convinced that the high praise awarded our young countryman by the critics and musicians of Europe, was well merited.

Mr. Paine plays with remarkable clearness and vigor, and his pedal playing is most admirable. Bach's fugues were given with a rare power we have not heard excelled, and a trio sonata of the same composer, in which two manuals and the pedals are simultaneously employed, was played with a clearness and individuality of parts, and at the same time so elegantly interwoven and shaped into a perfect whole, as to at once indicate the talent of the performer, as well as the lofty genius of the composer.

But Mr. Paine does not confine himself to Bach, though he worships him as the great genius of the organ. His own compositions bear marks of solid merit. His variations on the National Hymn of Austria, *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, display a thorough knowledge of the resources of his instrument, and are broad and majestic in their changes. A friend tells us, too, of other compositions, among them an "Agnus Dei" composed in the strict church style, for the choir of the first parish in Portland, as remarkably fine. Even now Mr. Paine is hard at work writing, and we are happy to say that during the coming season some of his orchestral compositions, will be brought to light in our own good city.

Educated as Mr. Paine has been, under Haupt, of Berlin, and being, as he is, an organist by nature as well as by profession, he is a devoted worshiper of the greatest composer for the noblest of instruments, Johann Sebastian Bach. He revels in the wealth of the life long labor of the illustrious master. He would have the world love Bach as he loves him, and he sincerely believes that the world has only to know him as he knows him to love him equally as well. He is a missionary of Bach, and Bach has no more enthusiastic a worshiper, nor so admirable an interpreter in the United States or Disunited States of America.

We certainly believe that this young man stands at the head of the organists in this country, and that he will do more towards disseminating the principles of Bach than any other musician now among us. We shall be happy to welcome him in Boston, and would suggest to the parties having the charge of the new organ for the Music Hall, the securing, if possible, his permanent residence in this city. We do not know his intentions, but if he purposes remaining in this country, we surely ought to exert ourselves to obtain his presidency over our long arriving instrument.—*Boston Musical Times*.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE UPON A NATIONAL HYMN.—The gentlemen requested to act as a Committee upon a Prize National Hymn have made their report, in which they state the following result of their arduous labors:—

They received nearly twelve hundred manuscripts in answer to their call, of which about one-third furnished new music as well as words. To the examination and comparison of these, the Committee addressed themselves at the earliest moment, and gave to the task very much more time than they supposed that they would be called to upon to give. Every manuscript received was opened in Committee, read, and duly considered. Every musical composition was performed once, and those found sufficiently meritorious to be worthy of more careful examination were heard in solo and chorus. With comparatively few exceptions, the hymns sent in proved to be of interest only to their writers as rhymed expressions of personal feeling or fancy.

Of these exceptions many were excluded from special consideration as being purely devotional, or because they were written either to the national airs of other people, or to those in certain vogue with us, the acknowledged insufficiency of which was the reason for the appointment of this committee. After a careful and repeated consideration of the remain-

der, the committee are unanimously of the opinion that, although some of them have a degree of poetic excellence which will probably place them high in the public favor as lyrical compositions, no one of them is well suited for a National Hymn. They, therefore, make no award.

Propositions were made for public performances of those hymns which the Committee should think worthy of such a distinction; but upon due consideration, it was deemed most advisable not to accept them. In accordance, however, with one of the conditions of competition, the most meritorious and noticeable of the songs received, have been placed in the hands of the publishers, and will be issued in a volume at their risk; the publication, if profitable, inuring to the benefit of a patriotic fund.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 156.)

Of the nine Bass Arias, which form the second part of the work and appeared in 1860, we take No. 2, out of the Cantata for the 16th Sunday after Trinity: *Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende* ("Who knows how near my end to me?") Setting out from the gospel of the day, the resurrection of the young man at Nain, it first unfolds, in a figured choral movement, the emotions of dread of death and the last judgment, which, however, is interrupted by consoling recitatives. Then a Tenor recitative reminds of the true position which Christ holds to death:

"D'rum leb ich allezeit,
Zum Sterben fertig und bereit,"
(Therefore I live all the time,
For death still ready and prepared),

—since life is to prepare us for Blessedness. Then an Alto aria expresses the joyful willingness to die, because death releases from all ills. Still more earnestly does this appear in the following Soprano recitative, which concludes thus:

"Flügel her, Flügel her,
Ach wer doch schon in Himmel wär."
(Wings for me! Wings for me!
Whoever yet in heaven may be.

Now follows in our Bass Aria the farewell to the world, with which the congregation chimes in gladly at the close, in the Choral: "World adieu! of thee I'm weary." The aria has the following text:

"Gute Nacht, du Weltgetümmel,
Jetzt mach ich mit dir Bechluss;
Ich steh schon mit einem Fuss
Bei dem lieben Gott im Himmel."
(Good night, thou bustling world!
Now I make an end with thee;
I stand already with one foot
With the dear God in heaven).

It is not kept in so noble a tone as the text to the Aria just described; indeed Bach's texts form a rather motley mixture of the noblest poetry and the driest rhymed prose. They are not free from the tastelessnesses of his time; and yet perhaps they conciliate the rigorous critics by their plain and honest simplicity, by their touch-

ing humility and, in most cases at least, also by their downright *natveté*. The air sets out (which is extremely characteristic) in G minor. The *Ritornel* consists of two fully contrasted parts of eight bars each. At first a very sustained *Cantilena*, full of deep seriousness, reconciling calmness and painless faith and confidence. (G).

Then a quickly stirring, enticing, rustling tumult in semiquavers, in which the Basses hurl themselves upward with all haste, but presently, as if by an irresistible power, are pressed back, step by step, through two full octaves into the depths again — as if the vain onsets of the “bustling world” and its gradual, shadowy collapse should be presented palpably before our eyes; for in this part it does not come to any concrete carrying out of a melody. The *Ritornel* closes in B flat major and then leads quickly back to G minor. (H).

And now the voice part carries through the anterior sentence of the Aria in two clauses of some length, separated by a couple of bars, closely following, in the first clause, the *Ritornel*, which is represented in the accompaniment. Hence it has at first the sustained melody, which is appropriate to the “Good night,” but scarcely have the words “bustling world” unchained as it were the whole troop of evil spirits, than the whole troop rocks itself into a bolder and more violent attitude, to conclude at last with a proud, victorious, exulting flourish. (J).

After three bars of interlude, in which the basses hurry downwards faster and faster, the voice boldly returns to the attack, as if it would hurl back the “bustling world” once for all; the accompaniment flies asunder in both directions with hard, odd sounds. (K).

And, if the turmoil is not yet over, it can only assert itself in weaker echoes (D minor); the voice ends exultingly, with the same, nay deeper, firmer confidence of uiatory, in D minor. (L).

With the first part of the *Ritornel* (in D minor) we are led now to the middle sentence: *Jetzt mach ich mit dir Beschluss* (“Now I make an end with thee”), &c. It consists of a connecting piece, which is woven with great skill quite gradually and imperceptibly into the concluding sentence. It begins choral-like (at *a*); but soon takes, with the use of the first leading motive, a freer movement (*b*) imitated in the accompaniment; and, with an extremely characteristic melodic turn, also borrowed from the first part, and also imitated in the accompaniment, gains a preliminary close in C minor (*c*), (M).

Here is a *casura* of the middle sentence; but, as the citation indicates, the leading motive begins again at once in the accompaniment, over which the voice floats in long drawn tones, until, following the law of parallelism, it bends into that ascending turn (cited under *c*) to end at last in E flat major. (N).

Particularly characteristic and graphic in this middle sentence is the singularly wavering modulation, which, as the attentive observer cannot fail to see, is seized with the same inward soaring impulse as the melody itself, and renders the idea, the image of the text most strikingly. One might say, that Bach not only interprets his text, but chisels it as it were into living, inspired tone-forms!

To this part now the second clause of the anterior sentence finally attaches itself, beginning here in C minor and ending on the Tonic; it con-

tains no particular heightenings of expression, which is easily explained by the whole course of what proceeds.

If any one is seriously prejudiced with the idea, that Bach works only in the figural style; that he has no independent melody, but treats his voice part always like an *obligato* instrument, more calculated for *concertante* brilliancy than for truth and simplicity; that he, the organ virtuoso, had no practical knowledge of the vocal organ; that his airs therefore are not singable, and so on: he may learn better from the arias just described. For their melodies, like countless others, are not only very convenient for execution and of a genuine song character: but they stamp themselves as irresistibly and wonderfully upon the memory as any melody of Mozart or Handel; although it is quite true, that the melody with Bach has never the same autonomous position, as with them. For this there are reasons, ultimately connected with Bach's certain method as above alluded to. First, the historical reason, that Bach's melody is not, like Handel's and Mozart's, based essentially upon the secular *Volkslied* and the like, but purely on the spiritual air, the *Choral* and counterpoint. In the *Volkslied* the melody is entirely independent, and has the distinguished rhythmical divisions. It was by the free marriage between the popular and the artificial song, that the Handel-Mozart melodies acquired such a wonderful simplicity, with all their high artistic nobleness. The *Choral*, on the contrary, as Bach found it, had virtually renounced all that was originally popular, all that was rhythmical; hence its melody was very relative; it was a melody of the congregation but not of the individual. But this too presupposes, on the other hand, a deep æsthetic reason, why the melody of Bach should be less autonomous than that of Handel and Mozart. With Handel and Mozart a single, definite historical individual sings an Aria in a no less definite situation. Now the melody being the primitive expression for the individual, and the harmony being only the secondary element, it is easily explained why in Handel's choruses, for example, there occur generally speaking, few peculiarly melodious elements, and why these are reserved almost entirely for the arias. And equally easily is it explained why with Bach the choruses present a richer melody, while in the Arias it is less autonomous. For the Bach Aria is never a purely individual, historical nature, but always represents, according to its text and connection, the universal human consciousness; accordingly it must go back to the most universal elements, to such as are raised above all specific national coloring; and thereby it approaches the melodic expression of a voice part in a chorus far more, than this can be the case with Handel. As the believing Christian never knows himself as a separate self-dependent entity, but always as a member of the body of Christ, so the Bach melody can never be absolutely independent, but always only an integral part in the harmonious whole. And just by this means does it acquire an independence, which is really greater than the other kind. For as it blossoms, so to speak, out of the harmonious connection of the whole, so on the other hand out of a melodious motive there unfolds itself with Bach a rich, harmonious life, such as one seeks in vain elsewhere; no doubt, then, this kind of melody

must be more many sided, more capable of expression, in a word more independent, even if one cannot sing each single air by heart. Therefore the objection, that Bach has no “melody,” requires no further remark.

* The letters G, H, &c., refer to the musical illustrations which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself.

(To be continued.)

Musical Chit-Chat.

PRIZE FOR COMPOSERS.—If any composer in this country has one or two Symphonies ready which he desires to have performed, a chance from Vienna is offered to him. The Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire, in Vienna, have concluded to warrant the performance of two new Symphonies in the first months of 1862, and solicit us to extend the invitation to native and foreign composers in this country. The conditions are as follows:

1. The Symphonies must not have been performed nor published.
2. They must be sent to the committee (Vienna, Tuchlauben); and not arrive later than the last day of the present month.
3. The Symphonies must be sent in full score, without the name of the author, but with a motto, and a sealed letter containing the name and address of the author, and bearing on the envelope the same motto.
3. All the Symphonies will be sent to the following five judges, who will decide which of them are worthy of a performance: Dr. Ambros, in Prague; Ferd. Hiller, in Cologne; Dr. Franz Liszt, in Weimar; Carl Reinecke, in Leipzig, and Robert Volkmann, in Pesth.
4. The performance will take place early in 1862. The Symphonies to be performed remain the property of the authors. They will be denoted in the programme with the motto chosen by the authors. Immediately after the performance, the sealed letters will be opened, and the names of the authors will be made public.
5. All the unsuccessful works will remain in the office of the Society, and it will be hereafter announced when they can be reclaimed.—*Musical Review and World*.

The great Italian cantatrice (now some years dead) Signora Grassini, was performing one evening in 1810, with Signor Crescentini, at the Tuileries, before Napoleon I., in the opera of *Romeo and Juliet*. At the scene in the third act, the Emperor applauded vociferously, and Talma the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance, Napoleon conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, “Good for 20,000 livres—Napoleon.”

“Twenty thousand!” said one of her friends, “it is an immense amount.”

“It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces,” replied Grassini, quietly.

Many years after this, at Bologna, another of her nieces was presented to her for the first time, with a request she would do something for her. The little girl was extremely pretty, but her friends thought her unfitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Grassini asked her to sing, and, when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, Grassini embraced her niece.

“Dear child,” said she, “you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, work hard; your throat will win you a shower of gold.”

This young girl still lives. She has not disappointed the prediction of her aunt. Her name is Giulia Gristi.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Since the above was written for the art world of Paris, the Conservatoire Imperial de Musique et de Declamation has been awarding its prizes to the successful competitors in a series of grand ordeals which by annual custom the pupils trained under its auspices undergo. What concerns you chiefly being any artists of promise whom this great educational establishment may have given to the world of music, I will commence with that branch. In singing, therefore, I will state at once that the first prizewinner among the men two claimants, M. Caron, a pupil of M. Laget, and M. Morère, a pupil of M. Révial; and among the women one only was found worthy of it, namely, Mlle. Marie Ciso, a pupil of M. Révial. The lady named last, to whom was also awarded the prize for Opéra Comique—the trial piece having been *La Part du Diable*—made a very strong impression on the judges. She is, in the first place, pretty, and elegant in her appearance and deportment. As to her vocal qualifications they are accuracy of intonation, gracefulness of expression, and careful finish in every detail. Her voice, however, trembles in the execution of passages, as though from fatigue, and knowing critics say that the “pose” of her voice is not all that might be desired. She is a good actress, and shows good taste in her dress, which goes a long way towards prepossessing an audience. But Mlle. Ciso can hardly be regarded in the light of a mere pupil, being already an artist of some experience. She is, no doubt, destined to take a prominent rank in her profession. Of the two male prize men I have named, the first, M. Caron, is a barytone verging on the tenor. He is well versed in the resources of his art, and sings with animation. His face is good, too, as regards expression. M. Morère is a tenor with a pleasant quality of voice, what you may call a pretty voice, sings with taste, and exhibits undoubted marks of talent. Another lady was deemed deserving of the first prize for *opéra comique*, besides the one I have mentioned, Mlle. Balbi. She appeared in a fragment of *Le Cid*. Her personal appearance is engaging, and her manner graceful, both in the highest degree, which, no less than a sweet voice (“soft and low”), are excellent things in woman. The latter excellence, specially distinguished by the poet, Mlle. Balbi hath; and, moreover, she sings true, with unexceptionable judgment, and her notes are of a pearly quality. As an actress she is also fully up to the mark. The second prize for women in this department had three claimants, Mlle. Reboux, who, in the part of Gertrude in the *Maitre de Chapelle*, sang and played delightfully; Mlle. Rolin, who showed herself in *Les Porcherons* a graceful and expressive singer, if not much of an actress; and though last, most emphatically not least, Mlle. Simon, who played in the *Etoile du Nord* and perfectly astonished her audience by her self-possession. She has good qualities, but betrays too much effort. The first man's prize for *opéra comique* was won in a canter by M. Capoul, the same who I have told you was engaged to appear at the Salle Favart. He approved himself a charming actor, and has a tenor voice of clear and resonant quality, and with that power of touching the feelings which the French mean when they talk of an *organe sympathique*. Evidently a fine career is open to this gentleman. The second prize man was M. Gerzé, a barytone of agreeable quality, very intelligent, with good expression, but with a good deal of hard work before him if he wishes to make the most of his abilities. So much for what was chiefly interesting in the vocal competition. Come we to the instrumental contest, merely the main results of which will suffice. The first man's prize for pianoforte playing was taken by M. Bernard, a pupil of M. Laurent, and G. M. Lavignac, instructed by M. Marmontel; the second man's prize was awarded to M. Emmanuel, another pupil of the master just named. Mlles. Lechesne and Blanc, pupils of M. Lecoupey, and Mlle. Peschel, pupil of M. Henri Herz, received the first woman's prize, and Mlle. Bessagnet, pupil of M. Farranc, and Deshoys, pupil of M. Coche, the second. Violoncello: first prize, Rabaud, pupil of M. Franchomme; second, Loys, pupil of ditto. Violin: first prize, Willaume, pupil of M. Massart, Mlle. Castellani, pupil of M. Alard, and Jacob, pupil of M. Massart; second prize, Lelong, pupil of M. Sauzax.

BERLIN.—Among the places of amusement still open, I may mention the Friedrich-Wilhelmsstädtisches Theater, at which M. Offenbach's operas are being performed. Then, too, there is Kroll's Theatre, where the “star” in the ascendant for the moment is a certain Herr Wack, who possesses a tolerable baritone, and has been favorably received in

Auber's *Zampa*. Another of Auber's operas, *Le Serment*, has been revived at the above establishment. It was first introduced to a Berlin audience, years ago, at the old Königsstädtisches Theatre, but has never been performed since. The mode in which it was given the other evening was very far from perfect.—Herr Gustav Bock, the well-known musical publisher, lately had the Knight's Cross of the Order of Wasa bestowed upon him by the King of Sweden, and his Majesty of Prussia has just granted him the permission to wear it.—While visiting, a short time ago, the cemetery in which Ludwig Rellstab is buried, I saw the monument erected over his grave. It is six feet high, with a granite tablet, on which is the admirable medallion of the deceased, by Hagen, while beneath it is the inscription: “Lud. Heinrich Rellstab, born the 13th April, 1799, died the 28th November, 1860.”

Herr Wieniawski passed through this capital on his way to St. Petersburg. Professor van Boom also, of the Academy of Music at Stockholm, was here a short time; he has now left for Holland.

IVREA, NEAR MILAN.—(From a very enthusiastic and rare Correspondent.)—If the word triumph may be applied in affairs of the theatre without fear of ridicule, it never was more *apropos* than in the present case to express the success obtained last evening by the tenor Castellani, upon the occasion of his benefit. Over and above the opera (*Chi dura vince*) we heard a new singer, Mlle. Glenister, in the *cavatina* of Lucia, and a duet from Verdi's *Masnadieri*. This last piece was sung by the young lady and the before-named tenor. Mlle. Glenister was by all the auditors judged to be “*unica*” in her style, and those who have heard Persiani assure us that the young singer is not in the least inferior to that artist, and they maintain that in point of art it would be impossible to do more—taste, execution, intonation, perfect, all you find in her; and I confess that I do not remember having heard a singer who so nearly approaches Bossio. Besides her singing she has a certain ingenuous expression which alone infuses an irresistible grace into all she does. The demonstrations in favor of Mlle. Glenister were innumerable, and surpassed every limit. When she had finished her work she went to a box, in which she had scarcely appeared when the public commenced to anew to applaud her. The opera went off well. Mlle. Lotteri sang with more than common ability, as did also the baritone (Pieri), and the buffo (Tiraboschi). The tenor (Castellani) was clamorously applauded, and most deservedly, in all he sang. Besides the opera, Signor Castellani sang the Romanza “*spirto gentil*,” after which he was several times recalled. The duet from *Il Masnadieri* with Mlle. Glenister was also very successful, and the singers were called repeatedly before the curtain. Mlle. Glenister is an English girl about eighteen years of age.

DRESDEN.—Herr Merelli has taken advantage of his sojourn here to make frequent professional trips to the surrounding towns; thus, in Chemnitz he gave *Il Barbiere*, and in Magdeburg the same opera, *La Cenerentola*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. The person who suffers the most from this business arrangement of the worthy manager, is the star of the company, Signora Trebelli, who is quite knocked up by the exertion. The company will give six more representations here, and then proceed to Lübeck, whence, after a short stay, Signora Trebelli will visit Vichy, where her attendance is commanded by the Emperor Napoleon. She then returns to Belgium, and after a short tour will arrive in Berlin on the 1st October. From Berlin she goes to Paris to fulfil her engagement there.

THE OPERA IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has commissioned Tamberlik to get a superb company together—himself being superb number one. The great tenor has made a vast number of engagements, and the artists will depart for Warsaw at the close of our Italian opera season.—*Brighton Gazette*.

BARCELONA.—The Italian opera company, at present here, includes Mad. Lagrange, Mad. Lustany, Signore Naudin, Viani, and Atry. They have been doing very fairly.

BRESLAU.—The first concert given by Herr Bilse, Capellmeister, took place on the 4th inst. The novelties were two pieces by Herr J. Vogt. The whole affair went of very satisfactorily.

MANNHEIM.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Vincenz Lachner as Hofcapellmeister, was brilliantly celebrated on the 25th June. A silver laurel wreath and goblet were presented him by the members of the operatic company, the orchestra, and the chorus. In the evening all the musical societies surprised the respected composer with a serenade.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our glorious land—land of the free.

J. W. Turner. 25

Another of the patriotic effusions elicited by the strife which still rages. The words are excellent and most happily wedded by the ready poet and musician, Mr. Turner. The compositions of this gentleman are numerous, and much appreciated by teachers for their correctness, simplicity and purity.

Blow, bugle, blow. Song. W. R. Dempster 50

Tennyson's famous Bugle Song, which could have found no composer more adequate to the task of providing a musical garment than the composer of the “Rainy day,” “May Queen,” and numerous other ballads which are permanently established among the best written to English words. The clarion notes of this Bugle Song will ring out far and wide and become forever coupled with Tennyson's sparkling rhymes.

Alma redemptoris. Quartet. Lambillotte. 40

Another capital number of the “Salute” collection for Catholic choirs. Singing Societies who are not shy of the Latin words, would hardly find short sacred pieces of a more pleasing character.

Instrumental Music.

Glory, Hallelujah and Hail to the Chief. Arranged for full Brass Band. B. C. Bond. 1,00

This is an arrangement for bands of the celebrated war song which everybody admires so much. It is easy of execution and new bands will find no difficulty in mastering it.

March du Vainqueur. Jaques Blumenthal. 25

Whoever knows Blumenthal's fine “Marche des Croates” and “March militaire”—and who has not at least heard of them—will expect something unusually fine under this title. Nor will he be disappointed. It is a noble march, full of manly joy in its remarkable melodies, and with a sombre religious strain in commemoration of the slain, for its trio.

La Fiorentina. Fantasia elegante. Duvernoy. 40

One of Duvernoy's best instructive pieces for pupils of about a year's practice.

Les Filles du Ciel Waltzes. Camille Schubert. 60

A ball in Paris would be thought dull without a Quadrille of Musard's and a set of waltzes by Camille Schubert. The dancing public of Paris have voted the above set one of their special favorites. It certainly equals in brilliancy and freshness of melodies the “Dance de Seville” sets, so extensively known here.

Books.

CONVENTION CHORUS BOOK. A collection of Anthems, Choruses, Glees and Concerted Pieces, for the use of Musical Conventions, Choral Societies, &c.

No more useful book for Musical Gatherings has been published, if indeed anything equal to it. The pieces it contains have hitherto been distributed through half a dozen or more large and expensive volumes, the purchase of which was impossible to persons of limited means. In this form they can be obtained at a trifling cost. Societies, Choral and Musical Clubs will at once provide themselves with a full supply of this valuable collection. Its contents will be found invaluable for practice.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 491.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 22.

"Under the Cloud and through the Sea."

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed
Chariots and horsemen following furiously,—
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand,
A solemn aisle before,—behind, a grave,—
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led he them, in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land,
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
And Amorite spears flashed keen and fearfully:
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread,—
Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony:
No man-child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan-blood
In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave.—
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall save!

O Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
He leaveth not His people utterly!
Count it a covenant, that He leads us on
Beneath the cloud and through the crimson Sea!
—*Atlantic Monthly for September.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist in London.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND. — ARABELLA GODDARD,
SIMS REEVES, AND OTHER SINGERS.
CATHEDRAL CHOIRS.

In reviewing my experience during the last few months, thus evening by evening, I am still more fully convinced of the truth of what is stated in the opening notes to these communications, viz.: the great excellence of musical performances in London in every respect, save that they are too costly for the many.

I have purposely omitted talking of this, that, and the other virtuoso, instrumental or vocal, and have now but a few notes to add upon this topic.

One general remark may be made, viz., that London, owing to the enormous wealth there congregated, does and can bring from all parts of the world the greatest and best musical performers. There are, it is true, cases in which virtuosos of the first order have engagements for life, which prevent them from making London their home; but hardly one can be named who has not set the seal to his or her fame, by appearing in the Hanover Square Rooms, St. James' Hall, on the stage of the Italian or German Opera, or in some other of the places devoted to the highest walks of the Art. Handel traveled to Italy 140 years ago to engage the best singers; Leopold Mozart brought his marvelous children to play in the presence of the then young George III. and

his wife; Salomon engaged Haydn and Mozart — death broke the engagement of the latter — to compose and conduct symphonies; Spohr was a welcome guest; Rossini, Winter, Weber, every great composer almost, tried their fortune here; and what a succession of virtuosos, all the great violinists, Paganini, and all his predecessors and followers to Joachim, the greatest of all, save perhaps Paganini himself; all the great pianists, down to those now astonishing the world; all the great singers and songstresses, from those whom Handel engaged down to Grisi, Titiens, Patti — there is hardly an exception — come to or have been in London.

Now, under these circumstances, is it not absurd and ridiculous for fifth rate critics in obscure continental papers to pretend to laugh at English taste and the English public? I have read so much, so very much "stuff" of this kind, as to feel indignant when I hear some young German fiddler or tenth rate pianoforte player talking in this strain. *A priori*, such ideas must be false. I know now, from personal observation, that they are. After the abominable singing which I have heard applauded to the echo in German cities, it is a positive relief to come to London, and as to the performances of virtuosos, the greatest to be heard on the continent are sure to be heard here also, for guineas are much better than thalers!

If, then, London has had the culture arising from having the best for a hundred and fifty years, does it not stand to reason, that talent, which is either native or naturalized must be of high order if it be recognized as such by such a public? A question that answers itself.

When, therefore, we see the names of Arabella Goddard, or Charles Hallé, or Piatti, or Vieuxtemps, or Lazarus (clarinetist), or Harper (trumpeter), and the like, upon programmes as grand attractions, have we not reason to think that they must be of the first order? You have but to hear them, and you will see that they are so.

Five years ago Mad. Schumann's playing of Beethoven excited my sympathies more than that of any pianist, man or woman, whom I had heard; how she plays now I do not know, but for perfection of execution of the most difficult music — of Beethoven's last sonatas — I have heard nothing from any one, man or woman — not Thalberg, certainly — save, perhaps, Alexander Drey-schock — like the playing of Miss Goddard (Mrs. Davison). It all seems to be indeed but "playing," difficulties seem unknown to her. She plays everything by rote, and whether it be a fantasia written expressly to show her powers, one of the last Beethoven sonatas, or a concerto, it is all one. She takes her place at the pianoforte, as quietly and calmly as if to play a waltz in private, goes through her performance without grimace or contortion of face or members, and retires as if all this were nothing. She is still young, about twenty, I believe, and to what a pitch she may develop her powers, I'm sure I have no conception. When I hear those last So-

natas of Beethoven as she plays them they become as limpid and clear as those which are played to death and lie on every decent pianoforte.

Mr. Hallé seems to be the first among the resident pianists other than Miss Goddard. They are at present the two popular favorites, the two whose names "draw." I take him to be a man of fifty, and certainly he is a marvellous performer. He plays no clap-trap music, nothing but the best, but that of all schools. We want two or three such men.

The name of fine performers is legion. I heard, however, but few of them. Young Barnett, recently returned from Germany, has made a very favorable impression; Herr Ernst Pauer, a grandson of Beethoven's friend, Madame Streicher, stands very high; and it may be interesting to some of your readers to know that Sigismund Blumner, formerly professor of the pianoforte in Stern's Conservatorium in Berlin, has recently removed to London.

I have spoken already of the excellence of the London orchestras. That of the Philharmonic Society I did not hear, as I had come to London without a "swallow-tailed" coat, and its concerts cannot be appreciated by a man in a frock-coat, and so those without the wedding-garment are cast into the outer darkness. (I was turned away from the Italian opera one evening for the same reason.) But all those which I did hear are of the first order; and as to conductors, it will be difficult to find any anywhere beyond Costa (especially for the masses employed in oratorio), Alfred Mellon, and Sterndale Bennett.

I do not understand writing about singers. The technical language conveys little idea to my mind, and my inability to use it is freely confessed. Pity, for I should like to convey some notion at least of the tenor singer who has given me more delight than any other I have ever heard anywhere. Sims Reeves, of course, is meant. I came to London fresh from hearing Mario, and my first feeling at hearing Reeves was disappointment. It was in St. James' Hall, and in "Adelaide" or the "Liederkreis," I forget which. No matter, he sang it exquisitely, but the pianissimo in which he indulged (too much?) was so truly in the superlative degree as to be at times inaudible. Then I heard him in opera, and was not so much impressed as I expected. Hence I wondered somewhat, that they paid him at the Crystal Palace \$500 for a song or two and made money by the operation. There must be something extraordinary in a man, whose singing was judged to have drawn twelve thousand of the fifty thousand visitors on that day. But when I came to hear "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous" in "Elijah," "Comfort ye," and the other magnificent recitatives and airs in the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," at Exeter Hall, and in the "Creation" at the Crystal Palace, all doubt vanished. How fully can I now agree with the following sentences in an article upon him; "Mr. Reeves has

the good fortune to possess a voice of a quality so beautiful that it may be said to be almost exceptional in its character, combining as it does the most perfect sweetness, with a power altogether unrivaled among tenors, a register of most extensive compass, and a thorough knowledge of music which enables its possessor to turn these great natural advantages to the best possible account. It is not in singing any particular class of music that Mr. Sims Reeves' speciality exists, his capability is universal; and whether in sacred, operatic, or chamber compositions, he is equally at home, standing confessedly a master in each and every style."

This man has given me the highest delight I ever experienced at the singing of a tenor, and that not so much through the marvelous beauty of the voice, one which is now full of tears, as in the "Liederkreis," tears of longing desire for the loved one; as in "Then shall the righteous" in Elijah, tears of joy and thanksgiving; as in "Comfort ye," from the Messiah, tears of sympathetic sorrow; and now rings out like a trumpet call, heroic, manly, majestic, as from his making its sweetness and power but a means to the end of adding the deepest expression to words. His command of his organ is so perfect that tones are never sacrificed to words, nor words to tones. Whatever the one be, the other is at the same time just so perfect. You understand his magnificent declamation with as much ease as the words of the clearest speaking orator. In his mouth the recitatives of Handel's oratorios become among the most beautiful compositions ever given to the voice, such vigor, such fire, not drawled out after the absurd German manner, but declaimed like a good reader, in respect to rapidity, and adding to all the sentiment which the really fine reader can infuse into the words read, all the effect of musical expression. Sims Reeves is the first person I have heard thus far in life whose recitative was absolutely free from a tendency to be either singing, chanting or talking, which was a perfect thing in its kind, and the kind beautiful. Hitherto, as a rule, I have borne with recitative, as an unavoidable evil, in the Handelian oratorios in Berlin, the German singers have a way of drawling and dragging it out, which gives one the earache, but Reeves and the other singers also, at Exeter Hall, though not in such perfection, make it what Handel intended, a musical dressing up of the text, which adds to it the most intense expression. "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart. He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him. Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow!" This little recitative and air, short as they both are, just thrown in as if to keep up the connection of the text, were given with a tenderness, pathos, sorrow, that seemed to weigh down the hearts of the multitude which crowded the hall at that performance of the Messiah. But how, after the short recitative (also by him) "He was cut off," rang out the triumphant song, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell!" And what a preparation, how intense the longing it made for that wonderful climax, hardly surpassed by the Hallelujah itself, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"

Then again after the nations, "raging furi-

ously together," have determined to "break the bonds asunder" of the Lord and his anointed, "He that dwelleth in heaven" recited Reeves, "shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall hold them in derision"; and then his voice assumed an iron hardness of quality, so to speak, and for the first time, I heard "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt break them in pieces," with an effect which made the heart feel to its inmost core, how weak, feeble, mean are all the efforts of mere humanity against the Almighty. And this air, so given, justified the solemn joy, majestic triumph of the great Hallelujah chorus immediately succeeding. All the raging nations, the kings of the earth, and the rulers of peoples taking counsel together, are broken with a rod of iron and dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel; therefore, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever!"

I take Mr. Reeves to be some forty-five years of age, and see no reason why he should not long continue to be the greatest living oratorio singer. We cannot hope ever to hear him in America for a voyage thither could only result in a pecuniary loss to him. He is thoroughly appreciated in England, and can draw upon the liberality of the wealthy English musical public to an extent far beyond any possibility in America, unless through a Barnum process to which he would never descend. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," for his example would do more to cultivate English singing with us than all the music lessons of all the foreigners from Quebec to New Orleans. He is a new proof of how much good singers, especially in Recitative, depends upon an appreciation of the qualities necessary in good reading. The great pains now taken (in New England especially) in our country to make good readers is, I hope, laying a foundation for expressive singing. When one can feel the accent, emphasis and cadence proper in reading a text, and has mastered it, it is pretty certain that this culture will be visible when he sings, it is almost a necessary consequence. I pray you not to call me extravagant in my eulogy of Sims Reeves until you have heard him in Exeter Hall in Handel's music. Then we may argue the point, but I do not promise to be convinced.

Mr. Santley was the principal bass at the Exeter Hall Oratorios. He has a fine singing voice, somewhat hard in character and extensive in compass. His singing seemed to lack animation, and being heard in contrast to Reeves', it was rather cold. In opera it was decidedly so. But he has many qualities of a very fine singer, and his enunciation of his words is very good.

Of the women whom I remember as having particularly struck me, of course Fraulein Titiens, of Vienna, ranks first. Her singing at the Crystal Palace in the Creation was the finest specimen of soprano singing in the large, grand style I have ever heard. Her voice, of great extent of compass, and marvellous in power and purity, must have developed greatly since I heard her in Berlin some five years since. I was told that she is now studying English oratorio singing, as the highest branch of the art. But what there is to study judging from the exhibition of her powers at the Crystal Palace, one can hardly see, but then Haydn is not Handel!

In the "Black Domino" the singers who impressed me most were, the ever charming Louisa Pyne, well known in New York and Boston, who sings better than ever, and is among the best in Europe. She sang beautifully also in the "Messiah"; a very nice young soprano, Miss Thirlwall; Mr. Henry Corri, bass, destined to become a very fine one; and Mr. Henry Haigh, a very nice tenor indeed. This was at the Covent Garden opera.

At Her Majesty's theatre, Miss Parepa is prima donna of the English Company; a high, pure soprano, and a fair rival of Louisa Pyne. She is a large, fine looking woman, and can — so can all these London singers, thank fortune — sing in pure tones, free from the detestable tremolo or "wobble" so common on the continent. Mr. Santley was the first bass.

In Robin Hood the first woman's part was taken by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, a very fine soprano indeed and a favorite singer at the principal concerts. One lady, whose name has for years been prominent in the notices of oratorio performances, I had a very strong desire to hear, from the wish to hear the alto songs of Handel given with some such perfection as that to which Reeves has attained in those written for the tenor voice. This was Miss Dolby, now Madame Sainton. Her style is superb, and the pathos with which she gave "He was despised" was admirable. But I was sadly disappointed in her voice; she had, however, but recently left a sick bed.

As a rule it is the contralto or the mezzo soprano voice which in a woman touches my feelings in the highest degree. Thus I never grew weary of the air of Fides, which d'Angri sung so continually in America; and years ago Anna Stone's "Return, O God of Hosts," in Samson, was one of the gems in the oratorio. I had hoped, therefore, some such pleasure from Mad. Sainton Dolby, as I in fact received from Reeves, but the voice was wanting. The alto which grew upon me by oft hearing so that it now remains most indelibly fixed in my memory is Madame Laura Baxter — a large, energetic person, a large, energetic voice. At first there was a something rather repellent in her singing, a certain rudeness (perhaps I may call it) strength wanting polish, a taking by storm, but it grew up on me wondrously. Her "Woe unto thee, who forsake him," in Elijah was immensely forcible. I know no one, whom I should choose before her for the alto in the "Messiah." Excepting songstresses of world-wide reputation there are few whose names would be a greater attraction to me than that of Madame Laura Baxter, and I am surprised that the tone of the critics in relation to her is not warmer. But they are and ought to be better judges than I am.

I have but a very imperfect remembrance of the impression made by Miss Palmer, another singer of this class, whom I only heard once and then upon my first arrival. That impression is, however, very favorable.

In thus looking over the experience of the last few months I am confirmed in the opinion that no city in the world can show so large a number of such fine native singers as London. The average excellence, even of those not named, who have sung at concerts which I have attended, is far above that of Berlin and Vienna; I would add Paris, but I heard too little there to venture a judgment.

There was a time, a great while ago, alas! when England led the world in secular music, and could even send organists to the Continent. Whether the dear old Mother country may not yet take the lead again, is not a question to be answered with a "pshaw, nonsense!" Some steps are already taken and some doubtless will be in time. The noblest foundation for high musical culture, possible, outside the constant hearing of finely performed mass music in the churches—which, by the way, is now not too often to be heard even in the most Romish of countries—is familiarity with Handel's oratorios. It was that which for so many years made our small Boston the leader in music in America. This gives a standard of excellence for all the higher qualities of music and awakens or confirms the taste for that which is truly good. There is and can be no other such basis to build upon. This step has been taken in England. Everywhere choral societies are formed or are forming, and the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," now published in cheap editions, are the works to the conquering of which all strive. By slow degrees, too slow unfortunately, the chance of hearing such music adequately performed is coming within the means of classes hitherto excluded from the higher music. Then the efforts making to simplify teaching of class singing and bringing the lower classes of society into singing schools, although some of "the systems" seem to me absurd, still all tends upward and onward. A great impulse has been given to the cause of popular music, and the effect of a cheap press is beginning to be seen in music as well as in literature.

But there is still much to do. One crying abuse ought to be rectified immediately, and that is the misappropriation of cathedral or church funds originally bestowed for the maintenance of a musical service. Cathedral choirs in England, France, Italy, Germany were for centuries the nurseries of music, and one is surprised to see how great a number of the highest names in the art have been upon the lists of singing boys, or belong to men whose fathers were musicians in ecclesiastical establishments. This is peculiarly the case in England. As to Germany we find musical biographical sketches beginning continually with the fact that the hero at the age of eight or ten years became a "chork-nabe" (singing boy) in such a church or cloister. Now I have seen and heard a great number of complaints that the music funds of English cathedrals are diverted from their purposes save the small pittance necessary to secure the eight or twelve boys absolutely necessary for the service, and these boys are merely taught to sing their parts by rote, when the real object of the foundations was to make good musicians and cultivated men of them. (I am acquainted with a rising young musician, a theoretical teacher, who began life as a singing boy and who has promised me at some future time to relate his experience in the columns of the Journal.) If this nuisance of the music funds be so bad as has been represented, the musical public ought to agitate the subject, and compel the lazy priests and canons to make way for the singing boy.

Another object of importance not yet attained is the making of good orchestral music accessible to the poorer classes; this I have spoken of before.

Perhaps the most discouraging sign of the times (musical) is the almost utter want of a musical literature. A popular musical literature does not exist; and I am surprised continually to find books long since shelved everywhere else appealed to as authorities on matters of history and criticism pertaining to the Art. This is the weak side of the leading writers on music in the periodical press. Mr. Chorley is the exception, he keeping himself well up to the times in German and French as well as English writings on music. But this defect will not probably be remedied until there is an awakening on the part of those, who so freely spend their money for the support of the finest concerts in the world, to the value of musical knowledge as a means of higher enjoyment of music itself. The press teems with works upon painting and architecture, why not upon music? How happens it too, that nowhere in London could I find a library equal to very moderate demands on the part of one who would write upon modern German music?

But notwithstanding some drawbacks, the result of three months' observation is one very favorable to the condition of music in England; and as to the interest which my own particular pursuit has excited in the minds of nearly all to whom I had occasion to apply for aid or information, it cannot be described in too warm terms. And that aid has been effectual to an extent of which I had not dreamed. To Mr. Chorley, Mr. Davison, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Macfarren, all well-known names in our country, and to others well known there, my warmest thanks are due.

A. W. T.

A Letter About Chopin.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with lively interest the letters which M. Barbedette has devoted to Chopin and his works. The striking points in the man and the musician are faithfully reproduced. M. Barbedette admires Chopin, and what is more, loves him. Being imbued with two such sentiments, he might be expected to perform his task well, and he has done so. His articles are sure to be appreciated by the professors of the piano and the students who habitually read the *Ménestrel*, in which they find some admirable instruction. It was no easy matter to analyse the music of Chopin, for every one of his works is a complex production in the composite style; the plan and outline being far from apparent. I do not mean by this to say that Chopin's works are deficient in inspiration, that his style is strained and labored, or that his nature was not true and impulsive; but that same nature of his contained so many elements! A sentiment of elegance and delicate refinement amounting to coquetry; ingenuous frankness, full of abandon; capricious fits of gaiety and folly; accents of profound grief; an elevated and believing soul; a weakly and voluptuous temperament; a sickly sensibility; a fine and exquisite mind, are all mixed up and confounded in Chopin, forming a unity at once admirable and eccentric. This is a fact which M. Barbedette has clearly perceived, and he has introduced into his analysis a number of reflections very remarkable for their justice.

As you perceive, my dear Editor, I do not take up my pen for the purpose of criticising a criticism. Such a course would be all the less becoming in me, as I myself am a critic, and it would be easy to inflict upon me just retaliation. I wish, with your permission and that of M. Barbedette, merely to point out an omission in the latter's article; though, after all, it is not an omission, since the fact I desire to submit to your

* Translated for the *London Musical World* from *Le Ménestrel*.

notice is mentioned,—only sufficient stress is not laid upon it. M. Barbedette, when referring to Chopin, has spoken at great length of the love of one's native country. This noble sentiment has inspired him to write two noble and touching pages, which must still be in the minds of all your readers. Let us examine how far this sentiment affected Chopin. "He did not study," says M. Barbedette "to be a national musician. Like all true national poets, he sang without fixed design and without preconcerted plan, whatever his inspiration dictated most spontaneously; and thus it is that in his songs there springs up, without care and without effort, the most idealized form of national genius." A few lines further on, M. Barbedette adds: "After having become a Parisian, Chopin did not cease to keep up his relations with his native land, though absent from it. We follow the trace of this in the numerous melodies which circulate under his name in Poland melodies which he adapted to certain patriotic songs of his country, and which he sent there as pledges that he still recollected it."

I stop at this last. The portion which I have underlined expresses an undoubted fact; as to the other, I have, I confess, some trouble in comprehending the meaning which Mr. Barbedette attaches to it.

For my part, I know (and I will proceed to tell you how I know it) that Chopin composed a number of songs, and *not melodies adopted to patriotic songs*, but original songs, which have become popular in Poland; it is a singular thing, too, that his country which sings them is ignorant that he was the author, or, at least, was ignorant of it before his death. I know that, during the latter years of his life, Chopin fondly entertained the idea of collecting and publishing his songs, as well as a collection of national airs. This I can certify. Alas! his plan, like so many plans formed by men, men of genius as well as simple mortals, here below, was never realised.

M. Barbedette is well acquainted with Chopin; he is deeply versed in most of what he said and did; let him allow me to instruct him fully concerning the circumstance I have mentioned above. I was an old acquaintance of Chopin, when he took up his residence, for a lengthened period, in the Square d'Orléans, where I have lived during twenty years. We met very frequently, and not without interchanging kindly words, as well as, sometimes, criticisms and opinions on art and artists. Chopin was too much a man of the world, and possessed too much good taste to offend the feelings of persons who had musical sympathies different from his own. He first of all established the points of contact, and then, with infinite cleverness, seasoned with a slight dash of epigram, maintained a system of reservation on the disputed points. Frequently, when you thought you had him at your mercy, he escaped from you; he glided from your grasp, with incomparable address—nay, I will even say, grace. He was like his own music. It was necessary to know him intimately before you could appreciate him, just as, in order to appreciate him, just as, in order to appreciate all the worth of his music, you had to make it a subject of profound study. It was no easy thing to approach the man, any more than his music. There was something of the sensitive plant in one and in the other. I speak according to my own impressions.

One evening, Chopin and myself in the *foyer* of the Italian Opera. This was somewhere in 1847 or 1848. He told me there was an empty stall in the orchestra next to his own, and advised me to take it. I did so. *Il Matrimonio* was being performed. I do not know why I had fancied Chopin could not like such music, because, in the first place, it was Italian, and then because it was so easy, so simple, so flowing in style, so limpid, and so natural, that it struck me as diametrically opposed to his. He, on his part, imagined that it could not please me. Judge, my dear Editor, what must have been the surprise of both of us when we discovered that we were both enthusiastically fond of it! Our mutual suspicion greatly amused us.

"Ah! what a masterpiece," said Chopin.

"What an adorable composer is this Cimarosa! How he imparts a value to the slightest trifles, to the simplest modulations! What grace! What fertility! What riches! Did you remark the minor phrase in the finale of the first act? It is the only one in the entire act. How full of charm is that phrase in A minor!"

"How pleased I am to hear you speak thus," I observed. "I thought—"

"And what great delight I experienced," he replied, "at finding you feel and admire such a work."

After the performance, we proceeded towards our respect dwellings in the Rue St. Lazare. We walked slowly: he leaned upon my arm, and we spoke without the least restraint. The ice between us was broken. He communicated to me his most inward thoughts concerning the old masters, and certain composers of the day as well.

"How right you are," he remarked, "to undertake the defence of so-and-so! but—"

There was a "but," if it was a criticism, it implied, also, an eulogium.

"Chopin," I said to him, "will you allow me to express a desire, although it may perhaps, be very indiscreet?"

"What is it?"

"Would you consent to give me your biography? We live in the same house. I would come to your apartments two or three successive mornings. I would take down from your dictation all you choose to tell me concerning your masters, your studies, your compositions, your travels—"

"My travels?" he observed, interrupting me. "I am always travelling. I am only at Paris *en passant*."

He then related the following anecdote in reference to his passport:—Some weeks previous to the Revolution of 1830, he was in Poland, where he had long charmed the Russians and his own countrymen by his double talent as a composer and a *virtuoso*. Suddenly he was seized with a desire to travel. He intended to go through Italy, but while he was at Vienna, the news of the insurrection of several provinces in the Peninsula caused him to change his route, if not his resolution. He asked for a passport for London. The desire, however, for seeing Paris, and the still greater desire of seeing our musical celebrities there (above all, Cherubini), induced him to visit France; so he had the words "*Pas-sant par Paris*" added to his passport.

"You see," he continued, "that I am here only as a bird of passage. No matter; I shall be delighted to render you acquainted with my biography, and you may be assured of one fact: several persons have made the same request, but I have always refused them."

It was settled that I should go and see him the next day but one. The moment I entered his room, he said,—

"Since you are about to become my historian, I must inform you that people do not know half the works I have composed."

He then went on to tell me the number of songs and national airs he had written, and which his countrymen sang without being aware these compositions were his. As you may easily fancy, my dear Editor, such an announcement made a deep impression on me, and I carefully entered it among my notes.

At the period of which I am speaking, Chopin did not exactly know his age, for I find in my notes that he was born at Zalazowo-Wala, about 1810. "It is impossible for us," I wrote, "to give more exactly the date of his birth. He himself could only fix approximately, the day on which he saw the light, by a watch sent him, in 1820, by Mad. Catalani, and on which were engraved the words, '*Given by Mad. Catalani to young Frederick Chopin, aged ten years.*'" This, by the way, leads us to suppose that, in his boyhood, he was a little prodigy, a fact, however, of which he did not boast. To return to Chopin's age. M. Barbedette asserts that he was born on the 1st of March, 1810. M. Fétis, in the new edition of his *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, fixes on the 8th of March in the same year as the correct date.

However this may be, I wrote Chopin's Biography from his own dictation. I kept it in my portfolio until after his decease, which took place on the 17th October 1849. M. de Lamennais, who had become the chief editor of a republican paper—*La Tribune*, as far as I can remember—asked me for the manuscript, that he might publish it in his journal which however, suddenly stopped, and I took the biography to the *Opinion Publique*, in which it appeared, on the 23d November ensuing, without the author's name. I trust that M. Barbedette will excuse me if the supposition I am about to make is incorrect, but I have reason to believe that my sketch of Chopin met his eye, for independently of the somewhat vague manner in which the popular songs are mentioned, I find in the articles of *Le Ménestrel* certain details, especially that about the passport, of which other biographers have said nothing.

M. Barbedette has judged Chopin correctly. Chopin's nature was most rare and exquisite, but but it moved in a restricted sphere. Even in the works of Weber we feel the horizon diminished around us; we experience somewhat of the oppression caused by the sight of lofty mountains, where great and dazzling effects follow deep shadows and fantastic apparitions. Except Beethoven and Rossini, despite the peculiar shades of difference in their genius, there are scarcely any composers who breathe and flourish in the full height of the sun. Chopin leads us into a region full of melancholy and mystery. But we cannot remain there long; we experience a feeling of suffocation; we gasp for air. Persons suffering from some diseases seek out shaded and solitary walks; an extensive view causes them to turn giddy. J. D'ORTIGUE.

Practical Answers to Practical Questions.

[REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THIS JOURNAL.]

1. Is it right that in connection with religious worship, the organ should overpower the voices of the choir, and the voluntaries and interludes occupy so large a portion of the time appointed for worship? "The purpose of the organ is to incite calm, devotional feeling, and to support the choir, not to drive or overpower, which often seems to be the aim of accompanists. They should rather follow than lead, always playing their parts modestly though firmly, and with correctness and dignity. Voluntaries, interludes, &c., should occupy the smallest possible space, so that they will fulfil the purpose for which they are required."—J. S. Bach.

2. Is it right to make such an indiscriminate use of the open pedal as is usual with many amateurs, and even professional amateurs?—"The raising of the dampers with the open pedal of the piano has nothing to do with any proper variation of loudness in the tone, but is evidently used by unskilled performers as a cloak for their fault in playing. No truly good pianist has any occasion for the use of the pedal to assist him in the production of power and expression. Their purpose is only to sustain such tones as cannot otherwise be connected by the hands."—J. A. Hummel.

3. Is it right in singing to slide and drag the voice from one tone to another as seems to be esteemed elegant and fashionable at the present day?—"The portamento must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill-toned drawling of one tone into another, which is like the sound produced on stringed instruments by slowly running the finger up or down the same string. This is not singing, though it is by many practised as such, and so called. Give each note its absolute value as common sense will dictate, and the difficulty is at once obviated."—Hæser.

4. Is it right to abuse language in singing, as many do, by calling *the, thur-to, tur-by, bur, &c.* Webster and other authorities give but one pronunciation of these words, and "there is no reason why they should not be pronounced in singing, as in correct speaking and declamation, and unquestionably they can be, so as not to interfere with any establish-

ed rules of vocal art, and be all the more intelligible to the listener."—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

5. Is it right in teaching the young to play the piano, to occupy their time and attention with polkas, dances, operatic medleys, &c.?—"The assurance has often been given by the authors of such music that they were designed for no such purpose; give them exercises, studies and real pianoforte compositions that they may first learn how to apply them; if their taste leads them no higher, let them amuse themselves with such things, when the skill already acquired will enable them to play them without the usual labor and drudgery."—G. Weber.

6. Is it right to bring secular melodies into use in connection with religious worship?—"To nothing more than this does the adage apply, 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' Such melodies as drinking songs, love ditties, or what not, though pretty enough of themselves, have worldly, if not low and degrading associations connected with them, and are only ill-fitted, but insulting to the presence and worship of the great God."—Dr. Clark.

7. Is it right for persons in playing a piece of music, to exercise what they call their judgment as to the style and manner of performance?—"Every master has written his piece as he wishes to have it played, therefore, every note, word, and sign upon the music page should be sacred in the eyes of the player, and faithfully interpreted."—A. B. Marx.

8. Is it right when one person is playing or singing, at the request of others, for some to converse either aloud or in whispers, in their presence?—"It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should not be tolerated. When once Beethoven was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hand of his pupil from the instrument, saying, 'I do not play before such swine.'"—Mozcheles.

9. Is it right for any person to pronounce judgment upon any musical composition, after merely drumming it over, or giving it but a superficial examination?—"Every piece of music is a sealed book to him whose skill and education in music do not enable him to play and understand it like a master; and only with such knowledge and execution can any one form a proper judgment of a musical work of art."—Carl Czerny.

10. Is it right to collect large numbers of people together, and set them all to screaming and shouting upon one common principle without regard to individual peculiarities and vocal difficulties?—"No physician would enter the wards of a hospital and give physic indiscriminately without inquiring into the wants and symptoms of each patient; and yet there would be as much justice in doing so, as in the former case. Every pupil should be trained alone, at least until perfect in vocalization."—Panzeron.

11. Is it right in choral practice to double any one part and play three parts in the other hand, as is so customary with many?—"Again, play every piece as its author has written it. If each hand has the usual number of fingers, let the work be divided equally between the hands, unless either of the middle parts should be so remote from the outer part as to render it necessary for the time being, to take it up with the other hand."—Schneider.

12. Is it right to rely implicitly upon musical talent, so called, without cultivation or instruction, thus allowing so many "self-taught" players to inflict themselves upon the community as we are now obliged to listen to?—"One who would become a good pianist needs nothing to begin with but a good pair of hands and common sense. Let talent come in afterwards in its proper time and place, and the most desirable results may be obtained."—Alex. Dreyschock.

13. Is it right in playing or singing a passage in which there is a triplet in the melody, to two eighths

in the accompaniment, or *vice versa*, to perform it in that uncertain, indefinite way, which is almost universal even among professional performers?—"In all combinations of regular and irregular rhythmic forms, both parts should be played in perfect time, that is they should commence together, then play a note of that part which has the greater number of notes then of that which has the less, and so on alternating, and occupying the time with each part equally as common sense would direct."—*M. Clementi*.

14. Is it right in teaching or practising the piano, organ, &c., to expect any satisfactory result when the eyes are allowed continually to vacillate from the notes to the fingers, a practice so commonly indulged?—"The eyes should be habitually directed to the notes, and *never* to the keys. Not only is one liable to lose the place on the page, but looking at the fingers will accustom them to depend upon the eyes for assistance, and deprive themselves of that unerring certainty of aim and span so indispensable to pure and faultless mechanism."—*Carl Czerny*.

15. Is it right in teaching the piano to employ the key of C, as the introduction to and foundation of scale practice?—"The scale of C is the most difficult of all scales to perform upon the piano perfectly, it having no black keys to regulate the succession of the fingers. It should therefore be approached gradually after having established good and correct mechanism in those scales which contain as nearly as may be an equal number of black and white keys; as for example, A, E, A b, E b, major scales. Many suppose the scale of C to be easiest, merely because it can be blundered through without any certain or correct method of fingering; and it is owing to this mistake that so few among the thousands who attempt it, can play the piano as it should be."—*M. Clementi*.

16. Is it right in singing the vocal compositions of foreign authors, to substitute the translations which are offered with them by the publishers, for the text for which they were originally composed?—"The words which are used in the utterance of vocal tones, have much influence upon their quality, and a great part of the skill of a composer for the voice consists in applying certain tones to be sung only upon such vowels as will facilitate their execution. Our language abounds in uncertain and clumsy syllables. It is therefore necessary when these occur, that they be placed where medium tones of voice are used, and to avoid placing them where the tones must be sustained. How necessary then that the original text should be sung, or if a translation must be employed, that the syllables be so adapted that the vowel sound corresponds and assimilates with those for which the musical composer designed them."—*Fétis*.

17. Is it right to allow pupils the use of the metronome by which to mark their time when practising or playing upon the musical instrument?—"The metronome was invented and is designed to indicate the true movement of a musical work, and *not* to save lazy people the trouble of counting time as they should do. If one could play a piece through correctly, attending to the beating of a metronome, which is scarcely possible, if he possesses any nervous sensibility, the performance must necessarily bear a cold, hard and inexpressive character."—*J. A. Hummel*.

18. Is it right to estimate the skill of musical performers vocal or instrumental, by the rapidity of their execution?—"To sing a simple melody with purity and taste, or to play a fugue and interpret it properly, exacts and evinces more talent and skill than the performance of the most difficult or complicated musical compositions that require merely rapidity of execution. It is a great error to suppose that mere agility of fingering or rapidity of executing music, displays a great musician or singer."—*S. Thalberg*.

Music in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, AUGUST 3d, 1861.—There is scarcely a nation in existence—not even excepting the Italians—more thoroughly imbued with musical taste than the Russians. Music gardens are quite as frequent as in Germany, while among the better classes the modern Italian operas are as well known as in England or France, I would divide the music heard in Russia, into five classes; the Eclectic; the Original; the National; the Gipsy and the Church music.

1. The Eclectic. By this I mean the music of foreign composers from Handel down to Verdi, all of which is cultivated here. At the grand opera house, a purely government affair, and immensely expensive you may hear the very best modern operas (the Italian usually having the preference) sung by the most brilliant artists in the operatic ranks. In summer this opera house is closed, the season for opera lasting from September to March. The lowest price of admission entitling one to a seat is three rubles or \$2.25. A private box for five in the principal tier costs 600 rubles for each *abonnement*; by an *abonnement* is meant the right to the box one night a week for the season. If you subscribe to the first *abonnement* you have the use of the box on Monday night when the foreign diplomats, nobles and aristocracy attend. On this night only can the Emperor or any of his family be seen at the opera. The *abonnement* for the second night (Wednesday) costs the same, but the audience is not so fashionable, the merchants chiefly going then or else on Friday nights to the third *abonnement*. It is usual to produce a new opera on Monday night and repeat it on Wednesday and Friday nights, so that all the subscribers may have an opportunity of hearing it. Monday nights the house is always crammed, but on other occasions it is not always remuneratively attended. The salaries paid to the artists are immense, and the nobles are in the habit of giving splendid presents to the *prime donna*. Everybody knows how popular Bosio was there, and what a remarkable funeral she had. Viardot Garcia is a great favorite and was specially admired by the Emperor Nicholas. Tamberlik the tenor also enjoys great popularity. I understand that Adelina Patti will sing here by-and-bye and think she will make a decided hit.

Under "Eclectic music" I also include the most of that played by the military bands, in parks and at music gardens. Yesterday, for instance, I was strolling in the pleasure grounds of Kammenoy Ostrov, one of the islands in the vicinity of the city, resorted to for afternoon drives. The band played a number of pieces among which were, waltzes by Strauss and Lanner—the *Miserere* from *Trovatore* and extracts from *Ernani* by Verdi—overture to *Maritana* by Balfe—overture to *Massaniello* by Auber—overture to *Norma* by Bellini—the sextette from *Donizetti's Lucia*, and various Russian airs. This certainly showed a wide range of musical eclecticism.

Every family has a piano and every young lady and most of the young men, play brilliantly, and if not with a deep meaning, with an ease and grace that is quite fascinating. Singing is particularly cultivated by the men, and the finest voices are heard in the churches. But there few good native female singers.

2. The Original. By this I mean to designate the music composed by native composers, of whom the best known is Glinka. This music consists of operettas, chansons, and the like. Rubinstein is giving it a more classical turn by his compositions for stringed instruments. Of this class of Russian music I have not heard enough to judge fairly.

Talking of Glinka reminds of his tomb, in the curious little church-yard connected with the Alexander Nevsky Monastery in the suburbs of the city. With but one exception—that of the Holy Trinity

at Moscow—this monastery is considered, the most sacred of the religious establishments in Russia, and to lie in the graveyard is perhaps the highest posthumous ambition of a wealthy Russian. The cemetery is small, and crowded with quaint and odd monuments often of marble and brick, but generally of richly polished granite. Over the grave of Glinka—who died only a few years ago—is a simple granite slab, surmounted by a Greek cross. A bas-relievo of music books, lyres and angels is the only ornament, and the inscription simply tells the name of the deceased with the necessary dates.

3. The Gipsy music. This at once explains itself; it consists of difficult, quaint, and generally unharmonious melodies, and does not very greatly differ from

4. The Natural music. Now bear in mind the Russian National Hymn, "God Save the Emperor," is the noblest national anthem of which any people can boast, and of course far superior to "God Save the Queen;" but it bears few points of coincidence with the genuine Russian music, this latter consists of minor melodies of the most eccentric character, and in St. Petersburg is principally heard at the open air music gardens where it form an unfailing attraction. It is sung by parties of some sixteen men and boys dressed in the national Russian costume, and accompanied by that inseparable companion of Jem Baggs the Wandering Minstrel—the clarinet. Occasionally a tambourine and triangle are added to this, but violins and all stringed instruments are carefully excluded.

At the commencement of the performance a solo on the triangle calls together both singers and audience, the former mounting and standing on a semicircle on a little roofed platform, and the latter standing or sitting in front. The leader of the singers—who is distinguished by the fact that his long frock, is blue, while the "high privates" are dressed in black (both however indulging in gilt or brass trimmings)—stands in the centre. At his signal the clarinet player starts up a dismal little prelude, and then leader and player perform in unison a few strains of what is supposed to be melody. Very unexpectedly—for this solo by no means appears to have closed, the chorus breaks in, at first very discordantly. In a few bars, however, they get straight and keep admirable time and tune. The tenors seem to carry the air, and the soprano (boy) voices are chiefly distinguishable in the long sustained high notes thrown in frequently but never where they would be absolutely discordant with the other parts. At the close of each verse, this soprano takes the high octave key note and as the melodies always end in the minor key, there is something peculiarly wild and effective in this long-sustained quivering note which is something between a shriek and a musical tone. Some of the choruses sung have a genuine and clearly defined melody, one in particular, strongly resembling the well-known "Trab, Trab" being very popular. It is the custom for the audience to call out for popular songs, and there is no printed programme, with which such demands would interfere. The concert invariably concludes with a lovely and exciting yet still minor mode—melody, to which several of the the singers dance in the most grotesque manner, leaping up and down, shouting, throwing out their hands, and with all the eccentricity of the thing preserving the utmost grace in every movement. I know nothing of the kind as exciting and thrilling as this closing feature of the entertainment.

5. The Church Music. In the Greek church as no organs or musical instruments are allowed, the music is purely vocal. Women never sing, the choirs being filled by men and boys. The Greek church music is heard to perfection in St. Petersburg at St. Isaac's and the Nevsky churches. The choristers are arrayed on each side of the altar, and are dressed in a peculiar costume of blue trimmed with

yellow. I can safely aver that such magnificent voices are heard in no other part of the world for the leader has thousands of lads from which to make his selection, and only accepts the purest and most angelic boy voices, while the adults, especially the basses, are acknowledged by every foreigner who has heard them to be unsurpassed. Why, their low D's and C's sound like the pedal notes of one of the finest church organs.

The music consists chiefly of responses of simple chords, but of the most unexpected and curious progressions. This music cannot be described; "only itself can be its parallel." There are seldom if ever solos, but semi-choruses, and full chorals and occasionally an anthem sung antiphonally. In certain high festivals, a portion of the choir is stationed far behind the altar and sounds in the distance like a band of angels whose music comes to us from another sphere. The priests appear to be men of musical education, for their part of the service is something between monotone and operatic recitative. The Greek service, on the whole, is much more imposing than the Roman Catholic, and vastly more incomprehensible to the uninitiated. To the amateur, its music offers the rare feature of unadulterated novelty; it can only be heard in Russia, and when once heard leaves an impression which no lapse of time can ever efface. TROYATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Artist Trio.

As three most highly gifted women, Charlotte Cushman, Emma Stebbins, and Marguerite Foley have recently left our country together, to take up their residence abroad, we take the liberty of "making a note of it."

Charlotte Cushman has been so long known and appreciated, that there is but little we can say of her that has not been said before. Unlike her younger companions, she has gone through a long and brilliant professional career, and is now ready to lay aside the cares of public life, and enjoy the honors she has so bravely won. It is a pleasure to repeat such histories as hers, for all accounts declare her to be a thorough artist, and noble-hearted woman.

A native of Boston, her earliest career belongs to us, and gives us by right a pride in her successes, and a deep interest in the struggles which led to them. These struggles, we are told, began at a very early age, when most girls endure the school-room, and are only eager for play. Being the oldest of five children, she began to assist in supporting the family when twelve years old. Many kind things are said of her by school mates, who remember the high-spirited, cheerful little girl at this time. She early manifested remarkable musical ability which led her to make her first appearance in public as a singer. Mrs. Wood, with whom she sang in concert, declared her voice to be the finest contralto she ever heard, and advised her to cultivate it for the stage.

Thirty years ago a singer's career in Boston was quite different from what it is at the present time. So limited were the opportunities for study, and so great and unyielding was the prejudice against professional women, that one is not sur-

prised that the family of the young girl heard of her desire to go upon the stage with consternation, and strenuously opposed it. In spite of these obstacles she persevered and made her *debut* at the Tremont Theatre in 1835 as the *Countess* in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. She was then but nineteen years of age, and it must be remembered had never allowed herself time for rest. This unceasing exertion soon overtasked the young singer. Not long after her *debut*, we hear of her in New Orleans, where she went to sing in English opera, but her voice failed, and she was forced to throw up her engagement. Nothing daunted she resolved to become an actress, and immediately put herself in training for this purpose, and in duo time made her appearance as Lady Macbeth.

Such versatility of talent, steadiness of purpose, and indomitable will are rarely found combined. Accustomed to rely upon herself, to plan and perform were one with her. Equally good in tragedy and comedy, a new character was always well studied until comprehended, for she never left a part until she had made it entirely her own. At one time she was engaged at the Old Bowery Theatre, but after playing a week she was taken ill, and before she recovered, the Theatre was burned and with it all her wardrobe. Later she was engaged as stock actress for three years and gained great reputation for her histrionic ability.

Thus Fortune, at the hardest, proved her best friend and in this instance verified the truth of the old adage that "Necessity is the best school-master." Undoubtedly to the drilling and discipline of this time, with the constant study of human nature which was presented in every possible form, she owed much of the power with which she delineated such a great variety of characters in after years.

When her sister came out as an actress, Miss Cushman gave up to her the female characters she had so long assumed and took herself the principal male parts in those plays in which they appeared together — an act of sisterly devotion worthy of a great woman.

In 1844 she made a professional tour through the Northern States with Mr. Macready, receiving everywhere the highest applause. But it would be impossible to follow her through all the changes of a long, eventful, and, we can truly say, a most successful career. After playing with great eclat in London, she returned to this country in 1849, and first appeared in the character of Meg Merrilies, which she has made entirely her own, and which, for boldness of conception and intense acting is unsurpassed. It is a fearful representation of the wild Gypsy's life and death, so intensely real, that one feels a deep sense of relief when the curtain falls and proves it was only acting. Ever after the character stands by itself in our imagination.

It is not our intention to discuss this play (Guy Mannering) nor Miss Cushman's merits as an actress; long ago she passed through the critic's hands, receiving her full share of just and unjust treatment, but always rising higher and higher in her profession. Her last engagement proved a real *tour de triomphe* in spite of these most inauspicious times. We read with regret this was indeed her farewell appearance.

It is of her as a woman rather than as an artist that we are inclined to speak, but here we

are no longer upon common ground; the artist belongs to the public, the woman to her friends. May her old home in Italy be as fresh and charming to her as when she first sought there recreation and rest from her many labors.

Emma Stebbins is claimed by her friends as a "New Yorker," and is therefore less known to us than her older friend and companion, Miss Cushman. As an artist, however, her name has become as familiar here as in New York. She was first introduced to the public by the "Miner" and "Sailor," two statuettes designed to symbolize Labor and Commerce. They not only show a true artistic conception, but make us better acquainted with the woman whose clear head, vivid imagination and refinement of feeling is manifest in all she does.

We are told that Miss Stebbins has modeled but a few years, but in that time has accomplished almost incredible things. It is by no means to be supposed that the artistic fire has just been kindled. On the contrary, the spark was born with her and has been growing and lighting upon every inflammable substance in its way, until at last it bursts out and astonishes all who behold it. Prosperity often proves a greater hindrance to progress in Art or Literature than adversity; one needs the strong arm of necessity to help open the way. All Miss Stebbins' early proclivities were for "poetry and painting"; her pen and ink drawings were remarkable. Her efforts in "the plastic Art" are much more recent, but we feel well assured that modeling in a simple way has been the pastime of her whole life, and during the three years she has spent in Italy she has reproduced in a beautiful whole a thousand incomplete efforts of her childhood.

Her Lotos Eater has recently been before the public and received its meed of praise. No sooner is one subject completed than she has another ready to begin upon. It is said she has already a design of Columbus with which she will inaugurate her next winter's labors. This Columbus, however, cannot prove a second discoverer, for the genius is already discovered and acknowledged.

Miss Stebbins' bust of Miss Cushman is no less remarkable than her ideal subjects; indeed, by many it is considered her best effort. It is true to life and is also a perfect likeness idealized. All her works bear the impress of delicacy and refinement, and no one understands better than she the best expression of Miss Cushman's face, who is her constant friend and companion.

Marguerite Foley belongs to us. Although a native of Vermont, her last and best years have been spent in Boston. This is her first visit abroad, where she goes, as so many have done before her, to improve herself in her chosen vocation in the land of Art.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so the plays of children often give unmistakable indications of their future career. Miss Foley has always modeled, beginning to make images of mud and dough when others made their so-called pies. In the Winter her snow men were the delight of all her companions, for moulding snow was a favorite amusement during the day, and cutting chalk figures was her evening pastime. We have seen some exquisite chalk Angels and Cupids, as well as striking likenesses of her companions, cut when she was very young, a mere child, indeed. Alas! the soft material rendered

these likenesses almost as frail as her snow men. Those were her only days of freedom; very early the duties of life devolved upon her. The struggle became a battle for Art, for which all other attractions were set aside, and all allurements to other things proved powerless. This one idea possessed her; at school, whether as pupil or teacher, as a writer, in whatever direction her lines were cast, she remained true to her vocation.

It may seem an easy thing to those favored by Fortune to follow an attraction steadily, but to overcome obstacles unaided, to live down prejudices and bravely to make one's way requires much courage and force of character. All honor to the woman who can do it. This is not the place to speak of the many efforts Miss Foley was obliged to make to keep pace with her longings for Art and an Artist's life. A young girl almost alone in the world with nothing to depend upon must turn them in every direction to meet her wants. She tried painting in oil and water colors and also crayon likenesses with much success. At one time she was a member of the School of Design where she took up wood engraving, and at another time she turned her attention to teaching. Of late her speciality has been cameo cutting which has so occupied her time as to leave little room for other branches of her chosen art. She began to carve likenesses in shell when a child and her first cameo was completed before she ever saw a likeness of this kind. In the meantime, modeling has not been neglected, although not the first in her daily duties. One life-sized bust was on exhibition for some time in Boston; another was exhibited at a fair in Lowell, where it received marked attention. Her small bust of Theodore Parker is well known here and highly prized by his friends. Those who only saw Mr. Parker in the pulpit have but little idea of his face in repose and thus arises great difference of opinion in regard to likenesses of him. Just before he left Boston for a more genial climate, Miss Foley cut a cameo of him with which he was highly pleased, declaring to her it was "admirable" and could not be improved. By this means she gained a knowledge of her subject which was of great value to her when modeling the bust. She has done more than to get a good man's likeness, she has given the expression most loved by those who knew him best. Miss Foley has executed several admirable medallion likenesses during the past winter one or two of which she has taken as orders to put into marble while abroad.

We did not intend to speak of these ladies as artists only, but as noble women, who have left us to do their work elsewhere, and to wish them all happiness and success. Miss Cushman and Miss Stebbins have tried their powers and been welcomed home, but their younger sister in Art is to appear in the artist-world abroad for the first time. May it prove to her all she hopes and expects, and reward her for such patient waiting and long efforts. It was once said to her "You will succeed in whatever you undertake, whether you work with your hands or your head." With most versatile talent, brilliant wit, and a large amount of cheerfulness, we predict for her a warm reception wherever she goes.

The Boston Museum opened again on Monday, August 19, for its nineteenth season, with the new play, *Men of the Day*. The company is an excellent one, embracing, however, but few of those who have so long been familiar to us. Warren of course remains, and so too Miss Reynolds. This lady has a very pleasing voice, and sings with taste and expression, and in a style unusual for the stage of the Museum, at least since the time when Miss Phillips adorned it. The orchestra is still under the able conductor, and accomplished artist, Mr. Eichberg, who does his best with the small force at his command.

A correspondent sends us the following notice of the lady spoken of above:

"Miss Kate Reynolds the popular actress has recently made a very successful debut in Opera at Halifax with *Mrs. Anna Bishop*. The local papers say that this young lady's vocalism took the audience by surprise. They had known her as a charming actress, but were not prepared for the power and sweetness of voice with which she delighted them on this occasion. Miss Reynolds we believe, refused—a year ago—

through love of her profession, an offer of an engagement with the English opera troupe now in California. She is yet very young and in spite of her success in the drama it ought to be a serious matter of consideration whether it is right to neglect the cultivation of an organ of so much promise—as those who have heard Miss Reynolds' singing in the course of performances have recognized hers to be—especially as the lyric stage so much needs the support of that essential dramatic talent so very rarely found in the finest vocalists.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 27, 1861.—Ullman has issued his "card to the public," and we have now some slight insight to his plans for the coming season. The Academy of Music is to be opened early in September; not, however, by its legitimate occupant occupants. Instead of the the sweet warbling of fair *prime donne* and "silver voiced" *tenors*, we are to have the "presto, pass," of a great magician, whose feats of *diablerie*, are said to excel even those of *Pycomantheum* fame. Muzio's baton, is to be superseded by the magic wand of Herrmann, whose "soirées de prestidigitation" have been the wonder of the world, and instead of the "powerful chorus" that usually grace the Academy stage, we shall probably be favored with all the little red legged, no-tailed demons, that so gently remove the unfortunate Don Giovanni from his midnight repast to the infernal regions, and so affectionately seize the beautiful nuns and lead them away among the tombs. Caspar would have been delighted to have had such an apprentice at the bullet moulding business at Wolf's Glen with that chorus of invisible spirits ringing in his ears:

"Pria che notte ancor verrà
Piu Res-da non sarà
Uhü—Uhü!"

Herrmann will undoubtedly be a valuable auxiliary to Ullmann, in his concoction of mysterious "incantation scenes," "mystic flames," "flitting lights," "dancing shadows" and all the concomitants of witches caves, and sorcerer's dens. That he is perfectly *au fait* in the Art *Diabolique* there can be no shadow of doubt. He totally eschews all mechanical contrivances and ingenious apparatus, and presents no glittering array of trappings and paraphernalia wherewith to divert the eye. He executes all his feats, unaided, and with nothing but his bare hands. His eminent success in his art, has won for him many valuable tokens of appreciation and he has had bestowed upon him the ribbons of several Orders. From a collection of marvellous doings we have selected a few that may be worthy of interest:

HERMANN AT A BARBER'S SHOP.—A stranger, elegantly dressed, and a perfect gentleman in his manners, entered a hairdresser's establishment on Wednesday night, and asked, with a slight German accent, to be shaved. The proprietor and his assistants being engaged at the time with other customers, the mistress of the establishment herself adjusted the towel to the new comer, and proceeded to shave him.

The operation being almost finished, the stranger, who had already given some signs of impatience, suddenly stopped the lady's hand, seized the razor, and making some remarks about the nervous irritation produced upon him by the application of the steel, inflicted a severe wound upon his throat, from which the blood spouted in large jets, and the gentleman's head sank upon his shoulder.

At the sight of this suicide, the cry of "murder" arose, every one rushing out of the shop, some to call a physician, others to run for a policeman, but the wife of the hairdresser fell down on the chair fainting.

After a short while however, the wounded man seemed to recover. With a convulsive gasp he seized the towel and dried up the blood gushing from his wound, then, throwing the towel on the floor, he jumped up, looked in the glass, smiled, and showing to the people who had returned into the shop his throat, which had not sustained even the slightest scratch, he took his leave, humming some patriotic tune.—*Independence Belge, Bruxelles, April 2, 1858.*

A SOIRÉE AT THE FIELD-MARSHAL, JELLAICHIC.—Some days ago the great magician, Herrmann, performed in a fashionable private circle a feat of his art which created the most intense sensation among all that witnessed the clever performance. The Professor asked a young lady to give him a ring of great value. His request being complied with, he took the ring and threw it from the open window into the garden. He then requested another lady to hand him her bracelet, which, as soon as he received it, met with the same fate as the ring did. In order to restore the jewelry to the ladies, he stepped up to the corner of the room, where a parrot was sitting fastened to a chain. Releasing the feathered prisoner, Herrmann told the company that the parrot would bring back the missing articles. Through the window the parrot flew away. Ten minutes had elapsed, but nothing was to be seen of the bird. Herrmann sent a servant into the garden to look after the messenger he had dispatched in search for the ring and bracelet. But as neither the servant nor the parrot returned, after the lapse of five minutes, another servant went out after them, who, like the two others before him did not return. Meanwhile, the excitement of the company rose to its highest pitch, every one being anxious to see how the whole affair would turn out. At length Herrmann, casting a smiling glance over the company, went to the window, humming a peculiar tune; and instantly the parrot came flying into the room, treading in its bill, the bracelet around its neck. And in each claw holding a wig, which it had cunningly taken from the heads of the two servants. (This affair took place in the palace of the Austrian Field-Marshal, Jellaichic).—*Peace Gazette, Vienna, February 16, 1851.*

Although Herrmann comes to America at a very inauspicious period in its history, yet we trust that he will meet with the support he deserves. After a short season of legerdemain Ullman proposes to inaugurate a short season of Italian opera. Mme. Medori and Charton are the only two announcements yet made public. We presume the remainder of the troupe will be the popular favorites of last season.

Brignoli is rusticated at Long Branch. He drives the fleetest team on the road, and is evidently well pleased with himself and the rest of mankind. Carlotti Patti and Brignoli, under the supervision of Grau of the New York Academy, will probably give a grand concert in honor of Mrs. Lincoln, before her departure.

Of the *prime donne* of the last season Hinckley and Kellogg, are the only ones who have not been frightened away by the war, if we except Mme. Fabbrini-Mulder, who is, we believe, ruralizing in the Canadas. Muzio, Susini, and the Barili's are at present sojourning in New York, calmly awaiting the course of events. Muzio has in preparation a grand serenade to be given to the Prince Napoleon, upon his return from the West. A special operatic representation in his honor is not improbable. The Princess Clothilde is a dumb attendant upon mass and vespers at Dr. Cummings' church. Her usual attendant is the Duchesse d'Abrantes.

There has been several changes in the musical arrangements of St. Stephen. Wels has been superseded by Antonio Morra, formerly of St. Peter's church; and Centemeri has given place to E. Barili, an especial favorite of Dr. Cummings. The choir is now composed of Mme. Isadora Clark, soprano; Mme. Beyer, contralto; Sig. Quinto (Herr Quint), tenor; Sig. Barili, baritone; Morra, Sr., bass; and Morra, Jr., organist. Wels has accepted an engagement at Christ Church (Episcopal). D. Miranda, the English tenor, is engaged at Dr. Haynes' Baptist Church. S. P. H. Gordon, the music-dealer, is the organist, and has the entire direction of the choir. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the killed of the 69th Regiment of New York at the battle of Stone Bridge, was celebrated in St. Bridget's Church last week. Mozart's Requiem was finely rendered by the efficient choir of the church under the leadership of the organist, Mr. Agricola Paur, assisted by the Liederkrantz Society as a chorus. Mme. Stefani sang the soprano solos with much effect. Father Mooney, the priest of the 69th, officiated. Berge's choir remain unchanged. Mrs. Cooper Hübner, and Weincke are the principal soloists. Morgan returned from the war with the 71st Regiment, slightly wounded in the leg. He is able, however, to resume his part at Grace Church, where his absence has been much felt. There will probably be a great deal of cutting down in choir salaries this fall, and not a few decapitated. We hear rumors already, but until they assume more authoritative shape, we forbear from crediting. Any movement of interest will be duly transmitted to you.

Yours, &c., T. W. M.

Robert Schumann.

We take the following from the Analytical Programme to a concert of the "Musical Art Union" in London. It is from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

Dr. Robert Schumann is a musician to whose merits public opinion in England has scarcely done justice; and this is attributable in some degree to the inconsiderate deal of his partisans, who, by instituting a rivalry between him and Mendelssohn, have created a spirit of antagonism against their favorite, among many who, had they been left to regard his positive worth, instead of being forced upon a fruitless comparison of this with the value of another compose, would have acknowledged his deep, thoughtful intelligence, his unswerving artistic integrity, his truly original mind, and his constant aim at the highest standard, and would have sought for excellence in his music which they perhaps have been too reluctant to perceive. No one would have been more adverse to this opposition than the two men in whose name it has been carried on. Mendelssohn and Schumann were intimate friends, and warm admirers each of the other's merit. Mendelssohn is remembered to have spoken constantly of the high pretensions of his friend's music, and the printed essays of Schumann are a permanent testimony to the enthusiastic regard in which he held the genius of Mendelssohn. It is now time to cast aside the natural but unlucky prejudice that he has been a barrier to the appreciation of Schumann's claims as a composer, from which the chief sufferers have been they who have lost the enjoyment his music might have afforded them; and it is to be expected that, for our own sakes, we in England will have the candor to recognize, and the liberality to admire on its own ac-

count, without reference to the relative merits of any other writer, all that is good in a composer whose music has excited the sympathy of some of the most intelligent of living critics.

Schumann was born at Zwickau, in Saxony, on the 8th of June, 1810. His father was a bookseller, and also a man of letters, having translated the poems of Byron into German, and produced some original works. Like most men who have become famous in music, Schumann evinced an early disposition for the art; having had no instruction in harmony, he composed some choral and instrumental pieces in his eleventh year, for performance by his schoolmates. Like many also who have acquired musical renown, he had to contend with the wishes of his parents in choosing this art as the pursuit of his life; his mother, at least, was strongly opposed to his predilection, and his father, dying when the young enthusiast was but sixteen, left her the sole arbitress of Schumann's career. He accordingly was sent to Leipzig, in 1828, to study jurisprudence, and he proceeded thence to Heidelberg, the year following, where, at a students' concert, he made his only public performance on the pianoforte. He was a pupil of F. Wieck, a distinguished teacher, who succeeded in persuading his mother to withdraw her objection to Schumann's adopting music as a profession. His father had bequeathed him such a competence as rendered him independent of the mere drudgery of his craft; thus he had never to toil as a teacher, but could devote his entire energies to the acquisition of fame, and the deserving it. Rejoiced at his emancipation from the uncongenial study of the law, he quitted the university, and returned to Leipzig to follow up the ardor his new pursuit. In the hope of overcoming the disadvantage of his late commencement of the systematic study of the pianoforte, Schumann applied his ingenuity to the discovery of some mechanical means for giving agility to the fingers, and so lessening the period of practical exercise; he kept his endeavor for some time a secret, but it was too soon revealed by the unfortunate effect it produced—the machine he employed to supersede practice, so violently strained the muscles of the third finger of his right hand, that he lost the use of it for ever. In 1831, he commenced the study of composition, under H. Dorn, at present Kapellmeister in Berlin, who was his only theoretical instructor. The mental infirmity which gave the saddest color to the last year of Schumann's life, was a disease of inheritance—his eldest sister having lost her reason, and other members of his family having been to a greater or less extent similarly afflicted. His first attack was in the autumn of 1833, immediately induced, it is supposed, by grief for the death of his brother's wife; during this aberration he was rescued from throwing himself out of his bedroom window on the fourth story, the memory of which escape was such a ceaseless source of terror to him, that he never afterwards would sleep in a room above the ground floor. He began, in 1834, the publication of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of which journal he was ten years the editor, conductor, and principal writer. The articles he contributed to this paper are celebrated as some of the most genial and intelligent examples of musical criticism extant, and they secure for their author a high esteem as a writer on his art, wholly independent of his character as an artist; they are chiefly signed "Florestan und Eusebius," under which pseudonym also his first musical compositions were printed, as though he had been careful to feel the ground in his long-prohibited course, before risking the compromise of his name, by owning his unjudged productions. His attachment to Clara Wieck, the justly famous pianist, daughter of his old master, forms an important feature of this period of his life. He married this lady, on the 12th September, 1840, and under her new name, she has still extended her former reputation, while she has added not a little to his, by her sympathetic performance of his music. Emulous of any distinction, that, by raising him in general estimation, might make him seem worthy of his bride, he applied to the University of Jena for the degree of Doctor of Music, offering to write either a literary essay or a musical composition as the preliminary exercises; the University, however, dispensed with this form, content to grant him the diploma, in acknowledgment of the works he had already brought before the world, and his doctorship is dated the 22d of February, in the year of his marriage. It is supposed that he felt slighted by not being appointed conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, and was therefore dissatisfied to remain at Leipzig; from whatever cause, he quitted that city and gave up his journal in 1844, to undertake the direction of a vocal society in Dresden, rendered vacant by the departure of Ferdinand Hiller. He removed, in 1850, to Düsseldorf, to fill the appointment of musical direct-

or; but, whatever his other talents, he had never any qualifications for a conductor, and his inefficiency for the office increased with the rapid growth of his fatal malady to such an extent, that his hand, who idolized him on his first arrival, at last refused, as a body, to play under him. He made a professional tour, with Madame Schumann, to Russia, and another to Holland, and the latter at about the period at which we have now arrived. His disease had now increased to the utmost; he was haunted by the imaginary sound of one single note, from which he never could free himself, and which became his perpetual torment; a peculiar phase of nervous irritability made him suppose all musical performances to be too quick, and this groundless fancy caused him such painful excitement that at last he could not bear to hear music at all. He was subject to fits of silent abstraction; and though he liked to have his friends near him, he would sometimes pass hours in their society without uttering a word. On the 27th February, 1854, he had been thus seated for some time, when he quietly left his companions, and, quitting home unobserved, he threw himself into the river, whence he was saved by some boatmen, whose humane purpose he combated with the utmost entreaties that they would suffer him to drown, as life was no longer supportable to him. This mournful event rendered it imperative to place him under restraint, and he was accordingly confined in an asylum in Emdenich; there at his request, he was provided with a pianoforte, playing on which, he continually amused himself with most incoherent rhapsodies. He never regained his sanity, save perhaps for the few hours preceding his death, when he recognized the anxious friends who had drawn around him; he expired on the 29th of July, 1856. We cannot contemplate such a close of such a career, without a deep sense of melancholy at the painful frustration of powers that were so far above those of average men as was Schumann's incapacity, in his last unhappy condition, below them; and while we grieve over his immense fall from intellectuality, to imbecility, it seems as if the sorrowful colors of his setting reflected their hues upon everything he had touched, and gave the tinge of sadness to all he wrought.

Mlle. Titiens.

Now that Madame Grisi is about to abdicate the imperial throne of tragic song, the public has no one to look up to as her immediate successor but Mlle. Titiens. No two artists, in many respects, can be more unlike than the Italian *cantatrice* and the German songstress; but in passion, feeling, abandonment, energy, power of voice and grandeur of style, a comparison may be made and established. In certain characters Grisi has left no one to fill her place. These will be found mostly in Rossini's operas, such as *Semiramide*, *Ninetta*, ("La Gazza Ladra,") *Desdemona*, ("Othello,") *Pamira*, ("L'Assedio di Corinto,") *Elena*, ("La Donna del Lago,") &c., to which we may add *Elvira* in "I Puritani," written expressly for her. In not one of these parts has anybody created an impression since she sang them. They all belong to the repertory of pure Italian singing, of which Giulietta Grisi was undoubtedly the greatest mistress since Pasta. That Mlle. Titiens could not contend with her on her own Ansonian soil no one will deny. Her means, her education, her instinct, all forbade. There is, however, one exception—"Norma," in which the German singer may challenge comparison with the Italian, and in which she occasionally surpasses her. In the French and German repertoires the young artist has decided advantage over the elder, in possessing a voice of such extent as to be enabled to execute the music of the composers without alteration of any kind. Everybody knows that Mlle. Titiens has not yet only one of the most magnificent and powerful voices ever heard, but also one of the most extraordinary in compass. To sing the music of *Donna Anna*, *Fidelio*, *Valentine*, &c., without transposition or change, and to sing it with power and effect, is granted to few artists. Mlle. Titiens is one of these great rarities; and therefore, without any great stretch of compliment, we may assert that, putting aside the Rossinian repertory, she is destined to wear the mantle of Grisi, which that time-honored and renowned singer is about to let fall from her shoulders. And let those who admire all that is grand and heroic in the lyric drama rejoice that Madame Grisi has left a successor at all. But for Mlle. Titiens, for all we know at present, with Grisi would be removed from the lyric stage *Donna Anna*, *Valentine*, *Norma*, *Lucresia Borgia*, and other characters of the lofty tragic stamp. We may accept Mlle. Titiens, therefore, as a compensation for the loss of Madame Grisi, and doubly congratulate ourselves that we have obtained successor who treads so close upon the heels of the original.—*London Musical World*.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 492.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 23.

I Love to Sing.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time
When voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me
Is company;
Good company when I am lonely.

When ere I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing to me in welcome slumbers;
My heart is stirr'd
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth
To friendly mirth
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends his ear
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
Till day shall break
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (3 Alto, 3 Bass, 3
Soprano, 3 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 167.)

Of the Soprano Arias, No. 2 may serve for an example. It is taken from the cantata for the first Sunday in Advent: *Schwingt freudig euch empor* ("Soar joyfully on high," in which—be it said in passing—not a single recitative occurs. The cantata consists of two parts, of which the first treats of the coming of the Lord into the world, the second of his coming into the believing heart of man. In this second part—in a somewhat loosely connected train of thoughts—occurs our Aria. Its text runs:

"Auch mit gedämpften schwachen Stimmen
Wird Gottes majestät verehrt;
Denn schaltet nur der Geist dabel,
So ist ihm solches ein Geschrei
Das er im Himmel selber hört."

(So with subdued and feeble voices
We God's great majesty revere;
For soundeth but the soul therein,
It swells to such melodious din,
That He in heaven himself may hear.)

It begins in G major. The *Ritornel* commences with a short and very feeling motive (a), which is at once carried out in a varied form (b), and then gives place to a rocking, lovely sound-

ing figure in broken chords (c); and then (d), a broad cadenza-like passage in noble and beautifully floating forms. The whole has a certain childlike sense of awe in it, and wonderful loveliness with touching humility; it is as if the soul in praising the divine majesty, could find neither beginning nor end. These broad airy forms strain the imagination into an illimitable remoteness, like a summer night's sky sown with stars. (O.)

The voice takes now for the first time a short advance, imitating rather closely the beginning of the *Ritornel*, so that the accompaniment is opposed to it more independently and as it were duet-like; this proceeds two bars further with the figure (quoted under c), but then turns suddenly back to the beginning; and now for the first time begins a longer execution, which at the outset follows the harmonic development already indicated by the *Ritornel*, but which in the accompaniment contains new figural work, partly through a different position and arrangement of the matter in hand, partly through abbreviations and required by the conduct of the voice part; this in fact stands in an extremely elegant and graceful reciprocity with that, alternating and combining with it, filling it out and completing it. (P.)

Here is the first marked cesura of the clause; it is closely followed by a second half, in which the voice carries through in cadence form a variation of the fundamental motive which appears at the very outset — (Q,) — while the very basses gradually ascend in measured quaver beats, and the upper part of the accompaniment with ornamental figures twines alternately about the voice part. This development also soon leads into a concluding turn analogous to what has just been cited, only the relation between voice and accompaniment is reversed. The whole clause ends with the *Ritornel* in G major.

It is characteristic in this sentence, that there occurs no real modulation into a related key, as there does usually—a proof, how little Bach allowed himself to be fettered by any formal scheme. In this case it seems hardly to be doubted, that with such broad laying out of the Aria in reference to the text: "So with subdued and feeble voices," he has kept the modulation as simple as possible. And yet what a fullness of sound reigns in it!

But now the middle sentence: "For soundeth but the soul therein," &c., shows the richest variety in the fitting together of parts, in modulation and melodic phrasing. It consists of two parallel clauses, each of which is introduced by a shorter prefix, containing the new motive; from this, both times, the accompaniment leads through the first motive over into the principal parts of the sentence. The first clause modulates out of the parallel key (E minor) to B minor; the second from B minor to D minor. The voice, with the accompaniment following like an echo on its heels, begins with the beautiful and noble motive: (R.)

This motive develops itself in the principal portion, which now follows upon the word "*schallet*" ("soundeth,") an incomparably grand, and variously interrupted *coloratur*, which is faithfully imitated, almost tone for tone, by the accompaniment, so that the "*dabei*," (therein) of the soul-inspired sound seems most naively hinted: (S.)

The words: "*So ist ihm solches*," &c., are now expressed by the following transformations of the of the motive; the accompaniment has moreover figures from the first part: (T.)

Observe the fine cesuras, indicated by the declamation of the words, in this splendid melody; how characteristic, how noble it all is in thought and form! And how it lifts itself, what beautiful wave lines! A parallel, but heightened development appears also in the second clause of this sentence, which closes in D major. But to show what such a parallelism meant with Bach, compare the following example with the last: (U.)

Such intensified reassertions remind us, in their their way, of Beethoven. And now follows the *Da capo*.

No doubt many would be disposed to regard the embellishments in the middle sentence as a rather coarse word painting. But no one will find, it so, who has attentively followed the whole preceding progress only in a musical point of view (compare the first two citations towards the end); for though in the variety of figures and of arabesques the poetic purport of the Aria might escape one, the musical unity, rounding and just sequence never could.

Finally, as an example of the Tenor Arias we will take No. 1. It is from the Cantata of the 16th Sunday after Trinity: *Wer Dank opfert, der preiset mich* ("Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me,") and stands there in the following connection. The ground thought of the gospel for the day, of the ten lepers, gratitude, is first presented as a wholesome duty by the congregation in a choral movement: "Whoso offereth thanks, praiseth me, and that is the way that I show him my salvation." Ps. L. 23. An Alto recitative then shows, how the world, with the creatures, praises the majesty of God; then as if responding, a soprano Aria shows how man, who can discern God's great goodness and love in his works is especially pledged to thankfulness, the more since God in thankfulness, will point out the way of salvation. And now, in a second Part, the Evangelist (Tenor solo) recites the scripture example of true gratitude from the Gospel (Luke xvii. 15 and 16), and then follows our Tenor Aria, which evidently is supposed to be sung by the Samaritan:

Welch Uebermass der Güte
Schenkt du mir,
Und was gibt mein Gemüthe
Dir dafür?
Herr, ich weiss sonst nichts zu bringen,
Als dir Dank und Lob zu singen.

(What overflowing measure
Thine to me!
And hath my soul a treasure

Meet for thee?
Lord, I know nought else to bring thee,
But with thanks and praise to sing thee.")

It was a happy thought of the editor, to incorporate in his work several examples of Bach's recitative, like this before us. For next to the Chorals, these are perhaps the best adapted to bring us in immediate contact with Bach's spirit. In the more artfully constructed movements, the very richness of forms may make the poetry less obvious to an unpractised ear; but the recitatives, in which the fancy wanders free, with ever new creative energy, are the most efficient means to win one also to a trust in the inward truth and necessity of Bach's other forms. In none of his various kinds of compositions does he stand so near to the curt and concise expression of the modern lyric style as here; nowhere also with him does the individual element stand out so independently; and certainly the great *Passionsmusik* owes a chief part of its general recognition and admiration to its incomparably fine recitatives. Indeed his recitative has more variety than any other, both in its character and in its application. Now it is narrative, and in this case assigned to the Evangelist (Tenor solo); now lyrical, now contemplative; now it makes its appearance in the midst of a figured chorus movement; now it interrupts the strophes of a Choral; now it alternates with the *Arioso*, &c. Frequently the Recitative itself approaches the character of the *Arioso*, and then it is accompanied by the orchestra, but commonly only with the organ. Melodious richness, beautifully phrased, expressive declamation, striking harmonic shading, interpenetration of word and tone—such are the unattainable excellencies of all Bach's Recitatives.

The Aria, which joins itself on to the narrative recitative, sets out in D major. The *Ritornel* begins with a wonderful tender cantilena, full of childlike humility, touchingly heartfelt, which becomes the more intense through the repetition of the motive. (V.)

To this is added an answering motive, corresponding to it in all respects (a), by which we are taken into the Dominant key, which prevails until the end of the *Ritornel*. (b). (W.)

The voice now sets in, in D major and takes immediately the same course as the *Ritornel*; but towards the end (at c) its development extends itself into a new member of 4 bars, which is formed out of the principal motive and brings on the conclusion of the first clause; this consists of 3 members—each of 4 bars. It is characteristic in the conduct of the voice-part here, that it is treated at the close, as well as in some other passages, exactly like a middle voice; so that the principal melody lies in the accompaniment. But how finely this fits the whole expression of the Aria! (X.)

To this is joined the second part of the *Ritornel*; and corresponding to the words of the text: *Doch was gibt mein Gemüthe dir dafür*. ("But hath my soul a treasure meet for thee?"), the second clause begins with a countermotive closely corresponding to the principal motive. (Y.)

We are already in the parallel key, although this clause belongs too much to the anterior sentence to form a middle sentence, since it contains nothing essentially new. But here it evidently serves for the most faithful rendering of the text. For the antithesis and the reproach-

ful question, which it contains, could not be rendered by the more positive Dominant of the key; but very well by the parallel B minor, especially when, as here, all three members of the clause end at the word "*dafür*" ("for thee") on the Dominant or B minor. What a significant index this passage offers for Bach's portrayal of thought! Add to which, that, as one easily sees, the 3 members follow in constant climax one upon another. The first member is already cited; here follow 2 and 3. (Z.)

Again follows the second part of the *Ritornel* (in B minor), already begun in the citation before made (at a), which leads to the third clause of the Aria, the middle sentence,—if this piece may be called so, for it is very short, and gains no close in a distinct key, but rather in its whole character forms a transition and remains floating on the Dominant in D major. It consists of a rising sequence. The voice sets in in a most genial manner. (Aa.)

The accompaniment adds immediately the concluding sentence, which agrees with the first clause of the Aria even to the key of the second half—of course), but has not the same text, but reserves the last member: "Lord," &c. Again the voice makes a splendid entrance, varies its theme more and more earnestly, and progresses most characteristically. (Bb.)

The Aria then concludes with the *Ritornel*.

* The letters O, P, &c., refer to the musical illustrations which may be given with the last number of this article. Our readers meanwhile can refer to the aria itself.

Hector Berlioz.

Music, of all the arts, is one which appeals more directly to the masses. Yet music is a modern art. The ancients, even the Greeks the most refined among the ancients, knew comparatively little of music. Music dates from the Christian era. The religion of the ancients was positive, tangible, sensual, with them every passion that for the instant ruled the breast, was raised on a pedestal and magnified into a god. And who were the gods of the ancients, put up for worship on their altars. The images of their heroes, the statues of their women, whose beauty and whose charms had subjugated the generation in which they lived. Positive and sensual sculpture was the great art of the ancient world, whilst from the doctrines of what is called Christianity or spiritualism arose poetry made sound, which we called music. The musical scale owes its origin to a monk; not that the peculiar traditions of the Christian doctrine were favorable to the poetic or the sublime, but that the ascetic, spiritual life, its tenets advocated, were favorable to inspiration and to the ideal. The sculptor of the ancients, idealize as he might, to create a God, did not produce a tangible image of man. Music was the spiritual art, ascending to Heaven in no visible form, the art created by the worshippers of an invisible God, an art that is but a mysterious sound, produced by no visible agency; vanishing, dying away into infinite space, brief, unexplained, as life itself. Language in its thousand delicacies, with its trumpet-tongued eloquence may convey to the world all the logic of the mind, all the strength of passion, all the feelings of the heart, but music begins at the point where words lose their power, for music is the language of that divine element which in one being (to the materialist) has no existence, but which is one very being by itself, the soul. Hence the charm music possesses for the sensitive, for the imaginative, for those who aspire to a sphere above. Hence its loss of power over positive natures, logicians, and men whose religion is the monotony of the church, and whose idol secretly enshrined is the splendor and triumph of their present stage of existence. Hence the power of music over the masses, over the

people, for amongst those in our days are to be found the romantic, the ideal, and a deep fount of sadness, for here, above all, since civilization has enfranchised and education refined aspirations in accordance with feelings, and not with their lives.

Of all musicians who have comprehended this mission of music, Hector Berlioz takes the first rank. He has written not exclusively for the class who have desecrated Opera, by making it a fashion, rather than the highest form of art. He has written for the people, and has written for them works in conception and execution as great as themselves.

Twenty-five years ago, Berlioz, taking Gluck, Weber, Spontini, and Beethoven, if not for his models, at least for his instructors, originated a music full of power, passion and originality, gigantic and grand in its details, which greeted by the critics with contempt and sarcasm, was received by the masses with enthusiasm not altogether unmixed with awe. The critical public, in its first greetings of Hector Berlioz' grand conceptions, was appalled at a score which required a hundred and fifty musicians and five hundred voices. Appalled, too, was it, and lost in amazement at the poet musician who could pretend with sound, mere sounds, without words, to portray the passion of Romeo, the jealousy of the Moor, or the insanity of Lear. But the century which, in painting, produced Delacroix, in poetry Hugo, in moral metaphysics Georges Sand, in personal analysis, Michelet, in political philosophy Coine and Lammenais, whilst Liszt and Chopin played, Rachel infused passion into Racine and Corneille, and Malibran sighed away her soul in sound at once of earth and Heaven, could not fail at last to comprehend and when it had comprehended, to appreciate, the maelstrom of romanticism, (we use romanticism to avoid romantic, in its weak and morbid acceptance), so full of all the sympathies that touched the great, the noble, the divine, measuring in our souls depth through the world's sordid strife, as does the limpid stream pursue through heavy, rank, and tangled underbrush, its way in the primal forests.

Hector Berlioz was born on the 11th of December 1803, at La Cote St. Andre in the Department of Itere, which is situated in the Southeast of France, on the frontier of Savoy. Berlioz's father was a physician, who, if he left no memorial of his medical science has left in this province which he inhabited, a reputation of penurious parsimony, interspersed with grotesque anecdotes to prove it, which few in his time have surpassed. Such a nature as this, restricted and narrow in itself, and besides bound down by all the narrow prejudices of provincial life, was not likely to understand the musical vocation of his son, or his artistic aspirations. Hector was, therefore, put diligently to the study of medicine, and like all students, sent to the medical schools of Paris.

Here, leaving aside Broussais and Rhoiesande, who were his professors, forsaking the dissecting room and its nauseating wonders, Berlioz rushed to the Conservatoire, and in the works of the great masters studied that art which was destined to give him both celebrity and fortune. He began long before he was well inducted into the mysteries of counterpoint and thoroughbass, to write symphonies, overtures, and even operas, but these were not fair prognostics of his future career. Inspiration and genius, untamed by knowledge and science, lead but to confusion and disorder. The trees that put forth their fruit blossoms in early spring, bear no fruit. So it was fortunate for Berlioz that he was not exalted in a precocious prodigy, or flattered by injudicious friends into conceited, self-satisfied mediocrity.

For some months Berlioz pursued his vocation uninterruptedly; then all at once, apprized by some meddling gossip, his father came to Paris, rescued him from the perdition of an ideal art, and took him back to his native town to plank him into the positive science of surgery, chemistry and medicine. Berlioz, however, could not long endure this probation. Certain of not obtain-

ing leave of absence from his father, he stole away silently from home, and repaired to Paris. When he arrived there, he had two hundred francs in his pocket, his whole fortune, both present and future, for he was fully aware that his father would suppress the allowance he had hitherto made him as a student of medicine. Nothing daunted, however, he entered the Conservatoire, maintaining himself in his hours not occupied by study, by giving flute and guitar lessons.

Thrown at the Conservatoire amongst artists and musicians, Hector Berlioz was not long in forming acquaintances which, from sympathy of pursuits and taste, soon ripened into friendships. Amongst them were men of some influence, who, growing enthusiastic over the young composer, contrived to get up a concert for him at the Italian opera, the programme of which consists entirely of his works. The orchestra of the Italian opera, however, had no sympathy with unknown genius, or with innovators. Bound by the terms of their engagement to play only until midnight, as that hour struck they rose spontaneously, laid down their instruments and quitted the theatre, leaving the composer's "Death of Orpheus" in the very midst of a pathetic strain, on a suspended seventh.

The critics took advantage of this agreeable practical joke to declare that Berlioz's music was so execrable that it put even the orchestra to flight, whilst the public, profoundly mystified, was undecided as to what verdict to give, and was thoroughly prepared to forget even the young musician's name.

But this interrupted harmony was destined to have a great influence over his destiny, for it was at this concert that he first saw the woman who became for some years the muse of his inspiration, and finally his wife.

The Theatre Italien had been engaged on "off nights" by an adventurous company of English actors, Abbott and Cooper being the principal tragedians, whilst Miss Smithson enacted the tragic heroines.

This lady was a woman of extraordinary beauty, though of largely developed proportions, even in her youngest days.

The London public had never condescended to test her dramatic powers, though she had for several seasons secured an engagement for the queens and princesses of three Christmas pieces.

She made her debut in Paris in the part of Jane Shore, and the Parisians immediately declared her to be an artist of the highest order. At that time (about thirty years ago) England and France had not so completely patronized English women, and English beauty had a certain novelty for Parisians, and Miss Smithson's youth and beauty coming to her aid, she soon became a dramatic celebrity.

It was at this luckless concert that Berlioz first saw her, and that at first sight she inspired him with an overwhelming passion.

Although Miss Smithson has long fallen into dramatic insignificance, and is long since (*artistically*) forgotten, though she may still live in her husband's memory, for she has been dead some years; at the time Berlioz first saw her she was a beauty and celebrity, courted and admired, and far above him, the poor aspiring and disappointed musician.

Under the influence of what he imagined was a hopeless passion, Berlioz wrote one of his finest compositions, his symphony *Fantastique*, which depicts in all its alternations of joy, grief, doubts and hope, the violent love which enthralled him.

Going to Italy immediately after this symphony was executed, once more brought him before the public. Berlioz spent some months in the campaign of Rome, guitar in hand, his gun slung on his shoulder, whilst his genius inspired by his heart was laying the foundation of future compositions.

He returned to Paris. Miss Smithson, from the high walks of English tragedy, had descended to one of the little boulevard theatres, called *le Theatre Nantique*, where she represented in dumb show syrens and Undines, and all sorts of water nymphs requiring personal beauty. Berlioz rescued her from this precarious position,

and henceforth Miss Smithson vanished from public life into the calm obscurity of marriage and home.

Berlioz now (in 1833) found means of executing his great compositions, and took his place among contemporary composers.

Paganini, who had heard in many of the great towns of Germany (never afraid to patronise a new idea) many of Berlioz's compositions, wrote to him suggesting to him to write a solo for the violin, giving him as his subject "Childe Harold in Italy." Berlioz executed this idea with true genius, for Byron's poetry breathes in the wailings of the violin far above the tumult of the orchestra, giving, as it were, life to the immortal verse.

When Paganini, who was personally unknown to Berlioz, first heard this symphony—we believe at Leipzig—he wrote him the following letter:

"Beethoven is dead; you alone have the genius to recall him to life. I owe to that genius the greatest pleasure I have ever enjoyed. I have just returned from hearing your 'Harold,' and, as a testimony of my regard and admiration, I desire your acceptance of the sum of twenty thousand francs, which has been placed to your account at Baron Rothschild's."

"Yours,
NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

Berlioz now rose in favor with the public and the government. He received an order to write a funeral mass for General Damremont and the officers that fell at Constantine, which was executed in the Chapel of the Invalides.

But the true spirit of his gigantic innovating genius was heard in its perfection only at the ceremony of the translation of the ashes of the victims of July, 1830, to the Place de la Bastille. There an orchestra of over one thousand performers, strengthened by all the bass instruments as novel as his music—the Saxe horn, the ophicleide, and others—entranced to enthusiasm over ten thousand spectators.

In 1839, he composed his tragedy, without words, of "Romeo and Juliet." Berlioz was now sought by all the sovereigns of Europe. He went to Berlin, to Vienna, to Dresden, and it was whilst traveling to Germany that he wrote "The Judgment of Faust." He went to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, and everywhere received in triumph. Berlioz returned to France not only famous but rich. He was sent for to go to London, there to lead the concerts in Exeter Hall; and whilst in London he perpetrated a practical joke upon the musical world which fully compensated for all the absurd criticisms of which he had been made the victim. He produced an oratorio entitled "The Flight into Egypt," which he represented to be written by a musician of the seventeenth century, named Phillippe Ducre—giving, at the same time, an account of how the music came into his possession.

The critics were in ecstasies. They prefaced their articles by learned eulogies on the simplicity of the style, wondering how such a maniac as Berlioz could appreciate its melody and its purity. Some even gave biographies of this newly discovered genius. Great was the laugh, great the consternation when Berlioz, having sufficiently enjoyed the joke, threw down the mask and confessed to his enemies as well as to his friends the composition of the great and successful work.

In the year 1855, Berlioz composed the Imperial Cantata sung at the Palais d'Industrie. There were twelve hundred instrumentists and eight hundred vocalists in this cantata, sung in this vast structure, as it were, to all the nations of the world at once. He has since written another cantata on the death of Napoleon I., entitled the Fifth of May. It is for bass voice with full chorus and orchestra. His minor compositions are numerous; he has written several admirable melodies in the style of Schubert, to words by Gautier, Hugo and Beranger, which are full of tenderness and expression.

Berlioz has been for some years the musical critic of the *Journal des Debats*. He has written several theoretical works on music, besides other lighter works concerning musicians, full of bold-

ness and irony. Berlioz is still a man of powerful frame, with a heavy, massive head; though a thorough man of the world, versed in all courtly manners, he is cold and reserved.

No man of genius ever met with greater opposition, none had ever more difficulties to surmount, more ridicule to overcome. It must be told to his credit that, spite of all this, never did he quail before public opinion—never once barter his convictions or his genius in exchange for popularity. He succeeded by the strength of genius and of will, in forcing the world into an appreciation of the new school he inaugurated without swerving the slightest iota from his own peculiar thought and style. Twenty years ago Berlioz's music was called the music of the future. Germany now calls Wagner's music the music of the future, whilst France, who has received it hisses and ridicule, characterizes it as Berlioz's music run mad.

Berlioz, as a critic, is inexorable and severe; naturally irascible, sensitive and violent, the persecutions he has endured have embittered him still further; he writes and criticises with the memory of the past before him. In private he is a man of the strictest honor and of most irreproachable morality.—*Phila. Sunday Transcript*.

The Organ.*

TWENTY-FIRST STUDY.—MUTATION STOPS.

These registers take their name from the way they are tuned. They are tuned to the third above the foundation tone of the organ, to the fifth, to the fifteenth or super-octave, and to other intervals; so that by touching the pipe C, for example, of a mutation-stop, we get the sound of the note E, or of that of G, or of some other interval, which is wholly different from the foundation note, and completely alters it. For this reason they are never used alone, but always with a very large supply of the foundation stops, and even then in so moderate a proportion with regard to them, that the tones of these last, far from being destroyed by them, may become all the more brilliant and more clearly brought out.

If this sort of proportion between them and the foundation-stops is not attended to, it is very evident their introduction into the organ would be a source of many evils. If the tones, for example, of the mutation and foundation stops were of equal power, it would at once become a question what was the real key-note of the instrument. The C of the foundation-stop sounding at the same time as the G of the mutation-stop, and each of these notes sounding one as loud as the other, the builder of the organ might affirm that C was the key-note of the instrument, a hearer of it might with as good reason affirm that it was G. Then what an abominable din would a piece of counterpoint be, which was full of nothing but a continuous sequence of fifths and octaves, thirds and fourths, and the like; combinations which imply some of the gravest offences against the most ordinary rules of the grammar of music.

Our forefathers, who in the middle ages invented the mutation stops, have been charged by modern writers with this very offence. But such writers made this charge possibly without being aware of this very necessary law of their existence to which we have just alluded, and most certainly without reflecting on it. They wrote of them merely on the abstract, and without bearing in mind that they always are, or always ought to be, so blended with the foundation-stops as to be, in some sense, not indeed put out by them, but at least so melted into one mass with them, that the hearer may be no more than just sensible of their presence. In such a blending as this the key-note of the foundation-stop always keeps its dominant position; and the note of the mutation-stop follows it as a companion naturally and almost necessarily attendant on it; but it no more quenches its sound or destroys its character than the alloy does that of the silver with which it is mingled. The alloy gives to the silver that hardness which does not naturally belong to it, but it in no way hinders it from being still the more precious and the more brilliant of the two metals.

We have already had occasion to notice, when speaking of different pressures of wind, that a strong pressure will so influence any particular pipe submitted to it, as to cause it to yield not only its own proper note, but also other concomitant sounds, and that these other sounds would remain hidden within, under a pressure of less power. We have also seen that in certain open pipes, the fifth and the octave accompany the tonic when these pipes are placed upon a strong pressure of wind, and that they lose

these two extra sounds, and retain only their tonic note, when this pressure is again reduced. These pipes, then, would seem to yield the sounds of the fifth and octave, according to a law which nature has given them, and in this case no one denies them the right to do so; no one accuses them of an offence against the most ordinary laws of musical composition. Why, then, we would ask, should less consideration be shown for the doctrine of mutation stops, which would seem to be nothing more than a filling up, so to say, of the outline, with which nature herself has provided us?

Not but what other explanations have been given of the origin of mutation-stops besides their being apparently in accordance with the laws of nature. Some writers say they find their origin in the harmonics left us by composers of the middle ages, and that as these composers did not think they were committing any fault against the grammar of music in writing sequences of fifths, octaves, or fourths, neither did the organ builders of those days when they made a register, which would in some sense be a stereotyping of such bad grammar. Others would bid us remember that from the very beginning of public worship the chant of the church, especially the people's song, was sung as such by them in unison. In process of time it came to be remarked that a fifth sounded continuously above all the notes of the leading melody, gave to the chant itself a new and original character, without at all lessening the effect of the unison, and that for the reason that this fifth was sung by one or two voices only against ten or twelve, or even more voices singing the chant in its proper place. The chant being the leading melody and the foundation, so to say, and always much louder than the other part, did not allow this part, which accompanied it at the distance of a fifth, to be heard more than as a sort of murmuring accompaniment, and received from it in turn a quality of tone which gave it a new character, but did not lessen its unison effect. This quality of tone was still further modified if instead of a fifth, a third or a fourth were taken, or some other interval. And as time went on, after an experiment had been made, and then another, other intervals were added to the accompaniment, such as the tenth, the twelfth, and the like, till at last more was added than was required even to complete the perfect chord; still, however, these combinations were always so well-proportioned to the part that was sung in unison, that the leading melody maintained throughout its dominant position. That such was the practice may be gathered from expressions used in the Bull of John 22d, where these words are to be met with, "We do not by any means intend to forbid the employment from time to time of certain consonances, such as octaves, fifths, and other like harmonies on the simple melody of the Church. Nevertheless, we grant their use, on the condition that the ecclesiastical chant still remains without any alteration or change." Our composers of *faux bords* would do well to remind themselves of this Bull, they, or at least the chapel-masters, who are the cause of their being performed, for amidst the crash and clatter of their chords, even a practiced ear finds it difficult now-a-days to follow the leading melody, and the proportion between that and the other parts is no longer as it used to be as ten to one, but as one to ten.

To come then to the point. What singers attempted in the middle ages with the voice, has been since attempted in the construction of the organ, so that above a melody executed in unison by six or ten, or twenty foundation stops, organ builders have invented a plan by which they place at the disposal of the organist, several other registers timed a fifth, a third, a twelfth, a fifteenth, and the like, above the foundation stops. Then as these stops were found to answer, and when used together, to add materially to the organ tone, a register was invented in which some, or all of these stops were made to sound at the same time. This register the French builders called a *Furniture*, but the Germans, following, perhaps, the genius of their own language, called it by a more expressive name, a *Mixture*.

Again, it is urged that the first of all rules for determining what is good in music is the ear, not indeed the uneducated ear, but the ear of the well-trained musician. Now musicians, even the most difficult to please, those even whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be almost worn out with the constant hearing of musical sounds, the greatest professors of their art, one and all proclaim most loudly that the combinations resulting from the mutation stops far from offending the ear, are a refreshment to it, and of great use, in music, as giving fresh vigor and strength to the harmony. This was long ago the opinion of the great master of the French school of organ building, Dom Bédos, who did not hesitate to express his admiration of the effects of furnitures

and full mixtures in the most unqualified manner. It is the ignorant alone, and persons who have not the ear to appreciate musical sounds, who arm themselves against the mutation stops with a law, the very meaning of which they do not understand, and set themselves against effects in them, which, in the judgment of those better qualified to have an opinion in such matters than themselves, ought not to give offence to the ear of even the most fastidious.

We would even go a step further, and at the risk of starting a theory, which may seem to some persons new, state our conviction that the laws of the mutation-stops are in accordance also with those of the human voice. Our own observations, at least, could lead us to think that the human voice is not the utterance of one single note only, but of a sound which is composed of several notes taken from a common chord, so that in the voice of one person it is the fifth of this chord which more especially prevails; in that of another it is either the third or the octave. If this is really so, we have the best argument in the world for saying that the doctrine of the mutation-stops is a true one; and that if in any case, such stops are found to give offence, we should be disposed to say that this arises not from the fact of the doctrine being a false one, but because, in that particular instance, it has met with unskilful hands in the application of it.

The mutation-stops may be divided into two kinds those which produce but one sound, such as the fifth the third, the octave, the twelfth, or the like, and may therefore be called simple mutation-stops, and those which give utterance to several notes at once, as is the case with such registers as the cymbal, furnitures, and mixtures of whatever kind.

1. The first kind blends without any difficulty with the foundation-stops, into the full tones of which its own almost melts away. Its various registers are brilliant in proportion to the rapidity of the movement for which they are employed; and as their sounds are bright and piercing they are but little suited for sustained and legato passages. For some years past they have been singularly neglected by organ builders, and by some of them, who did not seem to be aware of their real value, they have been with great stupidity, wholly laid aside. Though it must be confessed that their disuse has been in great measure due also to the fact that many organ players of late have gone sadly astray from the path trodden by their predecessors, and not understanding in consequence the art of registering with these stops, have then condemned them, because they found in them nothing to remind them of the orchestra of the theatre, with the sounds of which alone their ears are full. Organ-builders have also laid them aside because they said they had no other way left them of introducing a more modern quality of tone into the organ. This reason must be taken for what it is worth, but in our humble opinion they might have found a way of introducing their modern work into the organ without having recourse to so Gothic a way of proceeding with regard to the ancient. In matters of art, especially where art is the handmaid of religion, it is very important not to neglect received and time-honored traditions.

2. The other class of mutation stops, such as the cymbals, furnitures, and mixtures of all kinds, are multiple or compound in their structure, and have sometimes as many as twelve or sixteen pipes for each of their notes. This number will be still further increased by adding to them a greater or less number of the foundation stops. Their registers may be employed as well in brilliant movements as in those of a plaintive and sustained style. The small pipes, with which they are so abundantly furnished, are the cause of their great brightness of tone, and of that continuous clashing of their sounds one against the other, so charming to the genuine artist. In the hands of such an one, if he really understands their management, such sounds may be made to leap forth from them, that we can compare them to nothing less than glittering metal spangles, or to bright sparks of fire. These mutation stops may be also used to accompany voices, over which they may be said to assume a veritable empire. But even so, though holding them in subjection, they do at the same time most powerfully move them to put forth all their energies.

Would that our artists would study well and seriously the nature and construction of these mutation stops, and do their best to perpetuate their use, and to advance them to the greatest possible perfection of which they are capable. All the great men who have preceded them, and have been eminent either in the art of building, or of inventing stops for the organ, will serve as examples to encourage them in this. One such, Dom Bédos, has been already referred to as the head of the French school, and were we to go to the German schools, we should

not find one of their masters, and they are very numerous, who does not have recourse to this quality of tone to give additional expression to their compositions, even though otherwise of great merit.

* "L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu." Par T. REIGNIER.

THE ATLANTIC FOR SEPTEMBER contains "The Shakespeare Mystery," by Richard Grant White; "Sacharissa Melassys," a story by the late Theodore Winthrop; "My Odd Adventure with Junius Brutus Booth," by James Freeman Clarke; "My Out Door Study," by T. W. Higginson; "The Aquarium," by Dr. D. W. Cheever; "The Young Repealer," by Harriet Martineau; "Bread and the Newspaper," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "The Advantages of Defeat," by Charles E. Norton; two additional chapters of Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento;" an excellent sketch of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by W. W. Story, "The Journal of a Privateersman," and several Poems. We extract the account of the

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. BROWNING.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this fatal evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old-loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the "Athenæum" and "Nazione;" and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning "smiled like Italy," and thankfully replied, "I am glad of it; I thought so." Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good-night, cheered by her oft-repeated "I am better, dear, much better." Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

At half past four, on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, "It is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was her "Cry of the Human."

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed;
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'
O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!"

On the evening of July 1st., the lovely English burying ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans and Italians, sorrowing men and women, whose faces as well as dress were in mourning, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the grief of the husband and son? "The sting of death is sin," said the clergyman. Sinless in life, her death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured her prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her poet-voice saying:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered "His beloved" into her resting-place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child; and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Till slowly!
And I said in under-breath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Till slowly!
And I 'paused' to think God's greatness flowed around our
Incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for her; may it wait long and patiently for him!

And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath to mark her woman's purity lies on her head; the laurel wreath of the poet lies at her feet; and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a week as symbols of the dead.

We feel as she wrote:

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit,
He broke them to our feet, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnon's singing in the great God light."

Death of Catharine Hayes.

The latest foreign despatches bring us the intelligence of the death of the celebrated singer Catharine Hayes. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1820. Her parents were poor, and her childhood was passed in severe privations. At the age of twelve, however, her fine soprano voice began developing itself, and for hours at a time she grew accustomed to entertain little groups of her playmates with the singing of Irish ballads, which she had learned without any teacher save genius and memory.

A distinguished musical amateur among the cultivated women of Limerick heard of her, and determined to educate her rare gift. While receiving instruction from this lady, she went to visit one of her aged relatives, who lived in the family of the Earl of Limerick. As she sat singing one day in her old friend's arbor, on the banks of the Shannon, boat after boat full of pleasure-seekers arrested their oars to hear her, and when she finished her final trill, the Bishop of Limerick, himself a great lover of art, came ashore and invited her to the Episcopal palace.

From that hour he was her steady friend. He gave frequent reunions at his palace for the display of her voice, and instituted a subscription among his influential friends, which resulted in a sum sufficient to place her in the family and under the instructing care of Signor Sapio, a renowned Italian music-teacher in Dublin. Here she remained for three years, practising without stint, and occasionally singing in public, until her celebrity enabled her to ask ten guineas for an appearance.

In 1839, having heard Mario and Grisi in Dublin, she became so fascinated with the lyric stage, that she immediately set out for Paris, and put her training into the hands of Emanuel Garcia, the master of Malibran and Jenny Lind. In 1841 she repaired to Milan to complete her dramatic culture under Ronconi, and in 1845 made her debut in "Puritani," at the opera-house of Marseilles.

Her next engagement was as prima donna at La Scala, in Milan. Here she first appeared as Linda,

and was called twelve times before the curtain. In 1846 she went to Vienna, and next year to Venice, and thenceforth made a sort of triumphal progress through the Italian cities.

In 1849 London enthusiastically affirmed for her the verdict of the Continent. At Covent Garden she recognized from the stage her old benefactor, the Bishop of Limerick, and hurrying to his box after the performance, fell upon her knees, and with tears thanked him for all the success she had ever enjoyed.

In 1851 Miss Hayes came to America, and after the brilliant seasons here, which most New Yorkers remember, started with excellent acceptance through the country, and finally visited those impressive sons of California who, at the close of each evening, used to toss their nuggets to her on the stage. She afterwards visited Australia and British India, everywhere meeting a sustained success. In 1857 she was married to William A. Bushnell of New York.

Miss Hayes' finest operatic rôles were Lucia and Linda, but her strong point was always in her own native ballads, "Kathleen Mavourrnen" and the like, where her memory must long stand unrivalled. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Hints to Musical Misses.

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing any error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this "I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate most popular, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed. Practice your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practice, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "Ah," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lack-a-daisy rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words, the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English, or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to put out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for oh's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression, the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who feels the music as you do yourself. If you join in a duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and talk very little. (There ladies, what do you think of those two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulphing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realized) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music it is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathe-

mas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubinstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the dovble-dotted semiquaver "aplach" of a thousand Rubinstein. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this, is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without this, you may depend. The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practiced ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supply the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano; but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me to stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers it is but waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady, but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.—(English Paper.)

Musical Correspondence.

AURORA, CATUGA LAKE N. Y., AUG. 26th, 1861.

—Is there not music in the ripple of the silver waters of this beautiful lake? Do not the birds sing with a more than natural energy in the noble trees that surround it, and is there not native musical talent enough in this lively village to make up a letter for "Dwight." The "Wandering Minstrel" hears your acquiescence and has courage to proceed. Leaving the hot and tired metropolis in the 7 o'clock morning train, Erie Railroad (which by the way, gives its patrons a very fine car for ladies and their fortunate male attendants, but condemns gentlemen who travel alone to a second class arrangement, which is not particularly conducive to excessive popularity and which may with reason be growled at and not tried again) you arrive at the beautifully located town of Ithaca (at the head of the Cayuga Lake) in time for an excellent supper at the Clinton House and after a good sleep, you take the morning boat (the "Kate Morgan") and winding down the lake, reach this gem of villages at ten. Aurora is in the midst of the finest bit of picturesque agricultural happiness to be conceived of. Such glorious farms dot along the Shore, beautiful trees relieving the fields of grain, with here and there a bit of forest shading the picture and completing the landscape. Aurora (what a sweet name for a village on a lake) has one street, running lovingly along the water, on each side of which are residences that remind one of the suburban villas of your own goodly Boston. Here nature and Art meet together, for the people are citizens in refinement, and true villagers in simple, liberal and elegant hospitality. The gardens bordering the shore are more than charming. Most of the proprietors have their winged and web-footed travellers, and one good friend (as celebrated in literary circles, as he is kind and good and whose delightful home fairly kisses the waters) almost lives in his "Lotus," his fleet little yacht; it is his Post Office messenger, his carriage for soirées, his horse, his friend, and above all happiness to those, who sail with "Bogart," skipper *par excellence*, so here's to the "Lotus" and the fair cargoes she carries. With such and other aquatic accommodations your humble servant has boated and sailed, till his nose is red, his hands black and his heart contented—for the present. Nor have we lacked for music, for the

pianos are plentiful and good, and many sets of pretty and nimble fingers have proved Aurora to be a musical village, so the charms increase. Here have we talked Beethoven and Mozart as we skimmed over the wave, here have the glories of Weber, Mendelssohn, Bach and Rossini, yes and the not to be sneezed at triumphs of modern Verdi been thoroughly canvassed and played at, amid the not less glorious harvest and good cheer of sensible, happy and beautiful Aurora, the queen of the lake. But for the *grande* attraction, here is the summer home of Palmer the sculptor and while the unfortunate "Bagga" is stealing an hour from the night to let off his enthusiasm, the illustrious artist, not ten feet away from him is quietly sleeping, while the lake sings its rippling lullaby and tells us we ought to have been in bed long ago. Palmer is the most genial and approachable of Artists and is of course the centre of society during the summer months, and as he adorns it with commanding presence and interesting conversation (so instructive to the art lover), so is the beauty and talent of Aurora a fit setting to a ray of genius as brilliant of his. Palmer's heart is here, for it is amid this kind of refined country life (by a lake) that true genius thrives and ideas grow. Here Palmer has conceived some of his loveliest creations and here will he pitch his tent, after a few more years of city toil, and we should like the job ourselves, in case the tent were ours, as our intentions are thus sensible, for we love the place (at sight) and the people and their attentions will never be forgotten. They know what true comfort is, and with a full knowledge of citizenship choose rather the bright "Cayuga" and its surroundings and with their charming homes and means of rational enjoyment, live contentedly and the longer and have such an effect on all visitors, as to make them almost as enthusiastic as he who hastily pens you these sketchy impressions and who is sometimes known to your readers as

JEM BAGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 7. 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Musical Chit-Chat.

ORGAN CONCERTS.—The notice in another column, of the Organ Concerts in Leeds, (England), reminds us of a request made some time ago by a correspondent, that we should suggest to the organists of this city the expediency of giving such a series occasionally here. The success that has attended the English concerts, seems to indicate that such entertainments would not be unacceptable in a musical community, and in more propitious times, we should most warmly urge the trying of the experiment. The only place suitable for such concerts at the present time is the Tremont Temple, but, when the Music Hall has received the new organ, we doubt not that we shall have them. Then we shall hope to hear Mr. Paine, of whose attainments and accomplishments we have been told so much.

We have heard, by the way, that the Music Hall organ is now about completed, and is only awaiting more prosperous times for its entire completion and erection.

We learn that Miss Adelaide Philipps (contralto) is in Paris, where we hope that she may be heard in opera. No one of our American *prime donne* is more thoroughly accomplished than she in all that is requisite for a brilliant success upon the lyric stage, and we anticipate for her in Europe a renewal of her triumphs in this country and in Havana. We see no reason to doubt a success scarce less than that attained by Mlle. Patti.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We learn that the books in the Upper hall are now open to the public. An index to the Catalogue has been published recently, and from a notice of this work in the *Transcript*, we copy the following account of the musical additions to the library, obtained through the efforts of Mr. Thayer, (our *Diarist*).

The article mentioned gives the following extract from the report of the Superintendent for 1859.

Among the presents of Mr. Bates, this year, is a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science and art of music, forming a library in this department, of which any institution in the world might be proud. It was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of a citizen of Boston, Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the cultivators of this delightful art in our city. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Kondekka, which was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last, and of which it was well said in the advertisement—"Any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the 15th and 16th centuries, will be surprised at the richness of this collection. The zeal of a learned amateur, aided by the most favorable opportunities, served to bring together, in the space of forty years, this choice collection of books, among which the late Mr. Dehn, the profound connoisseur in musical literature discovered, several which were before unknown to him."

The writer proceeds to say that,

"To the Kondekka Library Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes, to render the department more complete. The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, besides these, many later works of excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned twenty eight quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin. This selection was made for the library at Mr. Bates' request, under the direction of Mr. Ticknor, from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, in the Royal Library of Berlin. It was one of the last and one of the best works of an accomplished and lamented connoisseur."

CONTRABAND SINGING.—It is one of the most striking incidents of this war to listen to the singing of the groups of colored people in Fortress Monroe, who gather at their resorts after nightfall. Last evening, having occasion to "visit" an officer of the garrison sick in his tent, I passed around by the fortress chapel and adjacent yard, where most of the "contraband" tents are spread. There were hundreds of men of all ages scattered around. In one tent they were singing in order, one man leading, as extemporaneous chorister, while some ten or twelve others joined in the chorus. The hymn was long and plaintive, as usual, and the air was one of the sweetest minors I ever listened to. It would have touched many a heart if sung in the audiences who appreciate the simple melody of nature, fresh and warm from the heart. One verse ran thus:

"Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb:
Oh! take your nets and follow me
For I died for you upon the tree!
Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb!"

There was no confusion, no uproar, no discord—all was as tender and harmonious as the symphony of an organ.

Passing into the yard, I found a large company standing in the open air round a slow fire. One young man sat on the end of a rude seat, "with a little book in the hand." It had been much fingered, and he was stooping down towards the dim blaze of the fire, to make out the words, as he lined them for the singers. Where he had learned to read I know not, but where some of his companions will learn to read I do know. The singers were dressed in all manner of garbs and stood leaning around in all kinds of attitudes. As the reader progressed one young man threw a few fresh hoops on the fire, and then as the reading became more distinct, I caught the words:

"Could I but climb on Pisgah's top
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
At my dear Lord's command.

"This living grace on earth we owe,
To Jesus' dying love;
We would be only his below,
And reign with him above."

At this moment the tattoo drum sounded the parade, and a distant bugle reminded me of my duty in another direction. With a word of counsel to the company, and a gentle encouragement, I withdrew.

Who shall dare say that these fellow-inheritors with us of the image of the Father and the love of the Son are fit only to be slaves?—C. W. D.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

ESSENTIALS OF SONG.—All the best song writers, whose songs live either in the ear or the heart of the people, have been musicians. Carey, Dibdin, Moore, even Burns—who could not read musical notation, but who "crooned" over the fields, or rocking himself in his chair, the melodies to which he was to give a new lease of fame, had either a natural or an acquired knowledge of music. Burns had less than Moore, Carey, or Dibdin; but he had an excellent ear, which was more than an equivalent for the defects of his musical education. But the ignorance, in this respect, of the great mass of lyrical writers, it is doubtless the main cause why the musical composers of past and present times have descended to the lowest walks of literature in search of songs. The musician knows, though the poet is sometimes ignorant of the fact, that the song which is beautiful to read may be harsh to sing, from the multiplicity of consonants, each tripping up the heels of the other, and from the constant and disagreeable sibilations of the English language. To the composer, the Italian language, with its abundant terminal vowels, is the perfection of human speech. For the same reason the Scottish dialect, which has a greater number of vowels than the more classical speech of England, is more suited to music than many effusions of the best English poets. The lines of the well known Negro song—

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm going to Alabama
With my banjo on my knee."

almost every word of which ends with a vowel, are more available for vocal music than sound sense and high philosophy, than the choicest flights of wit or fancy, expressed by words encumbered with many consonants. It was Madame de Stael who averred that music was a glorious inutilité; musicians have but too often endeavored to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet.

NEW CHURCH ORGAN AT JAMAICA PLAIN.—Seldom have the lovers of organ music been more highly gratified than those who were present last evening at the exhibition of this noblest of instruments, just completed for the St. John's (Episcopal) Church, West Roxbury, by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. It has 10 stops in the great organ, 11 in the swell, double open and double dulciana pedals, 6 couplers, in all 28 stops. The case is of black walnut, of Gothic design, and, in connection with the new projecting gallery, adds much to the inside character of the church. The organ was skillfully and beautifully illustrated by J. H. Wilcox, Esq., who displayed a versatility of talent which both charmed and astonished the audience, as he exhibited the power, grandeur and sweetness of the instrument, in various compositions, winning the highest meed of praise for both the builders and player.

After listening to such splendid harmonies, who is there that will not agree with Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in speaking of the Messrs. Hook's organs, "The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an organ from their manufactory, may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money."

The Messrs. Hook have now an organ in each of the four churches in this village, all fine instruments—the largest being that of the Unitarian Church, which under the care of the organist who so satisfactorily presided at this splendid instrument, has obtained the high character it so richly merits.

St. John's Church, under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Babcock, is in a more flourishing condition than most other churches, being now entirely independent of debt, which speaks volumes of the high character of the members of this excellent society. Messrs. Hook have now nearly completed organs for West Church, Rev. Mr. Bartol's, Rev. Dr. Gannett's, Rev. Dr. Huntington's, the new Methodist, Tremont street, the Catholic at Springfield, and the North Congregational Church at Newburyport.—*Transcript*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR,—Has it ever occurred to you what a *unique* volume might be written on the life of a Country Music Teacher? We have often wondered at the neglect of such an unexplored mine of art-regions—the revelations of Uncle Tom's Cabin, would be nothing in comparison!

Of all the hard workers for their daily bread, under the sun, none are so miserable as they, who, having themselves musical talent and culture devote their time to attempting to instruct people incapable of receiving instruction.

To illustrate the latter statement, we give you here with a little anecdote which we were advised was "Good for Harper's"—but seemed to us, to belong more to the columns of the Journal of Music. May it serve as a warning to all ignorant teachers.

Some months ago, the writer of this article, had among her music scholars, one young girl of eighteen, who could not be made to understand the nature of *rests* in general, and quarter rests in particular. As the Instruction book in use did not contain many examples for practice, in this instance, we wrote a couple of short exercises on the rest, and carried them to our pupil. We thought at the time, she received them very coolly, and before the next music day, she sent word that she did not wish to take lessons of us any longer. We made out our moderate little bill—(country music teacher's bills are always moderate) and presented it to the young lady, with one of our politest smiles, and she declined to pay it.

"What, we exclaimed in astonishment. You cannot refuse such a small sum as *that*—we should do wrong to charge you less."

"Yes marm," was the reply. "You needn't think I am going to be imposed on, if I am a poor girl—I took lessons of gentlemen, before, and they did well by me, but I never had any teachers so ignorant that they had to write the notes down." And she actually threatened to bring the charge of ignorance against us in court, for having to write those exercises, and was highly indignant when we had our laugh on the spot!

Query,—If ignorance is bliss, must every one be allowed to inhabit a fool's paradise? DAISY.

New Publications.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 326 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Of Dickens's last book it is almost idle to say anything now, for it has been read all over the world, for the last six months, and thousands upon thousands of readers have been, with us, impatiently waiting for the conclusion of the powerful and intricate plot which has so long fascinated them. We now, almost welcome its arrival with reluctance and regret that it has come to an end. High as the author's fame is, this book will add to it. It is published in nineteen different forms, and is the *author's edition*.

We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY for July, which contains the following articles: 1. Thomas de Quincey; 2. Montalembert on Western Monachism; 3. The English translators of Virgil; 4. Maine's Ancient Law; 5. Scottish Character; 6. Russia on the Amoor; 7. Cavour; 8. Democracy on Trial.

THE EDINBURGH contains ten articles, of which the titles are as follows: 1. Popular Education in England; 2. Literary Remains of Albert Durer; 3. Carthage; 4. The Novels of Fernan Caballero; 5. Watson's Life of Porson; 6. The Countess of Albany, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri; 7. Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland; 8. Du Chaillu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa; 9. Church Reform in Italy; 10. Count Cavour.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August contains the following articles: 1. Joseph Wolff; 2. On Manners; 3. Vaughan's Revolutions in English History; 4. Norman Sinclair—conclusion; 5. The Royal Academy and the Water-Color Societies; 6. Mad Dogs; 7. Another Minister's Autobiography; 8. Three Days in the Highlands.

Where else can one get so much good reading for so little money? Consider the variety of learning here condensed in the alembic of the leading minds of England with such care and study, and tell us

where else one can find such an epitome of the age as in these Reviews. The WESTMINSTER has not come to hand.

THE HUMAN EAR.—M. Fessel, of Cologne, on testing the new Parisian tuning fork, observed that he had heard differently with his two ears—the note heard with the right ear being somewhat higher than that heard with the left. On examining his musical friends he has not yet found one, even among part-musicians, whose ears are precisely alike in estimation of the pitch of musical tones. He conjectures that the reason for this difference in hearing is, probably, that the external passage of the ear is set in vibration modifies the pitch of the entering sound according to the form of the individual ear.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF PHONAUTOGRAPHY.—Among all the marvels of mechanical ingenuity which are daily being brought to perfection, none are more interesting than those which aim at the accomplishing of some task apparently requiring intellect, in addition to mere mechanical dexterity, for its execution. It is difficult to conceive a mechanical operation which requires a greater exercise of intellect than that of verbatim reporting by means of shorthand. Yet even this art seems likely, before long, to be supplanted. For several years a French savant M. L. Scott, has been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images; and has met with considerable success in this new art, which he has named Phonautography. At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a short communication was made by the discoverer, in consequence of the publication of some experiments in the same direction made by other gentlemen. This communication was devoted chiefly to a description of certain illustrations laid before the members, and would be unintelligible to the general reader without the diagrams and a knowledge of what had previously been accomplished by Mr. Scott. The subject, however, being of immense importance, and likely now to attract great attention, and having ourselves watched its development for several years, as well as having had many opportunities of inspecting the photographic representations of sound autographically recorded by Mr. Scott's instrument, a short account of what has already been done by this physicist will perhaps be considered of interest.

The problem which first required solution was the artificial construction of an ear, by means of tubes and diaphragms, so as to imitate, as nearly as possible, the human ear in its power of collecting sounds of every degree of intensity, and transmitting them to a delicate membrane placed at the extremity. After numerous essays an apparatus was constructed which possessed the above qualifications; the membrane was seen to vibrate visibly, and in a different manner, with each audible sound or note; and if a pen or style were fastened to this membrane, its point would trace the wonderfully beautiful and complicated curves and circles appertaining to the elements of sound. The next difficulty consisted in finding a sensitive surface upon which this style could mark the imprint of its movements; for the vibrations of the aerial pen were so delicate that if any appreciable force were required to effect the transcription, the resistance would at once stop all movement. This difficulty was at last overcome by employing a strip of thin paper, upon which was deposited a film of lamp-black obtained from the smoke of burning bodies. This sensitive surface is carried along by clockwork agency, in front of the vibrating style, so that the successive movements of the latter shall not impinge one on the other, when the result is a series of lines written on the paper, composed of the most complicated systems of curves, and forming a natural autograph of the producing sounds.

Of course it will be understood that the above is intended more as a brief outline of the principle of Mr. Scott's instrument, than as an exact description of its individual details. In reality, especially in the one recently made, it is far more complicated than would be imagined from this brief sketch; but the phonographs produced by it are marvellously perfect. Every separate source of sound has an individuality of its own. The sounds of different musical instruments, for instance, are easily distinguished from one another, and from the human voice. This latter, moreover, gives different traces, according to its character—the sweet, soft voice of a female, especially when singing, being characterized by great great beauty and harmony in the curves impressed on the paper; in those produced by the harsher voice of a man, the curves are larger and more ragged looking; whilst in a shriek or a shout, or in the harsh discordant sounds of instruments, the waves are irregular, unequal, and broken up into secondary vibrations of all degrees of amplitude.

An oration, delivered with varying rapidity, and with the pitch of the voice greatly modulated in different parts, has a striking appearance in its phonograph. Rapidly spoken parts have the curves crowded together, whilst in others they are widely separated. The loud tones of the voice are shown by the written waves rising to perhaps half an inch or more in height, whilst the low tones are not more than the eighth of an inch high; the modulations of the voice are thus shown very beautifully by the varying height of what may be called the letters of sound.

The fact of being able to make spoken sounds record themselves permanently on paper is of itself most singular and astonishing; but if it is ever developed, as the inventor says it shortly will be, to sufficient perfection to enable it to take down speeches which may be written off verbatim, it is difficult to imagine the importance of the discovery, whether it be in respect to the unimpeachable accuracy of the process, the entire absence of trouble and expense in reporting articulate sounds, or the great saving of the time and the exhausting labors of our Parliamentary reporters.—*London Review*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

It appears that the actual loss by the burning of the scenery of the Opera was far less than had been at first supposed. Although the first cost may have been, as stated, some 800,000 francs, the scenery was mostly that of pieces no longer played. The project about to be carried into effect of building a new opera house, would, moreover, have rendered it necessary to alter the scenes entirely, so that they were hardly worth more than their value as old canvass and lumber, which would have been perhaps some 50,000 francs. The buildings belonged to the State and were to have been before long, demolished.

Le Prophète has been played recently, in which Mad. Viardot, renewed her old triumphs in the character of Fidda. The *Huguenots*, *Comte Ory* and *Herculanum* have also been performed, Mad. Tedesco appearing in the latter opera.

It is said that Flotow is engaged upon the score of a new opera, of which the text is written by M. de Dingelstedt.

M. Morère, who gained the first prize for singing at the recent *concours* of the Conservatoire, has been engaged at the Grand Opera.

At the Nuremberg festival, the first prize, a splendid cup, offered by the city of Berne, was won by the Vienna *Männergesang-Verein*.

THE NEW GRAND OPERA AT PARIS.—The plan of the new Grand Opera-house is now definitely settled. The design adopted is that of M. Garnier.

The form of the edifice, says the *Siccle*, is a parallelogram, with rounded angles, flanked at the sides by two projecting pavilions, at right angles to the streets abutting on them. The western pavilion—that is to say, the pavilion fronting the Rue de Rouen—is intended for the private entrance of the Emperor; the eastern pavilion, looking upon the Rue de Lafayette, will be the entrance for carriages. The principal facade, reserved for the pedestrians, is an imposing mass. It offers some analogy with that of the Garde-Meuble, but its colonnade is composed of coupled columns, like those of the Louvre. Persons arriving by the eastern pavilion will alight under a covered gallery, leading to a circular waiting-room, situated immediately under the audience part of the theatre. This waiting-room resembles to a certain degree, the vestibule of the Théâtre Français. Round it is a circular gallery communicating with the entrance gallery. The grand staircase bears some analogy to that of the Doria Palace at Genoa. It will lead only to the grand tier of boxes and the other first-class places. From the extremities of the vestibule will spring two secondary staircases, the plan of which is a semicircle, open in its diameter, consists of a succession of winding flights, sustained by superposed arcades.

The visitor reaches the grand staircase by a central vestibule, while he gains access to the other two by the lateral galleries opening into the broad peristyle which takes up the whole facade next the Boulevard. This peristyle, a sort of *Salle-des-Pas-Perdus*, communicates with the galleries which enable

the public to circulate under cover round the entire edifice. M. Garnier's plan is kept within the lines laid down by the Municipal Board of Works; for these lines, despite the sharp criticism to which they have been subjected, have been but very slightly modified, or rather not been modified at all. The new edifice will cover a superficial area of 11,226 metres—that is to say, double the area occupied by the present Opera-house and its outbuildings. Now, 14,000 metres having been granted by the bill framed for the purpose, there will remain 2,774 metres for the squares and plantations. The work will be commenced on the 1st August. They will be completed in three years, at a cost of about twelve million francs.

To the above description we beg to add the following account, taken from the *Presse*, and bearing the signature of M. Théodore Grassot:

"On a sub-basement, pierced with arcades, between which colossal statues symbolise the only lyric arts, rises a rich Corinthian colonnade, whose coupled columns, as in Perrault's work at the Louvre, support architraves with plat-hands. Above this arch a rich entablature serves as a base for a pilastered attic story, decorated with statues in semi-relief. The effect of this attic story, the model of which is to be found in ancient Greek architecture, and which has been reproduced in several edifices of the Renaissance period, is most picturesque and majestic. Two fore-parts, projecting but very little, surmounted by triangular frontons, and each pierced by a grand central arcade, complete and bound this arrangement in the most splendid manner.

"A gently sloping roof surmounts and crowns the whole. The artist has, moreover, succeeded in establishing a happy transition between the façade and the cupola which rises above the edifice. This cupola, magisterially placed on the circular wall which forms the sides of the audience part of the house, shows from the outside its shape and destination, and may be regarded as one of M. Garnier's happiest conceptions. The drum of the cupola (the elevation of the circular walls of the audience part of the house to the exterior of the roof) displays a characteristic arrangement; it is a series of bull's-eye windows, pierced at the base of the bend of the cupola. Through these windows, the air will be able to penetrate freely into the house. We cannot applaud too warmly this system of natural ventilation, analogous to that which answers so well at the Cirque in the Champs Elysées. Further on, the eye rests on the gable terminating the stage. Its serious mode of decoration forms a happy contrast to the rich architecture of the fore-front and renders all the splendor of the latter more prominent. Not less do we approve of the division into three stories, as adapted by M. Garnier. It gives variety in unity, and is completely conformable, in the edifice under consideration, to architectural logic.

"In the sub-basement, firm in its lines and sober in its ornaments, are comprised the vestibules, galleries of communication, and all the various conveniences for the external service of the theatre. The story of honor, marked by the order of architecture, which characterises the fore-front, contains the grand saloon (in front of which the colonnade forms a large *loge*, open in the Italian fashion), the internal galleries, the Imperial box—with all the various rooms attached to it—and the first two rows of boxes; in fact, all the monumental and elegant part of the theatre. The attic story corresponds to the upper seats, and contains a saloon more simple in its arrangements than that on the first floor. The visitors who, with their modest toilets, are contented with the cheaper places, will here find for their use a promenade not existing in the present house.

"The interior of the theatre reproduces, only with more lightness and elegance in the curve of the voussoirs, the admirable arrangement of the present theatre. That *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect, Louis, a *chef-d'œuvre* transported successively from the theatre at Bordeaux to that of the Place de Louvois, and thence, literally, to that in the Rue le Peletier, is a model theatre in those arrangements required by the tastes and elegant habits of the Parisian public. The cupola of the new theatre will, if the execution of the work prove conformable to the plans, be higher than that of the present house.

"There will be about two thousand places; the present house contains seventeen hundred and fifty. The boxes and other places will be distributed in the same manner as they now are in the Rue le Peletier, but with more room for each spectator. Each box will have a saloon—not a den which will contain scarcely two persons, but a real saloon, completely furnished. The audience part of the house will be of the same width as La Scala, 15 metres. This is wider than the theatre in the Rue le Peletier—a considerable increase, which will influence all the other proportions

of the building, and render it still more imposing. The stage, also, will be broader and deeper. It will extend to some distance on each side, so as to facilitate the employment, so greatly to be desired, of mechanical contrivances for working the scenery, and to substitute machinery for manual labor, which is now the exclusive power in use.

"The storehouses and painting-rooms have been very wisely excluded from the plan we are describing. They would have been only a source of danger and embarrassment—a fact pointed out by the officials. The *foyer des études*, the *salles de répétition*, the *foyer de la danse*, the fine proportions and elegant decorations of which latter will constitute one of the beauties of the new theatre, have, together with the dressing-rooms, been removed to the upper part of the edifice, although they are, at the same time, close to the stage. The visitor will remark, in the arrangement of these portions of the theatre, several ameliorations which will be highly appreciated.

"The architect has very skillfully placed the offices of the management, the Conservatory of Dancing, and the quarters of the principal functionaries and servants of the opera, further on towards the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. It is to be regretted, however, that there is not, as in the buildings connected with the present house, a court-yard for the free distribution of air. Taking into consideration the wants and habits of the population of artists, workmen, and servants, of all ranks, who reside in the Opera-house—700 persons at least—a large court-yard is indispensable. It is to be regretted that the ground, or rather the distribution of it, accorded to M. Garnier, did not allow him to include such a court-yard in the body of the building. The artists will not thank him for having built them a stone cage, which, however splendid, is deprived of air."

The foregoing sketch will give the reader some notion of what the future Opera-House will be. The first stone will shortly be laid; three years' patience, and we shall be able to behold M. Garnier's work in all its splendor.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.—The first year of these concerts is just completed, and, from the accompanying analysis of the music performed, the public will see how great a boon our corporation has provided for the public. There cannot be a doubt that the closer our familiarity is with everything good in art, the greater is our appreciation of it, and the higher our delight. The Leeds Town Hall organ, as an imitative orchestral instrument, is the finest in the world, so we have been assured by the musicians who have heard all the noted organs at present existing. This fact must be exceedingly gratifying to the Town Council and the ratepayers, especially after the noisy outcry made by a few persons when first the organ was erected. But has there ever been a work of any magnitude completed which has not aroused feelings of jealousy? At the present time there are not wanting architects and others who declare that our noble Town Hall itself is a gigantic failure, despite the almost universal praise bestowed upon it! The grumblers, however, decrease in number every year; and as with the Town Hall so it is with the organ—even former detractors have become honest eulogists; and now we hear little but praise of both. During the year ending July, there have been 76 organ concerts given, and 22 performances at oratorio and other concerts, making a total of 98 performances on the organ in twelve months. The attendance at the organ concerts has been about fourteen thousand—a larger number than could have been expected, considering all circumstances. The programmes have contained 165 pieces, viz.:—32 various organ works, includes preludes and fugues by J. S. Bach, sonatas by Mendelssohn, and concertos by Handel; 25 sacred songs and choruses by Handel, 43 other sacred songs, duets and concerted music from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn Spohr, &c.; 19 pieces selected from the instrumental works of various composers, including selections from the grand symphonies; 17 marches by Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Costa, &c.; 4 fantasias on popular music; 24 "recollections" of various operas by Mozart, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Wallace, &c. (these "recollections" have been most popular, and contain all the leading features in each opera, which are connected in a fantasia of considerable length, and with *intermezzi* of a suitable character; 7 concerted vocal music by Sir Henry Bishop, &c.; 13 secular songs by various popular writers; and 24 overtures, including *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *The Last Judgment*, *Son and Stranger*, *Fidelio*, *Masaniello*, *Zampa*, &c. We congratulate Dr. Spark, our talented organist, on his admirable selection of pieces generally, and on the manner in which he has performed his duties during his first year of office.—*Leeds Paper*, Sat. Aug. 3, 1861.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come where the moonbeams linger. F. Buckley. 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

The Stripes and starry blue. Patriotic Song. 26

A stirring patriotic song adapted to a famous old English air, the "British Grenadiers."

Elegy on the death of General Lyon.

Dr. Fr. Haase. 25

A fit tribute to the memory of the fallen hero, already immortalized in the heart of the nation. The poetry is fine and the music truly grand and solemn, and suggestive of the sad event which the words memorialize.

Then wave ye stripes.

Miss Howell 25

New England for the Union.

D. B. Worley 25

Some of the innumerable patriotic songs which the war for the Union has called out will prove worth preserving. It is difficult to say beforehand what these will be. It is just as likely as not that the above two songs will be among the number, as they are well written and have all the requisites of popular songs.

Instrumental Music.

Cataract Galop.

Carl Faust. 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur.

J. Blumenthal. 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux anges," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

Army Grand March, introducing Glory Hallelujah and Hail to the Chief. C. Grobe. 35

This arrangement of the popular refrain coming as it does coupled with the stirring melody of "Hail to the chief," the whole together forming an effective March, will be the most satisfactory one. The arrangement is simple, yet effective.

Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 492.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 24.

The Lark in the City.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The rainy mist was hanging low,
Creeping slow—
Creeping along the crowded street,
Dulling the echo of busy feet,
As the throngs passed by in a ceaseless flow,
Hastening, hurrying to-and-fro.

Overhead was a sky of lead,
Never a glimpse of blue to be seen—
Never a gleam the clouds between
And my heart sank low with doubt and dread;
And thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toil for daily bread,
Filled my heart with a wild misgiving;
"Without a friend to love or pity,
All alone in this crowded city—
Where is the use of living?"

Trill—trill—trill!
The song of a lark
Scattered the visions dreary and dark,
And woke my heart with a thrill!
Poor little lark, in its tiny prison,
It chanted its sweet song over and over,
As if it were newly risen
From the fields of emerald wheat and clover;
And the notes came pouring,
Heavenward soaring—
Up—up—up;
As if the cup
Of its happiness were overflowing,
Out on the hills, with a fresh wind blowing,
And the sky to eastward redly glowing,
In the bright green country far away,
At the morn of a sunny summer day.

Sorrow vanished—gloom was banished—
Forgotten the dreary misty weather;
And long leagues off, where the corn was green,
Up in the sunlight's golden sheen,
My heart and the lark were mounting together,
High—high—high
In the bright blue sky!

Trill—trill—trill!
And cheerily still
The lark, in the midst of the busy city,
Over and over sang its ditty;
Raising my soul like a holy beastitude:
So, with all gratitude,
Cheered and chastened,
Onward I hastened,
Blessing the bird for its merry song,
That haunted my heart the whole day long.

Count Walewski's Address

TO THE CONSERVATOIRE IMPERIAL DE MUSIQUE.

[On occasion of the distribution of the prizes of the Conservatoire of Paris, His Excellency the Count Walewski, Minister of State, presided. The occasion was made a memorable one, by the honors bestowed upon the venerable composer Auber, in creating him a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. The address of Count Walewski is interesting in its topics and graceful and eloquent in its style. We regret that we cannot more adequately clothe it in an English dress, but are confident that it will be read with interest by our readers.]

Gentlemen: In presiding upon this occasion, my first desire is to thank the eminent professors by whom I find myself surrounded, and especially the illustrious director of the Conservatoire, the glory of French

music, whose graceful intellect that reckons years only by the number of its successes, that charming octogenarian who will never have been an old man, whose last chef d'œuvre, *la Circassienne*, is still a work of youth.

The Emperor, gentlemen, who understands how to proportion the reward to the greatness of the merit, has been pleased by a signal manifestation of his good will to distinguish an instance that so calls for sympathy and popular feeling. His Majesty has been pleased to nominate M. Auber, grand officer of his Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor, that order, which in the design of its immortal founder, was instituted to reward every kind of merit. I esteem myself happy to be the medium of a favor so justly deserved.

(The Minister here presented to M. Auber the insignia of a grand officer amid the most deafening acclamations and applause.)

I thank the professors for the enlightened zeal that they display in the performance of their duties. I thank them for the great and diverse talents that have been formed by their care.

Yes, the Conservatoire has a right to be proud of the results obtained in all its departments. We voluntarily disparage what belongs to ourselves; this is in some sort the coquetry of our hospitality, but in the presence of unfounded criticisms (although inspired by laudable feeling) we should have the courage to recognize what is good and loudly proclaim it.

The diplomatic duties which I have had the honor to discharge, have given me the opportunity of visiting almost all the capitals of Europe and I do not hesitate to say that in no country in the world does the State lend to the Arts a more generous and effective support. I congratulate myself that I have been able to enrich the Conservatoire with a precious collection of the instruments of all epochs, collected by the care of M. Clapisson, which will fill a useful place in its library, and will be complete before the close of the year.

No other establishment in Europe can compare with the Conservatoire of Paris in the ensemble and complete organization of its studies, in unity of design and method, and finally in that general emulation that has produced four hundred and ten scholars deemed worthy of taking part in the *Concours* of this year. It may be remarked, moreover, with satisfaction, that we are progressing, as never before has so high a figure been attained.

This very hall, even, in which we are assembled, the most modest and at the same time most illustrious concert hall that the musical world knows, in which an unrivalled orchestra has made real the marvels of perfect execution, eloquently testifies in favor of the preëminence of the Conservatoire of Paris.

I do not desire, however, to exaggerate, and with the intention of being equitable, to fail in doing justice to others. Italy has continued to be the Queen of Song. Nature has given everything to her children to make them a melodious race; the voices of her singers have the limpid quality of their native air; the very speech that they have learned in the cradle was their first lesson in melody; but, after all, if Italy has for so long a time lent to us, if she still lends us admirable singers, have we not ended by restoring to her a little of what we borrow? The Conservatoire of Paris has furnished to her theatres many artists of the first order; let us only discover their real names under the translation that dis-

guises them, and you will see that the French school can claim a considerable share in the fortunes of Italian song.

The Symphony is German. A reverie and a profound science, Germany has given to it her entire genius, and not in vain has she produced Haydn and Mozart, Weber and Beethoven; neither is it in vain that France has understood and interpreted with a superior intelligence these great poets of instrumental music. Our composers have known how to combine those mystic voices of the Symphony with the brilliant and perfected expression of singing, so as to form the modern French opera, of which a truly creative mind, Eugene Scribe, has sketched the portrait. It is to this wholly national creation that our first lyric stage should be exclusively devoted, just as the *Théâtre Français*, the guardian of traditions, the true school of good taste, should consecrate itself to the *chefs d'œuvre* of our literature, whether to those of the older school, or to the serious productions of contemporary authors. And thus combining this delicate labor with the movement and rapid life of the *Comédie d'intrigue*, the creators of the modern French opera have formed the *Opéra Comique*, that happy combination of learning purposely disguised, with eloquence and grace, the *chefs d'œuvre* of which have even gained a place in the repertory of classical Germany.

As I have pronounced the name of Eugene Scribe, I may be allowed to express the sentiments of profound sadness that I experience not to see him seated here to-day beside his illustrious fellow-laborer. You all, gentlemen, I am sure, share with me in this painful emotion. For twenty years he was a member of the committee on dramatic studies, and there also he has left a void to be filled. The *Conservatoire* has a right to take its part in the deep grief with which the loss of this brilliant, fertile intellect has plunged the dramatic art all over the world; for it cannot be denied that French art (whether tragedy, comedy, opera, drama or comic opera) is, one may say, in possession of the universal stage. To you, gentlemen it belongs to preserve these conquests, which, since the times of Louis XIV., have never fallen from the hands of France.

To this end, labor without ceasing. If an impatient ardor whispers in your ears, "Imagination is of more worth than rules—Inspiration finds all she needs in a sudden intuition—Genius has no need of traditions," repel these theories. Imagination goes astray and cannot go far without the rules that guide it. Inspiration has sometimes met the sublime, but she is capricious and visits us only in the hour that she herself chooses. And as to *Genius*—the gift is rare. We have seen it however. At the beginning of the century it was called Talma; it was called Malibran and Mars, and in our own day, it was called Rachel. Less proud and disdainful than is supposed, it has not depended wholly on itself; it has regarded tradition as its natural heritage, and has not repudiated that treasure of acquired experience, that rich inheritance of so much study, so many recollections, which it was in its turn, to transmit, the richer for its own studies and its own memories. Always preoccupied with its art, seeking ever for what was best, going in advance of counsels, it seemed to be ignorant of itself—not to know that it was *Genius*; but it knew that Taste is itself the genius of France.

Taste, gentlemen, I have already spoken of in an-

other place, and you cannot be surprised that I speak of it here again before you. Taste was the instinct, the nature and the necessity of these great artists. Without effort, it regulated their gestures, their bearing, their whole attitude. What dignity! What elegance! What fitness! I speak not only of the delicate and lively comedy, but even in the boldest movements of tragic passion, what grace mingled with terror, what moderation with power, what power with moderation! And this moderation, too, finding itself in harmony with the public sentiment, educated by pure Art, became the common intelligence of both artists and audience, the indispensable condition of success; the basis, finally of those great reputations that are the glory of our country.

So true is this, that when the accustomed audience was wanting to those great artists, they felt also that this moderation escaped them. In vain, in their triumphal excursions, did they attempt to resist the plaudits which carried them beyond their bounds; the enthusiasm of the parterre left them no longer masters of themselves; they yielded and the limit was passed. The more they were admired, the more applauded, the less were they satisfied. They needed to come back here, to find *themselves* once more—to receive, in some degree, the teachings of silence—to be less applauded, but more truly judged.

But, I repeat, study, tradition, moderation. Above all, never lose sight of this, that if Art is a pleasure and a charm, the highest of all to the public which it enchants, it is to the artist, a persevering effort, a toil, often even a pain. So, to all those uncertain inclinations directed towards Art as to a pleasure, I should say, "Stop! Choose another career, you deceive yourselves!" But to those who gifted by nature are animated by the sacred fire, I shall say, "Persevere with courage, fear not the labor, for it offers you in the future both fortune and Fame!"

Lesueur.

Lesueur is a name much talked of in this country; but very little is really known of the pretensions of its possessor. Our contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, has recently published some interesting details about the French composer, from which we are able to glean particulars that may not be uninteresting to our readers. In the time of the Republic, which could scarcely be regarded as the 18th century, but which yet could not be considered the 19th, a great number of composers of talent vied for the favors of a public, attracted in other directions by the declamations of the political arena, or the roar of cannon from the frontiers. These rival musicians,—rivals, but excellent friends,—would sometimes join together in one common collaboration, and the Opéra Comique, whether Feydeau or Favart, would receive a score at which had labored some half-dozen illustrious men, such as Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo Isouard, Berton, Kreutzer, Boieldieu, Paer, &c. The three most frequently united in a joint production were Méhul, Cherubini, and Lesueur. The works of the last-named rendered him less illustrious than the other two. He was indebted to the delicacy of Méhul, and the somewhat rigid sincerity of Cherubini for an elevated position at the court. Was he as deserving of this distinction as his two contemporaries? It seems to us not. His music had neither the grandeur nor the elevation of Méhul, and the mastery and learned refinement of Cherubini. It was far, however, from being devoid of merit. What chiefly distinguished it was the gracefulness of the melodies—after the manner of Dalayrac, though less sentimental than the author of *Camille*. Lesueur acquired more celebrity through his oratorios, motets and masses than his dramatic works. Two of his operas, however, are still remembered by musicians, *La Caverne*, a comic opera, to which we shall presently return; and *Ossian*, or, *les Bardes*, a grand opera, for which Napoleon, with his own hand, decorated him in the Imperial box with the order of the legion of honor: and when, subsequently, Charles X.

wished to promote Lesueur to the rank of commander of that order, the musician declined the honor, preferring to keep upon his breast the same cross which the Emperor had placed there. This was the act of a noble mind.

Lesueur was born in a village near Abbeville, on the 15th of January, 1763.* After studying music in that town at the chapel of St. Vulfran, he was sent as an *enfant de chœur* to the master chapelry of Amiens. It was, no doubt, the magnificent cathedral of the metropolis of Picardy which inspired him with those soothing melodies that made the success of his masterpiece, *Les Bardes*. Lesueur's music, however, has not the antique grandeur of Méhul. There is nothing in all that he has written for the church which approaches the sacred loftiness of "Joseph, Dieu d'Israel." Having received a somewhat imperfect education, he had improved his style by reading the scores of the old Italian masters, with whose spirit he imbued himself. Throughout his works are to be found such simple melodies as the phrase of the tenor in one of his oratorios: "Surge, Deborah!"† which occurs as a type of his peculiar manner.

After filling the post of Chapel-master at Séz, Dijon, Mans, and Tours, having come to Paris in 1784, he obtained the Chapel-mastership of Notre Dame in 1786. He introduced an orchestra into the chapel of that cathedral, and had masses executed of an almost secular character, which displeased the chapter. He was reproached for this, and the instrumental parts were reduced, as before, to simple accompaniments of violoncellos and double-basses. Lesueur, wounded at this change, withdrew into the country, resided with one of his friends until 1792, when his benefactor died. He then returned to Paris, and succeeded in getting *La Caverne* (opera, in three acts) brought out at the Feydeau during the following year. The great success which this met compensated for the mortifications of every kind he had to endure while it was in rehearsal. It was remembered that he had worn the narrow collar of ecclesiastics when Chapel-master at the Cathedral, and that at that time he was called "Monsieur l'Abbe." Neither the orchestra nor the actors spared their jeers. Cherubini had to take the direction of the rehearsals, in order by his powerful influence, acquired through the popularity of his *Deux Journées*, to counteract the ill-will displayed towards his friend. He even did more than this: for at the three first performances he filled the office of prompter, and after the success of the opera had been fully ratified in Paris, he went to Rouen and produced it there with no less success thanks to the dramatic feeling so felicitously pervading the score. Among the more remarkable pieces may be mentioned the duet, "Moi, que de vous je me sépare," the air, "Quel antre affreux?" and the trio, "Se calme-telle unpeu."

After *La Caverne*, Lesueur produced, in 1794, *Paul et Virginie*, not a very remarkable work, but it contained a hymn to the sun, which used to be executed at the concerts formerly given at the Feydeau. While Chapel-master at Notre-Dame he had written for the opera *Télémaque dans l'île de Calypso*. Though accepted, being never performed, he withdrew the score, and arranged it as an opera comique, in which shape it was subsequently produced (1796). Lesueur quarrelled with Sarrette about some writings against the Conservatoire, where he resided, and was thus obliged to leave his quarters, and thus found himself thrown with his family on the wide streets, unprovided with the smallest means. A lucky chance rescued him from this position. The famous Paisiello, then Napoleon's Chapel-master, having requested permission to retire, his place was conferred on Lesueur, as we have already mentioned. He was then able to obtain a hearing for his opera, *Les Bardes*, which had long been languishing on the shelves of the opera. The first performance took place on the 10th July, 1804.

In an anonymous pamphlet, entitled *Le Rideau*

Léré, Lesueur is reproached with being too dramatic in his masses, and not sufficiently so in his operas. The truth is he wrote his scores for sacred music a little in the style of those destined for the stage, and thus what seemed theatrical in a place of worship would have been in its right place on the stage, and what might have been strictly suitable to a church would be deemed too slow for the theatre.

Improvements in Key-Boards of Pianofortes and other Instruments.

There is no doubt that at the present time the manufacture of pianofortes has reached a very high degree of perfection, and that some of our American squares, and even a few of our grands, can very well compete with the best made in Europe. While the attention of the manufacturers has been called to a great many different points, it is surprising that an improvement in key-boards has escaped them. This is so much more remarkable, if we come to consider how the key-board, has been originated and transferred to the pianoforte. It has been derived from the organ. At first the organ was played, not by pressing down the keys with the fingers, but by beating them with the fist. As the note C was made the basis of the natural scale, and most of the church music was written in C major, it was found convenient to place all the keys of this scale on one level; consequently, when, later, the sharps (black keys) were added, only half of the length of whole key could be given to them, and thus was caused the denomination of half or semi-tones. These sharps could only be placed in groups of 2 and 3, which, even, after it had become a habit to play with the fingers, instead as formerly, with the fist, did not improve much the art of playing. The only thing that could be said in favor of these groups was, that they would be easily seen and distinguished, an advantage which might have been achieved in many other ways. The system of groups causes difficulties with regard to the fingering of the different scales, and makes the execution of certain chords in a rapid tempo almost impossible. All intervals, extending an octave, the legato playing of which is of such high importance in reference to the melody as well as the accompaniment, can not be produced on the key-board of the pianoforte, and compositions for the orchestra can only be played after having been narrowed down to the limited space of the present system. To overcome these difficulties by the use of the pedal, has not only caused great labor to the pupil, but in many instances spoiled his taste, giving him the queer notion to find only that beautiful what is difficult. Finally, the anatomical construction of the hands facilitates the movements of the fingers, if they are kept close and the arms rest quiet, while the system of our present key-board makes it necessary to keep the fingers always stretched, and to move sometimes even very suddenly, the arms to the right and to the left.

When this system of the key-board was applied from the organ to the spinet and clavichord, and from these to the pianoforte, the theory of music was very little developed. Some of the most important intervals were not known at all, and were introduced at a later period. Even the tuning of such instruments could only be done partly, so that it was impossible to play pieces in all the clefs on the same instrument, because all the notes could not be brought to such a purity of tone as was pleasant to the ear. Only after the exertions of such men as Eubert, Rameau, and Lambert, towards the middle of the 18th century, who, combining knowledge of music with that of mathematics, succeeded in finding out a perfect musical temperature, carried out by practical tuners, it became impossible to compose and play pieces in all the clefs. And only then could the celebrated composer, J. S. Bach, write the series of Preludes and Fugues, known under the title: "Le clavecin bien temperé," by which title was at once indicated that the work contained pieces written in all the clefs. Since this great master, in his unsurpassed compositions, has laid

* The inhabitants of Abbeville have set up a statue to Lesueur in one of their public places.

† Deborah—Oratorio. 1823.

the foundation of the modern pianoforte playing, the latter has been brought to a very high degree of perfection, so much so, that most of the classical works of the old masters are now set aside as being too simple. In spite of all this, our system of the key-board is still the same. It is true, a very few attempts at improvement have been made, but without any kind of success, for they were founded upon the overthrowing of the whole system, a thing which is quite impossible, considering that all our pianoforte music is based upon it.

In the latest improvement of this kind, this great block in the way of all inventions applied to the key-board, has been avoided. Mr. Schünnemann, from Berlin, now residing among us, has hit upon a plan which leaves the whole system of the key-board quite unaltered, being only an addition to it, that can be used by the player according to his own discretion, and with which he can become acquainted in a very little time. After a short practice he will be able to play the chromatic scale *sliding*, which cannot be done on the present pianoforte. How important this is, can be easily learnt from the fact, that the chromatic scale belongs to every clef, and that the possibility of producing with ease the *glissando* chromatic scale, will give to the performer the means of adding to the effect of light and shade in his playing. The sliding can be done with one or both hands, in octaves or any other combinations, upwards and downwards. With the same facility, as the simple chromatic scale, the pianist can play chromatic passages of minor and major thirds or fourths, minor and major sixths of octaves, and also chromatic successions of chord as for instance the sixth, including the third, the octave including the third, the chord of the diminished seventh, shortly, every chromatic passage of every description. Triads or other harmonic combinations can be executed either chromatically or in keys, requiring sharps and flats with much greater facility than at present, setting aside the complicated fingering now in use, and bringing the different clefs to the same level as the C major. This invention will be undoubtedly welcome to composers as well as performers, on account of the old key-board remaining unchanged, and of the new resources which is offered to them by the addition. We hear that the latter will increase the price of the pianoforte only a trifle.—*Musical Review and World*.

A Gossip about Organs.

We wonder how many, out of the thousands to whom the tones of the organ are so familiar, ever giving more than a passing thought to it, or reflect on the science and skill that have been lavished on it from the times of the reed-pipes of the ancients up till now, when it has become the most gigantic and complex musical instrument of modern times. Indeed, many amateurs, fond as they are of music, and of church-music in particular, are surprised when they begin to find out what a vast amount of machinery is packed into such a small compass, and what a number of abstruse and scientific principles have to be attended to before they can extract even one sweet sound. The earliest organ was probably nothing more than a series of reeds blown by the mouth, a proceeding which was found so tiresome, that it was not long before the bellows came into use so as to ensure a constant supply of wind; but even then it was only a rudiment of the present instrument, since it was not till the eleventh century that a keyboard was first added to the one in Magdeburgh Cathedral. Here was an epoch in the history of sacred music, the lowest step of that platform of divine harmony which has since risen in such noble strains, and which is still ever ascending. What masters in the art have played out their lives since then, filling the world with the glorious creations of their genius!

It will not be uninteresting to the general reader if we endeavor to sketch briefly the manner in which the interior of the organ is arranged—the popular notion of all that is necessary being, some pipes, wind, and a person to play. After all, this may be a simple definition; but the curious and compact way in which so much delicate workmanship is put together is surely worthy of a little attention. Of course there is every variety both in size, volume and cost; but we will take a sample of the ordinary church-organ and examine it at our leisure. What is generally

called a good sized one would be more correctly spoken of as three or four harmoniously put together into a case, and not only involving distinct sets of pipes, but also distinct sets of keys upon which to play. Thus, in one case, we have frequently three, and in very large organs, four sets of finger-keys, or manuals, termed the great, the swell, and the choir organs; while the corresponding set to be played by the feet are called pedals. The grand desideratum, the wind, was always supplied by bellows, of course; but even in this point, immense improvements have been effected. Bellows are of two kinds, diagonal and horizontal; the former so called, because, when blown, one end ascends while the other is stationary, giving it a wedge-like appearance, while the horizontal bellows always preserves an uniformly level surface.

Almost all the old organs were fitted with the first kind, but the inconvenience was that the supply of wind was so irregular as to necessitate the use of several pairs (the organ at St. Sulpice, in Paris, having actually fourteen), whereas one pair of horizontal bellows is equivalent to at least half-a-dozen of the diagonal species. The wind which has been collected is then distributed by wooden pipes, termed wind-trunks, into a shallow box or wind chest, where it accumulates ready for more minute dispersion to the various portions of the instrument. Now the mechanism becomes a little more intricate. The roof of the wind-chest is formed by what is called the sound-board, on which are a certain number of grooves or channels perforated with holes, so as to allow of the conducting of the wind to the several pipes. Nevertheless, as matters stand at present, the moment that the wind is introduced, all the pipes would speak at once, to obviate which a movable piece of wood, or sounding-pallet is inserted in the groove, the control over it being exercised by means of a wire connected with the key-note; the result is, that when the note is pressed, the wire acts on the pallet, allowing the air to escape into that particular groove, and thus produces a musical note, or, we may say, notes; for, as there are several pipe-holes to each groove, all those pipes would sound simultaneously. This, however, is prevented by a series of sliders, perforated in such a manner as to correspond with the holes of the sounding-board, and table below it, and by this means all the pipes not wanted can be shut off at will. The keys of the manuals are connected with the sounding pallets by rather complicated mechanism, into which it would be tedious to enter now, although it does not always follow that they must be close to each other, an instance of which, Mr. Hopkins tells us, is to be found in Prince Albert's organ at Windsor, where the keys are placed twenty two feet from the rest of the instrument, while in that of the Church of St. Alessandro, there is a long movement of 115 feet.

We must not forget to mention, ere we go any further, that the sliders which admit or shut the wind off from the pipes, being all placed inside, and out of the reach of the player, are controlled externally by the use of the draw-stop; and, as everybody knows, the size of an organ is generally estimated by the number of the stops. Those that are apportioned to each manual of the organ, are usually acted upon only by the keys of that manual, but by the invention of the coupler, the stops of any two manuals can be brought into connection; for instance, we see in descriptions of organs, swell coupler to great, or choir to great, &c., implying that by this means the swell or choir manuals can be brought under the same action as the great.

It is obvious that a tremendous power is thus put into the hands of the performer, who is able at will to pile up Pellion on Ossa, and thunder forth his music to the loudest. As another instance of economizing in the labor of playing, we may mention the composition pedals by which a certain number of stops are pulled out simultaneously with the working of the pedal, without the necessity of the organist taking his hands off from the keys.

The most important department of the organ is that of the pipes, a department of all others which shows the particular stamp of the builder, the most eminent of whom can often be recognized by their tone.

Pipes are divided into two classes, those made of metal and those of wood; the metal being either of pure tin or a compound of tin and lead.

Mr. Walker is very fond of using a composition called spotted metal, in which there is about one-third of tin; and very nice it looks, particularly for front speaking pipes, where no money can be afforded for external decorations. Both metal and wooden pipes vary considerably in shape and size, depending entirely on the quality and quantity of sound to be produced, and the ingenuity expended upon them may be imagined when, as in the Panopticon organ,

sixty stops have to be inserted, implying an aggregate of 4,000 pipes. The swell is simply a smaller organ contained in the large one, and shut up in a box, the front of which works like a Venetian blind, allowing the sound to increase or diminish as the shutters are moved up or down; but, in small instruments, with only one row of keys, a substitute is used, of a large shutter placed immediately behind the show or speaking pipes, and worked in the same way by a pedal.

The first European organ of which we have any account, appears to have been sent to Pepin, king of the Franks, by the Byzantine emperor, Constantine, in 757. It must have been a queer concern, for it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the key-board was introduced, each key being five inches wide, so as to allow them to be beaten down by the fist. Indeed even so late as 1529, we find that a new organ was bought for Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, for the magnificent sum of £3, 6s. 8d.; and a still more splendid one put up in Trinity College, Oxford, a few years later, for £10. Now-a-days the competition amongst our English towns as to which shall have the finest organ, has run the prices up to £3000 or £4000. It is curious to observe how many continental cathedrals have more than one instrument; and, in fact, it is unusual to find a church of any size without two or more. That of St. Antonio, at Padua, has four large ones; while St. Mark, at Venice, has two large, and four small portable ones, which can be easily moved about; and, if we recollect rightly, there are also six in the cathedral at Seville.

Their usual position in English churches was in the gallery at the west end, facing the communion-table, and in cathedrals between the nave and choir, —a situation, by the way which came into fashion after the Reformation, and so far objectionable, that it interferes sadly with the general view; but in most new churches they are generally placed upon or a little above the ground floor, either in the chancel or at the side of the choir. In the Lutheran church at Dresden, the chapels at Versailles and the Tuilleries and at Little Stanmore, near Edgeware, the organs are put at the east end, just over the communion table; while in the church at Courtray, it is divided into two portions, so as to allow a window to be visible in the middle, while the keys and bellows are placed underneath it.

There is a striking difference in the appearance of the organ cases of the present day, as compared with the earlier ones. All the decoration now is expended on the outside pipes, which are painted and illuminated in a manner wonderful to behold; while the old builders lavished their taste on the carving of the wood. Indeed, this was often carried to a ludicrous extent, particularly in an organ alluded to by Hopkins, who tells us, that not content with innumerable carvings of angels and heavenly hosts, the inventive artist added trumpets and kettle-drums, which were played by the same angels, while a conductor with a huge pair of wings beat time. To such a pitch was this extravagance carried, that there was even one stop, which when pulled out, caused a fox's tail to fly out into the face of the inquisitive meddler. Of more chaste appearance than these are the organ in the church of St. Nicholas, at Prague, in which all the ornaments and framework are of white marble, and that in the Escorial, at Madrid, said to be of solid silver.

Instruments are considerably cheaper than they used to be; for we are told that Father Smith, the most celebrated of the old builders, had £2000 for the organ in St. Paul's which had only 28 stops; while for a trumpet stop in Chichester Cathedral, Byfield was paid £50. We must remember, however, that many are only half stops, that is, furnished with pipes for half the notes, whereas these old ones always ran through the complete scale. For many years the Haarlem organ, which cost £10,000, was considered the largest and most complete in the world; but it has been frequently surpassed, both in size and tone. It contains 60 sounding stops, and 4088 pipes, one of which is 15 inches in diameter and 40 feet long; but in the Birmingham Town Hall there is one of 12 feet in circumference, which measures 224 cubic feet in the interior. The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has 8000 pipes and upwards of 100 stops; and we imagine that the one at Leeds is still larger. An ingenious method of blowing this last is in use, viz., by hydraulic power—a room underneath being reserved for the water apparatus, which costs comparatively little, and rarely gets out of order. It is the invention of Mr. Joy, of Leeds, and an immense boon to the performer, who can play for any length of time on the full organ without feeling himself dependent on manual labor. The Panopticon organ, built by Hill, and the most complete in London, is worked by steam power, and

possesses four manuals, to each of which duplicates are attached, allowing two or three persons to play at once. In the arrangement of notes, however, the Temple organ is the most peculiar, as it contains 14 sounds to the octave, whereas most organs have only 12. The blowing apparatus at Seville is worked by a man walking backwards and forwards over an inclined plane balanced in the middle, along which he has to pass ten times before the bellows are filled.

It is useful to know, in cases where funds are deficient or uncertain, that it is by no means necessary to have the instrument complete at once; for, at a small extra expense, spare accommodations can be provided, and spare sliders for stops, which can be filled in at any time.

In many very small churches, the Scudamore organ, containing only one stop, is very handy, and quite powerful enough to lead the congregation—besides having the merit of being extremely cheap, viz. only £25. Anything is better than the old barrel-organ, which we are happy to think is rapidly becoming extinct; for no church music could expect to undergo improvement with such a hopeless piece of machinery,—not to mention the freaks which a barrel of ill-regulated wind would sometimes perform—like the one that started off by itself in the middle of the sermon, and had to be taken out ignominiously into the churchyard and left there to play itself hoarse. We hope that the time will come when no parish, however small, will be without its organ, or at least a harmonium, feeling assured that church-music, although not the principal thing in our service, is yet of too much importance to be, as we fear it often is, utterly neglected.—G. P. BEVAN.—*N. Y. Albion*, Sept. 7.

MUSIC AN AMUSEMENT OF THE HOME.—What shall the amusements of the home be?

Where there is the ability and taste, I regard music—as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure—as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift! How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano, how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other days, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm-house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city, an angel's benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife,—say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man,—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the very frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano—what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show!—*Rev. J. F. W. Ware*.

VINCENT NOVELLO.—A loss of an honorable and honored musician is announced in the obituary of the week—the departure of the patriarch, Vincent Novello, which took place at Nice a few days since. He was aged eighty. By descent an Italian, the larger part of his life and his professional career were passed in London; where his sound musical knowledge and his command over the organ (then not common in England) enabled him to do valuable service to his art. Especially was this rendered in the naturalization of sacred music of the great Italian and German writers belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. The Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, and many writers less known,—still meriting to be known,—owe the largest share of their introduction in a complete form to Mr. Novello's editorship, and to their performance in the Spanish chapel to which he was during many years attached. He was also an influential member of the Council of the Philharmonic Society, in the days when to belong to the same was a European distinction. He composed much; but what he produced was rather the work of an honest and temperate musician, perfectly trained, than the product of genius. That he was esteemed as a man,—that his society was culti-

vated beyond the verge of his own profession,—will be seen (to name but one instance) in the Letters of Elia. He had a numerous family; and to their distinction in his own art, and in the world of letters, it would be superfluous to advert. No common respect is implied to our farewell to one of the most sterling musicians of the old school whom this country has possessed as a resident.—*Athenæum*.

MANY PARTS AND MANY TIMES.—* * * Glance now at the list of operas in which Madame Grisi has sustained characters, with the number of times she has played in each in London. "La Gazza Ladra," 47; "Anna Bolena," 38; "Otello," 36; "Il Don Giovanni," 82; "La Donna del Lago," 21; "L'Assedio di Corinto," 11; "Semiramide," 41; "Il Barbiere," 38; "La Sonnambula," 18; "Marino Faliero," 8; "I Puritani," 92; "Prova d'un Opera," 21; "Norma," 79; "I Briganti," 5; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (*Caroline*), 10; "Malek Adel," 7; "Ildegonda," 2; "Parasina," 6; "Nozze di Figaro," 22; "Falstaff," 4; "Lucrezia Borgia," 97; "Il Giuramento," 9; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (*Lisetta*), 9; "Fausta," 2; "Robert Devereux," 6; "Don Pasquale," 29; "Cenerentola," 3; "Don Carlos," 5; "Corrado d'Altamura," 1; "Il Pirata," 6; "I Lombardi," 11; "I due Foscari," 3; "La Favorita," 26; "Les Huguenots," 78; "Roberto il Diavolo," 12; "Il Flauto Magico," 3; "Le Prophete," 9; "Il Trovatore," 13.

Some 900 and odd nights are thus accounted for, spread over twenty-seven operatic seasons! For so many years has Madame Grisi been singing in London, on an average of about thirty nights a year.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XX.

LONDON, Aug. 8.

The Opera at Covent Garden, after prolonging its season through a great many "extra nights," outlasting all the concerts for about a month, will close to-night with a performance of the "Prophet." I am not dying to hear that again, and had rather let last evening's fresh impression be the last of my operatic memories in London. For then we had something worthy to conclude a "season;" something to remember the opera by so satisfactorily, that one cares not to have that memory overlaid by anything of Meyerbeer or Verdi. It was the opera of operas, the one which wears best with true music-lovers—and with no public more than with that of London—*Don Giovanni*. This shall be my last as it had been my first, opera in London—the alpha and omega, and likewise the middle of my Covent Garden record. Eight times has Mozart's master work been given here since the commencement of the season in the first week in April, and every time to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

And such an audience is a sight to see! From the hospitable box in the corner by the stage your eye commands the whole; you look down on the brilliant rows of comfortable "pit stalls," guinea seats all elegantly occupied, which take up the whole width and depth of the parterre, except a starveling segment in the very rear where thirty or forty stall-less people can have "pit" pure et simple, the condensed quintessence of it, for seven shillings; a few feet higher, the enclosing circle of "pit boxes," nodding and smiling and fanning with beauty and with fashion; then, just below you, the "grand tier" of nobility, et cetera, a sacred circle, closed to the non-elect, a broad, bright zodiac that hoops the heavens round at

mi' height, beginning over the way there with the Royal box, which (to the credit of all concerned) is distinguished from the others only by its width, and not, as on the continent, by tawdry display of crowns and other gilding to remind you that the house and the fullness thereof are the King's or the Grand Duke's; then lifting your eyes (or lorgnette) to their natural level, you may contemplate another circle, of which you are a happy atom, called the "first circle" (of mere humans), and which vies in animated charms with either sphere or circle of the blest below, whether they be noble or be human: and then upward to another lustrous circle; and uppermost of all, most noteworthy of all, and most significant, a great space opening far back behind the sun (read chandelier), row rising behind row as far as glass can reach, all densely packed with heads, like seeds in the capsule of a sunflower, the "amphitheatre," where sit the people. There are the real lovers of *Don Juan*: these taste an immortality in Mozart's music; it hath a zest of present heaven for them, and causeth their faces to shine; there is more meaning than we think in the theatrical cant term "gods of the gallery." Not that other portions of the house were dull or inaccessible to Mozart, or that musical motives were not the ruling ones in more than one of the fashionable constellations hanging in those circles; but the focus of appreciative response and enjoyment was evidently up there among "the gods;" and it is a curious fact, and creditable to English musical taste, that on the "Don Giovanni" nights, the "Tell" nights, &c., the amphitheatre is always crowded, while the *Traviatas*, *Rigolettos*, and that sort of thing, are taken under the more exclusive wing of rank and fashion, which "subscribe" and call for such. A *Don Giovanni* night is emphatically a people's night. What I have chanced to witness has, I am told, been equally characteristic of the entire season; of the seventy-four performances, the eight of *Don Giovanni*, the nine of "William Tell," the five or six of *Il Barbiere* have been those which have seen the amphitheatre and all the cheaper places the best filled. Of course the attraction of favorite singers—especially of the rising star, the "bright particular," young Adelina Patti, has also had its influence on the popular tide, apart from the intrinsic interest of the composer and the piece. But most preferred to hear and see this gifted maiden as Zerlina, as Rosina (in spite of some defects), or as Amina—in three operas whose charm as music never can wear out—to being made patient with the platitudes of *Marta* and *La Traviata* by the redeeming personality of such a pleasing little body. And who compose the crowd up there? Partly, largely, no doubt, the Germans, who seem to be almost as numerous in London as in New York; for they have heard Mozart's great work more times in their life perhaps than any other class, and therefore love it better; but also a great many, a majority of English born. It is no mob, answering to the "ground-ling" of the theatres of old; they are well-dressed, respectable and polite people; the front rows indeed present a goodly show of elegance and beauty. There are three grades of seats there, at prices of 7 shillings, 5 shillings, and 2s. 6d.

The theatre itself is well suited to the display, as well as to the convenience, of such a brilliant audience. Although it is said to be architec-

turally inferior to the house that was burnt down and which it suddenly replaced, and although the auditorium has no peculiarly artistic aspect, yet it is spacious, elegant, light, cheerful, well ventilated and comfortable. The stage arrangements of course are on a very grand and complete scale, and vie with those of any other theatre in Europe.

And now for *Don Giovanni*. A magnificent orchestra, to begin with; and such a rendering of the overture, that no one could choose but listen and be penetrated, filled with the rich music and with unwillingness to lose a single note of what would follow. There is no orchestra in Europe more complete and choice in its material, or which gives out a more rich and beautiful ensemble of tone. The quality of the instruments, of the strings especially, is remarkably fine; every player is a virtuoso and happy in the possession of an instrument worthy of him, such as contributes a pure, warm, sympathetic tone to the euphonious whole. Such fine violas, cellos, double-basses, violins, taking the mass of them together, I think I have heard nowhere else, unless it were in Dresden, and there not so many of them. The average style of performance, too, at least in point of spirit, brilliancy, precision, power, richness of coloring, is not surpassed in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna. The only fault is, that it rolls on in the glory of its full tide too triumphantly sometimes, and does not readily and instinctively subdue itself to the singer's voice. It is a brave orchestra, however, in the good senses of the word. And it has MICHAEL COSTA for conductor, who is a monarch in his way, and whose celebrity requires no justification. His air of quiet self-possession and authority, his ease and dignity of manner, albeit mingled with a little Neapolitan conceit, always give assurance. Although an Italian, long experience has made him cosmopolitan in music — has he not written an oratorio quite *à la* Mendelssohn? We have heard his *tempi* sometimes criticised; and so it has been with I dare say all conductors, not excepting Mendelssohn; and they do say that he is prone to hurry music which he does not like — a weakness which, considering how much trash he has at times to preside over, can be easily excused. The Verdi-ites, however, take it seriously. But, as the most nearly related sects in religion or politics quarrel the most sharply, so it is no wonder that South Italian and North Italian musicians do not belong to the same "mutual admiration society," and that Milan and Naples each regard the other as a Nazareth whence no musical good thing can come. But Costa not only possesses in himself the secret of musical expression, the true tradition of the Italian *cantabile*; he is a complete musician, and hence on neutral ground at least, in the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., you can only rely on his intelligent and conscientious and even *con amore* rendering. And to this neutral ground belong also such works of universally acknowledged genius as Rossini's operas, for it is a cheering fact that as far as regards real masterworks of genius, all controversy of "schools" is soon forgotten; it is only while the lesser deities reign, while second and third rate composers occupy the stage, while Meyerbeer and Verdi, Donizetti and Flotow, and Auber and Balfe, &c., are in question, that we hear or care about the Italian and

the German school, the new school and the old school, and what not. At all events, *Don Juan* is not an opera that would be likely to suffer under Costa's hands; it is a feast always for musicians like him and the members of his splendid orchestra; and doubtless every individual of those eighty or ninety knows every note of it by heart and could have played it through without a sheet before him. Of course the overture was played with unction. A good overture, as played by the Covent Garden orchestra is not a thing to go unheeded; it enforces attention; people cannot talk through it until the singers come.

And what a cast! In the ensemble, orchestra, chorus, stage effect, &c., the London opera may have competitors in other cities; but not in the principal singers; London wealth and musical ambition draw and keep here the greater number of the best. As *Donna Anna* we had Mme. PENCO, a bright and spirited Italian woman, with considerable dignity of person, and face resembling Tedesco, only not so fleshy. She has a good rich, even quality of voice, and sings all in an artist-like and well-schooled manner; not a great singer, but one in whom such a part does not essentially suffer. GRISI took *Donna Anna* in a preceding performance, and, worn as her voice is, and obliged as she was to transpose some of the music, she was really superb in it. She will never come upon the stage here again to sing it less well, having at last really taken her farewell both at the Opera and at the Crystal Palace. The *Elvira* this time was indifferent: a young and pretty figure, with a bright and pretty voice, — Mme. ORTOLANI-TIBERINI. Mme. CSILLAG, her predecessor in this rôle, made, on the contrary, the most effective, finely conceived, and ladylike *Elvira* I have ever seen upon the stage. Csillag has rather an unmanageable organ, and is hardly a finished singer; but there is soul and passion in her every tone, look and motion; an artist in a high, poetic sense who never fails to interest. But the chief delight and admiration of the audience was "little PATTI" as the clever little witch and coquette of a peasant bride, *Zerlina*. And justly so. It was the most charming of all her charming impersonations; decidedly the most fascinating *Zerlina*, musically and dramatically, which I have seen since Bosio. It would be folly to expect in her the perfect singer we have lost in Bosio; yet she sang all the music simply, with pure style and expression, and with most felicitous and characteristic touches. The voice, which we had feared was growing old too fast from too much work in public, and too little time for rest and private study, had a delicate, fresh bloom upon it, that was delightful. It was only once, I think, that she indulged in an unmeaning cadenza or "embellishment" on Mozart's perfect melody; and that, probably, was the fault of some adviser; she seldom deviates from good taste and artistic truth where she is allowed to go alone; her instinct seems unerring. In recitative, in the easy, conversational Italian *parlando*, she is singularly fine for such a child. Her acting of the part was full of life and nature, amusingly original, the by-play incessant, and helping out the significance of every scene in which she was on the stage. For instance, the wonder and delight with which she (and her *Masetto* with her) gazes round on the splendors of *Don Juan*'s ball room, and the timidity with which she sinks into the

luxury of one of those incredible chairs! Best of all, her exquisite coquetry in *Batti, batti*, with her offended simpleton of a bridegroom. Happy for her here to be so exquisitely mated! Happy for the public too! Is not that a nice cast indeed, in which the commonly considered small part of *Masetto* is given to no less an artist than RONCONI? In his hands it becomes really a great serio-comic part. His voice to be sure is *passé*, painfully "dilapidated" (to use a common figure of critics, who seem to suppose that voices are built up like stone walls, or put together like mosaics). But as a singer, he is thoroughly an artist; and as an actor, especially in comedy, he is inimitable and irresistible, as full of the quick "heat lightning" of suggestion as if he were always improvising his part under a happy inspiration. Yet it may be a question whether he is not prone to run it into too broad farce. But he contrives to maintain his dignity with refined public, and no one thinks of Ronconi as a buffoon. He has earned and is not likely to forfeit the character of artist, and is mentioned as among his peers with Mario and Tamberlik and Lablache, &c. Such an old *Masetto* and such a young *Zerlina* were natural provocatives of many happy, unexpected traits of naturalness and humor.

It would be superfluous labor for me here to enter into a detailed analysis of Patti's *Zerlina*, or of any of the parts, since the Journal of Music has no doubt copied some of the very just and graphic remarks of the *Times* and other London critics. A few words only of the other leading singers. The *Don Giovanni* was M. FAURE, a refined, effective baritone, who always sings and acts well, and whose impersonation of that most difficult rôle has more life and gentlemanly ease, is more free from absurdity, vulgarity, overdoing or underdoing, than any one that I remember. Not a great singer, but a sterling and invaluable one for parts like *Tell* and *Don Giovanni*. The familiar figure of CARL FORMES was the first to greet us when the curtain rose. His *Leporello* is after the common German fashion: capital in all the earlier scenes, but altogether too farcically grotesque in the last scene to comport with the sublime terrors of the supernatural visitation and the music. He sang as we have heard him "on the other side." The old *Commander*, the *Man of Marble*, was most impressively represented by Sig. TAGLIAFICO, who seems to be clever in all sorts of parts suited to a baritone, or even ponderous basso. The *Don Ottavio* was TAMBERLIK, — next to Mario, the greatest of all the tenors I have heard. But very different from Mario; his chief power lies in strong declamatory, impassioned, heroic parts; he is greatest in the *Tell* music, or as the *Prophet*. His voice is not as well preserved as Mario's, not as fresh and juicy, by no means as fine in its whole compass; but the tone is very resonant and marrowy and manly when he chooses, and he has the art to save his strength so as to strike with certainty in the important crises. His *Il mio tesoro* was very admirable; but his best service was in the accompanied recitative dialogue, and in the interwoven ensembles, where his rich, crisp tone always tells, and contributes its full worth to the harmony. He has a manly presence and a gentlemanly action. Such an Ottavio is not a nobody — and certainly Mozart has not given him the music of a nobody to sing.

The chorus, the *mise en scène*, ballet, and general treatment of the opera as a whole was splendidly complete, and worthy of such orchestra, such singers, such audience—and prices! I missed the usual inconsistencies and dead, unmeaning places in the action and stage presentation—usual, I mean, in America. The thing was a consistent whole; and more than ever did *Don Juan* seem to me the *universal* opera, typical of the whole story of human life. — It has spun itself into altogether too long a story in this letter, so I must leave “William Tell,” the “Barber,” &c., with a general summary, to another.

D.

Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, AUG. 18, 1861.—At last again in the old room, after much tossing about on sea and land—as we used to translate in the opening lines of the *Æneid*—though the form of these tossings about has certainly undergone no small change since the days of General *Æneas* that old filibuster, his Pater Anchises and parvus Iulus. Crossing the channel by steam in some seven hours, where it is 64 miles wide (Newhaven to Dieppe), and then running up to Paris on a railroad, moving about the city in omnibuses, and finally spending a day or two on the Rhine and Danube on steamboats—these are matters rather out of the late P. Virgilius Maro's experience.

In the old room, Sunday morning, nine o'clock and bells ringing lustily, but whether to call people to the worship of the “Most High” or in honor of the “All Highest” (Aller Höchster) the former being the term applied to the Deity; the latter to German Kings and Emperors and the more important personages, I cannot make out. It is Francis Joseph's birthday and a cloud of smoke is rolling away yonder from the Glacis, caused by the volleys of thousands of muskets fired in his honor. So I am puzzled to know to whose honor these Sunday morning bells are ringing.

In the old room again, with what a heap of letters to be examined and answered! Let this be the apology to those who have waited for months for answers to their missives, viz., that I was, after leaving Vienna a year since, drawn from point to point by the prospect of new ‘placers’ of my sort of native gold, some of which proved very rich though others involved only loss of time and labor—and that I was continually expecting to be on my way back to Vienna and thought it hardly worth while to have my packages forwarded. By degrees arrears shall be worked up.

In looking back over the time, which has elapsed since my last notes to the Journal, I see little or nothing that can lend interest to its columns, at least of musical matters.

In Paris where I remained a short time I heard no music and have no notes save of the doings of the few American painters, whom I still found there. Some have gone home, others were just going, others were away on summer tours.

In May's studio I found a picture of Michael Angelo leaving the Vatican nearly complete, figures half life size,—a magnificent portrait of Mad. de Podesta,—a girl at her toilet, life size, well advanced—and sketches for a large picture of Jews and Jewesses “by the rivers of Babylon.”

Cranch has nearly or quite complete, two more of his Venetian grand Canal pictures, one of them a moonlight.

Dana has been making some changes in the effects of his “Excelsior,” and has finished a fine scene on the Norman coast, and was on the point of fitting for the hot weather. I find on hunting up my former

notice of his doings, that an important point in relation to the proposed picture of the “Three Wise Men of Gotham,” was omitted either through my own carelessness or that of “the printer!” That is, that he long since sketched it and only awaits an order to work it out on a large scale.

Boughton I found out at Ecrouen, a village about a dozen miles north of Paris, busy in a peasant house, primitive enough, too—upon exquisite little pictures of the peasant women and children.

Thom was there also, in a large stable studio with young Frère and a painter on porcelain; in one corner Frère's horse, in another the porcelain man's furnace, floor of earth and everything to make it free, easy and jolly. Thom has a picture on his easel, cabinet size, of faggot gatherers in the woods in winter—a nice one it will be.

Yewell has just sent to America a group of boys after bathing, half dressed, one of them poking a crab from his hidingplace under a rock; has finished a picture of laborers in a wheat harvest field, and has two others sketched—one, people in a court-yard, time of Henry IV., listening to wandering musicians, the other a girl tantalizing a child with a bunch of grapes.

Babcock still continues, as the correspondent of the Tribune once said of him to steal the most brilliant colors of the precious stones and fix them upon canvass. He has a small picture just about finished of young women singing, with colors as gorgeous as Beethoven's harmonies. A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

By our last letters from Mr. DWIGHT, we were advised that he had taken passage in the Great Eastern, which was to have sailed Sept. 10th. We trust, therefore, before our next issue, to have the pleasure of welcoming him home, in which we doubt not that our readers will share.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE. — Our readers will take notice of the advertisement of this lady in another column. We have often referred to her public performances and to her success as an instructor of pupils, and can now only repeat what we have said before in commending her to the notice of the public.

We desire to call the attention of the parents of musical children to Mr. ZERRAHN's advertisement. The vocal classes which this gentleman proposes to re-open this season have been a success in every respect last winter, and a source of much pleasure as well as of valuable information to the pupils.

Our New York Correspondent desires our readers to know that he did not intend, in his last letter, to call the Princess Clothilde a “dumb,” but a *devout* attendant at church. In the same letter, for Mme. Beyer, read *Berger*.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have received a new member, Mr. GÖRRING, who has just arrived here from Hamburg, where he was engaged by Mr. AUGUST FRIES, to take the place filled during their last season by Mr. ZÖHLER. We hope the Club may be as successful and fortunate in their next series of concerts as they were in their last winter's season.

It is stated that VERDI's new opera composed for St. Petersburg, is founded upon a drama entitled “*Don Alvaro La forza del destino*,” written by Angelo de Saavedra Duke de Rivas, a Spanish author of the 18th century.

M. SALVI, the director of the opera at Vienna, proposes to lower the diapason to the normal diapason of Paris. He is also about to substitute iron

chairs and desks in the orchestra, for the wooden ones commonly used, in order to gain some acoustic advantages of sonority.

NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT GENESSEO, N. Y.—A correspondent of the *Union* gives an account of this institution. He speaks as follows of the head of the Academy:

“The President of this Academy is Mr. C. Bassini, of whose system of vocal instruction I wish more particularly to speak. It is of itself worth far more than the price of the tuition, for it affords what cannot possibly be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Bassini is the author or inventor of a system for training the voice which is rapidly superseding all others, because it is the only one in which the mechanism of the voice is properly taken into account and scientifically treated. I do not give my own opinion merely, but the verdict of all capable, impartial judges, when I say that this is the *only true system*, and that all others are false or deficient except so far as they may practically embody his ideas. Though this assertion may at first seem extravagant, yet it can easily be understood when it is remembered that nature usually has but one law in such matters which many may *partially* understand before the person arises who is fully to interpret it. But whatever correct ideas may have before been advanced on the subject, they are so mixed with error that they can in no proper sense be regarded as rivals of the same system. It is but just, then, to rank Mr. Bassini as the founder of the only method which will bring out the powers and resources of the voice exactly as nature intended them. And how wonderful that system is those can best testify who have given it the most thorough trial. Mr. Bassini himself affords, perhaps, the best illustration of the remarkable results of his own method of instruction. The system which permits so delicate an instrument as the voice to be incessantly used, as he has his for many years, more than ten hours every day, and, in all that time, to keep completely at bay that great common enemy of singers, a “sore throat,” must, indeed, be a wonderful one, and very different from anything the world has heretofore been accustomed to.”

The result of the same method when applied to others was most satisfactorily shown in the performance last week by the class at the academy, of Rossini's celebrated work, the “*Stabat Mater*.” This truly classical and difficult work was rehearsed only a short time toward the close of the term, yet it is asserted by competent judges that the rendering was far superior to the best ever given by the most celebrated societies of New York city and elsewhere. The reason of this is obvious. Every voice had been trained according to the same system, separately as well as with the class, and having thus been drilled singly, in company, in regiment and in division, under so experienced a general as Mr. Bassini, it is not surprising that they should have carried the audience by storm and gained an overwhelming victory. Miss Phelps, of this city, who was some time a pupil of Bassini, added much to the pleasure of the audience by her assistance.”

The following “*on dit*” is not fresh, but is nevertheless good:

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe: “My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and permit me to add to it a few lines of my of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage at my own expense, and we will share the glory!” To which Scribe answers; “My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal because religion teaches me that it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together. To which the millionaire replied; “Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?”

A letter from Rome, in the London *Daily News*, says that Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her fine colossal statue of Colonel Benton, to be erected in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been cast by the Munich

foundry, to which the mould will soon be consigned. It also says that Miss Homer will be nobly represented at the Great Exhibition in London next year by her statue of the Captive Queen Zenobia.

MUSIC A MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.—It is the opinion of our distinguished townsmen, Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession—it is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting of blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

"This is irrefutable testimony, but that which follows is not the less so:

"The music-master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons, strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing. In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted, and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two, three, and four years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity of the vital organs."—*Fitzgerald's Report on Music in the Philadelphia Public Schools.*

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Royal Italian Opera closed its fifteenth season on Saturday, Aug. 3, with the *Prophète*—the opera with which it was inaugurated; Mad. Nantier-Didié, for the first time in England, essaying the part of Fides, to which she owes most of her laurels in Russia. In the absence of Mad. Cziliag, who was obliged to leave London to fulfil a continental engagement, a better substitute could hardly be found than the clever French artist, who invariably commands our respect, although sometimes failing to elicit our highest admiration. In Fides she had to contend against the recollections Viardot Garcia, Grisi, Alboni, Tedesco, and Cziliag, —a powerful array of talent, which, nevertheless, she encountered without a positive overthrow, which could not be affirmed of all artists who have impersonated the character. The execution of Meyerbeer's grand work was admirable; Signor Tamborlik, not for the first time during the season, carrying off the chief laurels. The Jean of Leyden of the accomplished tenor is now one of the most striking performances of the lyric stage.

FREEMASONS' HALL.—An amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* ("Lobgesang") and a miscellaneous concert took place in the above Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, July the 16th, under the direction of the Hon. Seymour Egerton. The band and chorus consisted of more than one hundred performers; and the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor presided at the organ. The following is the programme *in extenso*, with the names of the singers attached:

PART I.—No. 1, Sinfonia; No. 2, Cantata; Chorus; Solo and Chorus, Miss E. Browne; Recitation and Aria, Dr. Lavies; Chorus; Duet and Chorus, Miss E. Browne and Lady Agneta Yorke; Aria and Recit., Mr. Cleather; Chorus; Chorale; Duet, Miss E. Browne and Mr. Cleather; Chorus.

PART II.—Overture (William Tell), Rossini; Coro con Soli, "La Carita," Rossini, Lady Agneta Yorke; Violin Solo, "Souvenirs de Bellini," Artot, Hon. S. Egerton; Quartet, (Martha), Flotow, Mrs.

Ronalds, Lady Katharine Egerton, Mr. Cleather, and Mr. Massingberd; "Ave Verum," Mozart; Scena, "Ah non credea," "Ah non giunge" (Sonnambula) Bellini, Mrs. Ronalds; Part Song, "O who will o'er the downs?" Pearsall; Overture (Oberon), Weber; Chorus, "Hallelujah!" (Messiah), Handel.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A meeting of the Metropolitan Charity School children took place on Thursday; and, although the day was sadly unpropitious, there was a large concourse of visitors. Forty-three schools were represented, and the whole choral force reckoned near upon three thousand boys and girls. Mr. Henry Buckland conducted, and Mr. James Coward presided at the organ. The programme was entirely selected from sacred works, with the exception of "God Save the Queen." The children sang with remarkable freedom, and displayed a great advance on last year's training. Haydn's Hymn, "Lord of Heaven and Earth," was encored and repeated.

Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 8.—M. Faure has returned, and is shortly to make his appearance. It was said he would lead off in *Guillaume Tell*, but the departure of M. Gueymard on his *comé* renders this impossible. The *Trouvère* (*Trouvatore*), or *la Favorita*, will, therefore, be the opera, at least most likely, for nothing is fixed yet. One thing seems sure, however, and that is that the prince-composer Poniatowski's masterpiece, *Pierre de Médicis*, will have a turn. Every dog has his day; à *fortiori*, princeps who condescend to the muse, as King Cophetua stooped to the beggar-maid, may have their night. With all my heart, so my attendance be dispensed with: "I care not greatly for 'prince-ish music' that may be heard." Julien de Médicis will be played by M. Faure.

At the Opéra Comique, Roger will swim gaily down the stream of popular favor—a stream that for him has yet had no shallows nor back currents. With nothing fresher than *Huysse* and the *Dame Blanche*, he fills the theatre nightly; and so thoroughly is he in a vein of triumph, that he may well think twice of his journey to St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the barbaric pomp there awaiting him. The new operas by Messrs. Bazin and Lefebvre-Wély, which long since I intimated were in preparation, will naturally not see the light till the popular tenor has thoroughly brushed off the bloom of his re-appearance.

The Théâtre Lyrique is making itself wonderfully smart externally. The whole exterior has been ornamented and decorated afresh from the base to the roof. The allegorical piece which adorns the front is not yet quite completed. The subject is the city of Paris represented as a beautiful dame-protectress of the fine arts. Grouped around her are figures representing Music and the most illustrious masters of harmony. It was originally intended that both the native composers who had contributed to the glory of France, and those of foreign origin to whom she had offered shelter and protection on the various lyrical stages of the capital, should be included. This notion had been suggested by M. Hector Berlioz, but has been reserved for separate treatment. It is now the subject of the painting with which the ceiling is adorned. This ceiling, by the way, is talked of as a remarkable specimen of good taste in architectural ornamentation.

BERLIN.—After a six weeks' vacation, the Royal Opera House opened, on the 2nd instant, with Donizetti's *Favorita*. At Kroll's Theatre, Lortzing's *Undine* has been drawing excellent houses for some time past. Signor Lorini, who has just arrived from Russia, has again concluded an engagement with the manager of the Victoria Theatre for Italian Opera next winter. Mr. Balfé is also here. According to report, he has come to consult the celebrated oculist, Dr. Giefe. A proof of the advantage to be derived from Signor Garcia's "Larynx-Speculum" has just been afforded by the first operation performed with his aid. Dr. Bruns, of Tubingen, by means of a curved knife, six inches long, with two blades, has cut away a polypus growing far down the larynx of a lady related to him. The lady had lost her voice for three years, but it is now quite restored.

BRUNSWICK.—A very interesting performance was lately given, under the direction of Herr Franz Aht, by the Männergesangverein and the Singacademie, in the old Egidion Kirche, which has been fitted up especially for concerts. The most successful pieces were Mendelssohn's eight-part setting of the 43rd Psalm, and Hauptmann's "Salve Regina." The female chorus sang likewise a very pleasing hymn by Blumenstengel, while the male chorus gave Schubert's "Nachtgesang im Walde," and Aht's "Nineta." The opera re-opened, after a vacation with Mehul's *Joseph*.

WIESBADEN.—The fortuitous presence of several artistic celebrities rendered the fourth concert given by the managers of the baths a very brilliant one. Mad. Bürde-Ney sang airs from *Oberon* and *Ernani*; and Herr Wachtel, airs from *Die Zauberflöte* and *Ernani*. Herr Didio played *fantasias* for the violoncello; Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, compositions by Viennetemps and Strauss. Altogether the concert was a great success.

HAMBURG.—Mlle. Marimont, of the Grand Opera in Paris, Mad. Rosa Escudier-Kastner, Herr Beck, M. Viennetemps, and a host of other artists of repute, have been singing and playing at the concerts here.

NUREMBERG.—The principal propositions submitted by Herr Müller von der Warra, the Thuringian song writer to the Festal Committee, were as follows: 1. The singers of Germany, by their representatives, resolve on founding a Vocal Union of all Germany. The object of which shall be—1. The promotion of German national song, by all possible means, both at home and abroad. 2. The introduction of useful reforms. 3. The foundation of an Arndt-Zelter Fund, for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased song-writers and song composers of acknowledged merit. 4. The promotion of intellectual and social intercourse by means of a paper already established, and entitled *Die Sängerkhalle*. 5. The adoption of a universal decoration for German singers, to be worn in addition to the respective decorations of the various Societies. 6. The building of a Vocal Walhalla in some city, as Nuremberg, Coburg, or Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the heart of Germany.—II. The representatives of German song, at present stopping in Nuremberg, resolve,—That a German Vocal Festival shall take place every two years, and that the next such festival shall be held in Frankfort-on-the-Maine or Heidelberg.

SALZBURG.—Herr Eckert, lately Capellmeister at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, has accepted a similar appointment at the cathedral here.

RUSSIA.—The directorship of the Imperial Chapel of Russia has been lately vacant; M. Alexia Lvoff having resigned the post on account of his advanced age. It has been filled up by M. Bachmeteff, a councillor of state and a distinguished musical amateur. In consideration of M. Lvoff's long and valuable services, and the part he has had in raising the choir of the Imperial Chapel to its high state of efficiency (acknowledged throughout Europe), the Emperor has allowed him to keep his honorary titles of Senator and Court Master (Hofmeister), together with the emoluments thereunto appended. M. Lvoff's chief services to the Imperial Chapel are as follows: Firstly, the collecting and harmonizing of the *Chants of the Greek Church*, a work of vast extent, forming thirteen volumes. Secondly, the musical instruction of 300 pupils (chapel-masters) for the execution of the ecclesiastical chants. Thirdly, the formation of a capital of nearly 50,000 roubles for the widows and orphans of the choristers. Fourthly, M. Lvoff has enriched the library of the chapel by about one hundred pieces of church music of his own composition. As concerning Russian professors of music, a famous "lion pianist" of that empire (Lion Anton Rubinstein) has fallen among thieves during his sojourn at Lucerne. He has, it would seem, been robbed of 2,000 silver rubles and a gold watch. Satisfied with his experience of the hospitality of the hardy Swiss, he, hardy Russ, shook the Alpine snow from his feet, and betook himself to the modest seaport of Ostend, where he is as likely to be robbed as ever, but where he will not be insulted with boastful talk about the strict honesty and guileless innocence of the inhabitants.

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*—The idea of getting up a Grand Vocal Festival for all Germany was, at the present day, a very natural result of the wish entertained by every educated person to behold the various members of the German family united in one great whole. Everything that serves to express this feeling, or that can nourish and strengthen the spirit which yearns for a united Fatherland is warmly welcomed and everywhere adopted and promoted most lovingly and zealously. Viewed in this light, the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg was, from the immense interest it excited, a healthy sign of the times. No one could well expect the Festival to prove any very great event for art, although it called forth a few choral compositions, of more than ordinary merit, for male voices, and this certainly enriched that branch of writing. It was to be foreseen that the artistic would be outbalanced by the national element; but why should Music not consider it an honor to be the interpreter

of the noblest sentiments and feelings of love for our Fatherland, and of a yearning after the union and power of the entire German people? That kind of music which gushes directly from the human breast—we allude to vocal music—is that most nearly allied to the soul, whence alone it derives its true expression, and on which it exercises the profoundest reaction. To sum up in a few words the grand result of the Festival, we assert with joy that its principal object, namely, the enthusiastic expression of German nationality by German poetry and German song, was most triumphantly achieved.

That the masses of executants who met on the occasion, the thousands of spectators and listeners who flocked from all parts, the festive movements of the entire population of the town and its environs; and furthermore, material facts, such as the magnificence of Nuremberg itself, to the grandeur of the processions, and the fineness of the weather, which was without exception most propitious—that all this, we say, should co-operate powerfully in bringing about the satisfactory general result, was natural. Each element in the Festival enhanced the other, and music formed only the central point of a display of national feeling, such as, for the unrestrained intercourse of all classes, and the good-humored enjoyment of a vast multitude giving themselves up to the present moment, and able to rejoice in their existence for the sake of that existence itself, is to be found only among the members of our own race in South Germany.

For the celebration of a national festival, Nuremberg in the highest degree appropriate. We were struck with astonishment, as, amid loud expressions of welcome and the flourish of trumpets, we arrived at the railway station on Saturday, the 20th July, while this pearl of German cities unfolded before our eyes its architectural magnificence, which has not its equal in Germany, or, in its peculiar way, in Europe; and which, moreover, on this occasion, was bravely decked out in festive array, carrying us back in imagination to the time when the imperial city of Nuremberg received the German Kaisers, and welcomed them with brilliant state. On the 20th July last, however, Music was the guest for whom the grand old city, the mother of all German art, had put on her gala robes. All the public edifices, as well as all the private houses the palaces, and the most modest residences, were decorated from the ground floor to the gable points, with flowers and foliage, displaying a true artistic feeling, the prevalence of which caused the beautiful forms of the various buildings to stand out with more than ordinary prominence. From the house-tops to about a man's height from the pavement, hung thousands of thousands of long flags, which, by their broad stripes of black and gold, announced the significance of the Festival, while a large number of other flags with the Bavarian colors waved amongst them, frequently bringing out, in a highly ingenious manner, as at the Rathaus, for instance, the architectural outlines by an infinity of smaller flags.

And yet no flags or colours were requisite to stamp Nuremberg as a German city, for not only is each tower-famous and venerable church, but every house as well, a monument of German architectural art. This applies not to the buildings of former ages alone for down to the present day the Nuremberg architects, with Hiedeloff at their head, have continued the taste for the German style, and carried it out in a most admirable manner. The broad streets, nowhere laid out in informal straight lines, offer, in their windings, such picturesque and surprising views, with the vast expanse of sky visible above, since in all the principal thoroughfares there is ample space between the opposite rows of houses, that there is no other city in which the old and beautiful combines so harmoniously with the new and beautiful.

Let our readers picture these streets alive with thousands of human beings who made way for the interminable line of the Vocal Societies, on their road from the Rathaus to the Music Hall, situate outside the Laufer Gate, allowing them to pass through their closely packed ranks, in the most admirable order, without pressure or obstruction, but simply greeting, with loud hurrahs, now this, now that Society, from the most distant parts of their Fatherland; let our readers picture to themselves the lofty houses, nearly all four stories high, with their projecting windows and balconies, and fair blooming forms at every casement, while joy reigned on every countenance; while handkerchiefs, flags, and nosegays were waved in welcome; while, through the multitude, the procession of five thousand vigorous, light-hearted men and youths advanced, bearing aloft their magnificent flags, heavy with gold and glowing with painting and embroidery, followed by the proud recipients of the prizes awarded by the various Societies, some with goblets of silver or

gold, or ivory or wood delicately carved; others with gigantic old German drinking-horns, medals, and broad scarves, and while in addition, the military music re-echoed twice as merrily as usual, from the fact of its celebrating *Peace*, and its greatest blessings: *Art and the love of our Fatherland*—let our readers picture to themselves all this, and they will gain some idea of the Festival, although they will still fall short of the reality, as displayed to those who were actually present; for thoroughly to appreciate the day's proceedings, a person must himself have witnessed that light-hearted, frank, unrestrained enjoyment, in which our Southern brothers breathe and live.

Passing through the Laufer Gate, which with the tower of gigantic circumference, is one of the finest monuments of the fortifications of the Middle Ages, the procession pursued its course to the Maxplatz, where the Music Hall was erected. The Platz is situated about ten minutes' walk outside the city, and, with its usually fine clumps of old trees, its large lawns, and broad walks, produces somewhat the effects of a London park. A better locality for a National Festival can scarcely be imagined. Around the Music Hall were booths and temporary eating-houses, lighted up in the evening by countless variegated lamps.

The principal ornament of the Platz, the colossal Music Hall peered forth through the picturesque groups of lofty trees. The front (the broadest side) with a high portico between two towers, built in the finest style of old German architecture, was a fine sight, agreeably surprising, or rather astounding, the visitor by the loftiness and grandeur of its proportions, as well as by the artistic taste with which it had been carried out, particularly when we remember of what material the whole edifice consisted, and the short time in which it was run up. The reader may form an idea of the capacity of this gigantic hall from the following figures:—It is 390 feet long, 186 feet broad, and in the nave, 54 feet high, and comprehends, therefore, a space of 70,000 square feet. The internal arrangements and decorations were most sensible and tasty. In this case again, the most pleasing ornaments were the banners of the various Societies, which hung down from the gallery which had been built solely to receive them. From a round stone basin, docked with flowers, in the centre of the Hall, arose a cooling fountain, worked by a steam engine at the side of the building. This magnificent Hall was planned by the building board of the Festival Committee, under the presidency of Herr Solger, one of the city architects, and carried out by Herr Schellhorn.

It was not till nine o'clock in the evening that the singers were located upon the broad stage, which of itself formed a large hall. The building was completely filled, admission to the gallery boxes opposite the stage and on each side of the structure, being attained by payment, while the pit was occupied by the inhabitants of the city and their families, who had been invited to attend the solemn opening of the Festival. These highly estimable individuals had the most undeniable right to the invitation, since they had hospitably received in their homes somewhere about five thousand singers. From twelve to fifteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, so the reader will be able to gain some notion the thunders of applause which broke forth, from time to time, under the most varied forms of expression.

The most conspicuous pieces to welcome and greet the visitors were fine "Festival March," by Vincenz Lachner; the "Singers' Welcome" of the Augsburg Liedertafel (words by Hertle, music by Fray, members of the above Society); and the instrumental introduction to Arndt's "Vaterlandslied," by F. Lux, of Mayence.

The plan pursued for the two days, the 21st and 22nd July, was rehearsal at seven o'clock a. m., the grand performance at four p. m., and separate performances of various associations at eight o'clock in the evening.

The prices of admission (12 florins for all the performances and two rehearsals; and from 4 to 8 florins for each day, according to the places) were altogether too high. The consequence was that the boxes opposite the orchestra and on each side of the building were but scantily attended the first day, and downright empty the second.

Passing over the speeches delivered at the first grand performance, we will proceed to notice the first eight of the sixteen new compositions executed by the general chorus under the personal supervision of the composers, of whom the only ones absent were Duke Ernst of Gotha, A. Methfessel, Kücken and Kalliwoda.

* Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Bridge. Miss Lindsay. 25

The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

The lone old tree. Clement White. 25

A household song, which will become popular.

Fairy voices. E. L. Hime. 25

Pleasing and melodious. No better song for young singers could be selected.

Forever thine. T. H. Howe. 25

A ballad of the best order. The writer, by previous successful songs has furnished ample proof of his ability and gift of melody.

There is a song I've heard thee sing. J. Barrett. 25

Simple and melodious.

Come where the moonbeams linger. F. Buckley. 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

Instrumental Music.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription.

Brintley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Cataract Galop. Carl Faust. 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur. J. Blumenthal. 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux anges," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 494.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1861.

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The Rising of The People.

Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 18, 1861.

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The drum's wild roar awakes the land ; the life is
calling shrill ;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, and bay
and hill ;
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers'
measured tramp ;
Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents
of the camp.
The thunders of the rising war hush Labor's drowsy
hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of bat-
tle come.
The souls of men flame up anew ; the narrow heart
expands ;
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her ea-
ger hands.
Thank God ! we are not buried yet, though long in
trance we lay.
Thank God ! the fathers need not blush to own their
sons to day.
Oh ! sad and slow the weeks went by ; each held his
anxious breath,
Like one who waits, in helpless fear, some sorrow
great as death.
Oh ! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust in
man,
While fast along the Southern sky the blighting sha-
dow ran.
It veiled the stars, one after one ; it hushed the patri-
ot's song,
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth
right from wrong.
Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness
broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of
Sumter spoke :
Wake, sons of heroes, wako ! The age of heroes
dawns again ;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her
loyal men.
Lo ! brightly o'er the breaking day shines Freedom's
holy star.
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the
healer, War !
That call was heard by Plymouth Rock ; 'twas heard
in Boston Bay ;
Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ring-
ing way.
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it
kindled into flame ;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little
frame :
The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
And, meteor-like, across the North the fiery message
sent ;
Over the breezy prairie land, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find him-
self a man ;
Then on, by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes
and sands,
It rang exultant down the sea where the Golden City
stands.

And whoso'er the summons came, there rose an
angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway
the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's red
current glows.
Hurrah ! the long despair is past ; our fading hopes
renew ;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient
blue !
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have hand-
ed down ;
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green
renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her
forces flow
'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to
blow.

Oh ! Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy
brow.
Oh ! Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art
thou :
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the
bank with green ;
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the wa-
ter in —
Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each
other's foe :
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace
that grow.
Oh ! fair ideas, we write your names across our ban-
ner's fold ;
For you, the sluggard's brain is fire ; for you, the
coward bold.
Oh ! daughter of the bleeding past ! Oh ! hope the
prophets saw !
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law !

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and
pain,
For those who go so proudly forth and may not come
again ;
And many a heart is aching for those it leaves be-
hind,
As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the
mind.
The old men bless the young men and praise their
bearing high ;
The women in the doorways stand to wave them
bravely by.
One threw her arms about her boy, and said, "Good
bye, my son ;
God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would
have done."
One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss,
And said, "I shall not be alone, for thy dear love
and this."
And one, a rosebud in her hand, leant at a soldier's
side ;
"Thy country weds thee first," she said ; "be I thy
second bride."

Oh ! mothers, when, around your hearths ye count
your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all
your sons ;
Oh ! wives, when o'er the cradled child ye bend at
evening's fall,

And voices which the heart can hear across the dis-
tance call ;
Oh ! maids, when, in the sleepless nights ye ope the
little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud
young face,
Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mor-
tal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of
death ;
Oh ! pray with that divine content which God's best
favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, he save his holy cause !

So out of shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland
glen,
Thick as the bees in clover time, are swarming armed
men ;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns
come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle
and the drum.
Ho ! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at
our head.
Ho ! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear
emblems spread.
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it ; 'tis part of their
renown ;
And palsied be the caitiff hand would pluck its glo-
ries down !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! it is our home, where'er thy colors
fly ;
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die !

Oh ! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in
the lay ;
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshaled
for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide
unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of
half the world ;
From where, amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's
waters gleam ;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted
stream ;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the
Southern air ;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines ; from Jersey's
orchards fair ;
From where, between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's
rivers run ;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills ; from woody Ore-
gon ;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of
yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of
Baltimore.

Oh ! mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye
fain would shed ;
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them
dead.
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and
song,
And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them
safe from wrong.

Oh ! length of days is not a boon the brave man
prayeth for ;

There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war—

Oppression, with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men,

And License, with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.

But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adoring hearts ye draw;

Oh! sacred grace of Liberty; oh! majesty of Law.

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the fife is calling shrill;

Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill;

The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum;

Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come—

The morning of the battle call, to every soldier dear!

Oh joy! the cry is "Forward!" Oh, joy! the foe is near!

For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land;

Hurrah! the ranks of battle close; God takes his cause in hand!

A Chapter on Bells.

A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, as appears from Exodus xxviii., 33—35, where the priest is commanded to hang bells to his robe, in order by their sound to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary. Bells were also appended to horses as an ornament, (Zech. xiv. 20.) probably similar to those which are still used in many parts of Europe. As a signal to call people together to join in any concerted action, bells have been used from remote times, having been thus used by the ancient Greeks and Romans for civil, military, and religious purposes. The Romans by bells announced the hour of bathing, and the early Christians adopted the same signal for designating the hour of prayer; St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, at the end of the fourth century, being the first to introduce them in Christian churches. Their use gradually extended, and when parish churches began to be erected in England, they were generally adopted there, giving rise to that feature of ecclesiastical architecture, the bell tower. The ringing of bells during eclipses (which were supposed to be caused by the oppression of evil spirits) was common, and is referred to by Pliny and Juvenal. So, too, it was supposed that their ringing would avoid tempests, drive off infections, and abate the lightnings, since the evil spirits of the air being alarmed thereby, would abandon their malignant purpose and flee in affright. The mysterious influence which the sound of bells was supposed to exert over departed spirits was increased by the ancient custom of tolling the "passing bell" for the dying, that those who heard it might offer up a prayer in their behalf, as the virtue of the bell was thought to be not alone in the prayers which it invoked, but in that it also drove away any evil spirits that might be hovering near to seize the departing soul. And when the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day," a sadder influence was shed over the spirits of our fathers than was justified by the fact that this curfew bell was only a signal—instituted in the time of William the Conqueror—for all to put out their fires and retire to rest.

Russia is preëminently the country of great bells, where they may be heard in full vigor, not "swinging low with sullen roar," for they are too heavy to be swung, but incessantly tolling and booming, and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. In Moscow alone, before the revolution, there were 1,700 large bells, which number has increased now to 5,000. The Great Bell of Moscow, of which every one has heard, was cast in 1653 by order of the Empress Anne. Its weight is variously estimated at from 360,000 to 440,000 lbs. It is 21 ft. 3 in. high, and about 22 ft. in diameter at the mouth. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused

it to be taken out of the pit in which it lay, and to be placed upon the granite pedestal as it is now seen. Upon its side is seen the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the Russians regarding it with the most superstitious veneration, and will not allow a particle to be taken from it as a specimen of the metal. The entrance to it is through a large fracture or opening in the side, whence a piece has been broken out. There is now suspended in Moscow, upon the tower of St. Ivan, a bell weighing 144,000 lbs., cast in 1817, the diameter of which at the mouth is 13 ft.

The bells of China rank next in size to those of Russia, there being several in Peking, cast in honor of the transference of the seat of government from Nankin to that city, which are said to each weigh 55,000 lbs.

Of European bells, the famous one at Erfurt, in Germany, cast in 1497, and weighing about 30,000 lbs., was long celebrated not only as the largest, but also as the best in Europe. One placed in the cathedral of Paris, in 1680, weighs 38,000 lbs. Another in Vienna, cast in 1711, weighs 40,000 lbs.; and in Olmutz is another of about the same weight. The celebrated Great Tom, of Oxford, England, weighs 17,000 lbs., and was cast in 1680.

The great bell recently cast for the Parliament House in London, weighs 30,000 lbs.; that in York Minster, called Great Peter of York, weighs 27,000 lbs.; and that upon the Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal (the largest upon this continent) weighs 29,400 lbs., and was imported from England in 1843.

The inscriptions upon old bells afford a subject of curious interest.

The following old Latin inscription, or fragments of it, has been rung upon European bells for centuries:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro, Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango, Excito lentos, dissipio ventos, paco cruentos."

I praise the true God; I call the people; I assemble the clergy;

I lament the dead; I drive away infections; I grace the festival;

I mourn at the burial; I abate the lightning; I announce the Sabbath;

arouse the indolent; I dissipate the winds; I appease the revengeful.

The following one has been common in England for three hundred years, and also much used in this country:

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all"

The following are selections of some old inscriptions:

One upon a bell in Wiltshire, England, cast 1619:

"Be strong in faythe, prayse God well
Francis Countess Hertford's bell."

Upon one in Oxfordshire, cast 1667:

"I ring to sermon with a lusty boome,
That all may come, and none stay at home."

Upon one (a fire bell) in Dorsetshire, cast 1652:

"Lord, quench this furious flame,
Arise, run, help, put out the same."

Upon one in Somersetshire, cast 1700:

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

Upon one in Warwickshire, cast 1675:

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their worke to go."

Upon one in Staffordshire, cast 1604:

"That Newcombe of Leicester made me
"Be it known to all that doth me see."

John Martin also makes himself known upon one (of a peal of three) in Worcestershire, cast 1675:

"John Martin of Worcester he made me,
Be it known to all that do me see."

Many experiments have been made to determine the best and most sonorous material for bell-metal, all of which, and particularly the series of

experiments made in 1853 under the direction of the Institute of Architects in London, have demonstrated that neither steel, iron, glass, or any of the proposed substitutes for bell-metal, (copper and tin) would answer the purpose of producing a loud, distinct, and musical noise in combination; which combination of qualities is the true criterion by which to determine the merits of a bell. Steel bells (and all others having iron in their composition) have a harsh, puny thin sound, which is just the opposite of that fullness and richness of tone so desirable in a bell; and, moreover, bells of that description are open to a very serious objection in that the material of which they are composed is of so little intrinsic value, being worth as old metal only about one twentieth that of the copper and tin mixture. Good material alone will not, however, produce a good bell; it is also necessary that the shape be modeled upon correct scientific principles with reference to acoustic effects; and that proper skill be exercised in the process of mixing, melting, and pouring the metal.

A history of the various devices for mounting bells, and the improvements therein, would fill a volume. The most primitive mounting consisted of a beam or stock of timber, with pivots at the end resting in a frame, to which beam the bell was suspended—all the weight being beneath the axis of the pivots—and a rocking motion imparted to the bell by pushing with the foot, as is practiced at the present day in Spain, or by pulling upon a lever fastened transversely to the beam. Iron yokes have now very generally superseded those of wood, and they are usually so designed that part of the weight of the bell is above the axis of the pivots, and being thus more evenly balanced, less momentum is acquired by the bell in swinging, and consequently there is less strain upon the tower. The modern modifications of this yoke consist in the construction of detached arms in which the pivots are set, which are fastened to the body of the yoke by means of a bolt and ratchet teeth, so that by changing their position the poise of bell may be adjusted to the strength of the ringer. Within the past few years, also, various modes have been devised of so constructing the yoke and attaching it to the bell as to permit of the bell being readily turned, when desired, (without unhooking it) so as to cause the clapper to strike in a new place, thus obviating the liability of its becoming broken through continued blows given in one position; and we observe that Messrs. Meneely have been awarded two patents, bearing date respectively 1858 and 1860, for "Improvements in Mounting Bells," by which this object is attained. Other improvements that have been introduced from time to time are: the *clapper springs*, which, being attached within the bell, permit the clapper to strike, and then hold it away, so that it is prevented from clattering against the bell, which would muffle the tone and be very disagreeable to the ear; the *tolling hammer*, by which a uniform tolling stroke may be given; and the *counterpoise* and *stop* attached to the wheel, by which the ringer is aided in swinging the bell, and it is prevented from being thrown over when swung.

But we must draw this article to a close, and we know not how we can do so more advantageously to those of our readers who may have to do with the purchase of bells, than by commending them to the old established house of Messrs. Meneely, at West Troy, N. Y.; a house which—father and son—we have known personally for many years; and whose bells, so far as we know and we have known of a great many—have always given satisfaction.—*New York Observer*.

In this vicinity the bells cast by H. N. Hooper & Co., of Boston, are justly celebrated. The chime of Christ Church, Cambridge, is a good specimen of their skill. The chime of the Rev Dr. Gannet's Church, in this city, we learn, is soon to be placed in the spire, by the same firm.

Beethoven's Music to Egmont.

[Translated from the German of of F. List, for the New York Musical Review and World.]

When the time is approaching in which art is

to make sensible progress, and to tread with vigor and strength in hitherto unknown paths, premonitory signs will generally be given. Seldom, however, does mankind accept the prophetic meaning of such signs. They are generally looked upon as isolated events, can they recognize the struggling rays which foretold its approach, as coming from one and the same source. Such and similar thoughts are suggested in our day by the representation of Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont." We here see one of the first instances where a great composer has sought his inspiration directly from the work of a great poet. However uncertain and irresolute this first experiment of Beethoven may seem at this day, in his time it was a bold one, and full of consequence. In ancient Greece, so close was the union between words and music, that the poem and the song were called by one and the same name. The epic was divided into cantos. A kind of intuition has preserved this like appellation in almost every language. The nature of both Grecian language and music, demanded and determined this union. Rhythm spontaneously detached itself from the words, to form the essential element of music. Learned Hellenists assure us that, in what remains to us of the labors of an Æschylus or Pindar, we possess only a reflection of their original beauty, since the lapse of ages has left us only the words, while our ears cannot hear the manner of their delivery. Not a fragment remains by which we can trace the character of the musical portion of these master works, and which were most probably deemed so important in their day. However many more or less learned, but always fruitless conjectures we may form in regard to the music of antiquity, there is no doubt that the active influence of the art upon the poets of that period was by no means small. At a later period, music declined to a barbarous state, to emerge from which, in new forms and with new functions, centuries were requisite. At first, consecrated to worship, it gave utterance to lofty tones, but stammering in its new tongue. During the middle ages, it found its phraseology; harmony gained a footing. While this was sufficiently rich and mechanically well-arranged for the purpose intended, the expression remained at first specifically musical. Composers cared primarily for the music, and contented themselves with adapting it, or nearly so, to the general sense and character of such words as were written for operas, not to speak of the strange things which history relates of the church-music. Only by degrees was the necessity felt of words well arranged as to sound. If beautiful ideas and pleasant fancies, connected with rhythmical and well-measured verse, were used, it was more by accident than otherwise. Musicians were only partially cultivated, and inexperienced in matters that did not appertain immediately to their science. On the one hand they were entirely devoted to the mere necessary studies of their profession—the almost labyrinthine mass of attainments, difficult to be acquired, but indispensable; on the other hand, an exclusive, passionate sensitiveness pervaded them, which forgot to manifest itself otherwise than through the impulse of their art. This, too, required intense mechanical exercises; so that musicians lost their intellect and their time in a sea of sounds, the splendor and storms of which left no room in their minds for other than matters of fact. As these collected elements separated themselves in their several kinds and species, the knowledge of some of which was easily acquired, and that of others deemed unnecessary, music emancipated themselves more and more from the shackles of their profession, and ceased to be wholly absorbed by it.

The not unprejudiced opinion, that men of genius and talent can not shine in more than one department, which finds its popular expression in the maxim, "Shoemaker, stick to thy last," we can not entertain. Genius and talent, however special, are found only in those who, abstractly from their speciality, are well organized. The lives of eminent men sufficiently prove that, even if they have neglected the cultivation of their capabilities in other than their special de-

partment, unless where faults of character obscured their qualities, they have still evinced their general talent.

By degrees, musicians ceased to live exclusively in their ideal world. They went beyond the mere practice of their art, and were esteemed as gifted men, even by those who were not musical. In our day, mankind have not only ceased looking upon musicians as curious phenomena, half-divine, giving heavenly songs to men; half-simpletons, entitled to equivocal respect or most unequivocal neglect. They are acknowledged as men who recognize the obligation of self-culture in all things, and some of whom can deal with words as well as tones. Music has generally appropriated to its own use literary productions of every kind. At the theatre, in the concert, in vocal and instrumental compositions, it transfers to itself abstracts, mottoes, devices, titles—all the expressions of the poem, the drama, and the romance. It scarcely loses a moment of modern poetic life, while it ransacks remotest antiquity for its subjects. From the east and from the north it seeks out materials and colors for its tone-painting. A strong magnetic bond unites the two manly forms of thought and feeling, poetry and music. Literature, we know, still arrogates superiority to itself, but we already find it forced to proclaim aloud its ancient privileges, in order to bring them to remembrance. The musical press is more and more active, and gains new interpreters. Already journalism finds one of its most fruitful sources in musical polemics; and the representatives of the several parties, progressive and retrogressive, forge for themselves well-made and polished weapons. The immediate result of the sudden elevation of the standard of musical science, is seen in the fact that poetry which aims at nothing more than a rhythmic medium for musical expression, or to furnish a text for the vocalist, no longer suits our great composers, who seek musical inspiration from nobler poetic sources.

While Schubert directed his genius to the best of the German lyrics, Beethoven, with firmer grasp, seized hold of tragedy itself. However incomplete the attempt of the latter may appear to us, it was of a more lasting influence—it was a striving after progress, the effect of which is felt in the present condition of our opera texts. Schubert's problem was in detail more quickly solved than Beethoven's, but it was none the less reserved for the latter's attempt upon "Egmont" to be a far-shooting arrow, whose progress the genius that sped it hardly divined. Wagner is no more contented even with master-works for his music. He claims for our age the revival of Grecian dramatic art, with other forms and wealth—an inseparable, appropriate, and mutually-benefiting union of the music and the drama—a union which is an unavoidable identification of the one with the other. Wagner was a poet before he commenced his musical studies, and strived in many a tragedy to emulate the models of Shakspeare. It was a representation of "Egmont" which suddenly showed him the whole power and strength which music might add to dramatic expression, and which ripened in him the determination to master the science of music, that he might be at once poet and composer. It was soon evident to him that the musical share which Beethoven had given to the drama was insufficient, and far from accomplishing the desired end, in that the musical interest was confined to the entre-acts, when the audience, fatigued with their attention to the anti-musical part, had only listless and inattentive ears.

Anti-musical, we have said, in relation to "Egmont;" and the expression is justifiable, since the pre-eminent excellencies of this work address themselves especially to deep reflection. The *Queen Regent*, *Machiavelli*, *Alba*, and *Orange*, are the important characters of this drama, and the beauties of these portraits are hardly such as music prefers to heighten by its peculiar brilliancy. Besides, the scenes in which the above characters appear, are those most striking ones where the poet represents how vain and transient is popularity, a much more fragile support than the straw to which the drowning man clings. The

peculiar character of the drama is therefore political throughout. We do not overlook the fact, that the love-episode interwoven with the drama invests it with that especial power of attraction which keeps it on the stage. But this is no reason that this should be esteemed the best part of the piece by those to whom capability to write is not proof of the greatest excellence. St. Augustine defines virtue as moderation and order in love. May we not claim that perfection in art is moderation and regularity in beauty? In order to rightly estimate the manifold beauties with which Goethe has invested the political portion of his tragedy, we must know the history and the people of that time; but the acquisition of this knowledge will make a love like that of *Egmont* and *Clara*, an anachronism irreconcilable with the life of the former. The masterly scene in Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," where the young maiden admires the handsome count in the full splendor of his court-costume, believing herself to be the only love of the youthful Leicester, moves us deeply. But the difference of age between *Egmont* and *Leicester*, produces a similar difference in the impression derived from the love-scenes of the novel and the tragedy, whether to the reader or the spectator. The love of *Egmont*, who, at the time of the catastrophe which ended his life, might well have been the father of one of the age of *Leicester* at the period of his affection for *Amy Robsart*, will excite a painful sensation in the breast of every spectator at all familiar with history. He will ask himself, how it is possible that *Egmont* could have so loved a young and thoughtless girl, without bestowing even an instant's thought upon the family of which he was the head? The development of the love-scenes is certainly as excellent in its way as that of the political. We are seduced by the charms of the beloved *Clara*, and we love him no less than her, as long as we see him in her presence. With *Alba* and *Orange* this interest disappears; the qualities he then displays belong to maturity. If it is unpleasant to look upon fruit destroyed by the worm before it has ripened, or upon the spectacle of a youth who has lost all hope in the goodness and justice of mankind, so much the more painful is that of a man ripe in years, who retains a most unpardonable *naïveté*, and falls a sacrifice to his own imprudence and misplaced confidence. The hero who dreams of freedom wearing the features of his *Clara*, appears to us an unfledged youth in his innocent simplicity. None the less moved is the public for whom isolated emotions suffice. They are drawn out by the love-scenes and the vision in the dungeon; and often the most important, the political part of the tragedy, is omitted; sometimes, even as on the stage at Dresden, such characters as *Margaret* and *Machiavelli* are wholly dispensed with. Beethoven, following the multitude, neglected the historical part of the piece. The pure and genuine sorrow that fills the heart of *Clara*, and the songs so well adapted for musical expression, attracted him. And so, also, undoubtedly, the constant striving for freedom which so harmonized with the longing for German independence, that he shared in common with many of his time. This feeling manifests itself especially in the masterly apotheosis which concludes the overture. When Beethoven composed these fragments, he pointed out a new road to art; with mighty hand he felled the first tree of this untrodden forest; he first laid his hand to the work, and removed the first obstacles. The world looked on with no especial interest, but the time was to come when art should tread this path, and soon after Beethoven it found the roads all cleared and leveled.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

Israel in Egypt.

FROM CHORLEY'S HANDEL STUDIES.

If there be one work of musical art beyond another, regarding which admiration cannot be too enthusiastic, and appreciation cannot be too stringently called on, to retain every faculty of judgment within control, it is Handel's Jewish "Sacred Oratorio," "The Messiah" being his Christian sacred one. The epithet belongs to

the choice of the words, which, like those of "The Messiah," were chosen from Holy Writ. No work so rudely, so fortuitously, so accidentally made, could, in result, be more noble and subduing. St. Mark's, in Venice, is not a more complete example of splendid and rich materials, inwrought with patches of coarse and quaint art, probably (let the rhapsodists say what they will) with no completeness of design, yet forming a whole almost without paragon in its pomp and impressiveness, than this "Israel in Egypt."

On whichever side this Oratorio is approached it will repay the most minute study. Let me offer a remark or two on its birth and parentage.

Twenty-seven days of October, 1738, M. Schœcher's Notes reminds us, saw "Israel in Egypt" committed to paper; four years, that is, before Handel produced "The Messiah," his only other Sacred Oratorio. Need it be suggested, that for forty-seven years, at the least, the mind of the giant must have been ripening itself, and his hand acquiring its mastery over the thunderbolts wielded? The absence of design in the ordinance of the Oratorio speaks for itself. But it is known that what is now the first part of "Israel in Egypt" was patched on to a *Cantata* already completed, and which had been completed, in one respect, with a formality not habitual to Handel; since the *Cantata* referred to, might have been considered as circularly closed against amplification, by its opening and ending with the same strain of phrase,—employed *du capo*, as the musicians have it, or burdenwise, to use the ballad-monger's phrase. Supposing it to have suited Handel's convenience to lengthen the work; he did so by prefixing to this *Cantata* another act, equaling it in length, outdoing it in variety; exhibiting the Plagues of Egypt with an amount of force, brilliancy, and elaboration sufficient, it might have been supposed, to crush and efface any portion which could possibly follow. Pestilence—water turned into blood—fire from heaven—the insect-cloud darkening out life with its noisome activity—the death of the first-born—the "darkness which might be felt"—the rebuke of the great sea—the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep—the recoil of the waters over their pursuers—were displayed in close succession. To speak of any other pictures in music by the side of these, is to talk of Ludovico Caracci after Michael Angelo, of Van der Werff after Rubens, or of Raphael Mengs after Raphael. And yet the original portion, now the second part, which is in fact merely monologue, or an Israelitish hymn of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host prolonged and wrought out, holds its ground; nay, leads to a climax of jubilant devotional rapture, as preëminent in its brilliancy as if the poet had from the first entertained no other design than to conduct his hearers through group after group, through trial after trial, through wonder after wonder, with the Pillar of Cloud to hide, and the Pillar of Fire to beckon onward the chosen people, onward and upward to the Prophetess, "with her timbrel in her hand," as the last and the most remarkable apparition following "the wonders in the land of Ham," and recording the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people.

Nor is this the sole wonder. If the design of "Israel," when examined, prove disproportionate—if the form was determined by the touch of inspiration, not the long preliminary care of pious meditation, the execution of this wondrous Oratorio will be found no less remarkable, when anatomized by the thoughtful musician. On the one hand, it is clear that in some of the choruses and ideas, to satisfy the impatience of his hand, Handel tore out leaves from his old school-books, interpolated ancient exercises, and pillaged other men's thoughts. It is only of late that such obligation has been admitted; its extent has possibly not yet been defined, nor its depth fathomed by the antiquarians. Erba, Stradella, Colonna, Kerl (the first the most largely), are probably not the only composers laid under contribution. It is impossible here to do more than to assert the fact: the calling of witnesses and the sifting of

testimony being manifestly tasks for another hand and time and place. Suffice it to say, that in no other work does Handel seem to have been so unscrupulous as in this; in none, however, does his own genius soar so high or burn so brightly. For, consider it only as a descriptive Oratorio,—recollecting that Handel wrote in a day when one of the greatest elements in the production of picturesque music—the orchestra of the moderns with its contrasted sonorities and improved executive resources—had scarcely been called into existence. In the awful scenes of the "hailstones for rain,"—"the locusts, that came without number,"—"the thick darkness that fell on all the land,"—"the ocean waters rising like a wall on this side and on that,"—the limits to the colors on Handel's palette will be at once seen, if the orchestral portion of these choruses be compared with the orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. The latter great men not merely employed the tints of the rainbow, they also commanded the *chiar'oscuro* of twilight glooms and aerial radiances. Handel wrought with the primary colors; yet the best specimens of descriptive music by the best subsequent masters are pale in treatment and poor in variety when compared with his stupendous series of creations. The student, I think, will find his interest in "Israel," as well as his sense of Handel's variety of power, increased, if, especially, during the first, or descriptive act of "Israel," he measures the force and truth of the master's effects against those of Haydn—produced so many years later, when that admirable composer and ingenious man, also endeavored to paint by sounds; and attempted to distinguish himself in that path of composition, which Handel had followed to heights so sublime.

Ode to an Old Violin.

Torn,
Worn;
Oppressed I mourn,
Sad,
Sad,
Three-quarters mad;
Money gone,
Or dit none;
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Wife in lala,
Twins again;
Others ailing,
Nurse a ralling,
Billy whooping,
Betty crouping,
Beelzebub poor Joe
With feathered toe.
Come then my fiddle,
Come my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet tho' transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace,
I clasp while joy illumines my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow
My drooping spirits pant to rise;
A lively strain I touch—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on fancy's wings I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door;
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings.
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
Presto! good master.
You very well know
I will find music,
If you will find bow,
From E, up in alto to G, down below."
Fatigued I pause to change the time
For some *adagio*, solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally; whilst every health corroding care
Lies prostrate vanquished by the soft mellifluous air.
More and more plaintive grow, my eyes wif' tears do flow
And resignation mild soon smoothes my wrinkled brow.
Ready Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall
The Serpent may grunt and the Trombone may bawl,
But, by Poll,* my old fiddle is prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return thy praise to rehearse,
His ode to Cocelli would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

* Apollo.

ENGLISH MUSIC.—I assert emphatically that the English are a musical people, always have been, and always will be, in spite of money-grubbing and the worship of the dollar. But the world is continually assured of the contrary. Although the music-publishers, great and small, from Beale and Chappell down to the cheapest pirates of the trade, deluge the land every day with new songs by English living composers, the cry is dinned into our ears constantly that the English are "not a musical nation." The cry is at least a hundred and fifty years old, and may be found recorded in the pages of the famous "Miscellany" of Pope and Swift, and elsewhere in the newspapers of the days of Queen Anne and George I. It has never ceased from that day to this; and by dint of constant iteration, acquired such currency and authority, that, in 1820, when the great Napoleon discoursed to his faithful Las Cases, in the mournful days of his captivity and exile at St. Helena, on all imaginable subjects—of war, policy, philosophy, and literature—he declared that English music was execrable. "The English have no music," said he; "or, at all events, no national music. They have, in fact, but one good tune." And, to show his qualifications for the office of musical critic, he declared that tune to be "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

It was Mad. de Staël who averred that music was "a glorious inutility," and musicians have but too often endeavored to verify the saying, when they have ignored or despised the aid of what they call the "words." Our modern composers do not always consider that a song without meaning is like a body without a soul; and our modern vocalists, private and public, add to the mischief, and sing songs, both in the drawing-room and on the stage, without giving their listeners the remotest chance of discovering whether they are singing English, Italian, Hebrew, or Chinese; and as if it were part of their purpose to conceal both the meaning and the language of the poet. But, in spite of such drawbacks as these, aided by the favor in which Italian music is held in all courtly and aristocratic circles, no one who pays attention to passing events can avoid seeing that the love of music has very greatly extended itself in England of late years; and that next to Germany and Italy, England is fast becoming the most musical country in Europe. To say nothing of her native composers, England must ever take the foremost rank among nations for the encouragement given by her people to the great masters of musical art.—*Robin Goodfellow.*

A LITERARY LION.—We have had amongst us, for some time a literary lion. He has now gone away, so that we may, without danger of his being overwhelmed with "deputations" and such like obtrusive company, give due publicity to the fact. It was Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, a gentleman well-known in literary circles in America, and not altogether unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is from his pen that a series of charming sketches of musical life in England have emanated. They appeared originally in *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston), under the pseudonyme, "Diarrist," and have frequently been copied into our periodical press. The great work upon which he has been engaged "half a life-time" is drawing towards a close, and we look forward to the only complete "Biography of Beethoven" with feelings of unmixed, pleasurable anticipation. Mr. Thayer came to England (from Vienna) to pick up information bearing upon the comprehensive subject, and we have reason to believe that he is perfectly satisfied with the result. Our veteran, Mr. Neate, is in possession of several interesting autographs, which were liberally placed at Mr. Thayer's disposal. We wish him every success in his great and glorious undertaking.—*Brighton Gaz.*

Death behind the Scenes.

The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has the following remarks upon the recent terrible accident at the Continental Theatre in that city, of which some account will be found in another column:

"No one can accuse theatrical managers of indifference concerning the safety of the persons they employ; for every motive, of interest as well as of humanity, prompts them to the exercise of all possible means to preserve them from danger. The frightful disaster of Saturday night, at the Continental Theatre, in this city, seems to have been one of those accidents that no precautions and no warnings can avert. A young woman, in a thoughtless moment, exposed herself to a danger from which thousands of young women have escaped when sim-

ilarly exposed. But hers was the exceptional case. A slight unusual motion, or an unexpected puff of air, brought her gauze dress in contact with a jet of gas, and thus began a scene of horror, agony and death, the chief features of which have been so fully presented to the public already, that they need not be recalled here.

But is it really not possible to guard against accidents like this in stage dressing rooms, as well as against those that are caused by recklessness and rashness? It does not seem impossible to arrange gas jets in such a way that they could not be reached by young women; or, if it is necessary to have some of them low down, it does not seem impossible to cover them with shades of glass or of mica, which would prevent the flame from touching anything swept near it. In some theatres, to guard against accidents to ballet girls, their thin dresses are steeped in a solution of alum, which is said to save them from fire: at least, they do not, when ignited, burst into flames, but smoulder in such a way that the fire can easily be put out. Some such precautions as these would certainly, to some extent, protect the poor creatures whose lives are exposed to such terrible dangers."

This subject, from the frequency of such accidents, deserves the most serious consideration. How is it with our own theatres? Are proper precautions taken here, at the Boston Theatre, the Museum, the Athenæum, to guard against these disasters? We find the following suggestions in an article written by Dr. Odling to the *London Times* :—

"The various means proposed for rendering textile fabrics non inflammable were carefully investigated a short time back by two well-known chemists, Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim. They showed that linen and cotton goods dried after immersion in a solution of one or other of several salts possessed the property of non-inflammability, and that the best results were obtained with a solution of sulphate of ammonia, or of tungstate of soda, neither of which liquids produced any injurious effect upon the tissue or color of the fabric. The tungstate of soda solution was found most applicable to laundry purposes, on account of its not interfering in any way with the process of ironing. Muslins, &c., steeped in a 7 per cent. solution of sulphate of ammonia, or 20 per cent. solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, may be held in the flame of a candle or gas lamp without taking fire. The portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and consequently the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material."

Catherine Hayes.

Catherine Hayes was born in Limerick about the year 1820. Her first instructions in music were derived from an accomplished lady amateur, who having heard her sing when a child, was so charmed with her voice and facility, that she assisted her as far as she was able to a knowledge of the pianoforte and singing. To the Hon. and Right Reverend E. Knox, Bishop of Limerick, however, Catherine Hayes was indebted for her first step towards a public life. The Bishop, having heard her sing by accident, invited her to the See House, and she soon became the star of a series of musical reunions, chiefly given for her instruction by her kind patron. The progress made by the young lady was so extraordinary that the Bishop at once perceived her talents might be turned to the best account—that is, made instrumental to the world's delight—and, having consulted his own friends and those of his *protégée*,—with feelings and opinions very different from those of the Bishop or Bishops who wished to dissuade Jenny Lind from appearing on the stage,—sent her to Dublin, and placed her under the care of Signor Antonio Sapio, the most eminent vocal professor in the Irish metropolis. Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and, so great was the confidence reposed in her by her teacher, made her first appearance in public on the 3rd of May following, in the large room

of the Rotunda. Nor was he disappointed. The success of the *débütante*, at first somewhat marred by extreme nervousness, was in the end triumphant, and from that day may be dated the artistic career of Catherine Hayes. Her success, however, did not stimulate her to immediate action. She remained under the tuition of Signor Sapio until August 1842, and in the October of the same year went to Paris, and studied diligently and zealously for some months with Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran. As, nevertheless, she was bent on making the lyric stage her profession, she was advised at once to proceed to Italy, as the only theatre for obtaining dramatic requirements indispensable for success in that calling. She accordingly proceeded to Milan, and placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother of the celebrated barytone.

While at Milan, our heroine was introduced to the once celebrated Mad. Grassini, aunt to Grisi, who was so pleased and surprised at her talents, that she wrote to Provini, manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, and procured her an engagement. Her *débüt* took place on the 10th of May, 1845, in *I Puritani*. The ordeal was a terrible one, as may be imagined; but, after a long struggle to overcome timidity, the singer recovered her powers, and made quite a furor. Her second and third appearances were in *Lucia* and *Mosé in Egitto*. She returned to Milan, and, although she was offered an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, and some of the minor Italian theatres, she declined all proposals, convinced that she was still but a novice, and gave her undivided attention to study under the direction of Signor Ronconi. Signor Morelli, director of the La Scala Theatre, however, having heard her at a private *soirée*, tendered her an engagement, which, after some hesitation, she accepted; and, only three months after her *débüt*, she appeared at the then first lyric theatre in Europe, as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*, a character in which she subsequently achieved perhaps her brightest laurels. The success of her first night at the Scala may be estimated by the fact of her being recalled twelve times in the course of the performance. Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and her graceful and delicate portraiture of the "gentle Desdemona," won for her the designation of "La Parla del Teatro." During the remainder of her stay at Milan, including the autumn season of 1845 and the carnival of 1846, Catherine Hayes won "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and was quite the pet of the Milanese aristocracy. From Milan she proceeded to Vienna, to fulfil an engagement there; and thence went to Venice, where she appeared on the first night of the carnival, 1847, in a new opera, entitled *Albergo di Romano*, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman. We need not follow the artist with any further minuteness in her career on the continent. Her progress through the Italian states for the two subsequent years was marked by the most undeviating success. In 1849 Catherine Hayes came to London, and appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, in *Linda di Chamouni*. The greatest curiosity was manifested about the Hibernian *cantatrice*, who perhaps was never so closely scrutinised, so severely judged. The general verdict, however, was in the highest degree satisfactory, and Catherine Hayes became one of the reigning favorites in an establishment which boasted of such high names as those of Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. In 1851 Catherine Hayes visited the New World, and after enchanting the musical public of the United States, ventured to entrust herself to the rugged courtesies of the semi-barbaric tribes of California, whom she appears to have tamed by her song, and almost to have converted to civilisation.

Her tour in these remote regions being incredibly successful, induced her to extend it to the Sandwich Isles, to Australia, and to British India, in all of which places she reaped abundant harvests, and returned to England in 1856, having amassed a handsome fortune. In the November of that year she made her *réentrée* at M. Jullien's Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards made *tourées* in the provinces, awaking the old sensation in England and Scotland, and more than ever exciting the applause of her enthusiastic admirers in "Old Ireland." In 1857 she married Mr. Bushnell, who had had the direction of her professional affairs throughout her transatlantic trip. The marriage, however, was soon dissolved by death, and Mrs. Bushnell became a widow before she had been twelve months a wife. The remainder of her artistic career up to the time of her decease was occupied in provincial tours and engagements at the metropolitan concerts.

The vocal powers of Catherine Hayes were not of the highest order. Her voice was a true soprano, with more than an average share of the middle voice, which enabled her to sing music beyond the means of

ordinary sopranos. The tone was brilliant and telling, rather than clear and sweet, being slightly veiled, or clouded, and not possessing that purity of quality we might point to in many native and foreign *cantatrice*. This voice, however, the artist had disciplined to so high a degree of perfection as to enable her to produce effects out of the power of far more gifted singers. Catherine Hayes was a great mistress of expression, and this, with her innate delicacy and high susceptibilities, threw such a charm round her ballad singing as to render it irresistible. With such means and impulses, it is not difficult to account for the prodigious success she achieved in Ireland when interpreting the national ballads of the country, into which she appeared to throw her whole soul, and which she delivered with so much earnestness and reality as to savor, at least in sober English ears, of exaggeration. No doubt with a more captivating and sweeter organ all this eagerness for display would not have been required—most probably not manifested; and in this, as in everything else connected with her singing, Catherine Hayes exhibited the consummate artist, as she knew exactly how far she was deficient, and in what she could prevail. Her influence over the feelings of the Irish was absolutely magical, and no other singer of our own times had the same power to arouse them to such ecstacy and admiration. She held, indeed, the key to the hearts of her countrymen, and could open and shut them as she listed. As a bravura singer, we are inclined to rate Catherine Hayes higher than as a ballad singer. Indeed, her art appeared to us invariably to predominate over her natural gifts, and while that which was simple seemed to be forced, her ornamental displays were often in the highest degree satisfactory. At all events, in whatever light we may be inclined to view her, it cannot be denied that a real singer has gone from us, and as such the loss of Catherine Hayes is to be seriously lamented.—*London Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR:—"DAISY'S" anecdote has reminded me of my own experience, some notes from which may not be altogether unamusing to your readers.

Questioning a "new pupil" in a city not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, as to her knowledge of music, the masters she had had, &c., I came then to the question, "What kind of music do you play most frequently?" "All the operas," responded the young lady. "Oh!!! which, for instance? what arrangements?" "How should I know?" "Norma? Sonnambula? Freischütz?" "I don't know anything about those things; I play *all the operas*!" "Will you be so kind as to fetch a few of your pieces?" Some pieces were brought, and the young lady triumphantly pointed to the composer's number, on some tolerably simple waltzes, arrangements, &c., by Beyer and Czerny—opera 100—op. 3, op. 51, or whatever the figures may have been; these were "all the operas."

Asking another pupil (considered "quite a musical young lady") about the merits of Spohr the violinist (nephew of the Spohr), who was then residing in her native city, she told me that she thought she had heard him "when Beethoven gave his concert." "Are you quite sure that it was on that occasion?" said I, very much surprised. "O yes, quite; Mr. Beethoven put Mr. Spohr's name in nearly as large letters as his own, in the bills, and that makes me remember it."

Once, re-arranging some engravings in my music room, in came a very distinguished pupil, who had "graduated" in two large scholastic institutions, taken music lessons for some years, and was undergoing the process of re-gilding in the school with which I was then connected. She took a great deal of interest in my task, and so I pointed out some portraits &c. to her, and told her a few anecdotes connected with them. By the time that I reached the well-known engraving, "Mozart playing his 'Don Juan,'" I had worked myself up to quite a pitch of useless enthusiasm, which my pupil brought

to a point of culmination when she pointed to the portrait of "Cæsar Joseph 2d." which appears to hang (and so inscribed) on the wall of the room where Mozart plays, and exclaimed, with a sigh of sympathy, "And look! Washington, too!" Dear patriotic girl! Could she imagine a room, of any consequence at all, in any country, under any government, where the portrait of Washington was not?

How does it happen that pupils, who possess considerable mechanical dexterity, are yet left, by their instructors, in such lamentable and ridiculous ignorance as to the very names of composers, the history of music, and the meaning of art?

New York, Sept. 10.

ARABESQUE.

[As a match for "Arabesque's" experience let us give an anecdote of a well-known music publisher who, being applied to by a lady for his autograph to grace an elegant volume produced by the fair applicant, and modestly disclaiming any pretensions to the character of a celebrated personage, was answered, "Oh, but you certainly are, did not you write Haydn's Mass? Did I not see your name upon the title page?" The innocent lady of course referred to the publisher's imprint. He would indeed be famous, if he had written the thousandth part of the good things that he has published.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE "DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment, arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9 Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

(Continued from page 178.)

We shall be well content, if we have at least succeeded in pointing out a little of all that there is noble and imperishable in these Arias, and in giving to this one or to that one a new stimulus to enter into deeper acquaintance with the work itself. To us it is as if human nature in its highest innocence and purity, exalted, glorified, looked out upon us from Bach's music. He lifts us constantly above ourselves, above our little and contracted sphere of vision, above our earthly doing and enduring, above our disjointed, contradictory wrestling and striving, inasmuch as he unites the highest nobleness of soul with the deepest humility and childlikeness, the most wonderful profundity with the most native simplicity. He draws incessantly from the living spring of his immediate life of faith, and has solved the contradictions in which our race toils on distractedly; he lets us for a while forget the painful break, and he awakens in our deepest heart the slumbering longing for that heavenly peace, which, here denied to us, rings from his tuneful works like sweetest memories of youth.

The four examples we have analyzed, will also characterize the manner in which FRANZ has arranged the Arias. It cannot escape even a hasty glance, that his manner is essentially distinct from that which has hitherto prevailed, for making Bach's vocal compositions accessible to the larger public. Meritorious in some respects as are the efforts of MARX (Pianoforte score of 6 Cantatas), WILSING (of the Christmas Oratorio), STERN (of the Mass in B minor), and how-

ever deep their understanding of Bach's spirit, still the arrangements by Marx and Stern suffer, especially as it regards the Arias, from a somewhat dry objectivity, since they take into account only the instrumental accompaniment, and wholly neglect the organ part contained in the thorough-bass marks. No doubt, the deepest respect has hindered them from venturing any attempt at a freer arrangement — and every one, who knows the difficulties involved in the execution of Bach's thorough-bass signs, will understand this piety. Equally certain is it, that by this sort of arrangement the understanding of Bach's works is rendered much more difficult, if not actually perverted. For halfness in any case does mischief; and it is very often quite impossible to form even a faint conception of the real meaning of a Bach Aria, if one be entirely deprived of that prime element, the organ. How often the Arias have no orchestral accompaniment at all; how often a very weak one, coming in only now and then! It certainly requires a very great good will, to find a duet between the contra-basso and the voice euphonious, simply because Bach has so written it. Bach has much rather, as every score shows, elaborated his thorough-bass writing with the greatest care and accuracy; and it is an irreparable loss, that so large a part of it — it was frequently written upon separate sheets under a single bass part! — is irrecoverable. This circumstance alone demands consideration for the work before us, however cautious and modest it may be. For the execution of the thorough-bass script cannot be left to the liking or the skill of every individual pianist. Add to this, that with Marx the striving after objectivity and faithful reproduction of the score often leads to disproportionate difficulties through the accumulation of parts; that with Stern, on the contrary, for greater convenience of execution, the beauty of Bach's conduct of the voices (parts) is left more than is necessary in the background.

Wilsing has at any rate struck into a more correct path, since he has also written out the thorough-bass; but he does not show a really deep acquaintance with the matter; it is rather superficial and not reproduced with any especial fineness either in the conduct of the voices, or in the treatment of the piano. Arrangements of single arias exist; especially by RITTER (in the *Armonia*) and by RUST (in Gumprecht's *Album für klassischen Sologesang*). Ritter, with few exceptions, copies off the score; where he allows himself a greater freedom, it amounts occasionally to the boldness of transforming the Soprano Aria: "*Mein gläubiges Herz*" into an Alto Aria and transposing it to B major! Rust has given a richer piano accompaniment; only, by giving too much, he often obscures Bach's carriage of the voices, where it is rather indicative and only by the fluid motion acquires firm harmonic form. But at all events he strives after a reproduction of the real things; and only so can these be made accessible to us. A mere writing out of the score avails about as little as a mere mechanical execution of its intentions; all that can avail is a reproduction made in the spirit of Bach after the models offered in his other compositions, especially in the "*Well-tempered Clavier*."

Of course, this can never be more than approximately realized; for Bach is once for all irresistible, and no one will ever be willing to maintain, that he has hit the only true mark. Of course, too, such a reproduction cannot be conceived of without a subjective intermixture. The greater or less depth in the understanding of the spirit and the handling of form, the artistic standpoint of the age especially, the style of charac-

terization will play an inevitable part always for one who undertakes such an arrangement; and not less, too, the nature of the locality for which the things in this arrangement are intended. In the church all sounds quite different from in the chamber; hardinesses, which there cancel each other without difficulty, would frequently disturb the effect here. So too the nature of the pianoforte makes certain claims, which are quite irreconcilable with a pedantic adherence to a pure orchestral expression. All this makes the arranger's position with regard to the original much the same with that of the copperplate engraver to the oil painting. The latter also is compelled by the nature of his material to certain deviations in the distribution of light and shade, nay, under some circumstances, even to a modification of the form, if he would bring it to a real reproduction.

FRANZ has clearly seen the necessity of such a "more free" position, and his work is therefore so significant, because here for the first time a beginning has been made in a veritable reproduction of Bach's works according to clear principles and on an extensive scale. In what way he has striven to do this and what means he has made use of, he himself gives us the following account in his "Introductory Remarks":—

In the first place there are blank spaces here and there in the accompaniments, which in Bach's time were filled by the free intervention of the Organ: these I have had to make good, in obedience to Bach's figured bass, and, so far as possible, in Bach's spirit, by the insertion of complementary parts, each having an individual movement. Then the transfer of the instrumental parts to the piano, — in places where brief passing discords are not smoothed out, as they are in the orchestra, by the carriage of the voices and the variety of the tone-colors — frequently required a changed position of the parts, and sometimes a closer, sometimes a more open distribution of the harmony. The means of the modern Piano-forte technics had to be employed in the fullest measure, in order to reproduce what Bach could entrust to certain obligatory parts or to the coming in of the Organ, in a manner at all suited to the piano. Even in the voice part occasional modifications seemed to be required, to avoid hardinesses, which vanished in the broad spaces of a church, but which would make themselves sensibly felt — and surely much against the purpose of the composer — when executed in a small room at the piano. This has induced me, in certain passages, to let the voice part and the accompanying parts run into one another. Finally, it seemed allowable to depart from the original in places where undoubtedly it merely followed the tradition of the times: as, for instance, in those extended repetitions, in which the last century delighted, but which offend our modern ears, accustomed as they are to shorter forms, injuring rather than helping the impression of the whole.

For the quicker understanding and right execution of some passages, I have added expression marks, which indicate at the same time the course of the musical development.

New Publications.

We have received the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for September, 1861.

Contents: The Poetical Literature of Spain; Hans Christian Andersen and his Fairy Legends; Influence of Music — the Opera; The De Saussures and their Writings — Mme. Necker; Mahomet and the Koran; Wills and Will Making; Aristotle — His Life, Labors, and Influence; Carthage and the Carthaginians; Spasmodic Literature — Philip Thaxter; The Secession Rebellion and its Sympathizers; Notices and Criticisms.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. American Edition.

Leonard Scott & Co., New York. July, 1861.

Contents: The Life and Letters of Siehelemaacher; The Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales; The Critical Theory and Writings of H. Taine; Mr. Mill on Representative Government; The Countess of Albany; Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants; Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization in England; Christian Creeds and their Defenders; Contemporary Literature.

MUSIC IN COMMON SCHOOLS. — "The great point to be considered in reference to the introduction of Vocal Music into popular elementary instruction is, that thereby you set in motion a mighty power, which silently, but surely in the end, will humanize, refine, and elevate a whole community. Music is one of the

fine arts. It therefore deals with abstract beauty, and so lifts man to the source of all beauty—from finite to infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization. Whence come these traditions of a reverend antiquity—seditions quelled, cures wrought, fleets and armies governed by the force of song? Whence that responding of rocks, woods, and trees to the harp of Orpheus? whence a city's walls uprising beneath the wonder-working touches of Apollo's lyre? These, it is true, are fables, yet they shadow forth, beneath the veil of allegory, a profound truth. They beautifully proclaim the mysterious union between Music, as an instrument of man's civilization, and the soul of man. Prophets and wise men, large-minded lawgivers of an olden time, understood and acted on this truth. The ancient oracles were uttered in song. The laws of the twelve tables were put to Music, and got by heart at school. Minstrel and sage are, in some languages, convertible terms. Music is allied to the highest sentiments of man's moral nature—love of God, love of country, love of friends. We to the nation in which these sentiments are allowed to go to decay! What tongue can tell the unutterable energies that reside in these three engines, Church Music, National Airs, and Fire-side Melodies, as means of informing and enlarging the mighty heart of a free people?

"Foreign examples are before us. In Germany, the most musical country in the world, Music is taught like the alphabet. In Switzerland and Prussia, it is an integral part of the system of instruction. Regenerated France has, since the Revolution of July, appropriated the same idea. Her philosophic statesmen are trying to rend the darkness, and prepare their country for the future that is before her. 'We cannot,' says M. Guizot, 'have too many co-operators in the noble and difficult enterprise of amending popular instruction.' England still halts in the march of reform. We ask the attention of the Board to the following passage from a work of extraordinary eloquence and power recently published in England, written by Mr. Wyse, a member of the British Parliament:—'Music,' says this writer, 'even the most elementary, not only does not form an essential part of education in this country, but the idea of introducing it is not even dreamt of. It is urged that it would be fruitless to attempt it, because the people are essentially anti-musical. But may they not be anti-musical because it has not been attempted? The people roar and scream, because they have heard nothing but roaring and screaming, no Music, from their childhood. Is harmony not to be taught? is it not to be extended? is not a taste to be generated? Taste is the habit of good things—'je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle'—it is to be caught. But the inoculation must somewhere or other begin. It is this apathy about beginning that is censurable, not the difficulty of propagating when it has once appeared. No effort is made in any of our schools, and then we complain that there is no Music among scholars. It would be just as reasonable to exclude grammar, and then complain that we had no grammarians.' With these sentiments your Committee heartily concur. Let us, then, show this apathy no longer. Let us BEGIN. Prussia may grant instruction to her people as a boon of royal condescension—the people of America demand it as their right. Let us rise to the full dignity and elevation of this theme. We are legislating not about stocks or stones, or gross material objects, but about sentient things, having that in them which, while we are legislating, grows and still will grow, when time shall be no more. From this place first went out the great principle, that the property of all should be taxed for the education of all. From this place, also, may the example, in this country, first go forth, of that education rendered more complete by the introduction, by public authority, of Vocal Music into our system of popular instruction. 'The true grandeur of a people,' says Cousin, 'does not consist in borrowing nothing from others, but in borrowing from all whatever is good and in perfecting whatever it touches.' Rome grew to greatness by adopting whatever she found useful among the nations whom she conquered. The true policy of the American legislator on the subject of education is, to gather whatever of good or bright or fair can be found from all countries and all times, and weld the whole for the building up and adorning of the free institutions of our own country.

"The Committee here quit the subject. In its innermost circle it embraced a School—in its outermost circumference it compassed round a Nation."—Report on Music in Boston Schools, 1837.

FIRE AT THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—FRIGHTFUL SCENES.—Last evening, Sept. 14, a large audience was collected at Wheatley's Continental Theatre, to witness the production of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Everything went on

smoothly, until the conclusion of the first act, when a number of men ran hither and thither across the stage; a bright light flashed up, and directly a woman emerged from the side scenes, her dress and tights enveloped in flames. At the same time, loud screams in a dozen voices were heard, and the unfortunate danseuse referred to was thrown upon the floor and wrapped in the "sea-cloth," a length of canvass used to imitate waves.

Manager Wheatley appeared at once, and begged the audience to be orderly till he could examine the seat of the fire and learn its magnitude.

The origin seems to have been with Miss Anna Gale, a leading danseuse, who indiscreetly attempted to extinguish a gas jet in the dressing-room with her gauze dress. In a moment she was wrapped in fire, that ran up her tights and under-clothing frightfully burning her bare breast and arms, and mounting to her face and hair.

A dozen frightened creatures surrounded her, and the fire communicated to them. Amid piercing screams, Miss Gale ran upon the stage, as stated, but her pain was so intense that she fell writhing into a heap of glass, used to produce certain effects, and cut herself in the hands and cheeks.

Some of the other unfortunates leaped from the second story windows into Sansom street, and bruised themselves in falling. While confusion prevailed behind the scenes, the audience was scarcely less convulsed in front, and when Mr. Wheatley reappeared and desired them to vacate the house quietly and in good order, all broke for the door. There was, of course, much screaming and absurd noise; a few women fainted in the halls, but many loitered near the door, insanely endeavoring to look back upon the scene, whereas they were blocking up the passage ways. A conflagration very nearly ensued from the panic, as the sea-cloth that had been wrapped around Miss Gale was thrown into the stable, where it was discovered at the moment of igniting some combustibles. A fearful picture ensued on Sansom street. The burned and disfigured bodies were carried to an opposite hotel it having been ascertained that the hospital could not provide them immediate accommodation. Ballet girls in loose robes and yellow buskins were treading the muddy streets, and mothers who had daughters employed at the Theatre, ran hither and thither, making piteous inquiries. The street was blocked with cabs and idlers. In the upper room of the Capitol Hotel, the burned girls lay writhing and their groans caused thrills of fear to go through the mass without, unable to afford them any relief.

Finally, most of them were removed, and this street assumed its wonted silence. Owing to this confusion we could not get the full list of names, and the extent of all the injuries. It is probable, however, that Miss Anna Gale, and a Miss Herman, will die. Misses Abbie Carr and the Misses Gale, are also known to be injured. It is possible that ten or twelve females were bruised and burned. The loss to the Theatre is trifling. Performances will go on as usual, on Monday. The management is entitled to all regard in its efforts to assist the sufferers and much injury that might have occurred to the audience, was prevented by Mr. Wheatley's judicious conduct. It is probable that the injuries of some of the ladies are over estimated, owing to the unusual fear. At all events, we may be thankful that the losses were not greater.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Panem et Circenses was the order of the day last week, and while tickets for comestible provisions were distributed to the poor, the theatres were thrown gratuitously open to the multitude. It is usual on these occasions to give pieces acknowledged as popular favorites, and often the most hacknied of the repertoire proper to each house. But, at the same time, an eye is had to the moral purpose of the work. At the Grand Opera, *Robert le Diable* was performed; and at the Opera Comique, *La Dame Blanche* and *Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois*. At the Vaudeville, the new play by Messieurs About and Najac, *Un Mariage de Paris*, was the chief entertainment; and at the Gymnase, the new drama by M. Victorien Sardou, *Piccolino*. The new military and equestrian spectacle at the Cirque, *La Prise de Peking*, of course continued its career uninterrupted; and the Porte St. Martin was in like manner under no necessity of changing its bill of fare, which, though containing but one dish of *Pied de Mouton*, has not yet palled on the taste of the Parisians. At all the theatres some piece of music more or less entitled to the appellation of a *cantata*, was performed in honor of the Emperor; but out of the entire crop of these lauda-

tory effusions, not one deserves to be singled out for laudation. Genius, when commanded to produce as per order, will frequently produce something not altogether devoid of inspiration; but as the artists who were set to work on this occasion could lay no claim to one whiff of divine afflatus, the flattest commonplace has resulted from the Imperial behest.

COLOGNE.—In honor of the Deutsche Kunstgenossenschaft, at present assembled here, the Festival Committee got up a concert, on the 14th inst., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. The programme comprised the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, "O weint um sie," for solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller; andante and variations (from Op. 47), by Beethoven (Herrn Hiller and Von Königsow); three songs by Mendelssohn, Weber, and Hiller (Mlle. Emma Genast); "Zigeunerleben," by Schumann; and Symphony No. 7, in A major, by Beethoven.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON THE DONAU.—The first German-Austrian vocal festival at Krems and Stein, two towns adjoining each other, on the banks of the above river, took place on the 29th and 30th of June. There were present twenty-four associations, numbering from ten to a hundred and ninety-five members each; while eleven associations sent deputations consisting of from two to eight persons. The grand total of singers present was 1034. Numerous German flags waved from the windows, and most of the houses were decorated with appropriate inscriptions, such as "Das Haus hat keinen Herrn heut, Den Sängergästen sei es gewiehet" ("This house to-day has no master; it is dedicated to our vocal guests"); "Wer und woher? Das gilt uns gleich; Haus und Herz gehören euch!" ("Who are you? whence do you come? That is all the same to us; our heart and house are yours"); "Liedwird That; Früh oder spät" ("Sooner or later, songs become deeds"). The South-German vocal associations are distinguished by a pleasing custom, which is, that each association has a matter of its own, mostly in rhyme, and set in four parts, which is the first piece of music it sings on its arrival in, or departure from, any place. The festival was held in the open air. A stage was erected for the singers, surrounded by green foliage, and separated by flower-beds and a fountain from the space allotted to the public, who numbered three thousand. The combined choruses were but moderately good; indeed, it was hardly possible for them to be aught else, with only one rehearsal, although the conductor, Herr Willvonseder, of Krems, did all he could to render them effective. The city best represented was Vienna, by the Männergesang-Verein of 195 members; the Akademischer Verein, of 134; the Sängerbund, of 84; and the Techniker Verein, of 45. Krems was represented by 56, and Linz by 53 (the Frohsinn Association), and 41 (the Sängerbund) vocalists, all of whom met with a hearty welcome from the inhabitants. The proceedings terminated with Arndt's "Vaterlandslid."—*London Musical World*, Aug. 24.

THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.*—No one who is a musician, and consequently knows the limit of what can be done with such masses when there is only one rehearsal, will think of judging, by the standard of artistically perfect singing, the execution of those pieces in which the entire body of vocalists took part; all who were present will, however, confess that, on the whole, everything which under the circumstances could be expected was done, as regards precision and expression. The striking passages in the patriotic songs especially were sung with great dash and enthusiasm.

The collection of new compositions began with the 23d Psalm, "Der Herr ist mein Hirte," by Herr Julius Otto, Musical Director in Dresden. This was a work of some pretension, in several movements, and was given by the Orpheus Association, the Liedertafel and the Liederkreis, of Dresden. It was followed by a "Festgesang," words and music by the worthy old master, A. Methfessel, of Brunswick. Its patriotic purport, concluding with the words, "Weit jubelnd erschallt das Lied von der deutschen Einheit" (Far and wide resound the joyous strains of the song of German unity), called forth, as did also similar ideas in all the other patriotic songs, a storm of applause and hurrahs, as was proved, for instance, in the immediately succeeding piece, "All-Deutschland," words by Herr Müller von der Werra, music by Herr Franz Abt, of Brunswick. The most important composition was Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," words by Herr W. Müller von Königswinter, in which the semi-choruses were sung by the four vocal associations of Munich combined. All the above four compositions, forming the first part of the concert, ob-

tained a great success, as was evidenced by the tumultuous applause and cheers with which the composers were greeted.

The second part commenced with a work by Franz Lachner, "Sturmes-Mythe," words by Lenau, which was extraordinarily successful, and encored. We agree entirely with the opinion thus expressed by the public at large. Besides the highly significant music itself, Herr Lachner had two great elements of success in his favor. In the first place, the text selected

"Stumm und regungslos, in sich verschlossen,
Ruht die tiefe See dahin gegossen," &c.,

a beautiful poem, and, indeed, to speak truthfully, the only real poem in the book of words, and, in the second place, the fact of the vocal portion being accompanied by a full orchestra of string and wind instruments, which were a great relief to the ear, after the eternal braying of trumpets and trombones.

Next came G. von Meyern's poem, "An die Deutsche Tricolore," set to the soul-inspiring strains of the Duke-Ernest of Coburg Gotha, a composition received with enthusiasm, the last strophe being encored. The song, "An die Deutschen," words by Herr G. Elsternmann, music by Herr Tschirch, Musical-Director in Gera, next came in for its share of approbation, while the whole wound up with "Des Sängers Herz," words by Herr O. Weiss, music by Herr G. Emmerling, Director of the Nuremberg Sing-Verein. Both words and music were creditable, and even successful; but we cannot blink the fact that, side by side with works by Lachner, Hiller, and other composers of repute, this song appears too insignificant for a "German Vocal Festival."

The audience now streamed out into the open air, and took part in the festive proceedings going on there; friends from north, south, east, and west meeting and greeting one another. So great, however, was the crowd, that many persons never came once across, during the whole Festival, friends whom they knew to be present, and whom they were seeking.

About nine o'clock the stage and audience portion of the building were again filled, and the performances of various separate Associations commenced. To describe them all in detail would be too long a task; nay, to a certain extent, it would be an impossibility, since not only were there no books of the words, but actually no programmes, from which the audience might discover what was being sung, and who were the persons singing. The oral announcement made on the occasion of each fresh piece died away in the large hall, and was a mystery to thousands. It is, also, an undeniable fact, that the size of the building prevented the songs from being duly appreciated; the softer passages, and, in a much greater degree, an absolute *piano*, were perfectly inaudible in the dearest places opposite the orchestra.

The second day of the Festival (Monday, July 22), was rendered remarkable by the grand procession, which was even more complete and brilliant than that on the preceding Saturday. Those persons who were present on this occasion in Nuremberg, will perhaps never again behold anything so nationally grand as this festive procession of five thousand light-hearted singers.

Nuremberg may, with perfect right, enter the days of this Festival as happy and glorious ones in her chronicles, and we are delighted to acknowledge that the spirit animating the whole Festival gained fresh strength from the sight of the magnificent city—in which even the very stones inculcate German nationality—and from the lively interest evinced in the proceedings by the worthy inhabitants of both sexes.

But to the singers, also, are praise and thanks due, for they shirked no trouble, or any sacrifice of their personal convenience and ease. The procession, which was opened by the vigorous forms of the "Turners" of the Nuremberg Turner-Verein, took nearly an hour and a half in defiling. There were eight or ten bands in its ranks. Before each Association boys bore aloft on long poles, from which fluttered blue and white ribbons, shields with the name of the Association, and that of the town whence it came, inscribed in large Gothic letters on them, while, behind these, advanced the members of the Association, with their flags, &c.

Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the Associations present, but we will mention those which were most fully represented, in order that we may give some notion of the far-spread interest the Festival had excited. The towns of Amberg, Ansbach, Apolda, Augsburg, Bamberg, Bayreuth, Coburg, Chemnitz, Constance, Dresden, Eisenach, Erlangen, Elberfeld, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine (16 Associations), Fürth (6 Associations), Freiberg in Saxony, Gotha, Hof, Innsbruck, Cassel, Kiel, Landshut, Leipsic, Linz, Magdeburg, Mayence, Mannheim, Meeran, Munich (4 Associations), Nuremberg (11 Associations), Passau, Plauen, Presburg, Regens-

burg, Rudolstadt, Salzburg, Schwabach, Schweinfurt, Schwerin, Straubing, Stuttgart, Ulm, Vienna (Münnergesang-Verein), Weissenburg, Wiesbaden, Würzburg, Wunsiedel, &c., were strongly represented. Special deputations had been sent from Basle, Bautzen, Berlin, Berne, Brunswick, Bremen, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, Cologne, Königsberg, London, Lübeck, Memel, Speyer, Teplitz, Weimar, Zweibrücken, &c. Herr Heunikofen appeared as the representative of the Teutonia Society in Constantinople, and Herr Eisfeld as that of the New York Liederkrantz.

The second grand performance in the Music Hall commenced about five o'clock, P. M., and, like the first, comprised eight new compositions.

A hymn, "Singt dem Herrn ein neues Lied," by V. E. Becker, of Würzburg, opened the proceedings, and was fully entitled, both by its matter and its admirable form, to rank with the best productions of the previous day. It was followed by "Unser Hort," words by Dr. Hölzl, barrister in Straubing (a most popular and liberal-minded gentleman), and music by Herr Julius Grobe, director of the Nuremberg Liederkanz. It occasioned a perfect storm of delight, owing principally to the lines:

"Hand in Hand,
Fürst und Volk fürs Vaterland,
Eine Flagge auf dem Meer,
Eine Fahne für das Heer,
Einen Führer in der Schlacht,
Achtung, die der Erdhail zollt,
Deutschlands Banner; Schwarz Roth-Gold."

The storm was lulled by a short and pleasing song entitled "Frühlingsgruss an das Vaterland," by Vincenz Lachner, of Mannheim, a truly lyrical work. "Der Deutsche Landsturm," also, words by K. Schultes, music by Kücken, of Stuttgart, was applauded, but not so heartily as the freshness of the composition merited.

The second part commenced with a work of some pretension, by Herr H. Nech, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, words by F. Stolze, "Frisch auf zum Siegen." It begins with a slow movement, which by a pleasing gradation concludes in a fiery *allegro*, followed, at last, by a solemn *Andante maestoso*, in which the lines:

"Lass deine Adler fliegen
Zum grossen, heiligen Kampf!
Wenn Naht der Feind, dann zieht
Ein einzig Deutschland zum Rhein,
Zum Kampf fürs Vaterland!"

and the effective music, produced such an impression that the applause broke forth before the piece was concluded, and the last movement had to be repeated. Herr Nech was called on to appear, and was himself so carried away by the general enthusiasm that he waved the German flag repeatedly over his head.

The public—who were numerous in the pit, though less numerous in the boxes—were more excited than on the previous day. Thus, the two songs, "Hör' uns, Allmächtiger, Führer der Schlachten," words by T. Körner, nobly and vigorously set by Herr Möhring, of Neu-Ruppin, and "Ermanne dich, Deutschland," words by Wagner, music by Herr A. Storch, of Vienna, were greeted with tremendous applause and trumpet flourishes; nay, the last of the two compositions was repeated from beginning to end. After the thunder-clouds of applause had thus noisily discharged themselves, the last chorus, a pious "Danklied," by T. W. Kalliwoda, glided quietly by.

Among the most distinguished performances of separate societies on both evenings were those of the Societies from Coburg, Dresden, Innsbruck, Würzburg, and Vienna, the Vienna Männergesang-Verein especially, under the direction of their chief, Herr Herbeck, by the artistically excellent manner in which they gave that gentleman's "Waldlied," accompanied by four French horns, admirably produced a more than ordinary impression, and were rewarded by long and tumultuous applause, which in this case was rendered to music alone.

Although nothing like a vocal contest for prizes was intended to be held, as the committee, with proper tact, had not combined anything of this kind with a Festival in honor of German unity, a Vocal Association in Berne sent a silver goblet, a gratifying mark of the loving interest taken in the proceedings by those of German lineage in Switzerland, with a request that the Committee would hand it to that Association which they should consider sang best. As, however, no persons were appointed judges of the various performances, the affair gave rise to some little embarrassment when the committee met on Tuesday afternoon. On the proposition of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, however, seconded by Herr Abt, unanimously adopted by the whole meeting, the goblet was awarded to the Vienna Männergesang-Verein.

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ole Shady, or the Song of the Contraband. Song and Chorus. *B. R. Hanly.* 25

A melody somewhat of the peculiar and eccentric character of "Dixie." There can be no doubt about its proving taking, and it would not be surprising if it would even become immensely popular. It is a capital hit at familiar events connected with the present war. The author is well known by his Song "Darling Nelly Gray."

Two thousand a year. *C. W. Glover.* 25

A humorous ballad, telling of a young man who fell in love, rather quickly, with the fair possessor of the handsome fortune of 2000 a year, and whose suit was flatly refused by the sharp-eyed young lady. The music is light and pleasing.

Too Late, too late. Sacred Song. *Miss Lindsay.* 25

Words by Alfred Tennyson. The air is very sweet and well befits the words. It is full of calm dignity and devotional feeling. The air lies just right for a rich Alto voice.

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The old fairy story, still as charming as ever to children, put into rhyme and set to a simple melody. Both, words and melody can easily be taught to children fond of singing and will be much enjoyed by them.

The Land of Washington. Quartet and Chorus. *J. H. McNaughton.* 25

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The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

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Fairy voices. *E. L. Hine.* 25

Pleasing and melodious. No better song for young singers could be selected.

Forever thine. *T. H. Howe.* 25

A ballad of the best order. The writer, by previous successful songs has furnished ample proof of his ability and gift of melody.

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Very elegant and graceful. It requires light and nimble fingers, but aside from that it is not difficult.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 495.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1861.

VOL. XIX. No. 26.

A Crimean Episode.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song," the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

"Give us a song," the guardsmen say,
We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below, the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon!

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose, like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-ere confusion.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset embers;
And the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters—
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes were dim,
For a singerr dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Ah! soldiers to your honored rest,
Your love and glory bearing;
The bravest are the loveliest,
The loving are the daring.

Carl Friederich Zelter.*

The author of the present work is peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a sketch of Zelter's life, not only from the fact of his being a grandson of the composer, but also because he had at his command the necessary documents—which he tells us are numerous, and by no means exhausted—and, moreover, was acquainted with all the family traditions. He says, in his preface, that it was only a few years ago that he discovered the materials of his biography in the loft of a country mansion in Pomerania. Although in the interval of nearly thirty years since the decease of Zelter, the number of those who knew, loved, and honored him, may have considerably decreased, the author still hopes his book will find readers; some, he believes, will derive from its perusal the enjoyment arising from participation in the scenes portrayed, while others will view it as a romance or a historical picture.

* Carl Friederich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rüstel. Berlin, Junke. [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, for the *Musical World*.]

The book is divided into two parts. The larger half is taken up by the autobiography from the pen of Zelter himself, and extends to his thirtieth year. He was born on the 11th December, 1758, in Berlin. This disproves, as the author remarks, the assertion made by another writer in this journal, that Zelter first saw the light at Petzov, a place where tiles are manufactured, near Potsdam.

Speaking of the autobiography, the author of the book observes:—"Apart from the naïveté of its style, the frank good humor of its narrative, and the natural charm of its humor, this portion of the work is a mirror, which may boldly be held up to the youth of the present day. The other half is an attempt further to work up the biography from documents, interspersed with letters. As the first part exhibited the gradual course pursued by the subject of it, the latter should show the consequences of that course, and what was done by the hero when he had arrived at the maturity of his powers. In this latter portion will be seen what reparation Posterity has to make to the memory of Zelter, whom it has too soon forgotten; what he did for his art generally; what efforts he made for the Singacademie, as its founder, its support, and its teacher; how he wrung from the government patronage and support for a regular course of musical instruction; and how he created the institution of the Lieder-tafel, besides doing many other things."

The author winds up by saying that he hopes he has succeeded in exhibiting to us Zelter in all his antique strength and worth, so that he may live again in the memory of his contemporaries and be recognised by Posterity as a man who deserves to be honored, imitated, and remembered.

Such are the sentiments of the author. As may be supposed, the great value of the book lies in the peculiar account of the youth and progress of its hero. In applying this term to Zelter, we guard him from that secondary signification of which it is easily susceptible, and, indeed, necessarily so. It is certainly something heroic, and indicative of a strong mind, for a man, when writing his own life, to speak frequently, and, in most instances, with sharpness, nay, with depreciation of himself. The judgment he pronounces on his own acts imparts to the opinions he utters concerning others, and of which we have many instances, the most lively appearance of truth. This first half of his troubled life is characterised in an exciting, and frequently a pathetic manner, by the struggle in him between manual labor (for, like his father, he was brought up as a mason), and art (for, from natural inclination, he was a musician). This struggle between the Real and the Ideal is, indeed, the trial which the majority of those who yearn after the highest objects have to go through. But Zelter wrote the sketch of his life at a period when he had nearly brought this struggle to a close. It was a very eventful period for him, for he had just lost his second wife, and beheld his native land in the most abject state of degradation, while he himself was without means, and full of anxious care as to how he should provide for his eleven children, passed the long nights without sleep, though he strove to turn them to account. His warmest wish, namely, that of visiting Italy, was never destined to be fulfilled, though he was frequently on the point of carrying it out. His relation to his father had a great deal to do with this. Zelter studied art in silence, and without his father's knowledge, while he followed his trade openly and uninterruptedly by his father's side, so that the old man knew less about his son's taste than any one else. One day, when a piece of music by a certain Zelter (it was the cantata on the *Death of Frederick the Great*) was performed, he

was astonished at there being anybody besides himself of that name in Berlin, and a third person had to inform him that the composer was his own son. Both in trade and art Zelter obtained the highest proficiency by the most marvellous exertion, seconded greatly by his corporal strength. About the same time that he finished his apprenticeship as a mason, and was received as a master, in his five-and-twentieth year, a grand composition of his was selected to inaugurate a new organ in the Georgen Kirche. This composition is discussed at considerable length in the book, and the opinions of celebrated contemporaries on it are quoted. A very interesting opinion is that of Kirnberger, the well-known theorist; Marpurg, his rival, is also mentioned. Of all the other persons (and they are not a few) who were connected with Zelter, the most prominent one is Carl Fasch. What is related concerning him is too valuable for us to pass it over in total silence. Besides, the commencement and destiny, the rise and glory of the Singacademie which he founded, are so closely interwoven with the history of these two men, that, considering the very general interest the subject excites in the artistic world, we cannot refrain from quoting the most important fact.

"From the year 1789, there gradually arose the society which afterwards accidentally obtained the name of the Singacademie, and owed its existence to my noble master, and fatherly friend, Fasch. The works Fasch has left behind him show us a man who, all his life, devoted particular attention to harmony, and exerted himself to apply it to what was serious, elevated and sterling in art. His outward characteristic had become, firstly, from his residence at a small court, and subsequently from his employment in the service of more exalted Royal personages, a reserved behavior, neither attractive nor repelling. Precarious health and the economy it necessitated had combined to prevent his gaining or promising much. His education and earliest connections were of such a kind, that, possessing as he did a cheerful mind, easily instructed, he necessarily became an admirable musician, but his over-great modesty had accustomed him to place himself beneath other artists, such as Bach, Quanz, and others of less account. Thus, he commenced the first practice with the other members of the Singacademie, as though they were his pupils, trying over his compositions with them, compositions which he offered as mere attempts, however convinced he might secretly be of their excellence. When a good thing is thus begun, and carried out with calm perseverance, it cannot fail to succeed. Such was the commencement of the Singacademie, which dates from a period which was not glutted with music, as the present is."

But smoothly as this reads, that the progress of this now world-celebrated Society speedily ran the risk of being brought to a premature close, because the members did not set about their work seriously, not because they neither were nor wished to be professional singers, but rather, in a far greater degree, because they had no place of meeting such as they were fairly justified in expecting, is a fact we gather as we read further. The Singacademie, so called principally because it soon moved from private houses to the Academy of Arts, though, unfortunately, into a wretched room which could not be warmed, was brought to so low an ebb, that, on many a Tuesday, which even then was the day of meeting, it was impossible to cast a piece of music. The Society was within an ace of being dissolved. "But the girls," says Zelter, "were the most courageous. One day the cold was insupportable, and the majority of the members were for going home. One

of the girls, putting her muff upon the floor, knelt down upon it, and wrapped her feet in her long gown. Several others followed her example, and, at last, the whole company, in this touching position, sang a choral, while Fasch burst out into tears. The picture of this evening is still present to my eyes; the scene was so touching, that I trust I shall always preserve it in my memory."

Like the above, all the other anecdotes concerning the progress of the Singacademie are of general interest, and especially valuable to all those who have been or may be members. The fate of the institution is so closely bound up with that of its founders, that we might substitute the one for the other. An intimate connection soon sprang up between Fasch and Zelter, so that the latter, as the former's pupil, as early as 1792, when the rules of the management of the Academy were settled, was appointed Fasch's assistant. Whether Fasch was or was not then aware his pupil was by trade a mason (though we believe he was not), is an undecided question. At Fasch's decease, in 1800, Zelter succeeded to all his duties. During the last eight years the number of the singers had increased from 30 to 148. "One fact which proved detrimental to the Singacademie," we read in another part of the book, "was that we had begun by attempting too much. Six-part and eight-part pieces could rarely be executed (this applies to the Mass by Fasch, and his eight-part 'Miserere mei,' Psalm li.) and it cost no slight effort to pass from such compositions, with breadth, greatness of taste, style, and expression, to small, light pieces, with which we ought to have commenced!"

(To be continued.)

Benjamin Paul Akers, Sculptor.

"Died, in Philadelphia, May 21st, Benjamin Paul Akers, sculptor, aged 35."

So closes the earthly career of one of America's most gifted artists. On that lovely May Sabbath—fair as that "sweet day" Herbert has immortalized, when the metropolis poured forth its thousands to do honor to the obsequies of the martyred Ellsworth—a little company of friends, under the pines on the banks of the Saco, in far-away Maine, gathered to pay the last offices of affection and friendship to the remains of one of those rare children of genius whose advent forms an era in the history of every people, and whose departure leaves an irreparable void.

When, in any position in life, men full of vigor and full of promise pass from earth, we feel that it is a loss to the world—how much the more when such men possessed special and rare qualities.

A few years since Clevenger, whose rare busts, scattered among the private houses of his patrons, give evidence of great genius and skill, died at Florence in the very dawn of his promise. Last year the architect Tefft, who had crowded much of performance into a short life, and whose future was full of hope, laid him down under the shadow of Brunelleschi's dome and passed from earth; and now, with hands heavier laden with garnered sheaves, and with a future brighter with promise than either of those who have preceded him, gifted as they were, Paul Akers passes from among us.

That the subject of this notice had exhibited indubitable evidence of genius, and the special gift of its expression through the medium of sculpture, has long been conceded by all who have had an opportunity of judging.

It seems fitting, then, that a brief account of his life and works should be given.

Benjamin Paul Akers was born at Saccarappa, a village forming part of the town of Westbrook, Maine, six miles distant from the city of Portland.

With aspirations for some higher life than that of the country people about him, blind movings of instinct within him ever inciting to a nobler, fuller existence, his early life passed outwardly like that of most New England boys, with busy hands engaged in various avocations, and it was not till twenty-four years of age that he saw, by accident, in a shop window, the marble bust of Brackett, which was to him a revelation. From that moment he was a sculptor. His life work lay clear before him, and boldly and joyfully he entered upon his career.

Without any art instruction, totally unpracticed in modelling, he opened at once a studio in Portland, where his first essays decided the question of his genius and fitness; his first portrait bust was pronounced a success.

In Europe, where galleries of art are accessible to

all, this might seem less wonderful—though even there it would be held remarkable—but that a boy grown up to manhood in a country village of Maine, where a bust or statue was utterly unknown, should, on seeing a bust by accident in a neighboring city, at once open a studio and commence successfully the practice of his art, argues not only innate genius, but also the possession of rare manual dexterity.

Several prominent citizens of Portland, the poet Longfellow and the Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, sat to the rising artist. In due time came the journey to Europe, and, after a visit to America, the inevitable return. It was when in Portland, after his first visit to Europe, that he modelled a statue of "Benjamin in Egypt, at the moment of the discovery of the cup in his sack." This was exhibited in the Crystal Palace, and destroyed by the burning of that building.

Bringing with him several portrait busts in plaster, to be cut in marble, among them a grand head of Judge McLean—he settled at Rome in 1855. Unknown and retiring, he passed an almost solitary winter in his studio. It was not an idle winter. The summer found there a remarkable work nearly finished in clay—a life-size group of "Una and the Lion," illustrating the line,

"And while she slept, he kept both watch and ward."

The composition is excellent; the sleeping Una graceful and full of expression, while the figure of the lion is grand and noble, modelled from nature, it is the finest sculptured lion I have seen. Though naturally inviting comparison with the famous lions by Canova, at St. Peter's, it was universally approved.

Our Central Park already speaks much for the liberality and taste of New York. But its chief excellence and its large utility rest in promise. One essential requisite for its full development is statuary, and that of a high order. Mr. Akers' early death has deprived the park of his intended statue of Commodore Perry. This group would be a fitting and beautiful addition to the park, and the only work of his hands that can be substituted for the last statue.

Will not our wealthy citizens see that it finds a place there? Thus will the genius of a native artist be honored, and a most admirable ornament and educator of public taste be secured.

In addition to the Una, an exquisite bust of Cicero, a restoration from a somewhat mutilated head which lies on a shelf in the Vatican, (now the authorized portrait of the great orator, identified by means of a gold medal, struck by the Magnesians in his honor during his consulate,) also bore witness to the industry and skill of the artist. This head, broken off at the throat, and much defaced by the loss of the ears, eyebrows, and rubbing of the hairs, was carefully restored by Mr. Akers, and placed upon a bust modelled in keeping with the face. It satisfies one's ideal of the Great Consul far more than the bust that has so long passed for his. A cast of this bust is in the college library of Yale, and several marble copies are scattered among our private libraries.

Early in the winter of 1856-57, Mr. Akers suddenly found himself famous, and was kept busily employed in taking portrait busts. Rarely beautiful, truthful, yet transcending the actual and exhibiting the "possible" of the sitter, they possess the higher qualities of the art, together with a fidelity to nature and a perfection of manipulation which alone could render them remarkable. Already the busts of the young artist were classed with those of Powers—the highest possible compliment. A beautiful composition—a full-length portrait statue of a child of Mr. Edward King, of Newport—was greatly admired, and effectually disproved a whispered assertion that he could only make portrait busts.

He also found time, this busy winter, to model a study for a statue of Sta Elizabeth of Hungary, which statue, now in the possession of Robert Hoe, Esq., of this city, merits more than a passing reference. In this, more than any of his completed works, the most peculiar and rarest qualities of the gifted artist are exhibited.

Sa Elizabeth has ever been a favorite with worshippers and with artists, being the traditional type of high-born charity. The well-known story of the miraculous changing of the bread she was carrying into roses is the subject our artist has chosen. "The statue represents the princess at the moment when the roses have fallen to the ground. Her outer mantle has fallen, and she stands in the costume of a noble lady of her day—a close fitting jewelled bodice and a train of graceful sweep. Her whole attitude indicates an entire forgetfulness of self, her head with its heavy tresses, which we are told were of raven blackness, is gently inclined, and her face is irradiated with the rapture of devotion."

While looking at this charming creation one involuntarily attributes to the artist the qualities Tennyson

ascribes to young Hallam:—

"All comprehensive tenderness,
All subtilizing intellect."

Finding his large studio too small for his needs he took another in addition, which was soon filled with his busy workmen; it chanced to be the old studio of Canova, which fact was inscribed at length on a mural tablet. To those who knew the power of its living occupant, the chance seemed not inappropriate.

Under his immediate supervision fac-similes of some of the finest works of antique statuary were prepared for various American patrons. Mr. Edward King, of Newport, R. I., has perhaps the largest collection of these, among them a magnificent "Dying Gladiator."

It was a favorite plan of the sculptor to send to America copies in marble of all the chief works of ancient art. Doubtless he had felt the need of such facilities, and it was his cherished purpose eventually to collect fac-similes of all the best sculptures in a free gallery in New York, where students might have all the benefits of the galleries of Europe. In connection with Mr. Tefft, the young architect before mentioned, whose mind was both original and practical, a plan of art education had been elaborated which could they have lived to perfect and execute, promised great benefit to the interests of art in America. This idea of Mr. Akers, the free gallery of marble copies of the best statues, is so feasible that we may hope it is some day destined to be realized. Plaster casts are a mere mockery! The summer of 1857 was passed partly in the north of Italy and in Switzerland, also in a visit to England, where he collected all the authorities extant to assist him in composing a bust of Milton. This bust, finished the following winter, is a poet's ideal of the poet. It added much to the sculptor's reputation.

The great work of the winter was, however, the Pearl Diver, a statue too well known to need description here, and one which should find its fitting shrine in that public gallery for which the metropolis of America yet waits. Thought worthy by Hawthorne of a place in "Kenyon's" studio, it will live in the classic pages of the "Marble Faun." During this winter Miss Stebbins, whose beautiful statues have attracted much attention the past year, occupied a portion of his studio, and commenced modelling under his kindly supervision. Her first work, the Lotos Eater, a statue of great promise, was modelled in his studio.

Returning to America in the summer of 1858, Mr. Akers was attacked by disease in the early autumn. From that time his life was that of an invalid. In the fall of 1859 he again sought Rome, hoping for benefit. A well-nigh fatal attack of hemorrhage at Lyons retarded his journey, and when at last he reached Rome he was unable to open his studio. Returning to America in the summer of 1860, he was married to Mrs. Taylor, of Portland, well known as writer and poet over the signature of "Florence Percy." An infant daughter inherits his name, and we trust his genius.

Since 1858 Mr. Akers has executed a few portrait busts, one or two exquisite designs for monuments, and, we believe, partly completed a study for the statue of Commodore Perry, commissioned by Mr. Belmont, for the Central Park; but the artist's work practically closed with the spring of 1858. His life from that time was one of suffering. Wealth and fame seemed about to gild his labors, when mysteriously his self-appointed tasks are all set aside, and, after weary years of sickness, he is taken from earth.

The period of his active work, then, extends only from the fall of 1855 to the spring of 1858. Three short winters! For these the world possesses "Una and the Lion," "Sta Elizabeth," "The Pearl Diver," "Milton," and some forty unrivalled portrait busts. Well has he justified the devotion of life to art!

It is not alone the sculptor that we mourn; behind and greater than the artist was the man, broad, strong, tender, with a great soul full of faith in humanity and trust in God. With an intellect calm, self-poised and capacious, he possesses to a remarkable degree one evidence of genius—that of inspiring all with confidence in its possessor. All who knew him had faith in him, and looked to his future in art with exultant anticipation. The pages of *Crayon* and the *Atlantic* bear witness to his powers as a thinker and writer upon art. His influence upon all about him was stimulative and ennobling.

Indignant at oppression, with a hearty scorn of boastful assumption, and an impatience of empty formalities, yet ever eager to recognize true worth, and withal of rare modesty, he drew to himself the warmest admiration and affection of those among his acquaintances whose friendships were most desirable. The friendships he inspired were earnest and

lasting. Few will be more deeply mourned in Europe and America than this young sculptor of Maine. Nothing could be more beautiful than his love for children and their instructive attraction towards him.

"The child would twine
A trustful hand unmasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

His death, as his life, was calm and peaceful. The friends he best loved were with him at the last, and speak with joyful confidence of his trusting faith. His remains were borne reverently home to rest among the friends of his childhood. "We buried him on that last beautiful Sabbath day—laid him strewn with flowers beneath the pines and beside the river that he knew and loved."

Sleep then beside thy native river, and amid familiar scenes, as thou wouldst have best loved to sleep, lulled by the murmuring music of the stream and the whispering winds among the pines.

Farewell! thy life has not been lost; thy influence shall not be in vain.

Now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see;
And what I see I have unaid,
Nor speak it, knowing death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee!

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

I. E. C.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

[From the National Quarterly Review, September, 1861.]

There are but few who appreciate the vast change which public taste has undergone in reference to music during the last quarter of a century, among all who speak the English language. This is particularly true of operatic music. The Italian opera had long been a favorite amusement among the French, Spanish and Germans, as well as among the Italians, before it received any encouragement in England. It was, however, beginning to get a foothold in the latter country when the Reformation commenced under the auspices of Henry VIII. This put a stop to it at once, as effectually as it did to painting and sculpture.

Nearly a century had elapsed from the time of Henry before the people were willing to tolerate it. Nor was the opposition which it encountered confined to the illiterate and fanatical.

Some of the greatest wits of the day ridiculed it, as something that could exist only among a highly romantic people, like the Italians, or a frivolous people, like the French. Even Addison regarded it as a very absurd amusement. He thought that at best "its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience." We need not say how few men of culture entertain the same opinion at the present day. Scarcely any do except clergymen, or those whom Burns would call the "unco-pious." Even the latter begin to admit that Satan may not have so much to do with it after all; though it is well known that most persons find the opera insipid enough when they have only attended it once or twice. It takes some time to be able to appreciate it; both the mind and the ear require some training before they become sensible to its beauties.

Those who have never attended an opera at all think it is downright affectation to pretend to be pleased with any airs, however good in themselves, the words of which are those of a foreign language. "How many," they say, "who pretend to be in an ecstasy at a song, understand one word of the tongue in which it is sung, &c., &c. No, no; people go to the Italian opera neither for the words nor the music, but just because it is fashionable; and that's all about it." This seems plausible enough, but it is not the less erroneous. A little reflection would satisfy the most skeptical on the subject. It is only necessary to bear in mind that the words of the best songs in our own language, sung by our best singers, can seldom be distinguished from each other, except the auditor is familiar with them, or has them before him in print. It may be asked, If the words make no difference, why not translate the Italian into English, or have English opera instead of Italian opera? Then some

words at least would be understood; whereas none are now, save by the very few who happen to understand Italian. The answer is, that of all modern languages the Italian is the softest and most musical. It contains none of those hissing or guttural sounds which so much abound in all other modern tongues, especially in the English and German; nay, it is but rarely that even one word in a line of Italian poetry ends with a consonant. We could illustrate this fact by almost any poem we are acquainted with in the language. A pretty fair specimen of the melodious softness of the Italian is afforded by that passage in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*, which commences thus:

"Ma non fia sempr' odiata
La mia memoria io spero."

Nor is it alone in the lyric poetry of Italy that the vowels and consonants are thus so charmingly blended—the former always predominating. In Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, when each is most sublime, bold and vigorous, we find similarly delightful successions of liquid sounds. Thus, for example, we have undoubtedly nothing in our language so melodious as the following stanza from the *Gerusalemme Liberata*:

"Fermossi; e lui di pauroso audace
Rende in quel punto il disperato amore:
I patti sian, dicea, poichè tu pace
Meco non vuoi, che tu mi tragga il core.
Il mio cor, non più mio, s' a te dispiace
Ch' egli più viva, volontario more:
E tuo gran tempo; e tempo è ben che trarlo
Omni tu debbia; e non debb' io vitarlo."

The French, though inferior to the English in the higher flights of poetry, is better adapted than the latter to the purposes of minstrelsy; yet the Italian opera is quite as much admired at Paris, as compared to the native opera, as it is in London or New York. No people have a higher opinion of their language than the Parisians; but they readily acknowledge the superiority of the Italian as a vehicle of melody. When it is remembered that the Spanish, Portuguese and Germans—in short, all the enlightened nations of Europe do the same, it must be admitted, even by those who have no personal knowledge of the subject, that there must be grounds for an opinion so universally entertained.

It is hardly necessary to say that by this we do not mean there is not melody in other languages also. Even the Italian cannot boast of nobler or more heart-stirring effusions than the English. It was by no foreign muse the unhappy but highly gifted Shelley was inspired when he poured forth his soul as follows:

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like an herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, 'till they wake again!
Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound;
More—oh, more! I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain."

It was only necessary for him to be acquainted with the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Cowley, not to mention Moore and Byron and a host of others, to be able to appreciate the charms of melody. Every student of English literature remembers with what subtle sweetness the author of *Paradise Lost* exclaims, in his *D'Allegro*:

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms which tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Throughout Shakespeare's plays we have the most eloquent tributes to the powers of music. As a proof of its effect on the bard's own mind, we need only quote the one line in which he makes Jessica remark to her lover:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."*

This may seem strange and contradictory; but who that is susceptible of the nobler emotions of the soul has not felt the truth of it? It is well known that even light, gay airs, when well sung, often impart a tinge of melancholy, as if to remind us that human pleasure, however exquisite in itself, must be blended with pain. We experience similar sensations in examining any truly great work of art, let its subject be what it may, for the simple reason that there is nothing which makes us think deeply which does not make us more or less sad; for melancholy, however much it be decried by the thoughtless, is ever the companion of delight. But need we say that music soothes while it saddens? Even when it reminds us of happy days gone by, never to return, and of beloved friends never again to be met with on earth, it has its healing balm. No poet, ancient or modern, has depicted this power more forcibly or more beautifully than Moore. In proof of this, we need only quote one stanza:

"Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
Which once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
Thus, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

All true poets, ancient and modern, have been enthusiastic in praise of music. Nor does Homer form an exception. All acquainted with the *Odyssey* are aware that when the Phæacian youths danced before the much-enduring Ulysses at the command of King Alcinoüs, the glorious minstrel Demodocus sang the loves of Mars and the golden Aphrodite. Pope's version, or rather paraphrase, does but little justice to the passage, but it is the best we have at hand. At all events it will give the general reader a more correct idea of the authors meaning than would the original, with which only the select few can pretend to be acquainted:

"Ulysses gazed, astonished to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Meantime the hard alternate to the strings
The loves of Mars and Cythera sings;
How the stern god enamored with her charms,
Clasped the gay panting goddess to his arms,
By bribes seduced;—and how the sun, whose eye
Views the broad heavens, discloses the lawless joy."

Madame Dacier, the best critic of her sex, in commenting on this passage, observes with much truth and force that it "is remarkable, not because the dancers moved to the sound of the harp and song, for in this there is nothing extraordinary; but in that they danced, if I may so express it, a history that is, by their gestures and movements, they expressed what the music of the harp and the voice described, and the dance was a representation of what was the representation of the poet's song." But this is not the only passage in Homer that shows that the Greeks of the heroic age were not only passionately fond of music, but that a sort of performance corresponding with the modern opera was in great favor amongst them. Hope, than whom no one has bestowed more attention on the subject of Greek music, tells us that "Polybius attributes to the neglect of music the ferocious disposition of the Cynetans, and to the sedulous cultivation of music the softening of Arcadian rusticity. Aristotle, in the education of youth, urges, with equal earnestness, the practice of gymnastics and the study of music; and not only historians and philosophers—a Plato and a Theophrastus, a Strabo and a Plutarch—but even legislators and rulers enforced in their commonwealth the study of music; nay, made it a point to promote the cultivation of peculiar modes, and the exclusion of certain others; to keep a watchful eye over every innovation and change, whether in the construction of the musical instruments, or in the character of the musical compositions. Thence, while in ancient Rome the science of music was abandoned to slaves, in ancient Greece a want of musical skill was in the highest citizen deemed disgraceful. Amousikos, or unmusical, a

term implying a deficiency either of natural firmness in the organs of sound, or a proper cultivation of their capabilities, become a term of bitter reproach. Thus Epaminondas was, by his biographer Nepos, praised for his proficiency, not only in dancing, but in playing on the flute; and Themistocles was on some occasion deemed ill educated for not knowing at a festival how to strike the lyre. The Greek diatonic, or musical scale, contained modes and sub-divisions and measures more minute than modern ears can discern. Vitruvius complained of not finding in the Latin language terms capable of rendering the Greek musical system of Aristomenes. Greeks were the inventors first of the lyre, in all its varieties, and later of the organ. From Greece came all the terms of music, vocal and instrumental, afterwards used in the Roman ritual; and thence do we find, like the language, the music of the Greeks branch out in so many different ramifications, that its tendrils seemed to entwine themselves with every affection of the mind, and give the impulse to every movement of the body.*†

It was their love of harmony that caused the same people to be so fond of dancing, for they sent their dancing-masters as well as their music teachers to all parts of the civilized world, as the French do in our own time; and we have evidence that the former were ridiculed then, as the latter are now, by those who think that nothing is good whose precise value or utility cannot be estimated in the the current coin of the day. "In frames formed of a clay thus fine," observes Hope, "cast in a mould thus perfect, must have arisen organs of sense capable of impressions the most delicate and diversified. And, in fact, the ancient Greeks evinced the superiority of their organization, by surpassing, in every bodily display, every other nation. Among them, individuals, of every age and station alike, frequented the gymnasium; all were equally proud to excel in the more arduous games of the palaestra, and in the more elegant elegant movements of the dance. Saltatory motions were not, in Greece, confined only to one sort, and only marked by one character. The young and the old, the grave and the gay, each had the choice of metrical movements suited to their rank and station. While the warrior delighted in the bold abruptness of the Pyrrhic step, the courtesan displayed the languishing movements of the Lydian measure; even the philosopher took his part in the maze with a grave and decorous dignity."‡

* The best artists have often affected each other to learn by their enchanting strains. Madame Merlin gives a most interesting instance of this, in her admirable biography of Malibran.

† "The presence," she says, "of Mademoiselle Sontag, at the Italian Theatre, was fresh stimulus for Maria's talent, and contributed to its perfection. Each time that the former obtained a brilliant triumph, Maria wept, and exclaimed 'Mon Dieu! why does she sing so well?' then from these tears sprang a beauty and sublimity of harmony, of which the public had the benefit. It was the ardent desire of amateurs to hear these two charming artists sing together in the same opera; but they mutually feared each other, and for some time the much coveted gratification was deferred. One night they met at a concert at my house; a sort of plot had been laid, and towards the middle of the concert they were asked to sing the duet in *Tancrède*. For a few moments they showed fear, hesitation; but at last they yielded, and approached the piano, amidst the acclamation of all present. They both seemed agitated and disturbed, and observant of each other; but presently the conclusion of the symphony fixed their attention, and the duet began. The enthusiasm their singing excited was vivid and so equally divided, that at the end of the duet, and in the midst of the applause, they gazed at each other, bewildered, delighted, astonished; and by a spontaneous movement, and involuntary attraction, their heads and lips met, and a kiss of peace was given and received with all the vivacity and sincerity of youth. The scene was charming and assuredly has not been forgotten by those who witnessed it."—*Madame Malibran*. Par le Comte Merlin.

‡ Hope's *Origin and Prospects of Man*, p. 181. † *Ib.*, p. 184.

Music Among the Japanese.

At the time of the visit of the Japanese envoys and their seventy officers and attendants to the United States of America, it seemed to me worth while to test, in some degree, their musical capacities, and to discover, if possible, whether they were as utterly destitute of musical feeling as they had been pronounced to be. There were so many other important subjects relating to the social, religious, and political mysteries of their nation, that demanded all possible consideration, that comparatively little time was left for this. Moreover, it was one of the few topics which the Japanese themselves did not seem anxious to discuss. In almost every relation, they

were as ready to impart information as they were desirous of gaining it; but whenever music was suggested, their eagerness vanished, and they became as coy as the singing belle of a drawing-room before her first bravura of an evening. The cause of this backwardness was afterwards explained. They had heard sufficient music in America, and during the voyage, to satisfy them of the inferiority of their own, and they were sensitive about opening themselves to comparisons which would hardly be creditable to them. But although they at first strictly withheld the faintest note of their own music, they were by no means slow to repeat such melodies as they could catch and remember from the street bands of Washington, or the pianofortes of Willard's Hotel, where they resided. There was not an under officer who had not his favorite tune; and as for the third class attendants, they were in perpetual league with those among their American acquaintance who would consent to instruct them in light and simple songs, words included as well as music. I no longer remember that their taste ever reached any very exalted point, for the most cherished of their newly-gained melodies were certainly "Kemo, kimo," and "Pop goes the weasel." The first of these they sang whenever they could find listeners, and often, indeed, among themselves alone, with a delicious abandon that betokened the heartiest enjoyment to be imagined. This was a universal song, and it gradually became so much in demand that no Japanese with any self-respect could suffer himself to be without it; and the hours of grave consultation and study which it gave rise to, over tea and tobacco, and sometimes, for the sake of inspiration, over pots of sirooko and saki, were almost without number. One or two quick-eared fellows, who had originally learned the words by note, without comprehending an atom of the meaning, nobly devoted themselves to sharing the treasures of their knowledge with their less gifted companions, and the ultimate result was a comical jargon, the like of which was, I presume, never before known to the polite circles of Washington. "Pop goes the weasel" also underwent its series of modifications. This air was regarded as the peculiar property of the youngest officer of the body, the third interpreter of the embassy, a lad seventeen years old, whose handsome and dignified appearance, winning manners, and affectionate disposition, made him an object of far greater interest than even the lofty envoys themselves. "Poppy goes the weasel" he always would have it, and seemed to think the extra syllable a capital invention of his own. "Hail Columbia," too, occupied his mind for a while, but was presently given up in consequence of the tremendous obstacle offered by two "l's" at the outset.

It was curious to see the little interpreter in his daily struggles with the letter "l,"—struggles which always terminated in his discomfiture. Like all his Japanese brethren, he could never come to terms with "l." That slippery consonant invariably resisted or evaded them. And, in his special case, one unhappy result of this long contest was, that he never afterwards became acquainted with American gentlemen who had "l's" in their names, but always regarded them with a species of distrust.

The first time that I caught hearing of a pure Japanese melody was one evening, after some weeks of uninterrupted intimacy with the strangers, when their shyness even on this point had worked itself away. I was sitting in the room of two or three tawny young students of medicine, one of whom, while poring over a pile of manuscripts quite as unintelligible as the ordinary prescriptions of M.D.'s of more enlightened nations, beguiled himself by murmuring fragments of a new and unknown song. These students, it seemed, were musical as well as medical, in a very high degree; for they presently joined in the chorus very excitedly, and worked it and themselves up with great energy. This was precisely what I wanted, but how to induce them to repeat it often enough to enable me to take a copy was a real difficulty. Two or three encores were easily obtained; but when they say the "American" at work with his note-book, they were sorely puzzled. That anybody should want to get possession of their unimportant tunes, was a thing not dreamed of in their philosophy. It happens that some of our musical signs exactly resemble some of their Katakana phonetics, and catching sight of these, they became more and more bewildered. No interpreter was near, and it would not do to leave them while they were in this ripe artistic mood, to go and seek one. Finally, by means of shambling phrases in Japanese broken beyond all hope of repair, and an exhausting process of explanatory gesticulation, they were brought to a vague understanding of the purpose. Here a new difficulty arose. Finding that their national music was to be critically heard, and even to be recorded, it behoved them, they thought, to set it forth in its

worthiest aspect, to put it in its best dress for company, and the way in which they afterwards attained from giving the simple naked air, and substituted instead strange and complicated variations on the same theme, was perfectly distracting. A persistent repetition of the same variation would not have been so bad, but their liberal fancy sanctioned no such limited offering. Each time it came with a sufficient difference to upset all calculations founded upon the preceding recital, the general family resemblance only being discernible. It was of no use. The first effort was a failure, and midnight came before I had perceptibly advanced in my task.

I had, however, discovered, the field, and it was only necessary to work it. The next day I caught my favorite interpreter; and the way began to clear. One after another, I jotted down their commonest melodies, to their infinite amazement. But when, after all was arranged, the drawing room pianoforte was approached, and their own native tunes came briskly out from under foreign fingers, their ecstasy was without limits—I could hardly say without bounds, since they testified it by leaping about in some cases like young kangaroos. The great men, and all the lofty men, and the officers with two ancient swords of inestimable worth, and even the Treasury censor—the greatest creature among them except the three ambassadorial magnates themselves, who, I privately believe, listened at a partition, since they could not with dignity appear to share the festivities—all these came forth obedient to the glad tidings, and eager for the welcome sounds. And then Sakanoto Tekeshiro, worthy medical and musical disciple of Apollo, or the corresponding Japanese deity, lifted his voice, and sang lustily; and his companions joined in the chorus, which they made very loud and very long; and this was the song they sang—the first Japanese song ever publicly heard outside their own land:



This is the opening of a Japanese song of the seasons, or rather of the different months of the year. Each month, I believe, having its separate stanza. The above might be translated thus, fitting the English words to the music:

Spring time now is near,
Swiftly fades the passing year,
Smiling throgs appear,
Smiling throgs appear;
Here before our open dwellings,
Let the fir-trees rise!
Let the fir-trees rise!

A more rigorous translation would be as follows: "FIRST MONTH.—The last night of the year has passed. To-morrow, crowds will assemble for the holiday. Let us erect before our doors the beautiful fir-tree."*

As regards the manner in which this was sung, I can candidly say that it was as far from the whoop-like extravagance I had been led to expect as one could have desired. Among the score or two of Japanese around, there were as many with tolerable voices as would probably be found in the same number of uneducated amateurs the world over. And a few of them, I afterwards discovered, not only had exceedingly agreeable voices, but also knew how to use them with something approaching to taste and skill. Vocal cultivation, however, seemed to be beyond their wildest flights of fancy, and their highest musical joy was a good round chorus, with plenty of syllables to each line, and a snap at the end. I need not say that these choruses were sung in unison, for, when harmony begins to be understood in a nation, there music takes its place as a serious art. But they were quick to learn simple harmonies, and often repeated their own songs as duets, in thirds or sixths, as the case might be.

Their language, unsymmetrical as it may appear dressed up in characters presentable to English eyes, is really as soft and melodious as any I have heard. It is entirely free from harsh or guttural sounds, and the words are crowded with vowels. No syllable ever terminates in a consonant. To get exactly at the Japanese utterance of the words given above, a French pronunciation of vowels rather than an English should be adopted, especially with the letter "a." In case anybody should feel interested in seeing the original words, here they are, as they were written down in Katakana by the nimble fingers of Matsumoto Sanojoh, second secretary of the embassy—a gentleman whose simple dignity and generous courtesy would more than adorn any station an enlightened society could offer:

(Having no Japanese type, we omit the native version of this song.)

If it were desirable to give additional specimens of Japanese music, I could do so, but the one I have offered is a very fair example of their ordinary popular songs, and is neither better nor worse than the average. They are all short, excepting the heroic or historical songs, which are very stately affairs, and not so graceful as the rest. Like the tunes of most nations with whom music has not far advanced, they are generally in minor keys, though some very pretty ones are exceptions to this rule. This single specimen will at least show that the Japanese have melodies regular in form, properly accentuated, and by no means destitute of spirit and euphony. Properly harmonized and it is susceptible of very good harmonising—the above might pass for as neat a bit of melody as we are apt to find floating about our music stores. At any rate, it supplies what I think has not before been given—an opportunity to judge directly what the Japanese music is like. And so far as my own testimony goes, I can certainly say, in opposition to previous verdicts, that, after hearing all sorts of performances from the seventy-five Japanese officers who visited the United States, I think they sing quite as well as could be expected, and that, on the whole, worse afflictions (with better names) for human ears than their much-abused music can be found nearer home without the slightest difficulty.

* A feature of the New Year festival of the Japanese, not unlike our own Christmas celebrations, is the displaying of fir-trees and bushes before their thresholds.

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXI.

WILLIAM TELL.

LONDON, Aug. 10.

What I have said of *Don Giovanni* will give some idea of the superb style in which great operas have been presented this year in the theatre at Covent Garden. At least it will confirm what most have read about it—if indeed, there has been any disposition or any chance to read the musical journals at all during a rebellion and struggle for our Union and for all that freemen hold dear. But I have spoken only of one opera among the eight or ten that I have heard. A yet more memorable experience, considering how comparatively rare have been the chances to hear such a work, was Rossini's "William Tell," which I had finally the good fortune to hear here twice, after having missed it everywhere upon the Continent. The impression this great work has made this season in London, shows how mistaken was the indifference with which it was dismissed after two or three performances some years ago in Boston, and never again revived or called for, except by a few now and then of the more earnest music lovers who are ever in the minority. It was pronounced heavy, tedious, too much abounding in great choruses and complex ensembles and not allow-

ing sufficient prominence to individual singers (for the crowd always think more of what is personal), too clumsy in its dramatic structure to be saved by even the best of music, and so on; it drew a full house once, and the public fell off the next time; there was in fact too much in it, too much musical matter, too many ideas, too much subtle beauty, too much truth, to win the lazy admiration of those who get all they want in the simple and direct plots and climaxes of Donizetti and Verdi. The habitués of modern Italian opera found such a work as "Tell" as "slow" and foreign to their tastes as a grand symphony, or an "Israel in Egypt" oratorio; and the ephemeral critics, who never lack opinion and assurance did not hesitate to pronounce the masterwork of the greatest lyric genius that Italy has ever produced, a failure! Those who had studied and who knew the music apart from the performance, knew that the failure lay in the performance, and in the unprepared sense of the audience, and not in the composition. But "Tell" was laid upon the shelf, and not again attempted, any more than was "Fidelio," while "Trovatore" continued in perpetual demand. And so it ever has been in England, until this season just past. Probably it never had such justice done it in the presentation before. But now that it has been seen and heard with competent singers, superb orchestra and chorus, perfect scenery, ballet, &c., now that it has been thoroughly learned and mastered, all coöperating *con amore* in a complete ensemble, the London public have at once recognized its beauty and its grandeur, the rare originality, the rich and exquisite invention, the fresh, true local coloring of the music. Nine times during the season has the "Tell" been given, and always to the most crowded and enthusiastic houses. It takes its place now among the prime favorites, the standard works, like "Don Giovanni" and the "Barber," and will have to take its turn in every coming season. To the credit of English taste—is it not?—and to the justification of a genuine great work of genius against the superficial fashions of the day.

The last performance was in every respect magnificent. Those lovely choruses of the first act, so fresh and pure in their expression, so free from cheap sentimentality, from what is common place and from what is overstrained, so natural, and yet of such wondrous art, so thoroughly Swiss in tone and sentiment, where else in Italian opera, and in how many German operas, is there anything comparable to them? What has Meyerbeer done, with all his ingenuity, all his wealth and novelty of instrumentation, that can charm and go right to the heart, filling us with genial warmth, and bathing every sense in morning freshness, like unto these? You can never grow weary of their sound. It is like walking through the Alps themselves, and sailing on the blue lakes. More than ever since I have been in Switzerland, have I felt how truly all that nature is reflected in Rossini's marvellous tone pictures; how its very atmosphere and echo, its lights and shadows, its essential characteristic, which all travellers feel and no one can express—at least not better than Schiller, who was never there—have impressed their subtlest and most delicate vibrations as it were upon the sympathetic medium of his music. Constantly, while upon or about the Lake of the Four Cantons, would snatches of these Rossini melodies and choruses float unconsciously into

my mind. And, *vice versa*, the singing of them, on the rich background of so glorious an orchestra, and such poetically complete and truthful scenic suggestion, brought back the real scene, the real breath and touch of mountain presences, in the most vivid manner. A stereoscopic view is nothing to it; that gives the outward form, but this gives the soul of Alpine nature.

I need not say how finely all the choruses were sung. And what an exquisite and holy charm was breathed in all that music of the wedding episode, where the three couples of young mountaineers are united by the good old pastor in the presence of their kinsmen and neighbors, and amid those eternal hills! How faithfully the music mingles the sense of peaceful happiness and sad presentiment! The charm is positively religious. The dance which follows, hardly less so; lovely as it is and full of grace and novelty, it is yet a minor strain, and seems to anticipate the trials and the tragedies in store for the peaceful and free-souled dwellers of those picturesque and wholesome vales. All the music of this part is innocence and chastity itself, and full of unaffected love and piety. Passing to the great Act, the second, where the Patriots (we will not call them "Confederates" now!) of the three Cantons meet at Rütli, we have perhaps the grandest and most sustained climax in all lyrical music. Some of the passages are worthy of Beethoven. The Trio of the three leaders; the triple chorus, into which tribe after tribe enter as they arrive in their boats (first seen afar on the moon-lit lake) or down the mountain passes; and finally the oath of federation, with its tremendous orchestral accompaniment—those double basses speak like a voice from Horeb—are thrillingly sublime, delivered as they were on this occasion. The only things in opera to be compared to this grandeur are, perhaps, some passages of Gluck and in the last part of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—and yet these are too different in character to be compared to it. The charmingly Swiss prelude to this act, too, was made thoroughly appreciable, both musically and scenically. I did not suppose it possible to put upon the stage so beautifully true an image of Swiss scenery; and when the groups of old and young descend the mountains, towards the moon-lit lake and the little church with lighted windows on its edge, amid chimes of bells and all the mountain sounds, and ringing horns of hunters nearing and receding on the other shore, it requires but little imagination on your own part to find yourself back there.

Of the last two acts, which were judiciously abridged, I need not speak; for everybody knows that there is a great fault in the dramatic structure, the plot of the piece, whereby the climax of its interest is over with the second act. Much fine music remains, though; and wonderfully fine is all the music of the dances in the festival in Gessler's presence in the square of Altdorf. Pity only that it was not all given. When one sees graceful and characteristic dancing to such music, he cannot help wondering what it would be to witness an entire dramatic ballet, such as lasts through an evening, wholly set in motion by music so significant and full of genius, instead of by such unmeaning prettiness of poor Frenchy melody as are commonly danced to.

The principal singers were all good. In the first place TAMBERLIK, who was the Arnold. A

glorious tenor, although past the prime. No man could be better suited to this noble part, both to its wooing and to its heroic side, but more particularly to the latter. He is the greatest of declamatory tenors (perhaps I must except Sims Reeves in the oratorios). No other had such crisp and manly resonance in the recitative. Every tone stands forth so round, distinct and positive—the musical “large utterance” of the gods. The tones, too, are pure gold in their substance, warm, rich, sound to the core. He is very great in the superb bursts and climaxes of the principal arias, such as “*O, Matilda*” in the second act, and in the patriotic rally in the last act, where he makes the famous “*ut de poitrine*” so effective—whether it be really a chest tone with him or not. His performance was thoroughly inspiring that night and carried all before it. But in the purely singing style, sustained *cantabile*, he is not to be compared to either Mario or Reeves. M. FAURE made an excellent Tell, as he did Don Giovanni. Sig. POLOMINI made the part of the old Melchthal remarkably impressive; and Herr ZELGER, a giant of a German, with a ponderous *basso*, did good justice to the music of Walter. The picturesque and difficult little high tenor part of the fisherman, who opens the first scene, singing as he mends his nets, was beautifully given by Sig. NERI-BARALDI; and TAGLIAFICO, the baritone, of Protean cleverness in all sorts of characters, was Gessler. The ladies have less to do in “Tell” than in most operas; love here must be secondary to country. The rôle of Mathilda was filled, in the former instance, by Mme. MIOLAN-CARVALHO, a serious, quiet looking French woman, who sings very nicely as to style and method; and, the last time, by the pretty young wife of the tenor TIBERINI, née ORTOLANI, of whom I have before spoken. The brave boy of Tell, re-joining in the name of “Jemmie,” was very well personated by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, who has plenty of bright execution with a rather warm and uninteresting voice.

Sept. 6. Another interruption!—for the European tour is over, and the preparations for departure, besides the intervention of the Birmingham Festival, have stolen away the opportunities of writing. This letter, therefore, which was waiting for completion, must go off as it is. D.

Festival in honor of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde.

Every distinguished personage who comes to Boston is treated to a concert by the School children. Every great man now-a-days has a *serenade*. General McClellan and even Gen. Butler have had their serenades. Perhaps, however, in these cases the music is only a subterfuge for getting a speech from the distinguished warriors, or a device to draw the crowd. But in the present case where a public welcome is given to a Prince who represents beside an historic name, a great nation eminent as the most liberal patron of Art in all its forms, and when he comes among us accompanied by his wife the daughter of the glorious *Re Galantuomo*, the Sovereign of Free Italy, who beside being a real princess, is also young and beautiful, there seems a peculiar fitness that the welcome given be musical in its form. Let the Prince examine Navy Yards and review our armies if he will, but let the gentle lady be welcomed by young faces and sweet voices and the concord of sweet sounds.

The festival took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the Music Hall, the arrangements being the same as at the similar entertainment offered to the Prince of Wales, a year ago. The decorations were of the same character save that the tricolors of France and Italy took the place of St. George's Cross, and our own Star Spangled Banner was even more profusely displayed than on that occasion. The seats for the guests were prepared in the centre of the first balcony over the clock, and were beautifully decorated.

The programme, it will be seen, is essentially the same as on former similar occasions, and we can give the performance no higher praise than to say that it was equal to that at the late Annual Festival of the Schools. It seemed to us that the number of the children was perhaps a little larger than it has been before as well as more conveniently arranged for displaying the singers.

The decorations of the fronts of the balconies were of velvet of the royal purple and the green of Italy, arranged with excellent taste and effect, the words, “Welcome. America. France” being emblazoned in large letters upon the balcony fronts.

The crowd was even greater than at the Prince of Wales Festival, and many were those who got no peep at the princely guests of the city. At the sound of the trumpet the young choristers promptly appeared in long and beautiful processions at the doors and took their places on the spacious and lofty stage, during which process Mr. J. C. D. Parker gave a voluntary upon the organ.

The guests entered the Hall at 5 o'clock, where they were received by the Governor and Mayor and the orchestra (the Germania Band) immediately struck up the French National Air *Partant pour la Syrie*, followed by the Sardinian National Air, and then by Hail Columbia, during the performance of which the children waved little flags, tricolored and starred and striped, then joining in with the orchestra in full force. The following is the order of exercises: 1. National airs. The music performed with Orchestra and a Choir of twelve hundred children. 2. Choral, from St. Paul. Mendelssohn. 3. Orchestra. 4. Hallelujah Chorus, from the Messiah, Handel. 5. Orchestra. 6. Old Hundredth Psalm.

After singing the Doxology, during which the audience remained standing, the children gave their ruests three rousing cheers which they courteously acknowledged and the audience then dispersed.

New Church Organs.

The new Organ which Messrs E. & G. G. Hook of this city have had in course of construction during the past five months for Rev. Dr. Bartol's Society in Cambridge street, has been put up since the summer vacation commenced, and now occupies the place of the old and small English organ which stood in this church for so many years, and which of late has not been much better than a box of whistles. The new Organ is a superb instrument—large and powerful—enclosed in a solid black walnut case of the Romanesque style, from a design of Hammett Billings, Esq., and cost nearly \$5,000. It has three complete manuals, from C C. to G in *alt*—56 notes—and the specification is similar to that of the beautiful one recently constructed by the same firm for Rev. Mr. Dexter's new church in Berkeley street; it ranks with this one and the one at St. Paul's Church, which are the largest church organs in Boston, and is only surpassed by the great Tremont Temple Organ. It contains all the “modern improvements,” and, by combining as it does, perfect equality and finish in the voicing, full and harmonious diapasons, a magnificent volume of tone, an easy and delicate touch, with a peculiarly rich swell, extending throughout the entire compass and rendering the whole remarkably effective, we cannot but conclude that it is in every respect the best organ yet

built by the Messrs. Hook, who, from their large and practical experience, are enabled to make a church organ in all its important and essential features, exactly what it should be.

For the information of organists and others interested in the subject, we here place on record the contents of the organ.

GREAT ORGAN. Double Open Diapason. Open Diapason. Melodia, and Std. Diapason Bass. German viol di Gamba, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Wald Flute, Mixture, Trumpet.

CHOIR ORGAN. Eolina, Dulciana, Viol d' Amour, Std. Diapason, Celestina, Flute à cheminée, Piccolo, Mixture, Contra Fagotto, Clarinet.

SWELL ORGAN. Bourdon, Open Diapason, Std. Diapason, Dulciana, Principal, Flute Harmonique, Cornet, Tenoroon Trumpet, Trumpet Bass, Trumpet Treble, Oboe, Clarion.

PEDAL ORGAN. Double open Diapason, Double Dulciana, Violoncello, Std. Quint.

ACCESSORY STOPS AND COUPLERS. Swell to Great, Swell to Choir, Choir to Great sub 8ves., Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Tremulant Sw., Pedal Check, Bellows Signal.

Thus it will be seen that it has ten stops in the Great Organ, ten in the Choir, twelve in the Swell, four in the Pedale, and nine accessory stops—making a total of forty-five.

On Thursday afternoon the 19th inst., an intelligent and appreciative audience attended an exhibition of its resources and power which were displayed in a masterly manner by Mr. J. H. Willcox.

The programme was a varied one, commencing with an *extempore* introducing “*La Marseillaise*,” in which a great variety of combinations were most skillfully made, and some of the beautiful imitative stops shown to great advantage. This was followed by Meyerbeer's Coronation March from “*Le Prophète*,” played with all the effect of a full orchestra. Then a fugue, executed with Mr. W's usual skill, followed by some selections from “*Lucrezia*,” and Auber's beautiful overture to “*Zanetta*.” The “Star Spangled Banner,” the “Wedding March,” and the “Gloria” from Mozart's 12th Mass, concluded the performances, which gave the highest satisfaction to all present, both as to the merits of the Organ, and the ability of the player. The only drawback was the absence of Mr. Sharland, the regular organist of the church who was seriously ill at home, much to the regret of his many friends who were present and would have been delighted to witness his rare abilities in playing upon this noble instrument.

The Messrs. Hook have recently sent a large Organ to St. John's (Episcopal) Church Detroit, another to West Roxbury, and are now completing new ones for the new church in Longwood, Brookline, Rev. Dr. Gannett's, Rev. Dr. Huntington's, the Catholic at Springfield, the new Methodist Tremont street, and the North Congregational at Newburyport—all to be finished before November—a certain indication of the esteem in which their instruments are held by the community.

The Organ Concert in the Vine street Church, Roxbury, last evening, was in every respect a grand success. The house was crowded in every part, and the playing of Messrs. Dow, Blodget and Whiting gave very general satisfaction. The accompaniments, as well as the introductory organ piece were played by Mr. Dow, who handled the new instrument with great skill. The Bowdoin street Choir executed a number of choruses in a manner to bring down the house. An encore was demanded in one or two instances. Mr. Bruce and his choir evidently stand at the head in the department of sacred music in Boston. Miss Pearson sang a solo with fine effect, and fairly outdid herself. She was greeted with a persistent encore, which she gracefully responded to.

The new organ cost about one thousand dollars, and was built by W. B. D. Simmons & Co. It is a very sweet toned instrument, and quite large enough for the house. We are glad to be able to say that it is all paid for, and some one informed us that the salary of the player had been raised for the entire year, commencing, with next Sabbath. At the close of the concert the singers and players, together with a few others, were invited to the house of Chas. S. Davis, Esq., where an elegant entertainment had been provided. His spacious rooms were thrown open to the company, and all enjoyed themselves highly for an hour, and separated in the best of spirits.—*Traveller*, Sept. 20.

CONTENTS.—1, Bourdon; 2, Open Diapason treble; 3, Open Diapason bass; 4, Dulciana; 5, Stop Diapason; 7, Clarabella; 8, Principal; 9, Flute Harmonique; 10, Twelfth; 11, Fifteenth; 12, Sesquialtra; 13, Trumpet.

PEDAL ORGAN.

14. Bourdon 16 feet tone, 27 pipes.
15. Violoncello, 8 feet tone, large scale 27 pipes.

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

16. Coupling great to Pedals.
17. Pedal Check.
18. Bellows Signal.

The whole of this organ is enclosed in a swell box, and its plan is one worthy of attention as adapted to the needs of a church which for any reason cannot obtain an organ with two manuals, as being a very effective and excellent instrument at a moderate cost. The compass of the manual is 56 notes.

New Publications.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY, AND CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—London & New York, Cassell, Peter & Galpin. 15 cts. parts.

We have received the late issues of these works, bringing the Natural History to the 29th No., and the Bible to the 38th. We have often commended these publications to our readers and would now mention especially the spirited and beautiful engravings of the Birds in the Natural History.

LLOYD'S MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.—A fine map of the Southern States, about five feet by four in dimensions, colored, and showing all the railroads, their stations and distances, together with counties, towns, villages, harbors, rivers and ports, carefully compiled from the the latest government and other reliable surveys, has just been published by J. T. Lloyd, New York. Upon the back of the sheet is printed a complete gazetteer of the same States. For reference at the present time, this map is about the best we have seen. We recommend it to concert givers and all others interested in topography of the Southern States, as a reliable guide.

THE GUEST'S PROSPERITY. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Author of the "Lost Heiress." T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 206 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The plot of this story is spirited and singularly well sustained in its interest and incidents throughout the book. In the detail of technical matters however, some ludicrous mistakes occur, especially in matters connected with the law, which has much to do with the story. But these are trivial, after all, and the book will not be laid down till finished, by any who may begin its perusal.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A rumor having gone abroad that our Germania Band was disbanded, we are glad to be able to state that it is not true. Those who heard their full band of forty pieces at the Musical Festival in honor of Prince Napoleon, on Wednesday afternoon, will rejoice with us that this company of most excellent musicians, the nucleus of our old Germania Society, is yet among us.

VERDI.—The artists for whom this composer is writing his new opera, *Don Alvaro*, are Mlle. Lagrus, Mlle. Tamberlik, Graziani, de Bassini and Marini.

GILMORE'S BAND.—Gilmore's celebrated band has been engaged to accompany Col. Stephenson's Regiment to the war. The band will consist of *sixty-eight pieces*, including twenty drummers and twelve buglers. Such a band was never enjoyed by a regiment before, and it will probably incite the men to heroic deeds if loyal men can need any new stimulus in such a time as this. The band will appear three times more before the Boston public at the Promenade Concerts.

RETURNED FROM THE WAR.—The distinguished organist of Grace Church, New York, Mr. George W. Morgan, who was a member of the 71st New York Regiment, and participated with it in the battle at Bull Run, has returned to New York, and resumed his former labors. Mr. Morgan is well known to lovers of good music in Boston, and we trust that it will not be long ere we shall have the pleasure of hearing him here.

Mr. Harrison Millard, of this city, another musician of note, who was in the same regiment, has also returned to New York.

WORDS OF CAUTION.—In commenting on the sad tragedy at the Continental Theatre by which so many young girls were burned to death in light, filmy dresses, the *Philadelphia Press* makes some suggestions worth remembering and giving heed to. It says:—

That young girls, with their filmy and expanded dresses on fire, should lose their presence of mind, is not wonderful. In the sudden casualty they forget, if ever they knew, that the worst thing they can do is to feed the flames by moving about. When a woman's dress gets on fire she should lie down on the floor, wrap the carpet around her, to extinguish the flames, or, if unable to do this, should simply roll on the floor, and thus put them out at once. A table cloth, a shawl, a hearth-rug, may save a human life, under such circumstances. But the misfortune is that, in sudden peril, all persons are apt to lose their presence of mind, and forget to apply these simple expedients.

As we mentioned yesterday, there are various chemical means whereby it is easy so to prepare muslin, gauze, and tarlatan, as to render them flame-proof. That is, if they are set fire to, they may smoulder but cannot break into flame. The safeguard, supplied by science, is simple enough, and ought to be generally adopted. Yesterday we suggested that before muslins be "made up" by laundresses, they should be dipped in a solution of alum, which will not destroy the starch-stiffening, and which will render them secure. We now further state that it is only necessary for laundresses to put a little soda or ammonia into the starch used in preparing muslin dresses to render them perfectly unflammable. The lightest textile fabrics, steeped in a seven per cent. solution of sulphate of ammonia, or a twenty per cent. solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, may be held in the flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire. The flame will destroy the material, but not set it into a blaze, and, consequently, a dress which has been so prepared may have its sleeve, for instance, burnt partially off, without any danger of the fire extending to its remaining portions. The experiment has been tried, has always succeeded, and should be used, not only by theatrical people, but by all who wear light, thin, and inflammable dresses.

MELBOURNE.—No doubt many of our readers will be right well pleased to hear of music and its prosperity in the far-off land of Victoria, which, notwithstanding the facilities of steam, seems almost a life's distance from Old England. We have received a packet of papers from Melbourne, which render a most flourishing account of musical transactions there, and show the progress made in the art to be really considerable. The Musical Union had given at the Exhibition Building on the 22d of May, a grand concert in aid of the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the 40th Regiment, who fell in New Zealand. The concert took place under the patronage of his Excellency, Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., and Lady Barkly, Major-General Pratt, and a host of "militarists." The programme comprised Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio *Judith*, and the overture to *Ruy Blas*. The principal vocalists were Mad. Stuttsford, Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. S. Kaye; Mr. G. R. G. Pringle conducted. The band numbered 52 players, and the chorus 100 singers.—*London Musical World*.

A colossal statue, by Pils, the sculptor, to be placed over the tomb or Staudigl, the great basso, is nearly finished.

PARIS.—The quarrel between M. Calzado and his orchestra has been arranged, and all are harmoniously engaged in preparation for the new season of the *Opera Italien*. The following are the artists engaged. *Prime donne soprani*, Mme. Rosina Penco, Mlle. Marie Battu, Mme. Volpini; *Contralti*, Mme. Alboni, Mlle. Trebelli; *Comprimarie*, Mme. Tagliafico, Mlle. Vestri; *Tenori*, Mario, Tamberlik, Belart, Brini; *Tenore comprimario*, Cappello; *Baritoni*, Badiali, Beneventano, Delle Sedie; *Bassi*, Tagliafico, Capponi; *Buffo*, Zucchini. Tamberlik will sing in March and April, and Beneventano replaces Graziani, who goes to St. Petersburg.

MME. COLSON is engaged at La Scala, Milan.

WEIMAR.—It is said that Liszt has left Weimar and moved to Loewenberg, in Silesia, where the Prince of Hohenzollern Hechingen has erected a large chapel.

Signor Muzio, in conjunction with Signor Rissoli, is forming an opera troupe for a season in Havana. composed of the following artists:—*Prime donne*, Miss Hinckley, Elena Kennett, Adelaide Bassigio and Mme. Mason; *tenors*, Lotti, Volpini, Tombesi, and Bignardi; *baritones*, Ferri and Fellini; *bassos*, Antonucci and Nerini. After the season in Havana, which has already begun, Muzio proposes to bring the company to the United States.

THE REQUISITES FOR A TRANSLATOR OF POETRY.—The first requisite for the translator of a poet is that himself should be a poet. I do not mean by this that he must necessarily be a great figure among the gods and demi-gods of poetic reputation; but he must have the poetic temperament; he must be naturally impelled to express his thoughts in rhythm; he must have a natural enjoyment of the luxury of sound, and a curious pleasure in the graceful garniture of thought, and in the elegant setting of a fine idea. In this sense it must be said of a translator as of a poet, *nascitur non fit*. There is an instinct in the musical use of language which may be improved by training, but cannot be taught by precept. There is a great deal of commonplace poetry published, but even the commonest of the commonplace cannot be written mechanically. A primrose is a common flower, but it is a flower with a hue and a fragrance, and everything that distinguishes a growth from a manufacture. So to the man who has a genuine vocation for translation there belongs a native fervor, glow, and fresh color of diction, that no trained versifier can approach. The poetical translator, in fact, is a poet in all respects, except in the grand faculty of invention. There must be all the difference betwixt him and the man of prose that there is between a Pegasus and a common horse. The Pegasus has wings, and a common horse has not. Only the Pegasus of the original poet pursues an adventurous flight over untraveled regions, full of beautiful novelty; the Pegasus of the translator repeats the already-made journey in the humble capacity of an admiring imitator. Still he makes a journey which only a Pegasus can make—

"And oars with easy wing through streams of gusty air,"—which to every four-footed beast—hippopotamus, elephant, or even a lion, king of the forest—is impossible.—*Professor Blackie in Macmillan's Magazine for August*.

WHAT MUSIC DID.—A Mintster was once called to officiate in a cold and dreary church. When he entered it the wind howled, and loose clap-boards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high above the first floor; there was no stove, but a few persons in the church, and those few beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked: "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn? I concluded to make a trial, and I read,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul"

"They commenced; and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, intonation, articulation, and expression, seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I have heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction."

Truth About Music and Musicians.

No. 8.—*POLITICAL MUSIC.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

"No! a polittic song,—a scurvy song."—Goethe.

We live in an age of political excitement, and it is no wonder that the stormily-upheaving billows of statistic interest should overflow into other and foreign regions, and surge upon even the sacred shores of art itself. We all, as burghers of the state, feel the pressure of these ever-tossing floods; and, the more violent they are, the more they occupy our attention. Artists are also citizens, and their political opinions, inclinations, and partisanship, involuntarily influence their views of Art, because in it they fancy they discern a possible handmaid to Polity. This fancy leads them into sin and error: into sin, because they misuse art as slave—into error, because they entirely misunderstand what art in general, and musical art in particular, can and ought to effect, which I have demonstrated to you in my letter on the "Aim of musical art." When their pretensions soar greatly, they transform the Goddess of Art into the Goddess of Liberty, clasp a Phrygian cap on her head, and thrust a party-flag into her hand,—sometimes into the other a sword or incendiary torch,—and bid her, like a second Rachel, declaiming the "Marseillaise" with heart-stirring emphasis, to take the field and lead on to victory.

I am willing to suppose that those who act thus, err honestly; and do not misapply art, because their music, when composed for a proper purpose, does not meet with the approval they hope to obtain. That they do err is evident from the fact that they exact from art two opposing results:—some demand that it should be ancillary to the Present, i.e., the political Present; while others demand that it should act prophetically, and influence the Future. These errors originate in a misconception of music. Music is the language of humanity, and consequently neither a national dialect nor an interpretation to be monopolized by burgher, freeman, slave, noble, plebeian, rich or poor: Music is one and the same for all mortals; and all mortals are in heart alike, throughout different ages and different countries. Love, joy, sorrow, holy emotion, and high aspiration, have been felt by every human soul since the time of Adam, and will continue to be felt as long as human beings exist. In however many hundred languages man may express his sentiments by words, these sentiments have and will always be expressed by one language of tones—that of music. In the same manner, however, that the language of every nation develops from rough-hewn beginnings, and perfects itself in order to utter thought in more defined, minute, and elegant terms, so also has the universal human language, Music developed and perfected itself, and will continually progress, in order to express emotion in more defined, minute, and elegant melody.

Those simple and incontestible axioms should suffice to outweigh all new-fangled doctrines, and it might seem superfluous for me to adduce further proofs against these worthless tenets; but as they are constantly and generally propagated, on the principle that "repetition is argument," by a number of partizans—shallow, ignorant journalists; speculative, imaginative authors; and clever, but alas! erring musicians; as they are likely to mislead young composers and the general public, because they sound plausible, and flatter the tendencies of this very political period; and as they are highly detrimental to art, retarding the progress of music instead of aiding it, which they pretend to do, I will proceed to further details. Does the state of social life in general, does the liberty or oppression of citizens, influence art? No, not even the personal liberty of individuals dedicated to her service. Camoens created his *Lusade* whilst in exile; and Mozart was, from his youth until his death, a slave, the slave of his father, of the Archbishop of Salzburg, of his wife, and of—his passions.

Art has nothing whatever to do with political economy; it should be entirely independent of State, even more so than Church or Faith. Freedom cannot create, neither can want of freedom extinguish genius. In the most despotic centuries and countries art has flourished; while, on the contrary, it has pined or been perverted in lands and ages of widest liberty. Our greatest composers lived in times which were anything but free; we enjoy at present far greater liberty in many respects, but have not progressed in art. America is a free nation; it possesses perfect liberty, but no music. France, during the last sixty years, has passed through widely different phases; did its music degenerate with restricted liberty, or improve with enlarged privileges? Experience and analytic reflection would sooner lead me to affirm that political freedom is injurious to art.

* No. 7 appeared at page 331, Vol. XIV.

I am not afraid to utter this hypothesis although I so dearly love liberty, for more than even liberty I love truth, and of art I speak as an artiste, not as a statesman; as I should speak of statistics, not as an artiste but as a citizen. I will only urge in defence of the above hypothesis, that the more free a State be, the more it demands from every burgher warm interest, sympathy, and co-operation in its welfare; this earnest sympathy, must occasionally, and often does, grow into an absorbing excitement. As soon as an artiste turns his attention from art towards other objects, and especially if he give way to political excitement, he loses the faculty of artistic creation. Every creation, every composition, requires entire and exclusive attention; even artistic enjoyment is rendered impossible or deficient by political excitement; thus we may fairly suppose that periods of political calm are the best adapted for artistic creation, development, and enjoyment. Should a great work of art be produced during a political crisis, you may rest assured that the author was not concerned in public affairs; in fact, during such disturbed epochs, real artistes have always withdrawn themselves into retirement in order to create their works. It is well known that Grétry placidly continued composing an opera whilst Louis XVI. passed beneath his windows to the bloody scaffold. From personal experience, I can relate a similar anecdote of an artiste who is considered by those who would free Music to be a handmaid to polity, as an adherent to their sect. My first visit to Paris took place, as you know, during the Revolution of July. I hurried eagerly and anxiously to Berlioz, who, while the streets were in an uproar of confusion and bloodshed, was quietly writing a cantata!

Has enthusiastic sympathy with state affairs,—has jealous party spirit—ever created a musical work? You may adduce the "Marseillaise," the so-called revolutionary hymn. But what lends to its enthralling element? The words of the song. The melody is merely excellent because it reflects faithfully and powerfully the feelings which the words express;—because it enhances the effect of the words, as music aptly combined with words always should do, and always does. But, you will say, the mere tune of the "Marseillaise," without words, sets the heart on fire. This is because it appeals to our memory, which vividly recalls the missing words and the wondrous influence they exerted during the stirring period which gave them birth. Play the "Marseillaise," without words, to persons who have never heard anything about it, and it will doubtless awaken emotion, but it will certainly not excite political opinions. Name any musical piece, without text, that will elicit such a result in an unpreoccupied mind, and I will confess myself converted.

Political music has met with the same fate as political verse, which some years ago was pronounced to be the highest branch of poetry, but which, after having raised some clouds of dust, has disappeared into utter oblivion. That which was really poetical in it was not political, and that which was political was not poetic; in the so-called political music, also, that which is musical is not political, and that which is political is not musical; therefore the composer who seeks to obtain artistic fame by his political music only, will gain the same experience as did Herwegh in his attempted political poetry—he will sink into uniformity. No author, no composer could escape this rock, if it were really true that he must merely represent the passing feelings of his epoch, or place himself at the head of some particular party; but both these pretensions are ridiculous and unrealisable.

Griesenkerl, who exacts from composers "Music of the present," is of opinion that in Haydn's Symphonies may be discerned the party-spirit of the seven years' war! Haydn's music was certainly fitted for his epoch; yet if it were merely indicative of the then reigning political opinion, its interest would have ceased simultaneously with the party-spirit which it is supposed to convey. Does Weber's *Freischütz* contain statistic information about the Carlsbad treaty? and are not Haydn's *Sermons* always fit for "the present;" and do they not return to us like the Spring he so well depicts, in ever-blooming youth and simple gaiety? Scudo, a French critic, asserts (in the *Revue des deux mondes*, November 15, 1851) that an atmosphere of revolution pervades throughout Méhul's compositions. He must surely forget that Méhul wrote a *Joseph in Egypt*, in which not even Scudo or Griesenkerl could detect anything revolutionary. Pray, what opinions of the period are advocated by Shakespeare's works? Has Schiller inculcated the party-spirit of his time in his *William Tell*, *Robbers*, *Maid of Orleans*, or *Bride of Messina*? Both of these men were assuredly poets, and until now nobody has presumed to assert that their writings are erroneous or obsolete.

(To be continued.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Take the Loan. Patriotic Song and Chorus.

Julius Eichberg. 25

A very taking Song for the times. It has been sung every night last week at the Museum and was encored every time. It will be on the bill next week. Theatrical establishments all over the country should bring it out at once. This would not only be judicious but also a patriotic move.

The Harp of Wales. Song. Brinley Richards. 25

A fine Parlor Song, nearly if not quite equalling the same author's popular ballad "Oh! Whisper what thou feelest."

Your Blessing, dear Mother! T. H. Howe. 25

This is a gem. It is not difficult and should become widely known.

Ole Shady, or the Song of the Contraband. Song and Chorus. B. R. Hanly. 25

A melody somewhat of the peculiar and eccentric character of "Dixie." There can be no doubt about its proving taking, and it would not be surprising if it would even become immensely popular. It is a capital hit at familiar events connected with the present war. The author is well known by his Song "Darling Nelly Gray."

Instrumental Music.

McClellan's Grand March. 50

The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General in whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Cobourg Quadrilles. Chalaupka. 35

Well marked and easy to play.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 40

Very elegant and graceful. It requires light and nimble fingers, but aside from that it is not difficult.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDION, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

D W I G H T ' S

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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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Hymn to the Flowers.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation—

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before th' uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What num'rous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth,
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the wind and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are HUMAN FLOWERS!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Nor useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instruction hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

WEIMAR, MAY 21, 1851.

So bright and fresh a day for a journey as yesterday was, I cannot remember in all my traveling-practice. Early in the morning the sky was gray and clouded, but the sun finally burst through; the air was cool and it was Ascension day; the people were dressed in their best, and I saw them in one village going to church, in another leaving it, and again in a third rolling ninepins; in all the gardens tulips of manifold colors—and I drove past and took note of everything.

In Weissenfels they gave me a small wagon with a willow-woven body and in Naumburg even an open droschky; my baggage was packed on behind, with it my hat and cloak; I bought me some bouquets of mayflowers—and so away I went through the country as though it was a mere pleasure drive. Beyond Naumburg came Pförtner-Prümaner* and envied me; then drove by President G. in a little bit of a vehicle, which had in him a heavy burden, and his daughters, or wives—at all events the two women who were with him, doubtless envied me no less; then we trotted up the Kösen hill, for the horses had hardly anything to draw, and we overtook many a heavy-laden hackney coach; and those people certainly envied me also, for I was truly to be envied. The country looked so spring-like, decked out, particolored, gay—and then the sun went down so soberly behind the hills—and then the Russian Ambassador drove along with two great four-horse coaches so glum and face full of business—and I like a young coxcomb drove by him so quickly in my droschky—and in the evening I had restive horses, so that a little vexation might not be wanting (which according to my theory belongs to pleasure), and composed all day long so very much of nothing at all, but enjoyed, idly. The whole affair was noble, that is the fact and will not be forgotten. I close this description with the remark that the children in Eckartsberge were playing "ring rose-wreath" just as with us and that they were not at all abashed by the presence of the stranger, although he looked on so grandly; I would rather have joined them!

The 24th. I wrote the above, before going to Goethe, early in the morning after a walk in the park. I am still here, but truly have not been able to go on with the letter. I shall perhaps stay here two days longer,—and that is no misfortune; for so good-natured and gay, with so much to impart and so full of talk, I never before found the old gentleman. The real reason, though, why I shall probably remain, is by no means a bad one and almost makes me vain, or rather proud; nor will I withhold it from you. Goethe sent me a letter yesterday for a painter, who lives here, which I am to deliver in person, and Otilie told me in confidence that it contains

* Boys of the first class in the celebrated school at Schulpforta. (Tr.)

an order to take my likeness, which Goethe will put in a collection of portraits of his friends, that he has been for some time making. This affair gives me great (*fast*) pleasure (*fast* in the Bible sense); but as I have not yet met Mr. Painter "Will-he-indeed" (nor he me) I shall doubtless remain here over day-after-tomorrow. I am not sorry for it though as I said; for I live splendidly here and enjoy the presence of the old gentleman to the top of my bent—have thus far dined with him every day and am to go to him again this morning; this evening he is to have company and I am to play—and when I play, the way he makes remarks upon and asks questions about everything, is a perfect delight. But I must tell the story properly and in regular order, so that you may know all about it. The first morning, I called upon Otilie, whom I found still unwell and complaining occasionally, but lighter-hearted than formerly, and just as loving and friendly towards me as ever. Since then we are almost always together and I find it a great source of joy to be better acquainted with her. Ulrike is pleasanter and more amiable than ever before; the earnestness of character, which she has gained, has assimilated itself to her entire being, and she has a truth and depth of sentiment, which make her one of the most lovable persons, I know. The two boys, Walter and Wolf, are lively, industrious and obliging, and when they talk of grandpapa's Faust—it sounds too pretty! But to come back to my story: I sent in Zelter's letter at once to Goethe; he sent an invitation to dinner; I found him externally unchanged, but at first rather silent and not very sympathetic; I believe he had an idea of seeing how I should behave; this was painful to me, and I came to the conclusion, that he was always so now. But by good luck the talk turned upon the Women's Societies in Weimar and upon the "Chaos," a mad sort of a periodical, which the women themselves publish, and upon which I have soared so high as become a fellow-laborer. All at once the old gentleman began to be merry and to joke the two ladies about their benevolence, and their intellectual richness, their subscriptions and their turning nurses, which he seems specially to hate; called on me also to fire away, and as I did not wait to be asked a second time, he soon became just what he used to be, and at length even more friendly and confidential than I had ever before known him. And now all sorts of topics came upon the tapis; speaking of Ries's "Robber's bride,"* he said it contained everything, which an artist needs now-a-days to be happy—a robber and a bride; then he scolded about the universal longings of the younger generation, which is so melancholy; then he told a story of a young lady, whom he once courted and who had also shown some interest in him; then came the charity fairs and the sale of articles manufactured by the women for the benefit of the unfortunate, at which the Weimar ladies play the shopkeeper, and where

* Opera by Ferdinand Ries. (Tr.)

nothing is to be bought, as he said, because the young people had arranged all before hand and so had hidden the articles until the right purchasers should appear, and so on. After dinner he suddenly began: "Good children—pretty children—must always be gay—crazy people,"—and his eyes looked like those of an old lion, when he is sleepy. Then I had to play to him, and he said, how strange it was, that he had heard no music for so long a time; in the meantime we had been pushing music forward continually and he knew nothing of it; and I had to tell him a great deal about its progress, "for," said he, "we will have a little rational conversation with each other." Then he said to Otilie, "you have no doubt already made your wise arrangements; but that is of no account against my command, and that is that you make your tea here to-day, so that we may be all together again." Upon asking, if that would not make it too late, because Riemer was coming to work with him, he said, "Well, as you have excused your children this morning from their Latin, to give them the opportunity of hearing Felix play, you certainly may for once release me from my work." Then he invited me to dine again with him to-day, and in the evening I played a great deal to him. My three Welsh or Welsh-ess* pieces are very popular here and I am reviving my English.

Having asked Goethe to say "thou" to me, he sent me word next day by Otilie, that I must then stay more than the two days, which I intended, otherwise he would not be able to get into the habit again. Since he himself afterwards repeated the same to me, and added, that I should lose nothing by the delay, and invited me to come every day and dine with him, when I had no other engagement;—since thus far I have been with him daily and yesterday had to talk with him about Scotland, Hengstenberg, Spontini and Hegel's Aesthetics;† since he then sent me out to Tiefurth with the ladies, but forbade me to drive on to Berka, because there is a beautiful girl there and he did not wish to plunge me into calamity—and I thought to myself, this then is the Goethe, of whom some time or other people will affirm there was never any such one person, but he was made up of several little Goethe-ids—certainly I should be a thorough madman, if I worried myself about lost time. To-day I am to play him a specimen of Bach, Haydn and Mozart, and so bring him down to the present time, as he expresses it. Beside all this, I have been a proper traveller, having seen the Library and Iphigenia in Aulis; Hummel has been playing octaves and the like!! FELIX.

WEIMAR, MAY 25, 1830.

I have just received your dear letter dated Ascension day and cannot help myself—must answer from this place again. To you, dear Fanny I shall send very soon a copy of my symphony; I am having it copied here, and shall send it to Leipzig (where perhaps it will be performed*) with the distinct order to forward it

* Three pieces for pianoforte; composed in 1829 for the album of three young Englishwomen—afterwards published as Opus 16.

† Mendelssohn had long been a student in the Berlin University, and a great number of manuscript books of note of lectures are still preserved.

* It was not. The first public performance of it was in Berlin in November, 1832, when the pianoforte Concerto and Midsummer night Dream overture were also given.—Tr.

to you as soon as possible. Collect votes as to the title which I shall give it. Reformation Symphony, Confession Symphony, Symphony for a church festival, children's symphony, or what you will; write me about it; and instead of all sorts ridiculous propositions, one rational one; but the ridiculous ones, which are hatched in the course of the business, I wish also to know. Yesterday evening I was in company at Goethe's and played all the evening alone, the Concertstück, the Invitation to the Dance and the Polonaise in C, by Weber, my three Welsh pieces, the Scotch Sonata. It closed at ten o'clock; but of course I stayed, amid all sorts of nonsense, dancing, singing, &c., until twelve—in fact I live like a heathen. The old gentleman always goes to his own room at nine o'clock and as soon as he is away we "dance upon the benches" and we have never yet separated until midnight.

To-morrow my portrait will be finished; it will be a large, dark crayon drawing and a very good likeness; but I look mighty grim. Goethe is so friendly and loving towards me, that I neither know how to thank him or make any return. Forenoons I have to play pianoforte to him an hour or so, from all the great composers, in chronological order, and explain in what and how they have aided the progress of the art; and he sits and listens in a dark corner, like a Jupiter tonans and lightens with his oldeyes. As to Beethoven, he would have none of him. I told him however, I could not help it, and played the first movement of the C minor symphony. That affected him most strangely. At first he said: "but that does not touch the feelings at all: that only excites astonishment; that is grand," and so he went on muttering to himself; and after a while he began again, "That is very great, quite mad, one would almost fear that the house would fall in; and then to think, of the whole orchestra playing it together!" And at table, in the midst of the talk about something else, he began again upon the same topic.

You know already that I dine with him daily; at table he asks me questions, going into minute particulars, and after dining he is always in such good spirits and so communicative, that we generally remain in the room more than an hour alone and he talks on uninterruptedly. It is a singular pleasure, when, as on one occasion, he brought out engravings and explained them; or when he criticised *Hernani** and *Lamartine's* Elegies; or when he gives his opinion upon the theatres or pretty girls. Evenings he has several times invited company, which is now a rare thing, so much so that most of the guests had not seen him for a long time. Then I have to play, and he compliments me before all the people, in which his favorite expression is stupendous (*ganz stupend*). To-day he had invited a company of the beauties of Weimar because "I must also live with young people." If I approach him in such a company, he says, "My soul, thou must go to the women and behave right beautifully." I have a strong sense of propriety and therefore I had them ask him yesterday, whether perhaps I do not visit him too often. Thereupon he growled out to Otilie, who did my errand, and said, "he must first begin and talk methodically with me, for my mind is so clear in my own affairs, and he must indeed learn much from me." I felt

* It is hardly necessary to say that the opera *Hernani* is not meant.—Tr.

twice as tall when Otilie told me, and as he said the same thing to me yesterday, declaring that there was much upon his heart, about which I must make him clear, I said "O yes," and thought "this will be a lasting honor to me." The reverse is often true! FELIX.

Munich, June 6, 1830.

It is a long time since I wrote and no doubt you have had some anxiety on this account. Do not think hardly of me; I could not help it, truly—have had anxiety enough about it myself—have hurried my journey by every means possible—have enquired everywhere for the fast mail coaches, have been everywhere lied to, have ridden all one night, that I might be able to write by to-day's mail, of which I was told in Nuremberg, and now that I at last have arrived here—there is no mail to-day. It makes me almost crazy; and Germany—with its little principalities, its money of all sorts, its post coaches, which take an hour and a quarter to the mile,* its Thuringian forest where it rains and blows, yes, even with its *Fidelio* here this evening—how much I love it—truly! For though I am so deadily tired, I must hear *Fidelio* as a matter of duty, but had much rather go to bed. Only do not be angry and do not scold me on account of the long delay; I can tell you, that all last night as I was riding along, I could see in the clouds signs of what I had to expect of you here. But now let me explain the reason of my delay in writing:

Two or three days after my last letter from Weimar I made ready to start upon my journey for this place and said to Goethe at dinner, who made no reply. After dinner he took Otilie aside to a window and said to her "you must make him stay longer." So she undertook to persuade me, as we were walking up and down the garden; but I wanted to prove myself a man of firmness and so held to my decision. Now came the old gentleman himself and said, there was not the slightest necessity for being in a hurry; he had a great deal to say to me, I had a great deal still to play to him and as to what I had said was the object of my journey, that was just nothing at all. Weimar was for the present the great end of my tour, and he for his part could not see that I lost anything here, which was to be found at the tables d'hôte; at all events I should hereafter see taverns enough. And he went on; and as this touched my feelings and then Otilie and Ulrike came to his assistance and explained how the old gentleman never urged people to stay but all the oftener hastened their departure,—and that nobody has so many joyous days secured to him as to afford to throw away any that he is sure of—and how they would then go with me as far as Jena—well, then I did not want to prove myself a man of firmness and stayed. Seldom in my life have I been so little sorry for any decision, as for this, for the next day was by far the most delightful that I ever spent in that house. After a pleasure drive in the morning, I found old Goethe very lively; he began to tell stories, went from the Dumb girl of Portici to Walter Scott, from him to the pretty girls of Weimar, from the girls to the students, to the Robbers, and so to Schiller; and now he went on, certainly for an hour uninter-

* German mile, of which 15 are equal to 60 geographic or 69 1-2 English.

ruptedly, talking gaily about Schiller's life, and his works, and his position in Weimar; and so he came to speak of the deceased duke, and of the year 1765, which he called an intellectual springtime in Germany, and which, as he said, nobody could so well describe as he; and to this work the second volume of his "Life" was to be given, but what with botany and meteorology and all the other stuffs and nonsense for which one never gets "thank you," one cannot get to work upon it; then he related anecdotes of the time when he had the direction of the theatre,—and when I was about thanking him for all this, he said—"Tis but chance talk—it all comes up just by the way, called out by your dear company." These words sounded to me wonderfully sweet; in short that was one of those conversations, which one all his life can never forget. Next day he made me a present of a sheet of his manuscript of Faust, on which he had written:—

"To the dear young Friend, F. M. B., strong gentle ruler of the piano, as a friendly memorial of joyous Maydays, 1830. J. W. von Goethe," and then gave me three letters of introduction, for this place.

If this fatal Fidelio were not to begin so soon, I might go on and state much more; as it is, only my farewell to the old gentleman. At the very beginning of my visit in Weimar I spoke of a family of peasants at prayer, a picture by Adrian von Ostade, which nine years ago had made a great impression upon me. When I entered in the morning to take my leave, he (Goethe) was sitting before a great portfolio, and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, away he goes—we'll see, if we cannot keep up until his return; but we will not separate without a little piety, and so let us examine that praying scene again together." Afterwards, he said I should write to him occasionally (courage! courage! I will do so from here); then he kissed me; then we drove off to Jena, where the Frommans received me with uncommon kindness, and where in the evening I bade Otilie and Ulrike also farewell,—and so I journeyed onward hither.

About 9 o'clock. Now Fidelio is over, and while waiting for supper, a few words more. The Schechner* has indeed lost very much; she no longer strikes her notes full and clear; and often sang very flat, and yet her deep heartfelt emotion came out so touchingly, that I sometimes in my way even wept; all the other singers were bad, and much in the performance was faulty; but there are excellent materials in the orchestra and the overture went—in their manner of giving it—very well. My Germany is indeed a land of folly; it can produce great men and do them no honor; it has great singers enough, many thoughtful artists, but none, who will modestly follow the composer and give his ideas simply and faithfully; Marzelline embellishes her part; Jacquino makes a clown of himself; the Minister an ass; and when one German like Beethoven has written an opera, another German, like Stuntz or Poisel (or whoever he may be) cuts out the ritornels and other such useless passages in it; another German adds trombones to his symphonies; a third now says Beethoven is overloaded, and then it is all over with the great man!

Farewell then; be healthy, gay and happy, and may all the wishes of my heart for you be fulfilled.

FELIX.

* This lady, one of Germany's greatest songstresses, then but 24 years old, had just suffered a severe illness, which injured her voice and led to troubles in the lungs, which five years later drove her from the stage.—Tr.

To Fanny Hensel!

My dear Sisterkin!—Early this morning I received your letter of the 5th, and so, you are still not yet well; how gladly would I be with you, see you and talk to you; but it cannot be. So I have here written out a song for you, just as I wish it and mean it; while doing it I have thought of you and have been very soft-hearted. There is hardly anything now in it; you know me thoroughly, and understand just what I am; and that I am still, and you may laugh at the thought and enjoy it; I might, it is true, say and wish you something different, but something better, not. There shall be nothing more in the letter; that I am yours, you know—and may God grant you what I hope and pray:



Musich, June 14, 1830.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

The three names at the head of this article are in fact but various modes of writing the same as adopted by different persons, who in their day made it famous. The double *s* in the Bohemian language is equivalent to the English *sh* and the German *sch*; and out of Bohemia *e* seems to have been thought better fitted to secure the correct pronunciation of the second syllable than *i*. The name is found with as many variations as Rode's air—Gerber indeed, quoting from the German of Burney's Tour, gives it in the Lexicon of 1792 as Dalsick. Not having the English copy of Burney at hand I cannot decide whose error this was—Burney's, his printer's, his translator's, or the printer of the latter. Besides the forms given above, it will be found written Duschek, Düsseck, Duscheck, Dussick and perhaps still otherwise. The father of the English Dussek wrote his name Dussik; the friend of Mozart at Prague wrote his Duschek.

The recent revival of some of the English Dussek's compositions through the efforts of Mr. Davison and their performance in public by Miss Goddard, the interest, which all students of musical history must feel in the Duschek of Prague as Mozart's friend, the large space, which artists of this name filled at one time in the musical world, these and similar reasons are sufficient to justify an attempt to compile such an account of the Dussiks—the true way of writing the name—as will put an end to the present confusion in relation to them.

This article, however, will not be an attempt to write biography, but simply the compiling of scattered notices (for the first time) into what our French friends might perhaps call "memoires pour servir, &c." Its basis will be the notices in Diabacz's (or Diabatsch's "Künstler Lexicon für Böhmen"—(Lexicon for Bohemian artists.) This Gottfried Johann Diabacz was a monk,—Librarian and chorus master in the convent Strahow at Prague. His Lexicon, a labor of love, running through some thirty years appeared in 1815 in 2 vols. 4 to. No work of the kind by a single author was ever perfect—witness Fétis (1st ed.) and even Gerber—our English musical and Biographical dictionaries are unluckily below even contempt—and so may many an error be pointed out in Diabacz. But as to the Dussik family, to which J. L. D. belonged, his authority is unquestionable, his notes having been made from the oral communications of that artist's father and mother. This remark seems to be necessary, because the authorities recently followed in England in a notice of J. L. Dussek are directly contradicted by Diabacz in some points.

The following is I believe a complete list of the Dussiks, who have made themselves known in the musical world:

1. Johann Joseph Dussik, married Veronica Stebeta.
2. Wenzel Dussik.
3. Johann Ladislav Dussik, married — Corri.
4. Franz Benedict Dussik.
5. Veronica Rosalia Dussik, married — Ciunchettini.
6. Adalbert Dussek.
7. Franz Duschek, married Josepha Hambacher.
8. Karl Duschek.

Adalbert Dussek and Wenzel Dussik may be dismissed in the few words which Diabacz has granted them.

The former he says "was a distinguished concert-master" on the Viola d'Amour and lived in Prague as a virtuoso upon that instrument in the year 1745–7, being in the habit of playing "as was then the custom in still moonlight nights in the public squares of the old town, to the universal applause of the people, who collected about him, in which per-

formances he was accompanied by Wenzel Petrik, a very skillful performer on the violoncello." He made the course of philosophical study at Prague, became a priest, joined the order of Cistercian monks, and entered the convent at Königssaal, near Prague, where he died about 1768.

Wenzel Dussik born in 1750 at Mlázowicz (Mlatšovitz) in Bohemia, was a younger brother of Johann Joseph D., who took him into his family and tutored him into a good organist and bass-singer. He began life as an organist at Olmütz, but after some years of service there returned to his native country and became organist at Eiche; whence after a time he accepted the place of "School-Rector" at Bitesch in Moravia, where he died about the close of the century.

JOHANN JOSEPH DUSSIK.

In a history of the provincial town Königgrätz in Bohemia, a family of this name is mentioned as giving magistrates to the town so long ago as 1472-97. Two and a half centuries later Dussik—whether a descendant of that family or not Father Dlabacz does not appear to know—lived in the town of euphonious name, Mlázowicz, as "Wagenmeister." What the — hocus pocus—was a *Wagenmeister*? A mere peasant driver of wagons? A mechanic, the builder of four-wheel vehicles, a grade higher in society? Or was he master of the post coaches? If so, he was a small official. Or was he an owner of coaches and horses, and thus "one of the first men in town?" If the latter, this Dussik was a very good match for Elizabeth, daughter of George Schreiner, teacher at Holowaus and of local reputation as bass singer. At all events that match was made, and when he died 1749 or 1750—Dlabacz is a little composed in his dates here—he left Frau Elizabeth with two boys on her hands, Johann Joseph, born in 1739, and Wenzel (noticed above) an infant at the breast—or was he a posthumous child? But let Dlabacz go on with the story, with as much of his quaintness as I can give in English.

The mother gave the ten-year-old boy into the school of her brother-in-law Johann Wlachs,* a skillful tutor of the musical youth of Mlázowicz, and in a few years had the joy to see him a preceptor in the same school, where he not only very often took upon himself the duties of his uncle; but out of gratitude remained with him for several years. "Thence he came, as assistant in a school, to Langenau, where he studied thoroughbass so zealously and taught the boys so assiduously, that three years later he was called as second teacher to Chlamecz. As he here and indeed in all that region had the reputation of being a very good organist and a skillful teacher of youth, the Magistracy of Czeslau* offered him the position of organist and head teacher in the town school of that place. He accepted these appointments in 1759 and began the duties of his office with great applause. To them he gave his days; but the nights, sometimes the whole night through, to the scores of Caldara, a Bach, a Fux a Tuma, &c., which he studied and from which he copied pieces suited to the wants of his pupils. Order, industry, piety and the long-desired finer culture of the pupils reigned in his house. And thus he gained both love and honor and the pupils respected him as their father. For them he thought he might be able to do more, if he should share domestic cares with a "house-mother." Here he found in Veronika Stebeta, a daughter of Judge Johann Stebeta—whose services to the town had been of great value,—and whom he married May 9, 1760 and who bore him two sons, Johann Ladislaw and Franz Benedikt and one daughter, Veronika Rosalie—all three at this present, great virtuosos. For how could he, who gave such an excellent musical education to the children of others, have failed as to his own?

* Call it *Flax*—that is near enough.

"Duly fitted by study at home, both sons were early provided with places in choirs; the one as a singer in the Minorite church at Iglau, the other as organist in the convent church in Emaus, where he enjoyed for several years the guardianship and aid of the brave composer and organist, father Augustin Ssenkyrcz (Shenkeerch).

"In the year 1802 Dussek had the pleasure to see once more in his old age, one of his sons, J. L. Dussek—one of the greatest virtuosos in Europe—together with his daughter Veronika Rosalia, who had married M. Cianchettini, and to enjoy their well earned fame.

"Dussek has written a great deal and among his best works are, 1 Pastoral Mass, 2 short Litanies, 1 Regina Celi, and many pianoforte sonatas, fugues and toccatas, which have received the praise of a Burney and other great musical experts.

"Among his pupils of high rank, he gave special praise to Baroness Obiteczky of Obitecz and Rahenhaupt, by marriage Baroness von Litzau.

"In 1807 he was still living at Czeslau and still the best teacher there."

So far Dlabacz. Burney visited him in 1771 (?) and speaks of him as one of the very first among German organists. When he died I cannot make out; but in a notice of his son's death at Paris in 1812, the father is said to be still alive at Czeslau.

Johann Ladislaw (or Ludwig) Dussek, the eldest son of the preceding was born at Czeslau (Haslau) Feb. 9, 1761. Dlabacz, Gerber and others write his name like his father's with an i; the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* generally writes e, as do of course the English and French publications of his day. Hence the great confusion which has arisen as to the authorship of works by Dussik and Dussek.

"He began," says Dlabacz, "to play the pianoforte (or harpsichord) in his fifth year, and, upon the testimony of his own father, to smite the organ in his mirth." (This expression is an old German oddity. In old musical works people always *play* (spielen) the harpsichord, but *smite*, (schlagen) the organ. "Thereupon he went to Iglau as soprano singer, where he lived some years under the care of his near relation, father Ladislaw Spinar (at that time chorus director in the Minorite church), at the same time hearing the humanities (pursuing liberal studies) under the Jesuits; which course (of study) he continued two years longer at Kuttentberg, where he was organist in the Jesuit church. After this he went to Prague, heard philosophy, and gained the degree of Master.

"At this period it was his desire to join the order of the Cistercian friars, but his youth prevented his admission into the convent Saar. So he entirely gave up his pious wish, willing by music alone to seek his fortune in the world. He was successful. He soon made a journey with his special protector, an Austrian captain of artillery, named Männer to Mechlin (Malines) where he remained some time as pianoforte teacher and thence went on to Bergen-op-Zoom and Amsterdam." In those days, it should not be forgotten, Austria held most of the "Low Countries," which accounts for the constant intercourse between the musicians of Prague and Vienna on the one hand, and those of the Rhine countries on the other—a fact which had great influence upon the career of many artists, Beethoven among them. "In those two cities he has made his public appearance as a young 'tone-artist' and published some of his better compositions."

Dussek must have been very young at this time,—perhaps 21 or 22 years of age—no exact dates are given. The first contemporaneous notice which I find of him, is in Cramer's "Magazin der Musik" (Hamburg and Altona) in an article of notices of new music, headed with the date Jan. 15, 1783. It is this:

* Chaslaw—more recently the c (the c, the open c) has been expunged and the name is written Haslau.

Concerto pour le clavecin on Piano Forte avec accompagnements de deux violons, Alto and Basse, deux Hautbois and Cors, ad libitum, composé par Dussick. Oeuvre premier, libro 1 and 2, a la Haye chez Hummel and fils.

Trois Sonates pour le clavecin on Piano Forte avec accompagnement d'un Violon ad libitum.

Upon these works "W., whoever he may have been, remarks, "In both the concertos, as well as in the sonatas, the leading quality is a lively and brilliant execution; we find, especially in the first two, much that is both new and good, so that this hitherto hitherto unknown author, who is a Bohemian, gives promise of that excellence in his future works, to which we have become accustomed through the productions of a Mislwezeck, a Duschek and others of his countrymen." A. W. T.

(To be continued.)

Truth About Music and Musicians.

No. 8.—POLITICAL MUSIC.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

(Concluded from page 208.)

"Flax! a politic song,—a scurvy song."—Goths.

It is certain that every artiste and every composer must adapt himself to his era,—he cannot escape from its magical circle; but this rule merely applies to what is outward and conventional—to what is transitory—and is modified by time. Griepenkerl and Wagner demand incredible efforts from music. The first pretends that "the necessities of the period should be demonstrated by opera," and shows composers the path they must follow in order to fulfil the requirements of art. These requirements, however, appear to be that all art, therefore music also, should be the reflex and condensed memoranda of all the heterogeneous and conflicting opinions broached during a particular epoch. On this account, he admits only one opera to be worthy—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, because this is "produced red-hot from the questions at present agitating the world, and contains the real kernel of most important interests of our time." Well, yes; Scribe's *text* represents to us religious war, and Meyerbeer has set it to appropriate music. Auber's *Masaniello*, too, is produced "red-hot from the questions at present agitating the world," for Scribe's *text* represents in it liberty's war against tyranny, and Auber has set it to the best of music.

Was I not right when I above asserted that those who demand a "reflex" of the present strifeful epoch, merely wish to degrade music into a means of accomplishing their political ends? And if music is to be a representation of the present only, is our epoch characterised solely by war? Surely it forms only one feature of our era; nay, is it not merely an abnormal excrescence? Yet strife is proposed as the only subject worthy of art illustration. Through such misuse, art becomes narrow and one-sided; it would lose its universal sway, because it could only gratify those who might be partisans of the same color as the composer. What would art become to those lovers of it, who desire, not delineations of political differences, nor war-stirring effects of heart-rending emotions, but seek from music peaceful joy and soothing consolation? If music is required to be democratic, why should it not be aristocratic? Why should not every party, every sect, every rank, possess a music of its own? But we find that the music which pleases one party is agreeable to another; that which charms one class is not unadmired by another. What is said of music may apply to all other arts. Shall painters merely depict subjects fetched "red-hot from the questions agitating the present world?" Is Raphael's "Madonna" obsolete, or has it been superseded by Hübner's "Silesian weaver?" Is Lessing's "Hussite" a masterpiece of painting, merely because, it carries us into scenes of religious contest? Do the pictures of the ancient Flemish and Italian masters utter the opinions of their era, and must we reject as unpolitical Claude Lorraine's 'glorious views,

Berghem's peaceful landscapes, or Haydn's pastoral *Creation*?

But do not alarm yourself; *political music* never will exist. Although journalists may write and re-write the law that "Art must be democratic," it never will become so, nor can it be made aristocratic.

Beethoven is cited as a composer who wrote *democratically*; but democrats are uncomplimentary to themselves and their "music of the future," when they adopt as the ideal of democratic music the confused, strained, gloomy and wearisome works of Beethoven's last manner. From the anecdote related of this great master, that he tore up the dedication of his *Eroica* to Napoleon when he learnt his elevation to the rank of Emperor, it has been concluded not only that Beethoven held democratic opinions, but that the symphony itself was democratically written. Pray tell me, if you can, whether the *Pastorale* be aristocratic or revolutionary.

You must remember that Beethoven himself has spoken often and very distinctly about his own music; therefore if he had wished to write "democratic" music (then utterly unknown), and thus introduce an effective novelty into his science, he would certainly have announced his intention, and pointed out his meaning. Read Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," and you will know what to think of his pseudo-democratic opinions, and consequently to judge of their influence over his creative genius.

I have already told you that music may and will cause delight and enjoyment, but cannot instruct, convince, or inculcate political principles; and the public in general feels and duly appreciates this truth. It cares not for democratic or any kind of political music, if such be the modern works full of instrumental fury, and wild, conflicting passages; it hears them once, "out of curiosity," but soon returns to the simple, pleasing operas of Auber and Rossini, &c.; it revels in Mozart's "obsolete" school, — even in his *Così fan tutti* (in spite of nonsensical text), and actually takes delight in old Dittersdorf's chirping melodies, precisely because it yearns to escape from the strife, the bustle and antagonisms, the cares and troubles of the day; and seeks, not to be reminded of and chained to the present, but to *forget* it and all its perplexities during a few hours at least.

It would be a sad thing for art, and for all real artists, if some modern theories were true or feasible. The sphere of art, far from being enlarged, would be restricted more and more. Genius would be forbidden to spread its pinions and soar aloft; its wings would be cruelly mutilated, that they might flutter neatly within the due limits of the "questions of the day," like some poor bird in a cage. But genius proclaims itself genius especially by its independence; it accommodates itself to outward form and ascertained rules, but brooks not shackles or dictates as to what it shall express or what it shall originate. Genius cannot be created by perfect liberty, nor induced by loss of freedom; it can only be awakened by art, and perfected by arduous study. I can well believe that musical genius may be inspired by the works of Mozart, Haydn and other great composers, as, in fact, has been the case; but I can scarcely imagine that the exposition of a "red-hot" question of the day, or that a parliamentary speech, although a masterpiece of oratory, could inspire talent in a composer, or could incite him to executive efforts, excepting, perhaps, to the effort of making a speech, or writing a book to prove how excellent an idea it would be to apply the powerful influence of music to the furtherance of party-spirit and its ends.

Art steadfastly pursues its course through all the confused and accumulated obstacles of time; it is helped onwards only by great talents devoted entirely and exclusively to it; by encouragement proffered by the public, the mighty or the rich, who furnish ancillary support, and nurture it with deferential admiration. If, during our era, music has not progressed, but rather stood still, and even retrograded, the fact must not be attributed to want of public sympathy,

which, perhaps, was never more profuse than at present, nor want of sufficient pecuniary support, for now-a-days no good artiste need suffer hard poverty; nor is it because music has not been adapted to politics; the cause lies rather in the very erroneous views taken by some of our most gifted modern composers, who turn from simple art, and occupy themselves with politics and political music. Politics stifle real music, and misapply talent, as we may clearly see by the example of a highly-gifted artist of our day. The introduction of politics into musical art — nay, even an overweening application to statistic and transitory interests, exerts a most deteriorating influence on the study, reflection, originality, and creative power of any artiste, in any age; and I cannot too strongly warn you against being unwarily seduced by the syrens of polity, who in our present prosaic age infect every road or pathway, and seek to entice young artistes to their ruin.

Art is a jealous mistress, who suffers no rival, and only fully grants her gracious favors and sacred treasures to those who dedicate themselves faithfully and exclusively to her service. "Art is long, life is short," and music especially is so difficult a science that it cannot be studied or practised as a subordinate occupation. If man's life, of which so large a portion is sacrificed to eating and drinking, sleeping, and other necessities, be dedicated to so absorbing a pursuit as politics, what remains for art, for study, for creation? "He who would become great, must learn to limit himself to a single object," that is, he must consider and use all events which occur only in so far as they may affect and further his grand aim; while, on the other hand, he must steadily repudiate as extraneous everything which might prove a hindrance to, or even distract him from the same grand aim. As a rule, all great minds have contented themselves with a single object, and devoted their entire activity to its accomplishment; its exceptions may exist, but the rule is valid.

The most immediate and natural result which devoted attention to politics must induce on the thoughts and general characteristics of an artiste, is narrow-minded monotony. He must, in accordance with the war-cry of our æsthetic politicians, declare himself of some decided *party-color*, and work hard for its predominance. If he do this, he loses his clear perception of general humanity; his vision becomes spectacled—he can only use his eyes and understanding for those objects comprised within the circle of his political pale. What cares he for the small, insignificant thing at work within the human breast, called *heart*, with all its noiseless sorrow and joy? He has no time and no capability to dwell upon nature—her charms, her various phases. He must endeavor to comprehend the "red-hot questions of the day," and seek to represent them by compositions as red-hot as themselves. He must feel indignant at the oppressive tyranny which treads down noble democracy, and write (just to spite such tyranny) excessively democratic music, descriptive of present opinions, in order to accustom the public to such strains, to cultivate its musical-political faculties, and lead it gradually to the proper appreciation of the real "Music of the future." He must only recognize the exaggerations of the day,—the dark shades of human nature; and therefore must overlook all that is eternally beautiful, eternally cheerful, eternally beneficent—all eternal art. He must hate—for partisans are forced to hate; yet hate destroys—love only can create and perpetuate. He will study the works of Wagner, Schumann, &c., as his models, but neglect contemptuously Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, as worn-out and unconstructive "for our day."

But whatever conspicuously lives in and influences the thoughts and sentiments of a composer, must necessarily shine conspicuously as a reflex in his productions. His thoughts are thoughts of hatred, of war, of opposition; and if he succeed in faithfully depicting these ideas through the medium of music, if he gives a vivid truthfulness to such themes, he will fail in the simply cheerful, tranquilizing counter-themes, without

which no master-work can be constructed. Soothing, lively, and graceful images are perhaps never awakened in his soul; and should he know or feel that art demands them as a requisite contrast, he will seek to paint them, but without success—they will be false and inexpressive. Constraint and artificiality will be easily traced in them, while all charm and spontaneous grace will be found wanting. This is a truth I could prove by manifold examples.

Carl Friedrich Zelter.*

(Concluded from page 202.)

To be the successor of a man like Fasch, was, indeed, a distinction for Zelter, who was one day an artist and a mason the next. But he had richly deserved it by his persevering application, and had gone through innumerable privations before he attained it. The way in which he managed to educate himself is, on the one hand, too original, and, on the other, too honorable, for us to pass over in total silence the relation between him and his master. In reference to this we read as follows: "As the building" (he is speaking of the house in which he was employed in the Schlesinger Strasse, preparatory to being admitted a master-mason, and which, if we are not mistaken, is, at present, in the possession of Herr de Cuvry) "was situate above half a mile from my home, I hired a lodging outside the town gates, in order to save a long walk. But what was the use of this? After work, I used to go of an evening to Jeannette, who resided during the summer with her parents, in a little country-house at the other side of the city, and, for four or five months, when Fasch was on duty at Potsdam, I was in the habit of walking thither and taking my lesson every Friday. I always returned the same day. Fasch, who knew nothing of my occupation, fancied I had business to transact in Potsdam, because I never denied that such was the case whenever the subject was broached. He used to be glad to see me, because I got on, and because he had more spare time in Potsdam than in Berlin. As I continued my visits, however, regularly all through the summer, he used often to remark, 'He must confess I paid something for his lessons, considering the time they cost me, as well as the amount I expended for refreshments and coach-hire, or that my business in Potsdam must be very profitable. He did not know that I did the distance, there and back, in one day, and in the evening was at my work on the house. I did not, however, find this fatiguing. At something after three o'clock in the morning, I set out from the farm-house where I lived, and, between eight and nine, I was in Fasch's room in Potsdam. My lesson lasted till eleven. I then walked about the grounds of Sans-Souci, or among the hills. I had ordered my dinner for a little before twelve o'clock, at a good inn, outside the Berliner-Thor, and, after dinner, I proceeded leisurely back to Berlin, enjoying myself till late in the evening at Jenny's. Neither my father, mother, nor any one else knew a word about the whole matter. The real advantage of my walking home consisted, however, in the agreeable solitude, for, as a rule, I worked out my compositions as I went along, so that I afterwards wrote them down all the more readily. On two or three occasions I hired a vehicle, but the coachman kept me waiting, and I could not get on along the sandy road. I arrived, also, late at Potsdam, where, during the reign of King Friedrich, there was no end to the examination a person had to undergo. 'Whence did I come?' 'How long did I intend to stay?' 'What was my business?' were some of the numerous questions I had to answer. By my own plan I avoided all these inconveniences, as well as the heavy coach-hire, until at last Fasch suspected how matters stood, and refused to accept any further remuneration for his lessons."

Zelter was indefatigable in his endeavors to obtain the patronage of Government for music generally—for which it had previously done nothing—and, of course, for the Singacademie especially, which then belonged exclusively to himself. As long back as the 13th January, 1804, he succeeded in prevailing on the King, attended by the entire Court, to pay a visit to the Singacademie.

By setting to music the poems of Schiller and Göthe, he attracted the attention of these great men, and soon became personally acquainted with them. Göthe was induced to observe that he could hardly have believed music capable of such magnificent strains as those of Zelter. We may mention, by the way, that on the 15th May, of the same year, Schil-

* Carl Friedrich Zelter. Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rindt. Berlin, Jmke. [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, for the *Musical World*.]

ler, also, attended a meeting of the Singacademie, to hear his ode: "An die Freude," and, likewise, that a funeral performance was got up by the society at his decease. The autobiography does not contain a word about Beethoven, who also visited the academy, and—according to a statement made by the present director—after hearing Fasch's *Missa for sixteen voices* extemporized upon several of its motives, on an old grand piano which stood in the ground-floor. The name of Beethoven, as, likewise, the names of his great contemporaries, such as Weber, Radziwill, &c., are not once mentioned.

More than by his songs, however, Zelter succeeded in obtaining the respect of his contemporaries by what was undoubtedly the most important of all his compositions, namely, the *Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Christi*, words by Raminler, produced, for the first time, at Easter, 1807, and subsequently performed seven successive years. It was also revived at the Jubilee of the society, in 1857, by the present director. Zelter, meanwhile, had to contend with many difficulties thrown in his way by the Royal Capellmeisters. This was the reason of his journey to Königsberg in 1809.

The foundation of the Liedertafel took place at the same period. Concerning this event, so important in its results, we read: "When we consider the present wide extension of societies of this kind, of all of which Zelter's Liedertafel must be regarded as the parent and model, and when we are compelled to recognize in it an element instructing and elevating the human mind, we cannot avoid assigning a very high position to the importance and bearing of the idea and plan which created such an institution. But there was, moreover, a patriotic signification involved, for the foundation of the Liedertafel was intended to celebrate the return of the king to Berlin."

Intimately connected, also, with his journey to Königsberg, where the Court resided, was Zelter's firm resolve to give up manual labor altogether. He was materially influenced thereto, as may easily be imagined, by the fact that, under the ministry of Wilhelm von Humboldt, he had been appointed Professor of Music at a fixed salary. Gratitude had a great deal to do with the journey, but its great object was to interest the King still more for the art. From the numerous letters written concerning his journey, we obtain a lively insight into the state of things at this period, including that at the Court, as well as the sayings and doings of the princes of the blood, especially of the Crown-Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm IV.

Zelter was now recognized as a musician, and honored and loved as a man. He was in the full enjoyment of all his powers, and endowed with a warm love for all that is beautiful and elevated. "He was bold and sharp, but never unkind in his criticism, while he was always natural and child-like in disposition. Neither now nor subsequently do we remark in him any signs of that vanity or arrogance, frequently assumed by artists who have been distinguished by their intercourse with persons of high rank by birth or office. The relation existing between him, as a son, in all the maturity of manhood, and his gray-haired old mother, stands out in truly antique purity and beauty. His strength and depth of feeling, as well as his amiability of heart, always beamed forth so triumphantly from behind many asperities of outward behavior, and—as his contemporaries sometimes designated it—'Zelterian rudeness,' that even sharp words wounded only for the moment, and the bonds of friendship were never weakened, but were characteristic of Zelter to the time of his death, and have caused all those who were nearly connected with him with affection."

During the last twenty years of his existence, says the author, we perceive Zelter as composer, teacher, musical director, critic, author, and ministerial referee, occupying a position such as, probably, never fell to the lot of any other musician. The heavy ordeal to which he was subjected, when, in the year 1812, his stepson, for whose sake he had, up to that time, continued his trade, shot himself, brought him into fraternal connection, so to speak, with Göthe, who displayed the warmest sympathy with him, and subsequently, as we all know, addressed him as "Thou."† The voluminous correspondence between the two proves that from this epoch Zelter, "from being simply a man of action, grew up to be a thinker." The letters to Göthe, from 1814, may, observes the author, be regarded as a continuous series of criticisms, constituting a history of the state and progress of art in Berlin. They are completed by Zelter's unpublished but far more voluminous correspondence with other persons celebrated in every branch of art and science.

† For the information of those among our readers who do not understand German, we may state that the second person singular is used only in addressing those who are on a most intimate footing with, or greatly inferior in rank to, the speaker.—Ed. M. W.

After an active career in all the various capacities above-named, Zelter lived to enjoy the great pleasure when he had held his office for twenty-five years, of seeing the members of that admirable institution, the Singacademie, in a position to lay, on the 30th June, 1825, the foundation-stone of a building of their own—a building which reflects great credit upon the architect, Herr Ottmer.

In this building the first performance took place on the 2nd January, 1827; and the *Tod Jesu* was given there on the 13th April. On the ground floor was Zelter's residence, which he occupied up to his decease. This happened on the 15th May, 1832. As the number of members had increased from 374 to 436, it became necessary to divide the Academy into two bodies, the "Greater" and the "Less Academy." The Ripien-Schule, which met at twelve o'clock every Friday, had already been founded years previously. Many of Zelter's pupils, as well as other artists, of all kinds, sang there. Among these, the most amiable and most celebrated were the never-to-be-forgotten brother and sister, Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn.

The writer of the present article also belongs to those whose earliest reminiscences extend back to this period. As a student, I attended regularly the chorus-classes of the Academic, where Zelter used generally to be in the best possible humor, the first among his equals. Although his own songs occupied a more prominent position than anything else, and he evidently derived great pleasure from hearing them—for instance, at the present moment that I am writing this, I can still hear his "Gallias Caesar subegit," to which he was particularly partial, and can still see the majestic old gentleman in his blue coat, with his velvet cap upon his gray locks, as he marched up and down the room to the triple time of the song—he was still indefatigable in exhorting the members to exertion, requesting some to write poetry, and others to furnish music, all for the common good. No one was allowed to take offence at his outbursts, which were frequently rather rough and unceremonious. Every one laughed and said nothing. I recollect meeting on those occasions Julius (afterwards editor of the *Zeitungshalle*), Reissiger, jun., (now conductor in Christians), and Krause (now a singer at the Royal Opera). I myself also received at these lessons the first encouragement bestowed upon me; for having tried my hand at Horace's ode, "Musis Amicus," Zelter observed, "Come, there is some stuff in it" ("Na, es klingt doch"). Professor Grell, the present director of the Singacademie, was then charged with the task of accompanying the choruses on the piano. The members were indebted to him for many fine contributions. Among them I may mention a "Te Deum" for two choruses, with an orchestral accompaniment, in which the wind instruments greatly preponderated. I have never heard of this work since. To this gentleman, as Zelter's faithful pupil, is the book dedicated. In the appendix there is an index of Zelter's works, published and unpublished, as well as the simple and classical speech which Herr Schleiermacher pronounced over his grave. FLOD. GETER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Our readers will doubtless share our pleasure in the welcome news, that, at last, something has appeared to gratify the deep desire of us all, for better means of entering into the inner life of that composer, who has beyond all question exerted a wider and more lasting influence, in instrumental music at least, than any other since the death of Beethoven. Of course we speak and can speak thus only of Mendelssohn. What we now have before us is a single volume, the title of which is, "Reisebriefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, aus den Jahren, 1830 bis 1832. Herausgegeben von Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Leipzig. Verlag von Hermann Mendelssohn, 1861." In English, "Traveller's Letters, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, out of the years, 1830–32, edited," &c.

From the preface, signed by Paul Mendelssohn, it appears that insuperable difficulties have thus far

prevented the execution of the first-conceived plan of a complete edition of all the important letters of the composer in chronological order, as a means of at least preparing the way and contributing, in part, the materials for a complete biography of him, and that, consequently, it was determined to select some one period, which might be considered complete in itself, and publish the correspondence belonging to it.

"After the completion, in 1829, of his first Journey, by himself, to England," says the editor, "and a short stay in Berlin, whither he had come to a family festival, he departed in 1830 on a tour to Italy, thence journeyed through Switzerland to France, and in the beginning of 1832, a second time to England. Out of that period, which, to a certain degree, is complete in itself, and which undoubtedly had a powerful influence upon Mendelssohn's development through the strength of the impressions made upon him—it may well be remarked here that he was but twenty-one years of age when he began this tour—a large number of letters are preserved, written by him to his parents, his sisters Fanny and Rebecca and myself. I have added to these also a few letters to other friends written during those years, in part complete, in part only extracts, and now give them to the public essentially complete. (Ihren wesentlichen Inhalte nach.)"

"Whoever knew Mendelssohn personally and desires to renew a living picture of him to his mind, or whoever wishes to obtain a more clear and distinct idea of him as he really was than that general impression which comes from a knowledge of his musical creations—such an one will not lay these letters aside without satisfaction. Besides this point of special interest there is one more general, since they show how Mendelssohn's personal characteristics and his art mutually interpenetrated and controlled [bedingt] each other."

His brother might have said more—he could say no less. We read these letters with somewhat of the astonishment that they could proceed from the pen of a young man of 21, which we feel when we hear the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the Octet and reflect that these works are the compositions of a boy! They exhibit a ripeness of culture in all directions truly astonishing. In some points they remind us of Mozart—more polished than his, for Mendelssohn had the highest education Berlin could bestow in the days of Hegel, Schleiermacher, Humboldt, and most of the great names, which have made that city illustrious in the literary and scientific world—while Mozart spent his early days in the bigotted and provincial city of Salzburg. But through all these letters, we feel the great power of observation and of description, the strong sense of humor, and the affectionate heart, which make those of Mozart, even now, after more than a century has passed away, interesting, beautiful and touching. They are, however, more difficult to give again in English—they possess a certain ethereal element, a perfume which it is hard to prevent escaping; and in this respect they differ from Mozart's, somewhat as a Mendelssohn overture or song without words, from similar works by the composer of Don Juan.

We will, however, endeavor to convey to our readers an idea of the original through a translation of some of these letters, and doubt not that, however inadequately they may be rendered, they will still prove not unpleasant reading in their calmness and beauty, when one turns gladly away from the war and bloodshed, now unhappily the staples of the daily press. The few notes added by the translator are marked Tz.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Orpheus Club gave last Wednesday evening a most satisfactory evidence of its being "still alive" in the shape of a capital musical entertainment to its non-performing members and friends. The Club

sang several new pieces, among which a "Hymn to Music" by Lachner impressed us as fine and likely to appear more so upon closer acquaintance. The Solos were varied and as well selected as one could wish. Mr. Kreissmann contributed some songs of Schumann and Franz, and with Mr. Jansen, the the Basso profundo of the Society, a most beautiful duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*, which was entirely new to us. With the talent which the "Orpheus" has at its command it must be but an easy task for them to provide such an entertainment. Why, then, not do it oftener, especially since there is but little prospect this winter to the real music-lover for hearing elsewhere what he likes?

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.—The music given at the Festival to Prince Napoleon was repeated at the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon of this week to a different audience, made up mainly of the friends of the scholars. It is no easy matter to admit all who desire to attend these pleasant occasions, and it is hard to say which is the more difficult undertaking, for those who want, to obtain tickets, or for those who have them to bestow, to divide them among those who should receive them. We hope however that eventually all who wish may be fortunate enough to have the opportunity.

Madame Varian, during the last week has begun a series of parlor concerts, at low prices, suited to the times. The third of her series was given at Chickering's Rooms on Wednesday evening, 2d inst. to a crowded auditory.

Of her admirable qualities, as a singer, we have already spoken at some length in these columns, and have only to add that on this occasion, her vocal performances were up to the usual standard of excellence. Mr. Edward Hoffmann—the distinguished New York pianist—played adaptations from "La Traviata" and "La Favorita," "The Last Hope" by Gottschalk, and "La Gazelle," a nocturne of his own composition, with consummate artistic precision and finish; his accompaniments to the vocal portions of the programme were executed in a masterly manner. Mr. H. Draper, baritone, acquitted himself very creditably in an aria from "I Vespri," "Welcome Home," and the two duets with Madame Varian.

If the well filled hall, and hearty applause are any criterion, we should judge that these concerts are immensely popular and successful. The fourth of the series will take place this (Saturday) evening.

CARL ECKART, (Jenny Lind's conductor, while in America) the former director of the Imperial opera at Vienna has just been nominated Chapel-master of the Court of Stuttgart.

BOSIO.—The friends of Mad. Bosio and certain amateurs who still worship the memory of this great artist who died so prematurely, assembled recently in the church of the cemetery in which she is interred, to assist at a funeral service celebrated on the occasion of the dedication of a monument erected by M. Kindavelonia, Mad. Bosio's husband. The monument was executed in Florence, in bronze and represents a Genius, bending over the bust of the artist which is supported by a short column. The whole stands on a pedestal of Finland porphyry which is raised upon a foundation of granite. Three verses by Méry, written last winter at Paris in memory of the glory of the deceased, are engraved in letters of gold upon the pedestal. The monument was designed by Costa, a Florentine sculptor and was executed by a single casting at the foundry of Papin in Florence. The artistic execution is said to be perfect. It is also said that the remains of Mad. Bosio are to be removed to Paris and to repose finally at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.—*Rev. et Zag. Mus. de Paris.*

Great has been the praise lavished upon the name of Beethoven. Poets and artists have honored themselves in honoring him, and a mind fully equal to the work of love is bringing the rich experience of a life-time's study and research to the writing of a biography of him, who in music, like Shakespeare in poetry, was not for a day, but for all time." The performer who can play Beethoven's music with his whole heart and soul—give it true interpretation—is, in one sense, an artist. The perfection of his performance is, in having a listener who hears as reverently as he plays. Judge then of the feelings of one understanding this, who, being asked by a lady to play, gave her a Beethoven Sonata, for which he met this enthusiastic appreciation of his favorite composer: "Why, he really had quite a knack at writing music!"—*STELLA.*—(*Worcester Palladium.*)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—Hannah and Zela Gale, and Misses Phillips, McBridge and Forden, who were burned at Wheatley's Continental Theatre last night, died to-day. Three more will probably die. Miss Annie Nichols, who leaped from the flies, is unharmed. Abbie Carr, reported dead, is likely to recover.

STIGELLI, whose operatic successes here were most assured, and who, though he lacked clearness of voice in comparison with Brignoli, and immense power of organ as compared with some of the more robust of the tenors who have sung on this side the Atlantic, was the most faithful and conscientious of artists, and ever more pleasing as he was oftener heard.—Stigelli seems to have made everything but a success at Vienna. The criticisms upon his renderings of two roles at the "Court Opera House" are not only unfavorable but they are severely unkind. We translate from one the following remarks, which all our musical readers will agree with us in declaring unjust and ill-natured:

"The debut of Sig. Stigelli, whom we heard eight or nine years ago in concert, took place as *Eleazar*, in the 'Jewess.' At the former period his voice was already much reduced; and when we heard of his approaching debut at the Opera House we supposed that he must have attained some marvellous new voice, enabling him at his advanced years to acquire new laurels in the place of those long ago withered. Now, as we have heard him, we can only say that Sig. Stigelli's voice seems to have grown worse every year since he has been absent from Vienna. The voice which even then seemed bidding him farewell, has become utterly tuneless and cracked, and he sings with marked difficulty. * * * His second role, *Edgardo*, in 'Lucia,' was a total failure. To succeed in this role requires voice and youth, both of which he lacks. * * * May we ask what aim this attempt has, as after such failures any permanent engagement is altogether impossible?"

Is not this sufficiently unfavorable and unjust to poor Stigelli, who deserves better things?—*N. Y. Sunday Atlas.*

Music Abroad.

London.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Mellon does well to keep up Jullien's plan of occasionally devoting one portion of a concert exclusively to classical music. It is not bad policy to omit a set of quadrilles now and then, for the sake of inserting a symphony into the programme—to appeal from the large public who are captivated by a dance tune to the still larger public who have learnt to reserve their admiration for the worthiest objects. Paradox though it may seem to be, it is nevertheless strictly true that the best classical concerts are now more thoroughly popular than those which profess to be destined for "the people." "Music for the million" must be music of the highest class. What now pleases the vulgar most was written for the delectation of princes, and a cynic might reverse the terms of the proposition with some show of reason. All this is so well known that we need not insist on it; and we are somewhat surprised at Mr. Mellon's not having declared still more decidedly than he has done for the progress of the art of which he is evidently so enthusiastic a devotee. We feel convinced that he would consult his own interest in no less a degree than the advancement of music if he appealed habitually instead of occasionally to the taste which, whether it be from fashion or conviction, is now paramount in the English nation. It is true that he has given several "classical nights" since the commencement of his concerts, but these might well have been

increased in number, and we have never been able to understand the principle on which, in Jullien's time as well as now, they have been limited. It has invariably happened that the concerts on these special occasions have been much more fully attended than usual, and yet conductors seem loth to follow out a plan which this circumstance seems naturally to suggest. If classical music always "draws" best, surely it is reasonable to conclude that it must be a profitable investment. Fears seem to be entertained lest the avidity with which people flock to hear a symphony by Beethoven or Mendelssohn should be lessened by its constant repetition, but very little experience would suffice to show that such fear is groundless. No mental phenomenon is more evident than that, in the study of a masterpiece in any art, the "appetite grows by what it feeds on."

On Thursday night a selection of vocal and instrumental music by one of the great masters attracted, as rarely fails to be the case, a crowded audience. The master was Mozart, to whose compositions the whole of the first part was devoted. The singers were Mlle. Parepa and Herr Formes; and the band was the admirable one to which Mr. Alfred Mellon has accustomed his patrons, now restored to its original strength by the return of many of its most efficient members, whose services during the previous week had been in request at the Birmingham Festival. That the programme was well chosen, judiciously varied, and highly interesting, the unjoined will show:

Symphony in G minor; air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen"; concerto, piano-forte, in C major; scene, "Oll' angel d'inferno"; air, "Non più andrai"; overture (*Figaro*)—Mozart.

The following announcement has appeared in the columns of a morning contemporary:

"INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—Her Majesty's Commissioners have received a communication from M. Meyerbeer, stating that, in compliance with their request, he will compose a march for the opening ceremony."

The news is not exactly new, as our Paris correspondent had already informed the readers of the *Musical World* that M. Meyerbeer had acceded to the request of the Commissioners. Our correspondent further stated that M. Aufer had consented to compose a piece for the inauguration of the Exhibition of 1862. To these we may now add, that Signor Verdi has consented to supply an Italian composition, and Professor Sterndale Bennett an English one, for the great inaugural ceremony. Germany, France, Italy, and England, thus represented by the most renowned living composers (Rossini is dead to art unfortunately) of the several countries, the musical performance involved in the inauguration cannot fail to create the liveliest interest and curiosity, as no doubt each musician will try his very best for the occasion. Surely after this the grumblers about music being neglected at the forthcoming International Exhibition will be silent. And this, in our opinion, is the only feasible way in which music can be turned to account under the circumstances, and rendered at once agreeable and useful.

BERLIN.—The great heat lately has proved anything but conducive to the benefit of in-door amusements. The Opera House has been almost deserted by its regular frequenters, many of whom are absent, by the way, at the various watering-places; and has had to depend chiefly on provincial visitors, whom no heat, I believe, would induce to refrain from "doing" all the lions of the capital. The principal attractions at the above establishment for some time past have been Cherubini's *Deux Journées* and the ballet *Flick und Flock*; the principal parts in the opera being sustained by Mad. Harriers-Wippen, Mlle. Münster, Herren Krause, Pfister, and Wolf. At the Friedrich-Wilhelm Städtisches Theatre the bills have been monopolized by *Orpheus*, *Genoveva*, and *Fortunio's Lied*. The King has accepted the dedication of a Symphony composed for the approaching coronation by Herr R. Wüerst; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has presented Herr Ferdinand Sieber, teacher of singing, with the large grand-ducal gold medal for Arts and Sciences. Mlle. Marie Taglioni is at present stopping at her estate in Silesia. She has so far recovered from the effects of her late accident that she will be enabled to resume her professional duties in the course of this month. The popular ballets of *Satanella* and *Morgano* will be revived for her.

MARIENBURG.—A project has been set on foot to get up a grand festival for the purpose of raising subscriptions towards the Prussian navy. A committee has already been appointed, and has decided on giving a musical and theatrical performance, together with a series of *tableaux vivants*. At present, the 13th October has been fixed on as the day on which the festival will take place.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 24, 1861. — We New Yorkers are so accustomed now-a-days, to things strange and startling, that we are insensible to the merits of everything that is not stamped with the feature of novelty. Nothing short of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and England would startle us, and even then, if the Old Bay State would only "let herself out," we would have no fear of puffy, belligerent, cotton-struck Johnny. We should not be much surprised were Jeff Davis to come on with a flag of truce, to see the great living hippopotamus, whose "but a few days more" have almost expired; or Beauregard to inspect the great white whales, previous to their demolition by the rebel army. We are so used to hearing of the advance of a hundred of our Union forces against twelve hundred of rebel, and subsequent "retreat in good order," and the loss of our best generals, by the laxity of our Government, that we are prone to call it a natural sequence of war, and look upon anything like an engagement between equal forces, as almost impossible. The two most surprising things, however, that have impressed our senses lately are, first; the immense number of brave, sturdy volunteers Old Massachusetts has turned out; and, secondly, the advent of Herrmann, the great prestidigitateur. Your gallant soldiers have made our very hearts tingle with admiration. Regiment after regiment have passed through our streets, singing their "Glory, Hallelujah," and marching gaily on to victory. Surely, is there no end of them? "How many more regiments is Massachusetts going to send on?" quoth an inquisitive old gentleman, of one of your volunteers. "She will send them on," replied he, "for the next six months, and if that will not do, will come herself." But this is far from being a musical or "prestidigitatorial" article.

Yes, Herrmann has "been and gone, and done it." We succumb before his mighty influence, and acknowledge our curiosity aroused, aye, even excited. He "beats the very devil," and might be — were we to believe the Millerites, whose cars are now extended, expecting momentarily to hear the blast of Gabriel's trumpet — a Minister Plenipotentiary, Extraordinary from His Satanic Majesty, to our sadly troubled land. That he "plays the devil" with your senses, there can be no shadow of doubt. Singularly enough, in his opening speech on the night of his debut, he endeavored to convince the audience that he bore no relation to the Prince of Darkness, but before he had performed his fourth trick, the audience perceptibly smelled brimstone and fire. To describe his soirees would be a most difficult task, for none would believe without seeing. His reception, however, we can give you a slight idea of. The house was literally jammed. From parquette to dome was one mass of people, who, for a whole week had been trying to pronounce "prestidigitateur" — after the manner of the solemn council of Dutch burghers practicing the thumb and nose salute of the Hudson skipper. It is fortunate that your "great world-renowned and preëminent Ambidextrous Prestigiator, and Arch-Illusionist of the present century," should have selected Boston for the effusion of his mighty ideas, for it is very certain that the advent of any such "What is it?" here, would turn the heads of all the Millerites and their houses would be set in order speedily. As I was saying, the Academy was thronged. Statesmen, soldiers, judges, jurors, singers, actors, laymen, ministers, Jew and Gentile, flocked around this "new light" as flies enticed into the spider's web, only to be entangled in all the meshes of sorcery and witchcraft. Here, a learned jurist, whose long delving in all the mysteries of jurisprudence has made him acute, and not easily deceived; there, a worthy divine, who would fain

exclaim, "Get behind me, Satan," but turns around so as not to lose sight of him. Here, a historian, whose name and works are known throughout the world; there, the "star" of the — theatre — in fact, representatives of every profession and age of life, forming a grand kaleidoscope. Herrmann's inaugural programme is divided into twelve tricks. From beginning to end, they are one series of intricate, complicated wonders. With unerring aim cards are thrown from the stage to the amphitheatre and one pack of fifty-two cards is increased to hundreds. Hats suddenly leave the heads of owners and ascend rapidly to the dome of the Academy, and at the request of the great wizard, return as rapidly to their original position. Bowl after bowl of gold-fish are taken from under a small shawl, and this in the very midst of the audience, in the very centre of the Academy, twenty feet from any table or secret arrangements. Two rabbits are held up to the gaze of the audience and perceptibly rolled into one, which toddles around the stage seemingly proud of its increased size, and at a sign, disgorges and resumes its original shape. Tin caps and feathers, enough to delight the eyes of an Army Commissary, were showered from a hat held at arm's length, subject to your keenest inspection. Hats become babies — and we might say in truth, so do the audience. Young and old, all seem merged in a laughing childhood, and even the descending curtain does not break the charm. We suddenly feel ourselves inspired with all the magic powers of our wizard friend. Ice-cream is imaginatively converted into soft-soap; horses possess the peculiar faculty of walking on their heads; stages take wings; and, finally we find ourselves going to bed with our boots on, much to the disgust of the partner of our joys, who remonstrates against such an undesirable innovation. Herrmann's comic programme is announced for a first performance next week. In it he is aided by his wife, and it is entirely distinct from his previous performances.

The Opera season at the Academy is to commence about the middle of next month. Muzio will have the supervision of the company, which will consist of Miss KELLOGG, Miss HINCKLEY and Signors BRIGNOLI, MANCURI, and SUSINI. Mancuri is the new baritone, and he will make his first appearance as Ricardo in the "Ballo un Maschera." Brignoli and Susini are both to leave us after the present season. Brignoli goes to Paris and Susini has accepted an engagement at La Scala, Milan.

Now that Formes, Gassier, Junca, and Susini have left us, we have no basses of importance remaining in this country, and if our national affairs are speedily settled, *primo tenori* will be at a premium.

A series of German operas will soon be inaugurated at the Stadt Theatre. The opening opera will be Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann." Some of Offenbach's comic operettas will be introduced, and we have good reason to anticipate a very lively season of German Opera. We hear rumors of a cheap Italian opera company, that is, performances at the democratic fee of fifty cents to all parts of the house. It will, however, have no connection whatever with the Academy management. The thing has been agitated for several years past, but no one has had the courage to attempt it, as yet. As a forerunner of the coming concert season (that is, if we are not all at the war) we have the first appearance of the young English pianist, ADAM TONHAY, of the Leipzig Conservatoire. He is assisted by Mlle. MONTMORENCI, the contralto; M. DUCHAUERE, baritone; Herr NOLL, violinist; and Dr. CLARE BEAMES, musical conductor. His programme embraces selections from Chopin, Satter, Weber, and he comes very highly spoken of.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn begins its concerts on the 2d of November. It has left our New York society clear behind, but they have very many things in their favor, and this may account for

their success. The Harmonic and Mendelssohn are preparing for a hard winter's work. Their plans will be imparted to you when they are perfected.

Muzio serenaded the Prince Napoleon the other evening, just before the departure of the Imperial Yacht for your city. The river was covered with boats filled with gay parties and the entertainments ended with a grand illumination of blue lights and rockets. Trusting that this desultory gossip may interest you, we remain, Yours, &c. T. W. M.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Minstrel's love. (Sänger's Liebe).

Franz Kielblock. 25

Quite a pretty Song. Those who heard the Opera of Miles Standish, by Mr. Kielblock, brought out here in the Concert-room last season, do not question the genuine talent evinced therein, nor can they have forgotten the number of pleasing melodies scattered through the work. Anything from the pen of such a composer should invite attention.

Not a star from our flag. G. W. H. Griffin. 25

A stirring Song, which has been sung in public on various occasions with great applause.

Sister thou'rt dear to me. Song and Chorus.

G. W. H. Griffin. 25

A song which promises to become very popular. It is nightly encored at the entertainments of Morris Brothers.

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Well marked and easy to play.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 497.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 2.

September Rain.

O sweet September rain!
I hear it fall upon the garden beds,
Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane;
Or 'tis a spirit who treads
The humid alleys through—
Whose light wings rustle in the avenue—
Whose breath is like the rose,
When to the dawn its petals first unclose.

Swift, swift the dancing lines,
Flash on the water, brim the dusky pool,
Brim the white cups of bindweed, where it twines
Amid the hedgerows ool,
Eastward cloud-shadows drift
Where the wet Autumn breeze is flying swift—
Bending the poplar tree—
Chasing white sails along the misty sea.

Drenching the dry brown turf,
Softening the naked corn-land for the plow,
Fretting with bells of foam the eddying surf,
Loading the heavy bough
With moisture whose relief
Slakes the hot thirst of every porous leaf—
O sweet September rain!
We welcome thee across the Western main.

This earth is very fair,
Whereon with careless, thankless hearts we stand:
A sphere of marvels in this coiling air,
Girdling the fertile land;
There the cloud-islands lie—
There the tempests do arise and die—
The rain is cradled there,
Falls on the round world, makes it green and fair.

Unfelt, unseen, unheard,
The rain comes sudden from the concave sky;
Even so the human spirit oft is stirred
Most imperceptibly;
Bustle as if of rain
Heard in the chambers of our heart's lone shape—
Breath as of freshened flowers
Whose odor perished in the sultry hours.

A mystery lurks within
Our hearts; we live a false fictitious life.
Earth trembles with inexplicable sin:
Wherefore its outer life
Falls gross upon our ears,
Deadening the delicate music of the spheres—
Seems unto us the best,
So that we know not love, we know not rest.

Only sometimes we lie
Where Autumn sunshine streams like purple wine
Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky,
And shadowy dreams divine,
Our troubled hearts invest
With the faint fantasy of utter rest—
And for one moment we
Hear the long wave roll of the Infinite Sea.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Concluded from page 186.)

To these principles we must accord our unqualified assent, especially when we consider the discretion and piety, with which he has everywhere applied them. FRANZ enjoyed already a good reputation in the musical Present, and it has already been shown in these pages, how much he has learned from BACH. Hence we must approach the work with a prepossession in its favor.

And in fact it bears witness unequivocally of an eminent gift in Franz for seizing the innermost nature of Bach, and for so reproducing it, that at every step new lights spring up for us to show the wonderful splendor latent in his works. We regard the work as *one of the most eminent artistic achievements both of Franz himself, and of these latter times.* The reproduction of Bach's works in *this* form announces not only the most consummate mastery of *technique*, not only a great and truly productive skill in overcoming all the difficulties of such an undertaking; but, what is much more, the capacity of merging himself in Bach's very spirit, of *thinking musically in his sense*, and of giving full expression to his often only indicated intentions. And herein rules, as one may read clearly enough between the lines of the preface, not the mere interest in form, not the soulless pedantry of strict historical objectivity, but *the genuine artistic, and therefore the alone availing purpose, to bring before us, by all the means at his command and suited to the case, the eternally true spiritual meaning, the poetic feeling of the Arias.* How surprisingly successful he has been in this, in every case, any one will convince himself, who will compare the arrangement with the original; every one, who knows Bach somewhat, will have the impression, that what he heretofore had only a dim suspicion of in him, is brought out into full clearness through this work; to the most he will show himself from *an entirely new side*; the prejudice about antiquatedness, one-sidedness, &c., must vanish before the charm of euphony, of poetic immediateness and of universal human truth, which meets us here, and which will make him outlast all the changes of taste and of ages.

The carrying out of the organ part is done with great care; the conduct of the voices (parts) is always smooth and fluent; frequent turns are interspersed, borrowed from the musical matter of the rest of the accompaniment, which thus contribute very aptly to the animation of single parts. This is by no means contrary to the sense of Bach, who in the performance of his Cantatas used to take the organ part himself, and must certainly have interwoven here and there a multitude of most interesting details. Besides, the arranger here, as everywhere, has gone to work with foresight and fine taste. Everywhere you see, that Bach himself has been his teacher. In shifting the position of the *parts* in the accompaniment, as is sometimes demanded in the interests of euphony, the orchestral coloring of the modern pianism, and his own long accredited skill in the use of it, served him in good stead.

The difficulties, which must have arisen for a portion of the public through this sort of arrangement, very properly have moved him to no concession, which would have trenched too nearly on the claims of the work itself; for the sole determining end with him had to be, to present these noble things once more in a garb that corresponds as nearly as possible to their intrinsic

worth. Only by these means was it possible for him to write orchestrally, and yet at the same time in a manner suited to the pianoforte. We hold that his solution of this problem has been exceedingly successful; especially since Franz has been able in this manner to take in a multitude of little traits, which are passed over in an ordinary pianoforte arrangement, but which often contribute not a little to the characteristic beauty of the piece. Especially may this arrangement be regarded as *a model of an excellent pianoforte style, since it unites the solidity of the old with the euphony of the new forms in a peculiar and unprecedented manner.* This is not the place to enter into particulars about this; for in our whole discussion we have but slightly touched a multitude of points, which really deserved a fuller illustration and a deeper analysis. But one thing requires especial mention; namely, that this piano style, in spite of its thoroughly modern color—particularly as regards the placing of the parts and fullness of sound—yet wholly preserves the fundamental character of Bach's pianoforte as well as instrumental *technique*, its wonderful *conduct of the individual parts.* Not only in the vocal movements has every *part* with Bach its individual, personal character, but almost everywhere; the peculiarity of Bach's harmony consists not so much in beautiful successions of chords, as in the euphonious coöperation of independent *parts* running along together, whereby larger harmonic bodies, or (so to speak) moving organisms arise, which only become intelligible as a *whole*, and have their chief charm not in the simultaneous sounding of note upon note (chords), but in the live mingling and companionship of several streams of tone (melodic *parts*). To keep uninjured the mysterious charm of this entirely unique *polyphony*; to guard its progressions, conditioned as they are on all sides, alike in their preparations and in their effects, and never wholly isolated; in many cases imitating, in others fitly modifying;—to reproduce its beautiful transparency, symmetry, fluidity, &c.; to lay on neither too harsh, nor too faint colors, and yet to write in a way suited to the piano and suited to the player:—all this presupposes an exceedingly fine connoisseurship in the Bach style and a singularly well cultivated ear.

Franz's arrangement unites all these excellencies in a perfection never before reached; and this is a point, which cannot be urgently enough commended to the attention of our younger composers especially, but also to pianists. For the modern piano-forte style threatens more and more to degenerate into empty virtuoso glitter and hollow formalism, unless it shall condescend to take up into itself vital elements of an old, approved piano *technique*, especially a *stricter conduct of the parts.* The mere "intention," be it poetical or not, does not avail; and SCHUMANN as well as CHOPIN had studied BACH very thoroughly.—This work also proves, that the highest poetry and a solid form are no irreconcilable opposites.—The on the whole unimportant modifications in

the voice part, which we meet with, are always referable to a good reason and bespeak taste and a fine ear. Often a greater support has been given to the voice in the accompaniment, than the score indicates—a very desirable auxiliary, facilitating the practical execution.—Also, in respect to the abbreviations, which the editor has undertaken, we agree with him entirely; he has done it in a way that shows tact and fine judgment. Perhaps many would have deemed a more extensive freedom in this point desirable, especially as it regards the longer interludes, or the like; and possibly many of the Arias might have gained in penetrating power by a yet greater conciseness; but who will draw the line once for all?

Finally, the execution marks, affixed with great fidelity and care, deserve thanks, especially from the less initiated. They give the most direct suggestion of the manner of execution which the arranger has conceived, and point at the same time to a method of singing, which to be sure does not look very much like that now in vogue, but which for Bach's sake alone deserves the most careful consideration.—We simply refer in this connection to the excellent remarks in the arranger's preface, which treat of it at length.

We scarcely need remark, after what has been said, that we regard the work before us as an extremely valuable contribution, both to the understanding of Bach, and to the stimulating and reviving of a genuine artistic feeling. Hence we can only, in concluding, express our heartfelt thanks to the editor for this genuine artistic deed full of noble piety towards the great master, full of moral earnestness and deep enthusiasm for the true weal of our Future both in an artistic and a moral point of view. No one will take the work in hand, without feeling a breath of the spirit that was alive in Bach; no earnest musician will study it without receiving the warmest impulse; no unsophisticated soul will drink therefrom, without a glorious delight and without the feeling of being lifted above itself so the beholding of eternal clearness and beauty.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussek, Dussek, Duschek.

We next find Dussek in Berlin, in 1784.

This was the period of the great popularity of Franklins harmonica and instrument makers were everywhere endeavoring to find some sort of key apparatus to take the place of the wet fingers in producing the tone. In Berlin two men in particular, unknown to each other, were then endeavoring to solve the problem; Röllig, a very accomplished Viennese, distinguished afterwards for several interesting musical inventions, and a certain Hessel, whom Gerber calls a mechanician of St. Petersburg, but who according to Röllig (in a letter to the Leipz. Mus. Zeitung, Feb. 1803) was an excellent portrait painter from Carland. These two men accomplished their object each in his own way. Röllig afterward travelled extensively with his instrument, upon which he was very skillful, while Hessel's passed into the hands of young Dussek. Gerber says in the *old Lexicon*,* writing at the latest in the win-

* Gerber's "*Lexicon der Tonkünstler*" is in two parts, that of 1792 in 2 vols., and that of 1812-14 in 4 vols. The latter is not a new edition of the former but its complement and supplement. One must have both. The preface to the "*old Lexicon*" is dated March 26, 1790.

ter of 1789-90, "I remember still with pleasure having been witness in Cassel in 1785 of the extraordinary skill, precision and rapidity of both hands of this great artist upon the pianoforte, and of his learned and judicious execution upon the keyed harmonica. He was then traveling to exhibit the instrument. It was in no way different from the ordinary harmonica, except that the glasses were put in motion by a treadle and band, and were arranged in three rows instead of one for the greater convenience of adapting the keys."

In his notice of Hessel, Gerber says, after copying a description of the instrument, "I can testify to the correctness of this description, as I heard Herr Dussek play upon the very instrument here described in Cassel in 1785. He enchanted all his auditors, by a slow, harmonic introduction full of learned modulations, followed by the choral "*Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr.*" He however at that time claimed the instrument as his own invention."

"But not alone as a performer "continues Gerber," but also as composer, this young man (Dussek) takes a superior rank among the Germans. There have already appeared from his pen,

3 Pianoforte Concertos with accompaniment Op. I., at the Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin, Op. II. Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin, Op. III. Hague.

3 P. F. Sonatas with Violin and Violoncello, printed at Berlin in 1786; and finally

3 Easy (Kleine) do., at Paris, Op. 1.

"Judging from the Berlin publications the ruling qualities of his compositions are uncommon delicacy and the finest taste combined with fire, invention and great knowledge of harmony. There would be nothing left to wish, if this fire and this richness of invention did not too often mislead him into forgetting the art of expressing his ideas within due limits."

From Cassel Dussek made his way to the Electoral court at Mainz (Mentz) "where he gained the favor of the nobility and the affection of distinguished 'tone-artists,'" (Diabacz.)

In 1786 he went on to Paris with the *Hofmeister* (Steward?) of the French Ambassador at Berlin, where he played in the presence of the Queen Marie Antoinette, who granted him her protection. (Do.)

Gerber makes him go thence directly to London; but Diabacz says "notwithstanding this (i.e. the favor of the Queen) he was forced away from Paris by his longing to see Italy. So he journeyed to Milan, where he gave concerts both upon the pianoforte and the keyed Harmonica and won the universal respect of the Italian musicians. Similar proofs of regard were shown him on many occasions by Germans and the distinguished Saxon capellmeister Ernst assured his (Dussek's) father in a very friendly and for the son most flattering letter, that, when passing through Dresden, he had gained the high opinion not only of the entire Electoral orchestra but of the Elector himself and of all the court."

Means are wanting to trace him through the years 1787-9—probably English publications may supply them—but Gerber says he had gained firm footing in London as teacher of the pianoforte in 1790, and Diabacz mentions the "princeess" of York as one of his pupils.

Joseph Haydn, too, found him in London and thought so highly of him as to write to the elder Dussek in Czeaslau, as follows:

"*Most Worthy Friend!*"

"I thank you from my heart, that you, in your last letter to your Herr Son, have also remembered me. I therefore double my compliments in return, and consider myself fortunate in being able to assure you, that you have one of the most upright, moral and, in music most eminent of men, for a son. I love him just as you do, for he fully deserves it. Give him then daily a father's blessing and then will he be ever fortunate—which I heartily wish him for his great talents. I am with all respects your most sincere friend,

JOSEPH HAYDN.

London, Feb. 26, 1792.

"About 1792, Dussek married Miss Corri, who was the principal singer at the London Professional concerts, he being concerto player to the same and playing in 'a style of incredible perfection.'" (Gerber.)

In 1796 (?) he established in company with Corri, his father-in-law, a music publishing house, which had the title "Music sellers to their Majesties, and their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duchess of York." (Gerber.)

But the English part of Dussek's life must be left to some other person; I will pass on to his advent again upon German soil.

In the L. M. Zeitung Feb. 5, 1800, a correspondent says "the celebrated Dussek from London is at present in Hamburg." He had come thither, says Gerber, in January," as they say to push the publications of his house." There is a story, however, that a love affair had something to do with his sudden appearance in the German seaport.

March 5, the L. M. Z. correspondent says, "Steibelt and Dussek from London were here for some time. The latter, who, as I learn at this moment, is still here, 'let himself be heard,' in several solos on the pianoforte at the Harmonie."

It appears from a list of public concerts in Hamburg afterwards sent to the L. M. Zeitung, that during this year (1800) Dussek gave one on Feb. 24th and a second April 17th in the "Eimbeck House," and that, March 5th 1801, in the same place, at a concert given by Düsart a singer from Berlin, he played a sonata of his own for four hands on "a very beautiful English pianoforte by Clementi"—the other player being Musikdirektor Schwenke.

On the 23d of April, 1801, Himmel, the Berlin Capellmeister gave a concert in Freemason's hall, in Hamburg. Among the pieces given was a sonata by Himmel for two pianofortes, played by the concert-giver and Dussek. Such a sonata, says the correspondent, "played by two such perfect performers, upon two very beautiful and equal English instruments could not be otherwise than perfectly executed." At the close of his letter, which is dated "May, 1801," the writer returns to Dussek, thus; "As you know, the with good reason so renowned pianist, Dussek, has been with us for the last year and a half and has performed several times in public. What pleasure people take in making comparisons; and so in this case. Some prefer Himmel; others Dussek; and as to others, they could not make up their minds. For myself, Dussek seems both as performer and composer for the pianoforte, although his compositions for correctness fall

somewhat behind those of Himmel, yet for their greater originality and characteristic touches—to merit the higher place. As to mere execution—but only in this one, single respect—is Woelfl stronger than either. Herr Himmel, it is said, is going to St. Petersburg; Herr Dussek, it seems, finds a still longer stay with us agreeable.”

Although in the following notice Dussek is barely mentioned, still the other names in it will justify its insertion. It is from the *L. M. Zeitung* Vol. III. 835.

“Ottensen (a large, populous village, close by Altona, on the Elbe) Aug. 2, 1801.

“Yesterday Herr Braham (properly Abraham) and Madame Storaci [sic], who have come hither via Vienna from Naples, and for whom the celebrated Cimarosa composed his last opera, gave, in Herr Rainville's beautiful hall, a concert which was very brilliant, both for the distinguished artists engaged in it and for the largeness of the audience, notwithstanding the price of admission was a ducat.

Herr Braham has a voice of great flexibility and of extraordinary compass; almost all imaginable passages, ornaments and runs, he executes with astounding precision, certainty and clearness; the only trouble is that he overburdens all simple natural melody with his embellishments. Mad. Storaci, a well known singer these twenty years past, is nothing extraordinary. Herr Jar-novick [Giarnowichi] played a *new* concerto for the violin composed by himself, and Herr Dussek performed upon the pianoforte. The receipts amounted to about 700 Ducats.”

I find no notices of Dussek during the winter 1801–2, but a few months later Diabacz records his appearance in Prague, and his visit in company with his sister, Mad. Cianchettini, to their parents in Czeaslau. Oct. 26th (1802) Dussek gave in the Convict hall in Prague a grand concert, with the following programme,

1. Symphony by Joseph Haydn.
2. Pianoforte Concerto composed and played by Dussek.
3. Andante for grand orchestra, Mozart.
4. Extemporaneous fantasia, Dussek.
5. Another Concerto by him.

“Everybody was carried away by his masterly treatment of his instrument” says father D., “Dussek now journeyed,” he continues, “via Czeaslau, where he spent some months with his parents, to Vienna, and appeared there in public with the same unanimous applause.”

Here occurs another confusion of dates; for Diabacz, the *L. M. Zeitung*, and Tomaschek (in his autobiography) are hardly to be reconciled; but having no means of deciding between them, I give the passages from each, and leave the matter to judge and jury. Apparently Diabacz is wrong in making Dussek go from Prague to Vienna. I find nowhere any contemporary notice of his being there in those years—while the notices in the *L. M. Zeitung*, seem to prove, that he at this time *could* not have been there. Then, too, how could Tomaschek omit recording the concert of 1802—or the other authorities those of 1804—if Dussek was in Prague both of those years? There is a mistake somewhere I think.

Diabacz, a resident of Prague gives, as one have seen, the programme of the concert of Oct. 26, 1802.

Now in the *L. M. Zeitung* of Dec. 1, 1802,

there is an article upon music in Leipzig beginning thus: “Within about a month past the following foreign virtuosos have been heard here, some in the weekly, others in their own concerts.” The fourth of these persons noticed is

“Herr Dussik (or as his name is written in our English communications, Dussek) from London—long since of highest repute, as one of the very first of pianists and a favorite composer, whose new works, not yet known in Germany, far surpass his older and well known ones and deserve far more than any others a better acquaintance. In the concerto in G minor, his own composition, and full of character, he mastered great difficulties apparently quite without effort, exhibiting in addition to his extraordinary execution a precision and delicacy, not often found so combined. These excellencies he manifested in a still higher degree in an extemporaneous fantasia.” A year later the same journal prints a letter from Brunswick, written by one of those asses, who send communications without dates. By a careful comparison of various notices of Brunswick music, it appears that the correspondent is telling the musical events of the preceding winter, viz., that of 1802–3. Speaking of Musikdirector le Gaye's series of twelve concerts, he adds, “Herr Dussek, who spent some weeks here, rejoiced us with several concertos and fantasias. Our young organists will not praise the latter.” (!)

We have another proof of his presence in Leipzig in November, 1802, in the following bit of sharp writing, wherein our old friend Pleyel (in vulgar parlance) “catches” it.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Herr Pleyel in Paris,—who, since he has begun to give the public fewer of his own compositions, drives the business of publishing with so much the more active and often singular industry, with the works of others,—and to this end has reprinted several of my compositions—published, not long since, a French translation of the pianoforte school by me, which appeared in London under the title

“Dussek's Instructions, etc.,—Corri, Dussek, & Co,”

and did me the unexpected honor to name himself on the title page as part author of the same. On what grounds, I do not know; for certain examples, not very well chosen, and at all events very well to be dispensed with, which he introduced, certainly gave him no such right.

During my present tour in Germany I find this pianoforte school of mine, in a German translation, published by Messrs. Hoffmeister and Rühnel in Leipzig, who have been pleased, for what reason I know not, to suppress my name from the titlepage and give Herr Pleyel alone as the author.

Without pretending to claim for this little work any greater value than it really deserves, I still believe that it is a duty to myself and the public, to put this injustice in its true light and vindicate my claim to my own property.

At the same time I hereby make known, that a new and improved edition, of the pianoforte school prepared by myself, and much enlarged with suitable examples and remarks and in the German language, is now in press and will immediately be published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel. This edition alone can I acknowledge as mine and recommend to the friends of music.

Leipzig, in November, 1802.

JOHANN LUDEWIG DUSSEK.

But here follows proof also that he was in Leipzig in the September, preceding; and if there on Sept. 18,—did he in those days of ante-railroad communication, visit Prague in October and return to Leipzig again the next month? This certainly disproves Diabacz *quoad* the journey to Vienna, and the “some months” in Czeaslau. The paragraph is from the “*Zeitung für die Elegante Welt*,” Nov. 20, 1802, and is translated from an article headed “Music in Leipzig.”

Yesterday (Sept. 18,) the great, and in respect to unlimited power over the prodigious difficulties, perhaps the *greatest*—pianist of our time, made his appearance in the hall of the Gewandhaus, playing a concerto in G minor—his own composition, an extemporaneous fantasia. Profound harmonic art and original combinations distinguish his works, but there is also much that is irregular and strange. He is burdened, oppressed, one may say, by the very greatness of his powers, and yet we have proofs here and there, of the high cultivation of his sense of the truly beautiful. In the free fantasia, there are other artists, who are more satisfactory, and for precisely this reason. To arouse astonishment must ever be but a secondary object of the artist—but how many are they, who choose rather to excite wonder, than love!—Which paragraph must have been commonly edifying to the readers of the *Zeitung* for the elegant world—sixty years since!

Beethoven's “Fidelio;” by Liszt.

(Translated from the German for the New York Musical Review and World.)

Beethoven's only dramatic work occupies one of the most conspicuous places in that series of sublime compositions, to attack the acknowledged excellences of which is absolutely forbidden by æsthetic decorum, and to the hearing of which one may give himself up, with the fullest confidence that no disappointment will interrupt his entire admiration. For more than forty years has this opera been composed, and for only about twenty years has it been an acknowledged *chef d'œuvre*; so much so that not to be able to produce it in a respectable manner would be a disgrace to any German theatre. But what was the fate of this great work during the first twenty after its completion? It was treated with contempt by performers; condemned by the critics; laid aside by managers; and forgotten by the public. It is hardly to be doubted that Beethoven would have presented the German stage with a series of master-operas, had his first-born been met with that attention which the strong, earnest nature of the composer demanded from a cultivated public instead of with shrugs, mockery, and even with derision.

As a dramatic musical work, the “Fidelio” falls far short of perfection. A want of acquaintance with scenic effects is evinced, as well in the selection of a subject as in the symphonic treatment of both orchestra and voices. Nevertheless, the lyric and orchestral beauties, in which the work is so rich, stand out so prominently as to compensate almost for the want of dramatic interest. These rise triumphantly above the weakness of the libretto, and, even in the most uninteresting situations, develop such a wealth of sparkling, heartfelt, profound emotions, that no true artist, no cultivated spirit, can avoid being deeply impressed with their glowing, captivating tones; can refuse admiration for the composition, or most cordial sympathy for the composer, and for the sufferings of that genius, who, with just indignation, forsook the path of intellectual labor that man had strowed for him with thorns. The overture especially, the same which in our day is

received with general enthusiasm, and universally esteemed as one of the most glorious musical achievements, was a source of great vexation to Beethoven; a just and instructive account of which may be found in a book in other respects not entitled to commendation—Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*. It is there related to what torture Beethoven was put, as he was obliged to reconstruct it again and again, even to the fourth time, in order to suit it to the littleness of the pignies, who even accused him of musical heresy; with what misery he had to contend, and with what meanness he was driven from the field.

A comparison of the four several versions extant makes apparent the forced mutilations of thought, and the gradual enfeebling of the eloquence whose glowing inspirations and transporting power we to-day admire in its original form; that form which Beethoven was forced four times to lower to the level of the ass-eared tribe who dared to judge him. But not long after, on the same stage, a like fate awaited the work of a master of scarcely less renown. Weber's "*Euryanthe*" met a like fortune, and the ever-ready judgment of the public exhibited itself, alas! only in a bad, clumsy pun.* Weber, even as Beethoven, with great effort clothed a used-up dramatic subject with the beauties of his superior art. So, also, was his labor unacknowledged and ill-received. Fortunately the brilliant overture of Weber has come to us free from those barbarous mutilations to which Beethoven mistakenly submitted.

It is a profitable occupation, now and then, to institute an examination into the causes of the success of some theatrical production. How many are there that consider how long the perfect expression of the noblest thoughts which Beethoven has given in "*Fidelio*" would have remained concealed under the thick veil of oblivion, had they not found a warm, genial artist, who entered into all the details and effective points of her rôle with a rare strength and power of conception almost exclusively her own; who united a pure gentleness with manly energy and bold vigor, whose interpretations were entirely her own, and whose dress even brought into clearer light her many perfections! Madam Schroeder-Devrient, with true artist-like conception of her rôle gave full expression to its pathos; and there was scarcely a spectator who was not carried away with admiration, as the charming woman, in male attire, with an action at which every heart trembled, but which was still all grace, threatened the astonished governor with her pistol. It is not too much to say that Germany is half indebted for the rich treasure she possesses in "*Fidelio*" next to its author, to Madame Schroeder-Devrient, its first true interpreter.

Will this example prevent other works from sharing the same fate? Hardly? In matters of art, genius is manifested by the progress in originality of its productions. But that which is new in music, as I have before declared and proved, can not at all count upon instantaneous and general sympathy. The length of time necessary for the appreciation of new works offered under new forms, can only be determined by accidental circumstances. Honored be he who, from their intrinsic value, can determine the place which new compositions shall occupy in the future. The support which the wealthy have given to art, and without which it could hardly have survived, is most important in this connection. It is the privilege of those untroubled by personal or business cares, to treasure the beautiful in art for its own sake; to nurse and protect it until the public are educated to its proper appreciation. Intelligent governments, occupying the highest political position, and empowered to enforce their desires, are often not only best able to judge of art, but are also most necessary for its protection and advancement. That this is so, witness Gluck, whom Marie Antoinette alone sustained for years, and Spontini, whose "*Vestal*" might never have found an audience without the Empress Josephine. Fortunate in this respect are we at

Weimar. Nowhere more than here are the spiritual lights of the age more cherished and encouraged in diffusing their rays abroad.

What consequence is it whether the operas of Wagner, against which such systematic opposition has been raised, have triumphed or failed here and there? In Weimar, they have found a foothold, and from thence may pervade the world with that which in them is original. This is a fact, the consequences of which for art will be more manifest hereafter, and little by little. When these operas were given here, immediate success was less cared for than the elevation of art, and the furnishing a repertoire of operas, such as shall enforce respect.

In our time has arisen a second "*Fidelio*," a work of high, lofty conceptions, the production of one who is also a great symphonic writer, but of one who sooner made himself acquainted with the requisites of dramatic treatment, and knew better than Beethoven how to use the materials at his disposal. I refer to the "*Benevenuto Cellini*" of Hector Berlioz. Its hour has not come yet, and it is most unfortunate for the opera that its composer is still living. When the time comes that the little jealousies which have caused the failure of this work, wherever it has been produced, shall have passed away, it will be acknowledged as one of the most important of our age, and the stage at Weimar may with pride boast that it alone has saved it from oblivion.

Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

If you wish to make everybody anxious to visit a building, or to excite intense curiosity as to its interior arrangements, write up "No Admittance" over the door.

The stage of the theatre, or behind the scenes, is to the public generally an object of intense curiosity; simply because they are not familiar with it, and not allowed to visit it.

What an intense desire a clock would excite to witness the concealed machinery which moved the visible hands, chronicling with unerring accuracy, the hours of the day, were that machinery studiously concealed from all except those who made and worked it and a few of their privileged friends! But the opportunity for viewing the machinery and works of the chronicler of time is open to all, and they are so easy of access that although quite interesting, they excite but comparatively little curiosity to see them.

But after witnessing the wonders of the mimic pageants of the stage, where rocks and forests appear at the prompter's whistle, or great cities start like magic into existence, to melt away at the same shrill command into the hall of the palace or the squalid hut of poverty, and the scenes represented are peopled by those romantic heroes and robbers, beautiful maidens, peasants with souls above their station, tyrants, lovers, villagers, and all make allusions as near like reality as possible,—who can wonder at the charm the drama and the theatre have at some period of life, to almost all of us who often witness there almost the realization of something we have imagined, the representation of some of our own air castles; and that actors who can open the fountains of our hearts by the mere make-believe of emotion, or cause us to forget in the plenitude of merriment and humor that there was such a thing as care in the world,—that actors should possess an interest different than almost any body else.

What a desire there is of some youngsters to have a speaking acquaintance with a man who has faced the footlights, with one who becomes each night a robed monarch or a plumed chieftain. Nay, a "professional" off the stage is a marked man among us of older years, and whenever seen in any public place he feels the force of a factitious individual's definition of fame, which was as follows:

"There goes Snooks!"

But we have not yet got "behind the scenes" at the theatre, usually somewhat a difficult matter, and we hope it always may be.

A person who has never visited this locality would not only be at a loss to understand the use or name of half that met his gaze, but almost require an interpreter to explain the professional conversation that he would hear.

The visitor, after entering the modest, private entrance known as the stage door, first encounters an individual seated there whose duty it is to guard the mysterious realms within; this sentinel knows all entitled to admission, performers, work-

men, scene-shifters, etc., and admits none other on any pretence whatever, save by the managers' order. Past him, and just before stepping into a mysterious labyrinth of what appears to be thin board partitions, standing thickly together, you pause to read what appears to be a little notice stuck up against the wall; one or two performers who are "not in" the first piece, and who have come in at the same time with you, also pause, and in repose to the inquiry of one to the other of "When's the call for to-morrow," you hear the reply of "Eleven o'clock."

The notice reads something like the following:

Tuesday.

Macbeth, 2d act, at 11 o'clock.

Choruses at 1.

5th act and marches, 2.

Auxiliaries report to Mr. B. at 10 1-2 on the stage.

Wednesday, 11.

Mr. Spouter's scenes in *Lady of Lyons*.

Raising the wind at 12 1-2.

This tells the actors at what hour they are wanted at rehearsal, and what the play is that is to be rehearsed, and sometimes the cast of characters for the piece.

Once upon the stage, the novice is bewildered with a wilderness of scenes, standing in every direction; dim, mysterious passages stretch off on all sides, and are lost in the distance; there is a peculiar gas and paint like scent pervading the place, a sort of perfume belonging peculiarly to the theatre; casting the eyes above, he beholds a perfect maze of ropes and canvas running in every direction, like the rigging of a ship, and apparently in the most explicable confusion; there is a steady roar of gas from the burners at the wings,—to the uninitiated making so much noise that he wonders how the actors can hear each other on the stage. In fact, in a sort of bewilderment, he really begins to wonder where the stage is, till he makes a step or two in some direction, and suddenly finds himself almost in full view of the audience, a confused kaleidoscope of colors beyond a circle of gleaming gas light, with spires of gas, orchestra, chandeliers, and stucco work, apparently to his hurried gaze, mixed together in confusion.

Back amid the scenery again—how coarse it looks; this magnificent saloon, the colors close at hand look as though finished with a white-wash brush; this throne, too, a mere wooden chair, daubed with flashy paint and gilt; you knock over a couple of flagons from a table that is all ready to be carried upon the stage for use in the next act; they fall to the floor with a sound like a lady's empty work-basket,—"*Papier maché*," you ejaculate, and a man in his shirt-sleeves tells you to be careful of those "properties." It is a magnificent banquet—a cross-legged pine table completely covered with a huge red flannel cloth, with a yellow cotton border, and spread with six paste-board goblets, two ditto flagons, two ditto dishes, with red, green and yellow paste-board fruit, two wood and gilt candelabra, and one real dish with a bunch of artificial flowers and four apples.

Stand aside,—here comes the king!—his face is a study, the wrinkles drawn beautifully in India ink, the ashen hue of age put on nicely, the russet apple red of the cheeks and the artificial white eyebrows and beard, each severally attracting your attention, and making you wonder how the deuce it is that it looks so natural from the other side of the foot lights.

Here we are at the Green Room, and the prompter has just "rung down" on the second act, and "rung in" the orchestra, who are playing gaily in front; three or four actors are just "coming off." The ruffian is cracking a joke as he walks along with a young cavalier whom he murdered a few moments before in sight of the audience, and another plumed and glittering individual dashes up a flight of stairs, towards the regions above, three steps at a time, saying something about his dressing room and "a change," for the next act. A lady, brilliant in regal costume, has both hands full of her silk dress held up about her to keep from contact with the boards, and as you gaze upon her you can hardly credit it, that it is the lovely being that you were almost in love with from the auditorium; some of the little arts of the stage begin to be apparent to you, and red lips, blooming cheeks, arched eyebrows, dreamy eyes, flowing ringlets, snowy neck, and other charms have not the attraction they had when distance lent enchantment to the view,—but gallantry holds our pen.

"All ready for the third act," says a call boy to a few assembled in the Green room, and away he dashes up stairs to call some one who is not ready.

Here comes the Prompter, book in hand, "King, Sir Charles, Lord Somers, Captain of the Guard,—ready at left, upper entrance," he says as he hurries past, and away go the characters named to take position, ready for entrance, while the busy prompter

* They said it was not "*Euryanthe*," but "*Ennuyante*."

hurries from point to point to see that all is right; stations half a dozen guards at one entrance to rush on at the proper signal—asks a couple of scene-shifters if they "have the flat ready for the second scene," and to "see that the door opens easy"—takes a hasty glance here, there and everywhere,—a final one at the stage—steps back to his post behind the pillar at the right proscenium—"clear stage,"—pulls a bell that communicates with the leader of the orchestra, and signals him to cease playing—pulls another to warn the man far above him to be ready at the curtain—grasps his book and "rings up,"—and in obedience to his signal the act drop slowly rolls up far amid the canvas skies, draperies and foliage.

Perhaps not one in a hundred of those who go to the theatre have the least idea of the importance of the prompter's position; the popular idea is, that his duties consist in holding a book of the play and giving the actors the word whenever memory fails them. This, however, is the least of his duties, and there is probably no man on the stage who understands the whole business of the profession better than a good prompter.

He is the hardest working man on the stage during a performance, and, though sometimes heard, is never seen; the audience do not begin to know how much he contributes to their enjoyment. He must be familiar with the business, the scenery, the exits and entrances, the properties required, in fact the general working of the whole piece; and during performance, it depends upon him to see whether it is done correctly or not.

It is he that is heard knocking without before some one comes in before the audience, he rings the bells, starts the thunder, directs the lightning, sets the rain going, makes the crashes, gives the signals for mobs or soldiers to rush on, and beckons them when to come off, sees that the actors go on and off at proper points, that the proper scenes are set, and whistles them on and off; one of his bells signal his forces above to drop clouds, draperies, or foliage; and another tells his machinists below when to lower a trap with a demon and his victim, amid a blaze of red fire, or to hoist up a fairy with gossamer wings, to the sound of music.

His little desk behind the pillar is surrounded with a complication of knobs and cords. Here is a brass plate marked with indices, "light," "dark," "foot-lights," "wings," "front," a small lever turned to either of these will lower or raise the lights at pleasure; half a dozen bell-pulls communicate with "orchestra," "traps," "green-room," "curtain," and the "flies" (far up above), and other points; speaking tubes for the leader of the orchestra and the man at the curtain, facilitate his communication with these points.

A bell and knocker are fixed within his reach for ringing or knocking without, a rope that starts the rain, another that sets the thunder going, and a third that tolls a big bell when the criminal is going to execution or they "ring the alarm bell," are all within reach of his hand. Besides attending to all the business of the piece, he must see a little in advance of the time of each actor's entrance in the progress of a scene, that he is at his proper point of entrance and ready to "come on;" in this he is assisted by a call boy, who obeys his orders and carries his messages from point to point. Beside all this constant watching he must be ready, if the actor falters in his part, to give him the word on the instant, and not let the piece or the performer suffer from a momentary failure of memory.

Knowing all this, reader, we will excuse the prompter if he only gives us a hurried glance as he attends to business, which will not bear an instant slighting.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

(To be continued.)

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER.—Haydn used to relate with much pleasure a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman, "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's." "O," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "O, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The

Englishman laughed—and explanation took place—and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

Musical Correspondence.

BURLINGTON VERMONT, 11 o'clock Friday Eve. Sept. 23.—Mr. Editor.—The present event here is the assembling of the "Western Vermont Musical Association, under the direction of B. F. Baker of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little and S. C. Moore from the same city.

About three hundred, the best vocal talent of Vermont came together last Tuesday morning and have remained with us since, practicing daily. In spite of the "hard times," the attendance has been greater this year than usual. The mornings have been devoted to the cultivation of the voice, afternoons and evenings to practicing in the "Choral Harmony" by Baker & Perkins and "Handel's Messiah." Under the thorough drill of Prof. Baker, the singers show a marked improvement.

Of the Professor's musical abilities I need not speak, every one is acquainted with them. Mrs. Little the vocalist has a very pretty voice, and received her share of praise, though she like others, is not exempt from faults. Lack of good articulation is one of her most prominent defects. Whenever our country singers hear one from the city, they are sure to imitate their faults as well as their good qualities, hence let every city singer bear in mind, that whenever they sing in the country, they are establishing a precedent. This bad articulation is quite prevalent among our choirs. A short time since, I attended church where I understood they had some excellent performers. With all of their artistic skill the only word perfectly understood by me, was "Lord" and this I partly anticipated.

Prof. Moore, Pianist is a very promising young musician, and stands at the head of his profession in this state. He reads very readily, but is too mechanical in his playing; his accent also is not what it should be.

During the four days of the convention everything has passed off pleasantly. This evening the grand concert which usually closes such gatherings, took place. Notwithstanding the heavy storm through the day and evening, those noted families the "Smith's" and "Jones's," besides thousands of others were present. Mr. Baker must have been exceedingly gratified to have had such a large audience. The selections from the Messiah were very good, and received abundant applause.

Several finely rendered songs added much to the entertainment. One very pretty ballad was sung by D. B. Worley, quite a prolific author, whose songs have become popular in this portion of the State. W. O. Perkins from your city was vociferously cheered after singing "Honor in Arms" from "Sampson." The pet of the evening was a Miss Gaskell from Rutland. We were all enraptured with both her singing and manners. Her voice is remarkably pure and very highly cultivated.

The concert was closed by the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah," which was better sung than any previous selections from the same author. J.

Music Abroad.

The Birmingham Musical Festival.

August 26.—Since the last Festival, the interior of the Town Hall has been redecorated, in a style which would gladden the heart of Mr. Owen Jones himself. The means of illumination, too, have been improved by some classical gas-candelabra, a present from the Messrs. Elkington. Altogether, the building, when filled, this morning, by its audience of

well-dressed women and men, all in holiday attire, and in the best possible spirits, presented a *coup d'œil* which will not easily be forgotten by those present.

The proceedings commenced with the National Anthem, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the first verse, while the second was arranged as a quartet, sung by the above lady, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, the whole audience standing up in obedience to the time-honored custom. Then came the real business of the day, the oratorio itself. As I have previously remarked, it was magnificently given. *Elijah* is identified with Birmingham, and no festival here would be considered complete without it. The local amateurs composing the chorus know the work by heart; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, they have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's advice and guidance for a week or so, we can easily understand that their performance must be immeasurably superior to that of the various associations at the grand musical gatherings in Germany, where the vocalists, to the number of one or two thousand, as at Nuremberg lately, have only one rehearsal. I do not mention this with a view to depreciate the efforts of the natives of Fatherland, but merely to chronicle the fact that England, unmusical as foreigners will persist in calling her, frequently sets an example, even in music, which might with advantage be followed by those who are eternally asserting they are our superiors in all that relates to the divine art of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, of Handel and Mozart.

I now come to the solo singers. The soprano music was confided to Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The former lady has evidently made great strides in the rendering of oratorio music since her first essay in the *Creation*. The music in *Elijah* is evidently better suited to her powers than that of Haydn's masterpiece, and the experience she has gained is of great use to her. "Nobody is missed" was a favorite axiom of Talleyrand, the astute, and, though we cannot help regretting that we shall no more listen to the sweet, pure tones of Clara Novello, or the fascinating strains of Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, Mlle. Titiens' singing to-day went far to prove the truth of the observation which emanated from the cynical heart of the wily ex-priest and whilome diplomatist. Her execution of the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb piece of artistic vocalization and expressive declamation—calm, lofty, and unaffected. Her pronunciation of the English words, moreover, was extremely satisfactory, and proves how assiduously she must have labored to approach perfection—which I am almost tempted to assert she has attained—in every imaginable respect. In the double quartet, "For he shall give," in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," and in the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy," in the last especially, her natural aptitude for oratorio was placed beyond a doubt.

The contralto music was divided between Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, who fully sustained their previous reputation.

Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and never sang with more spirit than on this occasion. His rendering of the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," was superb. The same may be said of the accompanied recitative, "Man of God," in Part II., and "Then shall the righteous." Mr. Santley was heard to great advantage in all the music allotted to him. His rendering of the song, "Lord God of Abraham," and "Is not his word like fire?" created a deep impression. M. Montem Smith effectively discharged his duties as second tenor, and the subordinate parts in the double quartet were well sustained by Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Mason, Briggs and Smythson.

Wednesday, August 28.—Handel's *Samson* was performed in the morning and a miscellaneous concert was given in the evening.

In the *Creation* which was given on Thursday, August 29, Mlle. Titiens fully sustained her recently earned reputation as a singer of sacred music of the first class. Her rendering of "The marvellous work" and of the airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," excited but one sentiment among the audience—that of profound and well-merited approbation, and more than confirmed the decision lately pronounced upon this lady in the same work at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington gave universal satisfaction in the music of Eve, while Mr. Santley did as much in that allotted to Adam. The bass music in the first and second parts was sung by Signor Belletti with his usual excellence. The tenor music in the first part was confided to Mr. Montem Smith; the remainder being reserved for Mr. Sims Reeves, who produced as great a sensation as ever in the recitative and air, "In native worth." The choruses were admirably given; and, to sum up, the whole performance passed off most satisfactorily, despite the chilling absence of anything like applause.

It is as difficult to say anything new about the *Messiah*, which was the oratorio selected for this morning, as it is about the *Creation*.

The performance was magnificent. Again did the great German *prima donna*, Mlle. Titens, electrify her audience. Her rendering of the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was sublime. The other more noticeable points were the singing of Mad. Lemmons-Sherrington in "Rejoice greatly"; of Mad. Sainton-Dolby in "He was despised"; and of Mr. Sims Reeves in the whole of the music which fell to his share. The choruses went admirably, the "Hallelujah" being encored by the President.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—The miscellaneous concert on the evening of Thursday, the 29th inst., went off very well, and gave pretty general satisfaction. The programme, though far from perfect, was an improvement on that of Tuesday evening. Here it is:—

PART I.—Overture, *Masaniello* (Auber); Trio, "Soave sia il vento" (Mozart); Air, "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" (Adam); Duo, "Ch' l'antipatica vostra figura" (Ricci); Song, "Twilight is darkening" (Kücken); Concerto, Pianoforte, in E flat (Beethoven); Aria, "Fuman gl' incensi" (Donizetti); Ballata, "Tu m'ami," *La Zingara* (Ballo); Grand finale, *Loreley* (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Aria, "Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore" (Donizetti); Duo, "Dearest maiden" (Spohr); Aria, "Mille volte sul campo d'onore" (Donizetti); Quintetto, "E scherzò od è follia," *Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); Song, "Within a mile of Edinbro," (Hook); Duo, "Se la vita ancor t'è cara," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Romance, "Ah! now I feel," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Duo, "Pronta io son" *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti); Sextetto, "Sola, sola, Don Giovanni" (Mozart).

The concert yesterday morning (Friday), was a great success, the greatest, perhaps, achieved during the whole week. The hypercritical might object that the programme was too long, and that Hummel's Mottetto suffered by being placed between two such works as the Mass in D and *Israel in Egypt*. But censure itself should be silent on the occasion like the present. How shall I describe the grandeur, the sublimity which characterised the performance of Beethoven's great work. Language, at least the language at my command—is too weak. The performance was indeed worthy of the composition, and the singers of Birmingham have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of their warmest admirers. They have deserved the sincerest thanks of every lover of genuine, classical music of the highest class. Never, I will venture to assert, was such a performance over heard in this country or in any other.

Last night the festival was brought to a close by Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. The attendance was not very large, although larger than that on the evening the *Creation* was given, while those who were present exhibited a much greater amount of enthusiasm than that manifested on any previous occasion.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, the National Anthem was given—Mad. Rudersdorff and Mlle. Patti taking the solos. Then followed a whirlwind of applause, from orchestra, soloists, chorus, and audience, for Mr. Costa, who fully deserved it, considering the unremitting attention he has devoted to everything connected with his department—no limited one, you will admit. It is a source of regret for all lovers of good music, that no orchestral symphony was included in the programme of the miscellaneous concerts. Such an omission is the more to be deplored, with such a conductor as Mr. Costa to wield the baton, and such an orchestra as that at his command to play a work of this class. With this drawback, the Festival of 1861, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense, may be pronounced the most successful ever given in Birmingham.—*Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Homeward Bound.

Our readers were informed some time ago that Mr. Dwight had taken passage on the Great Eastern, whose homeward voyage came to such a sudden end. They will doubtless be pleased to learn of his safety and to read his account of

the disaster, which we take from a letter not intended for publication.

OFF QUEENSTOWN (Ireland), Sept. 18, 1861.

You will be anxiously waiting the "Great Eastern." The "Persia," which left Liverpool 4 days after us, will have arrived and report having met us (on the 16th), returning disabled. Thank God, we are saved!

We sailed on the 10th—smooth, quiet motion, and no sickness—but signs enough of want of organization on board—captain, crew, stewards and all were new, almost as much lost on this great ship as the passengers—all in confusion. On the third day (Thursday) a violent gale struck us. The great ship rolled awfully, I never saw a ship roll so (she had no ballast, scarcely any cargo, stood 35 feet out of water to 25 feet under and was top-heavy). I went down into the elegant Saloon and began to read. Presently a lurch, and all the tables, sofas, chairs, mirrors, &c., were dashed back and forth across the room six or eight times with violence—becoming a perfect wreck. I chanced to sit upon the only sofa, which did not start. The skylights (unfastened) were lifted by the wind and smashed. Soon another and worse shaking up—women and children were swept back and forth across the floor with the broken chairs and crockery—some badly hurt, and men cut in hands and face trying to save them. A number of us clung to that sofa and there staid all night till daylight in momentary expectation of destruction during several hours of it. Reports from the deck came in worse and worse—five or six boats were swept away, the paddle wheels broken off, the rudder useless, there was no power left to guide or manage the ship, she could only drift there in the trough of that merciless, tremendous sea—rolling, rolling, day after day, night after night, so that it was seldom safe to go from room to room. Stairs and banisters, on all sides gave way—nothing was firm enough to lean upon. All the internal "fixings," furniture, &c., of dining rooms and all, proved a flimsy sham? In short the ship had been sent out utterly un-sea-worthy.

Morning showed a sad wreck internally, and an almost hopeless prospect outwardly. For the violent wind and sea continued, and we had no means to head our course—no power left but the screw, that useless without the rudder—and the broken rudder swung against and damaged the screw! (The rudder post which broke, was of wrought iron, 10 inches thick!)

Friday afternoon (2d day) the wind abated; but the sea did not. I have slept—or tried to sleep in my clothes from that night till now. Then came an attempt to rig a spar for a rudder—it cost a day's work, and failed! We were drifting though in the right direction, sidewise, towards Ireland—to put back, being our only chance.

Saturday, (3d day), we found that nearly all our trunks were ruined—they would not let us take them to our state-rooms, and we had to leave them out on the floor of a great wide section of the third deck. There hundreds of well packed trunks had been shaken up like dice in the great iron box of a room, and trunks and contents all smashed and "chewed up" into pulp!

That day a passenger, Mr. H. E. Towle, of Boston, a civil engineer, devised, and with incredible labor and skill carried out a plan for restoring our rudder head by means of a huge chain cable. On Sunday afternoon it was tried and (thank God!) succeeded! We could use the screw, and that has brought us slowly to this point, which we reached yesterday at sundown.

Gleanings from Mendelssohn's Letters.

(Translated for this Journal by W. B.)

ROME, JUNE 6, 1831. (To his parents.) The Italians are naturally lazy. To work is to them a

disagreeable necessity, resorted to only to procure money. This is the reason that there is so little industry and competition; that Donizetti finishes an opera in ten days; it is hissed down, but that does not matter, as he is paid for it and may go promenading again. Lest by a series of failures his reputation might suffer and he be obliged to work hard to get it up again, which would be uncomfortable, he sometimes takes three weeks for the making of an Opera and takes special pains with a couple of pieces, to have them please much. After that he can write meanly again for a while and go promenading. In this manner their painters paint those incredibly poor pictures, which rank even much lower than their poor music.

PARIS, DEC. 19, 1831. (To his Father).—Every one of the Opera Librettos brought out here lately would not, according to my conviction, have had the least success in Germany. Moreover the chief tendency in all of them is such, that one must turn right against it—although I acknowledge the times want it and that upon the whole we ought rather to go with the times than against—I mean the immorality in all of them. When, in "Robert le Diable," the nuns, one after another come forward and try to seduce the hero, until at last the abess succeeds; when the hero is put by a charm into the chamber of his sweetheart and then throws her upon the floor, in a group which is applauded by the public here and probably will be also applauded by the public in Germany, and when then, in an Aria, she asks for pity at his hands; or, when in another opera, a young girl undresses herself, telling in a song how twenty-four hours later she will be married—that has produced an effect, but I have no music for it. For it is vulgar, and if such should be wanted by the opera-goers and be thought indispensable, I would write church-music.

GENOA, JULY, 1831. (To a Lady friend who had asked him to compose for her Zedlitz's descriptive poem of the "Midnight review.") I like to take everything connected with music very seriously, and deem it unpardonable to compose anything which I do not feel through and through. That would seem to me like telling a lie; for notes have a meaning just as well defined as words, and perhaps more so. Now I think it altogether impossible to set a descriptive poem to music. The large number of compositions of this kind which exist do not prove the case against me, but rather speak in my favor; for I do not know one which is satisfactory. One has to choose between a dramatic style and a merely story-telling manner. In the "Erliking" one composer expresses the howling of the wind through the willow-tree, the wailing of the child, the clattering of the horse's hoofs; the other imagines a ballad-singer who chants the horrible tale quietly, just as one tells a ghost-story. The latter mode is the more correct of the two (Reichart has almost always chosen it) but still it will not come natural to me; the music is in my way; it excites my fancy more to read such a poem to myself and imagine the rest, than to hear it read or painted for me.

Now, to compose the "Midnight review" in the story-telling style will not do because there is no one particular person who speaks and because the poem has not the proper ballad-ring to it. I should rather call it a clever fancy than a poem, for it is to me evident that the poet lacked belief in the nebulous personages of his own creating. I might have done it in the descriptive style, like *Neukomm* and *Pischhof*, in Vienna; I might have introduced the long roll of drums in the bass, bugle-blasts in the treble and sundry other dismal sounds; but I think too highly of my serious tones; all these imitations have to me a comic character, they remind me of the illustrations in children's first spelling books where the trees are

all colored with very bright green, to make the children aware that they are intended for trees. And to write and send away something indifferent, that I should not be satisfied with myself; would not do, especially in your case, to whom I would always give the best.

(No date. To Edward Devrient.) You scold me because I am twenty-two years old, and not yet a far-famed man. I can only respond that if God had willed that I should be famous at twenty-two, I should very likely have become so; it is not my fault, for I write neither for fame nor for a chapel-master's place. It were very nice if both these things should come to me; but as long as I do not suffer want it is my duty to write as I feel in my heart and to leave the result to Him who has the care of more and more important matters. One thing only I am trying to do better and better, and that is to compose precisely as I feel and to have less and less outward considerations. When I have done a piece, I have done my duty, and I little care whether it yields me fame, honor, decorations, gold snuffboxes etc.—You want me to write Operas altogether and think me wrong not to have done this already. My answer is: give me a good libretto and it shall be composed in very few months; for my longings to write an Opera grow stronger every day; I know it might become something fresh and merry, if I could only find such a libretto now; but then, it is missing. And, to a text which does not fire me up thoroughly, I do not want to compose.—You certainly do not want me to be idle until I shall have found a libretto—even if this could be? And to have written just now several sacred pieces, has been an inner need with me, just as one sometimes feels a craving to read a particular book—the Bible or something else—and would feel content only with that book at that time and none other. If they remind of Seb. Bach, it is again not my fault, for I have written as I felt it, and if over the words I have got into a mood like old Bach's, I am the more glad for it. You will not think that I copy his forms, without anything in it; if I did attempt that, a feeling of repugnance and emptiness would stop me very soon. I have also since composed some grand music again, which may have some worldly success (the first Walpurgis-night by Goethe) which might be worth something to me, and I have also begun this morceau solely because I found pleasure in it and it put me in good spirits. As to the execution, I have not thought of it. But, now that it lies here finished before me, I see that it might very well make a *Concertstück*; in my first subscription concert at Berlin you must sing the part of the venerable high-priest; I have written it for you, and you must sing it or tell me why not. Beside, as I have this experience that pieces that I write without any thought of the singers, have the best success, I think it will be the same in this case, I mention this only to show you, that I do think of the practical. To be sure I do so only afterwards; but who, the d—, can write music, which is the least practical thing in the world (for which reason I am so fond of it) and, while at it, think of the practical! It is just as if one would put his confession of love into rhymes and verses at home, and deliver it to his beloved by heart.

I am going to Munich (where I have been offered an opera libretto,) to see if there is there a man-poet, for I repeat, I will only have to do with a man who has the sacred fire and talent, without meaning to say, however, that he must be a giant. If I do not find him at Munich, I shall endeavor, solely for that purpose, to make the acquaintance of Immermann. In case he should satisfy me no better, I shall go to London. It seems to me as if my *phenix* always flies from me, but what can I do, fishing for him in the crowd? He lives neither at the Hotel Reichmann nor next door. Where is he then? Write me some day about it, although I believe that the good God

sends us everything—even operas—when we need them, but that is no reason we should not bestir ourselves, and not give ourselves the trouble to look about us.

I wish this devil of a libretto were found! Meanwhile, I am doing as good things as I can, and I hope to improve, moreover. As to the rest, I am not responsible. We have agreed on this, at home. So, there is enough about this dry text; I am nervous again and almost ill-humored, and I had promised I never would be so any more.

New Publications.

LLOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF MISSOURI, published by J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, is a large scale, colored in counties, and gives a clear idea of the localities of such intense interest. Price 25 cents.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for September, (L. Scott & Co's reprint) is received. The contents are: The Rector; Meditations on Dyspepsia; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; The Peruvian War of 1856-'57; The Memory of Monboddo; A Day at Antwerp; Rabens and Ruskin; Phaethon; and the Art-Student at Rome.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CONCERTS.—The only Concerts during the past week have been given by Mrs. VARIAN. The last one was pleasantly diversified from the customary mixture of Songs and Piano-pieces by the introduction of a two-piano-piece by Herz, the musical *prestidigitateur* of yore, and a Piano Trio, or, at least part of one, by Beethoven. The first, though as brilliant as could be, unfortunately consisted of variations on the air "O dolce concerto," which must now be considered somewhat out of fashion. Beethoven's Trio was the composer's arrangement of the ever welcome, ever beautiful Septet. We, however, think this the least attractive form of the three which Beethoven chose for this composition, the arrangement for String quintet being the third. The Piano does almost all the work and the Strings are doing accompaniment. The beautiful Adagio and first Menuet, which would have given a chance to Mr. COENEN to show his familiarity with the classic style, were omitted, we suppose on account of the length of the programme. We cannot help thinking, however, that most of those present, and certainly all those who knew the Septet, would very willingly rather have missed the *Trovatore* song and the German Fatherland. Mrs. VARIAN sang as well and looked as charming as usual. Mr. HOFFMANN rendered the Septet-music very well and shone in several more showy pieces.

MUSIC AT THE WEST CHURCH.—This Church—one of the most ancient in Boston—stands at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, and was built and dedicated in the year 1806. The present pastor, Rev. Dr. BARTOL, was installed in 1835, and is now in the twenty-fourth year of his ministry, an earnest and able preacher, beloved and respected by all.

His congregation is numerous, influential and wealthy, as may be inferred from the fact that during the past season—universally conceded to be the most trying and stringent in financial affairs ever experienced in this country—they have had a new organ erected, at an expense of about \$5,000, which is entirely paid for.

Of this new Organ we gave a description in the *Journal* of September 28th. Since its completion, the musical services have been so ably conducted, and assumed such prominence in the devotional exercises of the church, that we have thought some account of them would prove interesting to our readers.

The music has always been above mediocrity—in fact, the intelligent, cultivated, and appreciative con-

gregation would tolerate none other—but, of late, it has very much improved, although the organization of the choir remains substantially the same. This is doubtless owing to the new incentives to improvement furnished by the acquisition of the superb Organ, and consequent additional interest felt by the members of the choir, as well as to the beautiful accompaniments produced from the new instrument by the skilful organist, Mr. J. R. SHARLAND.

The choir is arranged somewhat upon the antiphonal plan with four voices on each side, forming a double quartet or choir which alternate in singing the different verses of a hymn, the full choir joining in the last verse, with graceful and pleasing effect. In choir number one, Miss GILSON is the soprano singer. She possesses a highly cultivated and flexible voice, under full control, giving her the power to execute compositions of an high order. Mrs. SHARLAND, the contralto, has a very fine voice, and we heard her last Sabbath sing a solo, in which the artistic and devotional elements were combined in a manner highly creditable both to her ability and taste. The tenor and bass parts are sustained by Messrs. CONEY and STORER respectively, both singers of considerable merit, with voices which harmonize well with the others.

Two excellent amateur singers—sisters—take the soprano and contralto parts in choir number two, and are balanced in tenor and bass by Messrs. T. WILSON and J. CLARK. The whole form a very effective choir, and as an evidence of their capabilities we will simply state the fact that they occasionally sing a full verse without any accompaniment whatever, making all the harmonies and modulations in perfect tune and keeping accurate time together.

The style of the music is left (as it should be) to the judgment and discretion of the organist and leader, who shows excellent taste in his selections, and makes use of such works as the "Grace Church Collection," "Church and Home," "Cantata Ecclesiæ," and "Tuckerman's Collection," together with the music, selections and adaptations from the works of the great composers, arranged by himself.

In singing the last hymn, which is usually some plain, old-fashioned melody, the congregation unite with the choir—a practice recently introduced at the instance of the pastor, who is an enthusiastic and devoted admirer of the "art divine."

Mr. Sharland, the organist, who has been an amateur musician for many years, and has now adopted it as a profession, is doubtless well known to many of our Boston readers. He has had considerable experience as an organist, and for the past six or seven years has officiated in this capacity at the West Church—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way. He is a very thorough musician, and that he possesses a considerable knowledge of harmony and contrapuntal science, in addition to an exquisite taste and great natural talent, is abundantly shown by the ability displayed in the construction of his *extempore* voluntaries and interludes. The building up of this choir and the elevation of the music to its present high standard are the result of his indefatigable efforts, and he has now the satisfaction of having at command a choir capable of performing their sacred duties in a manner worthy of the worship of God in His Sanctuary.

STOCKHOLM.—Herr Ignaz Lachner, who is now appointed conductor at the Stadttheatre, in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, after having acted as conductor in the Theatre Royal of this city for the space of three years, wielded the *bâton* here for the last time in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*. After the performance, Herr A. Randel, the composer, presented him, on the part of the band, with a large silver goblet, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Herr Ignaz Lachner, Conductor and Knight of various orders, by his friends, the members of the Royal Orchestra, Stockholm, the 22d June, 1861." Herr Strandberg then presented him, in the name of the members of the Operatic Company, with a brilliant ring, on which was inscribed in Swedish, "Minne af Stockholms Scens lyriska Artister" (A memento from the lyrical Artists of the Theatre, Stockholm).

WEIMAR, AUGUST 13, 1861. — Three weeks ago we went a little journey a few miles into the country, to Schwartzburg, one of the most beautiful points in the famous scenery of Thuringia. But none of the scenery in this part of Germany is to be compared with much we have at home, even with the little I have seen of American scenery. Of course we cannot expect here the grandeur of our New Hampshire mountains, these being poor little dwarf hills at best — but it is a little annoying to have the Germans look around at you with such an air of satisfaction, and say, "Well now, isn't that a great deal nicer than anything you ever saw at home?" This journey which we made the other day, was, I must say, the most comfortable of any I ever took. The finest portion was some six or seven miles of walking, over a mountain and through a lovely valley lined on either side by high hills and precipices. The way through the latter was bordered with large trees and followed by a clear cool stream, and though it was a warm summer day we were quite protected from the heat, and at liberty to enjoy the scenery without being obliged to swelter for it. That I call travelling for pleasure. A great deal that goes by that name is in reality harder work, than any of us would do at home without complaining bitterly. The mountain, too, over which we climbed was equally obliging in respect to trees along the path, and we had the addition of cool moss for the feet the whole way. Arriving at the highest point, we got a pretty view of the surrounding mountains and valleys with the little village of Schwartzburg, with its houses dropped in amongst the hills and its castle in the middle, so surrounded by verdure that it looked from where we stood like a child's baby house set in fresh green moss. When we reached Schwartzburg we visited this castle, which is very old, and once belonged to one of the rulers of Sachsen who was poisoned by his wife, a Mrs. Gardner of old. (By the way what has become of Mrs. Gardner?) In the castle we were shown the usual set of curiosities which all well bred castles are presumed to have on hand, i. e., the bed of Martin Luther, the boots which Gustavus Adolphus wore at the battle of Lützen, and the horse-shoe which John the Strong snapped between his fingers. These curiosities, I may safely say, I have been shown in every castle I ever visited in Germany. This one had some articles new to me, for instance the sword of Bernard of Weimar, really a beautiful thing, quantities of guns and pistols, shields and helmets belonging to other old heroes, which I could not help admiring for their beauty of workmanship, even when my incredulity would not admit of my doing so on account of their exceedingly doubtful owners. If Gustavus Adolphus did really wear every pair of boots at the battle where he was killed, which are shown for his, he must have paid a great deal more attention to his dress that day than great generals would be presumed to pay at such a time.

I must tell you about the Artist's Festival here. It was a great affair. Musicians came from all parts of Germany. Composers, pianists, violinists, teachers, every one who had anything to do with music. Liszt kept open house, and some of the most noted musicians who lived with him, were Wagner, the great German composer, Dreyschock, Bülow, and Jaell. Wagner has been living in Switzerland since 1848, having been exiled from Germany for having taken part in the revolution. He made a little speech at a supper while here, and told how homesick he had been in foreign lands, and how glad he was to get back among German friends again. He has been pardoned. The festival lasted four days; there being three concerts and three full rehearsals. Sunday, the first day, a Mass of Beethoven was performed in the church. A chorus of about two hundred, I should think an orchestra of half the number, and very good solos by singers from Berlin, Leipzig and here. Nothing in America can compare with

the chorus singing here. The reason is, not that the voices are better, for the contrary is the fact, but they are better drilled. American chorus societies do not think it necessary to practice much. They suppose if they can read the music, that is enough, while here they practice every chorus over and over again. I presume the Weimar Society have been rehearsing for this festival for the last six months. The Germans have a great many boys in their choruses. The effect is very fine, and little bits of boys are trained to sing the high parts, and sing with a sweetness and accuracy unrivalled by any lady's voice. They are usually poor boys, who receive a musical education in return for their services. When their voices are worn out, which is the case after a few years, they study some instrument or compose. The second concert was in the theatre, and was devoted to Liszt's symphonies, Prometheus and Faust. The two took up the evening. No one could listen to these works without feeling that Liszt is a great composer, and that some day, probably not till after his death, the talk will be of Liszt and his works, instead of as it now is, Liszt and his playing. A pianist has only a short reputation. In a hundred years everybody is dead who has heard and can tell of his performances, but a composer lives forever, in his works. Liszt seems to be ambitious of an eternal fame, and he will certainly get it. His music is very hard to understand, and must be heard several times before one likes it very much, but it is very elaborate and full of thought. It has a great many enemies now. The third concert was also in the theatre, and the programme was made up of manuscript works of living German composers. Most of them were there, and directed their own pieces. Some of it was good and some bad. At this concert, Tausig, a young pianist from Vienna, played a concerto of Liszt's very finely. I, together with every one else, had free tickets to all the rehearsals and concerts and enjoyed it very much. And now I have come to the bad part of my story. Liszt has left Weimar, it is said forever. He went a few days after the festival. I went to see him a day or two before he left. He was very friendly, asked me what I played, and said if he had time he would call and hear me play. He advised me to go to Berlin, and take lessons of his son-in-law, Hans von Bülow. I asked him if there was no prospect of his coming back, and he smiled and shook his head — said he should stay a month or two in Germany, and then go to Italy and perhaps Greece. But to-day I have heard that there is some prospect of his coming back, after all. The Grand Duke has made him lord chamberlain as a last resort to induce him to remain. It is a terrible loss to Weimar. Her only great man is gone now; fifty years ago nearly all the genius of Germany was centred in this little city, when Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Herder made it their home. —

MUSIC.—The war has injured the business of nearly every one to a certain degree, and trade of all kinds, in consequence, has greatly decreased. However, we have noticed with pleasure, that the old and firmly established house of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, issues even more than their usual quantity of music, and continues to publish without being affected by the common cry of "no business doing."

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A very taking Song for the times. It has been sung at the Museum and was encored every time. It is again on the bill this week. Theatrical establishments all over the country should bring it out at once. This would not only be judicious but also a patriotic move.

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The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

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Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription.

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Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 498.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 3.

Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the gather'd sheaves,
See ye not the falling leaves?
Farewell!

Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;
See not ye the altered sky?
Know ye not the winter's nigh?
Farewell!

Go; fly in noisy bands
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travel strange):
Thence range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide
O'er the restless rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide;
Farewell!
In groves far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands,
In bands
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away,
And to each coming evil say—
Farewell!
Yet 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with cares to strive.
And I some day may tell,
How they before me fell
Conquered. Then calmly die,
And cry
"Trials and toil—Farewell!"

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussek, Dussek, Dussek.

And now to Tomaschek's reminiscences.

"In the year 1804," writes he, "my countryman Dussek came to Prague, with whom I very soon became acquainted. He gave a concert in the Convict hall to a very large audience, in which after the overture, he played his military concerto; after the first few bars of his solo, the public uttered one general 'Ah!' There was in fact something magical in the mode in which Dussek, with all his charming grace of manner, through his wonderful touch, drew from his instrument delicious and at the same time emphatic tones. His fingers were like a company of ten singers, who possessing a perfectly equal executive power, can produce exactly, whatever their

leader wishes. I never saw the Prague public so enchanted, as then by Dussek's splendid playing.

His truly declamatory style, especially in cantabile movements, stands as the ideal for every artistic performance—something, which no other pianist since has reached.

His fantasia, which consisted mainly of mere broken chords, was utterly worthless, until he came to the Rondo of a sonata in C minor, with which he ended it. Dussek was also the first, who placed his instrument sideways on the stage, in which our pianoforte heroes in their ridiculous exhibitions (*gaukelspiel*) all follow him—even when they have no interesting profile to exhibit.

I gave my countryman much of my time—I offered it gladly—and in return he played most of his difficult sonatas to me, by which in the matter of touch I gained much. To form a judgment of my talent for composition, he also visited me, and as he repeated his visits often, I of course could with reason conclude, that my productions were not disagreeable to him; we also not unfrequently played sonatas for four hands together. He left Prague and, pursued by fate in all the turns and windings of life, died soon after in Paris, in the service of the super-fine Talleyrand." (In which last sentence Tomaschek has continued to convey an incorrect impression). This matter of the dates given by these writers still troubles me; as Dlabacz and Tomaschek were both residents of Prague, both musicians, both interested in the musical history of that city, how, in case Dussek was there both in 1802 and 1804, could both of them have known of, or recorded, but one of these visits? Another difficulty with Tomaschek's date is the intimate relations at the time existing between Dussek and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, which, from the accounts we have of this intimacy render it—not impossible—but improbable, that he went on the then long and weary journey to Prague in 1804. All we need in order to clear up the matter is a simple contemporary notice of a concert, or of his arrival at, his presence in, or departure from Prague—but such a notice thus far is wanting.

But to Louis Ferdinand. This was that prince, whom Beethoven (*Wegeler* and *Ries*, p. 110) so highly (as he thought) complimented, by telling him, "he played not at all royally or princely, but like a strong pianist." From the various descriptions of him, which I have seen, I have formed in fancy the picture of a man (in 1802) of 30 years of age, tall and noble in person, and of remarkable mental powers—a true case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was his misfortune to be a prince of the Prussian royal house—not high enough in rank to be called into public political service,—too high to engage in any useful occupation.

His active comprehensive mind could not rest; and he threw himself at one time with all energy into literary and scientific studies—an old journal of the time informs its readers that Prince

Louis Ferdinand is devoting himself to the study of *Greek*—then into artistic pursuits—then abandoned himself into dissipation in all forms, then suddenly allowed his better nature full play again, and so on. He fell in the fight at Saalfeld, Oct. 12, 1806.

As to his relations with Dussek I translate from him, who noticed, in the *L. M. Zeitung*, Aug. 19, 1807, Dussek's "*Elegie harmonique sur la Mort de S. A. R. le Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse, &c.*," from the late Ludwig Rellstab, in the reminiscences of Berlin music, in *Bote & Bocks musical Journal*, 1850, and from Spohr's "*Selbst biographie*."

The former closes one of those beautifully involved German sentences, which require a double barrelled memory to retain the beginning to the end, in about these terms; "the bad principle drew him (Prince L. F.) deeply into stupefying sensual pleasures; the good attracted him most powerfully to that art which has less to do with earth than any other occupation of heart or soul—music. And now must he attempt the destruction of a world and the creation of one new and more beautiful—or rather annihilate his old self and give the better part at his being free course. Fate and those to whom in his outward circumstances he was subject, gave him opportunity to effect the latter, and he embraced it.

"In his later days—I mean, say, the last five or six years of his life—in which he turned again to music with all the fiery ardor of his soul, as the means of pouring out his feelings and of finding nobler and purer recreation, and occasional hours, at least, of peace of mind—at this period came Herr Dussek to Berlin. The Prince had indeed studied music in his youth and had never wholly neglected it; but his soul was now for the first time open to its hidden worth—to its higher and more spiritual value. He had just now need of a man, who could aid him in learning to express fully and correctly, what he wished to say through musical tones; who could fully enter into the spirit of that which he produced and enjoy it with him; who could afford him intellectual food in productions exquisitely suited to the feelings and to taste of the prince; and, who finally, apart from their common art, would prove an amiable and pleasant companion. All this he found in Dussek in a higher degree than in all the other musicians of his acquaintance. Dussek was all this to him and the prince in return was all in all to Dussek.

"And in fact Dussek must have been to this Prince, what no other person could be,—speaking now, of course, only in regard to their musical relations. His strength as a composer, in my opinion, lies in the peculiar, new, striking and brilliant character of his invention, and, in the matter of working out his ideas, in the fire and soul, which are seldom wanting in the compositions of the prince.

"Dussek's playing is astounding in execution, sure, fiery, always effective—it is in all respects what is now-a-days called the *grand style*—I use

the term to distinguish it from the *gallant*, the highly ornamented delicate manner of playing for instance Himmel's); and such was the performance of Louis Ferdinand — only not so pure and neat as Dussek's. Hence arose relations between them, which justify Dussek in saying in the few lines of preface accompanying the work under notice; 'L'Auteur, qui a eu le bonheur de jouir du commerce tres-intime de S. A. R., ne l'a quitté qu'au moment, ou il a versé son précieux sang pour sa patrie'—relations, which give him the right to express, in the art they both so highly prized, his feelings at the hero's death, and to offer this work to the glorious manes of the deceased."

Now from Rellstab, who is speaking of the early years of this century, and in relation to Berlin.

"The pianoforte, which, in its independence of the instruments and for all classes of society in so far as they have anything to do with music, plays the most important part, had several most distinguished names among its votaries. The favorite player of Berlin, and decidedly the first in most delicate purity, elegance and finish of style was Himmel, a man created by nature to be the central point in the *musical salons*, an expression, *not* then in vogue. By far greater, and most decidedly so, was Dussek, not only as a virtuoso, but also as composer for the instrument; he had moreover obtained a corresponding European fame, while Himmel was but a local celebrity, although as such he had been raised to the pinnacle of admiration and favor. To these names belongs a third, that of Prince Louis Ferdinand; these three formed through a period of considerable length an almost inseparable artistic brotherhood."

Passing over what is said of Himmel, here follow the remarks upon Dussek, and the Prince.

"I now come to Dussek. It is not possible, for me at least, to picture him as one of the *musical* celebrities of Berlin of that period; he belongs more especially to an earlier one (the close of the last century) and was only traditionally known in the particular period, which is now under consideration. He was incontestibly a greater virtuoso than Himmel, one of the first of *European* pianoforte celebrities. He had in his eminent technical resources a much wider basis for various development, and both as player and as composer had done far more for the elevation of the instrument than Himmel; so that he rightly demands a place in the history of the pianoforte, to which the other, in spite of his local and well-earned reputation, can no way lay claim. We in fact are hardly justified in speaking of Dussek in this place—but then he had occupied a position in the musical art of Berlin, which is vividly felt even in our own period. He was joined with the ingenious Prince Louis Ferdinand and Himmel in a close musical union, the influence of which is in the highest degree valuable. The Prince, whose heroic death added immensely to the significance of his life, was at that time an artistic power in society, which though perhaps owing somewhat to his rank for its splendor, must have been in and for itself of the greatest importance, so intimately combined with and so transfused through all his other generous personal qualities, was the artistic side of his nature. In him were combined in fullest measure the noblest powers and instincts for love

and art, which it is true had to struggle with a sensual element, spirited and fiery, in working their way to a pure development and the noble ends for which they were bestowed; but which in this very conflict and struggle were something grand and of noble portent."

What is said now of the prince's pianoforte playing, is out of place here, and I pass on to where Dussek's name again appears.

"The prince played a great deal in company with Dussek; several compositions for two pianofortes and many others for four hands, plainly owe their origin to the relations between the great virtuoso and the richly endowed prince. Himmel, also, as before stated, was often their companion in *play* in the real signification of the term, and both, Himmel and Dussek, were the prince's favorite associates at the wine cup. What sort of influence in these matters Dussek may have exerted upon the character of the prince is to me unknown; but Himmel possessed, as we have indicated, that lively and joyous, that good-natured and amiable view of life, which is like sparkling foam of Champagne, and which is as a rule, the most welcome, when brothers in art of high intellectual qualities make the full glasses ring. And so the Prince, Dussek and Himmel formed a musical triad, each exciting, vivifying and strengthening the others—but in which Dussek, as a virtuoso upon the pianoforte, decidedly took the first place."

"Spohr had come (winter 1804-5) via Dresden to Berlin with the singer Rosa Alberghi, where he appeared with her in a concert (March 13, 1805).

While making arrangements for this concert he presented his letters of introduction and was invited to several music parties.

"The second music party—to which my fellow-traveler was also invited—was at Prince Louis Ferdinand's. We drove thither together and were most politely received by our host. We found there a very distinguished company—men adorned with orders, women dressed in the height of fashion, and the first artists of Berlin. I met here also an old Hamburg acquaintance, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso and composer Dussek, who was now the prince's teacher and lived with him. The music began with a pianoforte quartette, which was played by him in real artistic perfection. Then I followed. Made wiser by my recent mistake (Spohr had played one of Beethoven's Quartetts, op. 18, at Prince Radziwill's to the disgust of his auditors), I chose to-day only compositions in which I could exhibit my powers as a violinist, namely a quartett and the variations in G, by Rode. My playing gained the liveliest applause and Dussek especially seemed to be enchanted with it. My beloved Rosa also gained universal commendation by her singing of an air to which Dussek played the accompaniment.

"After the musical performances were over the Prince gave one of the ladies his arm and led the way, every gentleman at a hint from him following his example, into the dining room where a splendid meal was served. Each man seated himself without ceremony by the lady whom he had conducted to the room; I by my dear fellow-traveler. At first the conversation, though free and easy, was not indecent. But when the champagne began to foam in the glasses, things were said unfit for the modest ears of an innocent

girl. I therefore, so soon as I discovered that those fashionable women did not, as I had supposed, belong to the court, but more likely to the ballet, began to devise means of secretly getting away with my companion. I succeeded in getting to my coach, without attracting the attention of the company and without hindrance, and returned with Rosa to her mother. Next day I was told that the prince's music-parties generally ended with such orgies."

In the autumn of the same year, in October apparently, Spohr was again with the Prince and Dussek, of which he writes thus:

"Before I entered upon my new office (concertmaster at Gotha), I received a letter from Dussek, who wrote me that his patron, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was going to attend the grand military manœuvres at Magdeburg and desired me to be his guest during that time, and to take part in the musical performances, which he intended to give. The prince he said, would write to the Duke and gain for me leave of absence. This was at once granted. I journeyed therefore to Magdeburg and found in the house, which the prince had engaged for himself and his followers, a chamber designed for me.

Here I led a strange, wildly boisterous life, which however for a short time was very welcome to my youthful tastes. Often at six o'clock in the morning I, as well as Dussek, was driven out of bed and sent, in dressing gown and slippers, to the prince in the reception room, where, in consequence of the great heat of the weather he was already sitting at the pianoforte in a still thinner costume—often with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. Now began the trying over and rehearsal of music for the evening, and this through the prince's zeal would often last so long that the hall would become by degrees filled with officers with all their stars and orders. The costume of the musicians then contrasted strangely enough with the brilliant uniforms of the courtiers. However this was not of the slightest importance to the prince, who never ceased until everything went to his satisfaction. Now we made our toilets in all haste, took our breakfast and then rode out to the manœuvres." * * * But the prince was soon recalled from his Magdeburg exile and I, dismissed with hearty thanks, by the Prince, could return to Brunswick. Dussek told me when I took leave of him, that the Prince had intended to make me a present, but there was such an ebb in his finances, that he was forced to put it off to some later and more fortunate time. That time however never came, as the Prince next year met his fate at Saalfeld."

It is difficult to get at the truth in relation to any one born to a title, on the continent. We get nothing but eulogies. For princes, the catalogue is printed without negatives. And so this prince Louis Ferdinand is made a hero; indeed some woman or other in Berlin has written a long, wearisome novel, of the Heribert Rau and Elise Polko order, founded upon the prince's history.

God be thanked that English and American writers have not yet sunk so low as to make Byron, Nelson, and men of that stamp the subjects of weak romancers, or the English and American public so low as to purchase works of the kind. Thus far this kind of literature is reserved for our French and German neighbors. Mrs. Stowe's

use of Aaron Burr in the "Minister's Wooing," was not so successful as to lead to a repetition of the mistake, it is to be hoped.

The truth in regard to Prince Ferdinand clearly is, that the ruined debauchee, a man naturally of splendid qualities and uncommon talent, after having exhausted his powers of sensual pleasure, compounded with his creditors and squared accounts with the world, by — unnecessarily throwing away, in the skirmish at Saalfeld, a life not worth preserving.

A man is known by the company he keeps — and hence the intimacy between Dussek and Louis Ferdinand is that which gives the worst impression of the moral character of the former.

(To be continued.)

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

LEIPZIG, AUG. 11, 1830.

DEAR MOTHER:

"How the traveling musician celebrated his grand unlucky day in Salzburg."

An extract from the unwritten diary of Count F. M. B. * * *. (Continuation).

As soon as I had finished my last letter to you the most unlucky of unlucky days began to dawn upon me. I took my pencil and contrived to spoil two of my favorite drawings in the mountains of Bavaria so completely, that I had to tear them out of my book and throw them out of the window. That provoked me and to recover my equanimity I took a walk upon the Capuzinerberg. That I lost my way is a matter of course; and at the moment when I did reach the top, it began to rain fearfully, and I must open my umbrella and hasten down again. At all events I could see the inside of the convent, and so rang; then it suddenly occurred to me that I had not money enough in my pocket to pay the monk for showing me about; as they take such a circumstance very ill, I just busied myself in getting away as fast as possible, without waiting to speak with the porter. Then I finished making up my package for Leipzig and took it to the postoffice; there I was told I must first have it examined at the custom-house. So I went to the custom-house; there they kept me waiting an hour, while they were making out a certificate of three lines, and in other respects acted so rowdyish that I had to give them a scolding. Hang Salzburg, thought I, and ordered horses to Ischl, where I hoped to recover myself from all the pitch in my nest. "You can have no horses without permission from the police." To the police office. "You can have no permission until your passport has reached the office from the city gate." Why make so many words about it? After sending and running hither and thither a countless number of times came the desired post-chaise; I have eaten, had my things packed up, and now think my troubles over; the reckoning and the drink-money are paid. As I go out of the door two elegant traveling carriages come slowly to the house, and the people of the inn hurry out to meet the party who are approaching on foot. I, however, pay no attention to all this and take my seat in my own vehicle. In doing this I notice that one of the other carriages has stopped beside mine and a lady sits therein. And what a lady! That you may not think I fell in love with the lady, and that this was the crown of my ill luck, I will begin by saying she was elderly; but her looks were very amiable

and friendly; she wore a dark dress and a heavy gold chain; she put the drink-money into the postillion's hand and smiled beautifully in doing it. God knows why I fussed so long with my trunk and did not tell the coachman to drive on; I kept my eyes upon her, and all unknown to me as she was, I felt a strong impulse as though I must speak to her. Perhaps it was all imagination but no one can convince me that she did not look over to me and mark the shabby traveler with the student's cap. But when she got out of her carriage on the side next to me, and then stopped at my carriage door in such a familiar manner, and stood there awhile with her hand resting upon it — why, all my well-earned traveling routine was necessary to prevent me from getting out and asking, "Dear Lady, what is your name?" Routine, however, conquered, and I called out very grand, "Go on, Schwager!" * Then the lady withdrew her hand suddenly, and away we went. I was all out of spirits, thought over the ill luck of the day and went to sleep. A coach with two gentlemen passing us awakened me. The following dialogue passed between the Schwager and me.

I. They come from Ischl, and so I shall not be able to get any horses.

He. O, the two carriages which stopped there were also from there, and yet you will get horses.

I. And they came also from Ischl?

He. Yes, to be sure; they come every year thither, and last year they came here also; I was their driver; and she is a Baroness from Vienna, (Herr Gott! thought I) and she is fearfully rich, and has such beautiful daughters; when the two went down into the mine at Berthasgaden, I took them down: how pretty they looked in their miner's dresses. They have an estate, and yet are always pleasant and familiar with such as I.

Hold up — shouted I — what is the name?

He. Can't say.

I. Pereira? †

He. Guess not.

Go back, said I, decidedly.

He. Then you will not reach Ischl to-night, and we have just passed the worst mountain; you will find out about them at the station.

I began to doubt again; went on; at the station nobody knew the name, nor at the next; at length after seven incredibly impatient hours, I reach Ischl, and before leaving the carriage, ask, "Who left for Salzburg this morning with two post-chaises?" and receive the quiet answer,

"Baroness Pereira; to-morrow morning she goes on to Gastein, but is coming back in four or five days."

Now I had it for certain — spoke also with their coachman; not a member of the family had remained behind; the two gentlemen in the chaise, which had followed, were two of the sons (just the two whom I did not know). To crown my misery, I now remembered a wretched portrait, which Aunt H. once showed me — the Lady in the black dress was the Baroness Pereira. God knows when I shall ever have another chance of seeing her! I don't believe that she could ever have made a pleasanter impression upon me, and I shall certainly not so soon forget her charming figure and friendly looks. After all, these presentiments are unlucky affairs; they

* Schwager — brother-in-law — the familiar title given in the Salzburg region to a coachman.

† A relative of the Mendelssohns.

come easily enough, but we first find out, when it is too late, that they are such.

I would at once have turned about and ridden all night, had I not upon reflection seen, that at best I should only meet them at the very moment of their leaving Salzburg — perhaps not even that, and that I should spoil the plan of my tour and my visit to Vienna, should I go on with them to Gastein (for I had even thought of that) and finally, that Salzburg had proved only a "pitch nest" to me. So I exclaimed once more adieu, and went sadly out of sorts to bed. Next morning I had them show me the empty house, and I made a drawing of it for you, dear mother. But my ill-luck was still thundering in the distance so that I could find no good point of view — that they charged me over a ducat for the night in the inn, and the like. I cursed in English and German, went on, placed Ischl, Salzburg, the Pereira, the Traun lake, among the things that were, and so am here, where I have to-day had a day of rest. I think of going on to-morrow and day after to-morrow, God willing, to sleep in Vienna.

Thence, more. And so ended the unlucky day of my life; all is true; no fancy; not even the hand on my coach door, but all literal portrait. What I cannot at all understand is, that I completely overlooked Flora, who was also there; for the old lady in a Scotch cloak that went into the inn was Frau von W., and the old gentleman with green spectacles who followed her cannot possibly have been Flora. In short when things once go wrong there's no stopping them. I will write nothing else to-day, the provocation is still too fresh, next time I will tell about the Salzkammergut, and how fine the journey yesterday was, and how right it was on the part of Devrient, who advised me to take this route. So, too, the Traunstein and the Traun Waterfall are wondrously beautiful, and in fact the world in general is very sweet. Good is it, that you are in it, and that I shall find letters day after to-morrow, and much more.

Dear Fanny, now I will compose my *Non nobis* and the A minor Symphony.

Dear Rebecca, if you should hear me singing "im warmer Thal" with half cracked voice, you would find it almost too distressing. You do that sort of thing better.

Oh Paul! ‡ do you know how to get along with Schein gulden, and Wiener Wachring gulden, heavy gulden, light gulden, conventions gulden, the Devil and his Grandmother's gulden? I don't. I wish, therefore you were with me, and perhaps also for other reasons.

Fare you well. FELIX.

PRESBURG, (HUNGARY), APRIL 27, 1830.

MR. BROTHER!

Ringling of bells, drumming and music, carriage upon carriage, men running hither and thither, on all sides, picturesque crowds, that is the state of things about me here, for to-morrow is the coronation of the king, which the city has been waiting for since yesterday and praying the heavens to clear up and become pleasant for — for the grand ceremony, which should have taken place yesterday, had to be put off because of the continued and tremendous rain. But now since

‡ Paul Mendelssohn, as being in a banking house, may be supposed to have known something about Austrian money. Within these last few years all these different species of Gulden have given way to one which is decimally divided. — Tr.

noon, the sky has become blue and serene; the moon is shining quietly upon the boisterous city, and to-morrow as early as possible the crown prince is to take his oath (as king of Hungary) upon the great market-place; thence he goes with a long procession of bishops and the nobles of the empire to the church, and finally proceeds on horseback to the Königsberg (King's hill), which is here directly before my window, there upon the banks of the Danube to wave his sword towards the four cardinal points, and so take possession of his new kingdom.

In this short journey I have gained the knowledge of an entirely new country; for Hungary with its magnates, its Obergespann, § its oriental luxury, side by side with barbarism, can be seen here, and the streets offer me a sight, all unexpected and new. One really finds himself nearer the Orient; the frightfully stupid peasant Slaves; the land of gypsies; the servants and coaches of the nobles overloaded with gold and gems (for they themselves are at best but to be seen through the open windows of their carriages), then too the strangely saucy national costumes, the yellow complexion, the long mustaches, the soft, foreign speech — altogether it makes upon one the most striking impression in the world. Yesterday morning I rambled the streets alone; there came a long train of jolly soldiery upon their lively little horses; behind them was a troop of gypsies with music; then a lot of Vienna *elegants* with spectacles and gloves, talking with a Capuchin monk; then a squad of those small, half savage peasants, in long white coats, the hat down over the eyes, the black, smooth hair cut in a circle round their heads, skins of a reddish brown, exceedingly lazy in their motions and having an indescribable mingled expression of utter indifference and wild stupidity; then a pair of fine, keen-looking alumni of theology, walking arm in arm and clad in long blue coats; Hungarian owners of estates in the blue-black national dress; court servants; traveling carriages just arriving covered over and over with dirt. I followed the multitude as it moved slowly hill-upwards and so came at length to the ruined castle, whence one sees the entire city and far away down the Danube; and everywhere from the old white walls and from the towers and balconies above, the people were gazing down upon the scene; in every corner boys were standing and inscribing their names upon the walls for the benefit of posterity; in a small room (perhaps it was once a chapel or the bedroom of somebody) a whole ox was roasting, slowly turning upon the spit, while the people hurrahed in concert; a long line of cannon stands before the castle, ready to thunder in due form at the coronation; down in the Danube, which here rushes madly along and flies through the bridge of boats with arrow-like quickness, lies the new steamboat, which had just arrived beladen with strangers; to all this add the view far away out over the level, bushy country, over the meadows which the Danube overflows, the dikes and roads all alive with human beings, the hills planted from top to bottom with the vines of Hungary, all this is foreign and strange enough. Add, moreover, the pleasant contrast, that of living with the pleasantest and friendliest people, and to find with them the new doubly surprising — these were indeed more of those lucky days, dear Herr Brother, which beneficent Heaven has so often and richly conferred upon me.

§ The Counts of highest rank.—Tr.

The 28th, about 1 P.M. The king has gone through the ceremony. ¶ It was heavenly beautiful. Why should I make any long description? In an hour we all journey back to Vienna, and thence I go on my way. Under my window is a deadly tumult and the city guards are hurrying together, but only to shout *Vivat*. I made my way alone into the crowd, while our ladies saw all the proceedings from the windows, and the impression made upon me by all this incredible magnificence is ineffaceable. On the great square of the Brothers of Mercy, the people rushed together like mad, for it was there the oath was to be taken, on a tribune covered with cloth; this cloth the people had the right afterwards to appropriate to make themselves clothes; hard by too was a fountain spouting red and white Hungarian wines; the grenadiers could not keep the crowd back; an unlucky hackney coach, which stopped for an instant, was in an instant covered with people climbing up the wheels, lodging themselves on the roof, on the driver's seat, making a great ant-hill of the vehicle, so that the coachman, not to commit murder, had to stop there and wait quietly until all was over. When the procession approached, to which all heads uncovered themselves, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could get my hat off and hold it up over my head; this cut off the view of an old Hungarian, who stood behind me; he, however, at once devised a way, seized the hat, without saying "by your leave," and crushed it at a stroke so flat that it was hardly as large as a cap; then they yelled as if transfixed on spits and almost tore one another to pieces in struggling for the cloth; in short it was a mob — but my Hungarians! The scamps look as if they were born only to be nobles and do-nothings, and as if they were very melancholy about it, and ride like the devil. When the procession left the hill, first came the embroidered court servants, the drummers and trumpeters, the heralds and other menials, and then suddenly, in frightful leaps, *plein carriere*, a count on horseback sprang down the street like a madman; the horse is bridled with gold; the rider is completely covered with diamonds, real, heron feathers, and embroidered velvet, (You see he had not yet donned his richest costume, because he must ride like possessed, Count Sandor, the mad man is called); he carried an ivory sceptre in his hand and pricked his horse with it, and every time the horse sprang and made a powerful leap; when he had cooled down, comes a file of some sixty other magnates, all in like fantastic magnificence, all with beautiful colored turbans, jolly mustaches and dark eyes; one rides a white horse which he has covered with a golden net; a second, a gray, with diamonds all over the bridle; a third, a black, bedecked with purple stuff; one wears sky-blue from head to foot, thickly embroidered with gold, a white turban and a long white doliman; another is all dressed in cloth of gold with a purple doliman; and so each seems more parti-colored and richer than his neighbor, and all ride so boldly and recklessly that it is fun to see it; and now, at last, the Hungarian guard, Esterhazy at the head, dazzling the eyes with brilliants and embroidery of pearls; how can all this be described? One must have witnessed all this splendor to conceive it, as the procession arranged itself in the broad

¶ "Der König wäre unter die Haube gebracht."

square and stood still, and all the precious stones and variegated colors, and the lofty golden Bishops' mitres, and the crucifixes sparkled in the brightest sunlight, like a thousand stars!

Now then, to-morrow, God willing, I shall go on. Here you have a letter, Herr brother; write one also and soon, to me, and let me know how life goes with you. You have had an uprising in Berlin, also, and indeed, from journeymen tailors; what was the affair?

To you, your parents and your brothers and sisters, I say once again a farewell in leaving Germany; now I leave Hungary for Italy, and thence I will write oftener and more quietly. Be in good spirits, dear Paul, and push forward bravely; rejoice in all that's joyful, and think of thy brother, who rambles about the world. Farewell.

Thy FELIX.

Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves:

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors:
Moek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the brodered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
The right-hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to furthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

—Atlantic Monthly for October.

Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

(Continued from page 220.)

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Now let us step into the "property room." This is under the charge of an individual known as the "property man" of the theatre, and "theatrical properties" are the various articles other than dresses used in the representation of plays; consequently the property room of a large theatre is quite a museum, and really a very curious sight to one who visits it for the first time.

Here are embroidered purses of gold (filled with broken china and tin), fat pocket books of (news-papers) bank notes by rich old uncles in farces, kings' golden sceptres, fairies' tinsel wands, goblets of gold, flagons of silver, tin cups for peasants' revels, and papier mache chickens and roast beef for dinner scenes, caskets of jewels, gorgeous Dutch metal candelabras, signet rings for monarchs, and staffs for beggars and witches, Othello's handkerchief, the witches' cauldron, Romeo's vial of poison, Shylock's scales and knife, Falstaff's jug of sack, Friar Lau-

ronce's rosary, Prospero's wand, clubs for mobs, shillalaha for Irishmen, writing apparatus for lovers to write hurried letters, kings to sign death warrants, and spendthrift's heirs to draw bills, the "letters" used in different standard plays, all alphabetically arranged and properly superscribed ready for use, so that they serve whenever the play is performed, wills and deeds with broad seals and black marks made to look well "from the front," crown jewels, jugs of ale without the ale, and a thousand other things used in mimicking life and representing romance.

We must not, however, forget the armory part of the property man's charge, not the least curious part of his collection. Here the visitor finds stands of muskets enough for a company, glittering spears for a Roman legion, gleaming battle axes for barbarians, curved scimitars for Moslems, and straight blades for true cavaliers, Spanish rapiers, Highland claymores, Toledo blades, and English broadswords. The *fusces* of the Roman lictors and pole-axes of the Queen's guard stand side by side, the executioner's big axe and block repose grimly in a corner, while on the walls are daggers of all sorts and sizes, from the delicate one which the maiden draws as a protection against dishonor, to the broad blade bared by the murderer or 'front wood robber,' who steps softly over the stage when the lights are turned down, to the thuds of the big fiddle; pistols, tomahawks, and other murderous implements in glittering profusion.

Whenever it happens that any of these properties are needed, the prompter makes a requisition on the "property man" the morning before the play in which they are used is performed, and the latter sees that they are ready in the evening, either in the dressing-room of the actor, if they are to be carried upon the stage, or upon the stage in their proper scene and position. The property man is generally an expert in imitating real articles with papier maché, paint, gold leaf, tinsel and Dutch metal; he manufactures the dragons, demons' heads, and furnishes the blood, thunder and lightning, stormy waves, and sun and moon for the establishment.

The wardrobe room is scarcely a less curious collection than the property room, although it is not so readily examined, as the most valuable dresses, and those not in immediate use, are packed in trunks or closets. Every actor possesses a wardrobe more or less extensive, of his own, as it is the aim of all of any note at all to possess a good one, as a valuable adjunct of success in the representation of character; still there is always a wardrobe attached to the theatre, more or less extensive according to its means; some very valuable, and can "dress" almost any piece splendidly. The wardrobe keeper is generally an expert at theatrical tailoring, and a good costumer, and has two or three women assistants who are kept at work upon the sewing and making, or altering and repairing, that is constantly required.

The glittering and flowing robes of kings, the rugged gaberdines of beggars, monks' cowls, cavaliers' glittering jackets and cloaks, peasants' picturesque ribbon-decked suits, savages feathers and wampum-trimmed frocks, Roman togas, Turkish spangled suits, military and naval uniforms of all kinds for all nations, knights' armor suits, jolly farmers' red red vests and drab small cloths, pettifogging lawyers' black cotton velvet suits, jolly jack-tars' blue anchor-broidered shirts and duck pants, canvas breeches and broad leathern belts with big buckles for smugglers, red, pink, blue, black and other dominoes for masquerade scenes, broad-skirted gray suits with big buttons for honest old men in farces, queens' robes and jewels, and peasant girls' muslins and ribbons,—hats—

Did you ever think how much character, so to speak, there is in a hat?

If not, watch how they are used on the stage. Actors understand the use of them, and useful articles they are in the make-up of a costume, as you will judge from the all sizes, shapes, styles and dimensions, colors and nationalities that you will find in the wardrobe of a big theatre,—hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns, hats with no crowns at all, splendid low comedy hats, hats with broad and with narrow brims, beggars' hats, peasants' hats, noblemen's hats with tall flaunting feathers, great broad Spanish sombreros with drooping plumes, brigands' ribbon-trimmed and peasants' jaunty little head-coverings, jewel-decked and feather-crowned protectors for representatives of the great, Roman helmets, French shakos, grenadier bearskins, gold banded caps, sailors' tarpaulins, the jester's jingling head-piece, Quakers' broad-brims, the monarch's crown, Paddy's canbeen—HATS!

Out from the wardrobe! Now let us mount above to the 'paint room.' Up past the dressing rooms, to the region amid canvas clouds, tops of palaces and temples, or forest foliage, technically known as "the flies." The visitor here finds a set of men who

work this part of the scenery, attend to the curtain, &c. The number of ropes stretching in every direction surprises one, and makes it seem quite a marvel to know the use of and operate them successfully. Here, up above and at the extreme rear of the theatre is the scenic artist and his assistant. Suspended upon light, wooden frames is the canvas scenery. The canvas is prepared by an assistant, after which the artist sketches out his scene in crayon, and fills in with the proper colors from the innumerable pots of all kinds that he has prepared. His principal assistant does that part of the work or filling-in which requires less skill; perhaps most of the wings, or side scenes as the public call them, while the "flats" or the scenery that closes together directly in front of the audience, and the general arrangement of extensive views, are the work of the principal artist.

And there is yet one more department behind the scenes, that of the machinist or carpenter—an important operator, who builds all the bridges and balconies, and makes all the trap-doors, thrones, flowery banks and ale-house benches, who makes all the frame-work for the scenery, and sees that all mechanical work is kept in good running order.

And now, having glanced in at the several departments, we will step down upon the stage again. Men in their shirt-sleeves are standing ready to change the scenery. An actor is standing at L. U. E. (left upper entrance) waiting for his "cue" to go on. The king's guard, consisting of twelve men of various sizes and curious physiognomy, are posted R. U. E. (right upper entrance), waiting the summons of the monarch—"What ho! guards without there!"—when they will march on, no two in step, and half with arms shouldered on the right and half on the left shoulder, as guards on the stage always do. Suddenly you hear the words—"See, the duke descends the palace steps. Now he speaks to Sir Hubert. He is coming here—here comes his highness!"

"His highness," who, during the time he has been supposed to have been descending the palace steps, and seen by the individual who looked off the stage and spoke the above words, has all the while been chatting with you just like any other man, till the last four words strike his ear, when he suddenly stops, says to us—"Excuse me—my cue, gentlemen," settles his plumed hat a little more firmly, throws his velvet cloak over the left arm, puts on a stage face and stage stride, and "goes on."

You hear an excited dialogue in the play sounding oddly enough to you here, because you have seen none of the first part and don't know the plot. The last comer suddenly delivers a brilliant passage, across the stage with a tragic stride, and the audience give a round of applause.

He has "made a point."

Under cover of the noise of clapping hands, the prompter improves the opportunity to sing out to two auxiliaries who are not in their proper position on the stage, and make them move further back; and you hear the venerable, grey-headed monarch in the scene say, in a voice audible where you stand, but inaudible to the audience, while not a muscle of his austere countenance changes, "Good hit, Charley! Give 'em another!" Charley, who plays "his highness," also hears it, but of course makes no signs, as he goes on with his part, and the piece progresses to its close—a deadly combat, the curtain falling upon a bloody battle-field—the tyrant slain by the rightful duke, who stands over his prostrate form with sword upraised in boastful triumph, and his victorious followers picturesquely grouped about him.

The audience cheer and applaud, the prompter "rings down," and as the green curtain bumps upon the stage, the conqueror lowers his victorious brand, extends his hand to his fallen foe, who by its friendly aid leaps to his feet, draws forth a—pocket handkerchief from the recesses of his armor, wipes the perspiration from his brow—

"Phew! it's a warm night!"

"The duke," "the tyrant," "his highness," and the rest, hurry off to their dressing-rooms, and are sooth transformed into ordinary mortals like ourselves. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a few to guide the actors who are to leave, and the watchman who takes care of the building, and we emerge from behind the scenes, perhaps with the reflection that a great deal that we see in the world outside, is not unlike in its deception to the mimic one with whose mysteries we have just been made acquainted, and that there is much truth in the words of the poet—"All the world's a stage."

A Concert in the South Pacific.

The Alleghenians, a popular company of Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, lately returned from a four years tour around the world. The following

letter to the N. Y. *Musical Review*, from one of the members of the company, gives an interesting account of their visit to the island of Rarotonga, in the South Pacific Ocean, and of an entertainment given by them to the natives:

At Sea, Lat. 21 deg. 52 min. South—Lon. 159 }
West. SATURDAY, Jan. 21st, 1860. }

Messrs. Editors:—We left the harbor of Papeete, island of Otaheite, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 10th, after having spent twelve days, and given five concerts on the most lovely island. The island of Rarotonga was to be our next stopping place. After pleasant passage of eight days, we came in sight of the land of our destination. To give you a brief description of our visit, our concert, and the island, I shall copy from my diary:

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18th, 12 o'clock A. M.—Lat. 20 deg. 41 min. South, Long. 150 deg. West.—The island of Rarotonga is directly south of us; distant about forty miles, and in plain sight; at 6 o'clock P. M. we were within two miles of the land. Preparations are being made to lay the ship "off and on" during the night.

THURSDAY, Jan. 19th.—As soon as breakfast was over, we put off for the shore in one of the ship's boats. Hundreds of natives had already collected on the beach, at the only spot where boats could land. Our agent had posted two of our large pictorial posters together and fastened them to the end of a pole in such a manner that they could be held aloft, as we neared the shore. At the sight of this strange picture, the eyes and mouths of the natives seemed to open wider and wider as the boat approached the beach. Upon our stepping out of the boat, men, women and children immediately hemmed us in on all sides, eagerly scanning us from head to foot, evidently with as much wonder and astonishment as the first sight of a very large elephant would produce on a crowd of New Englanders. We soon found a native who had been out on two or three whaling voyages, and could speak a little English. We gave him several of our small bills, and explained to him our profession and business. He soon made it known to the crowd around. He then conducted us to the residence of Mr. Gill, the missionary, to whom we had letters of introduction from the Sandwich Islands. We found Mr. Gill at home, and he immediately gave us a most cordial welcome, as also did his most amiable lady. They had previously heard of our intended visit to the island, on our voyage to Chili, by a ship which left Honolulu about the time we did, and which had arrived at Rarotonga ten days before us. They were very anxious to hear us, but did not know how we could be remunerated for our trouble—there was but one other white family on the island, and money was a thing almost unknown to the natives.

However, if we could be persuaded to take pigs, fowls, coconuts, pine-apples, bananas, pumpkins, and other productions of the island, for tickets of admission, they would guarantee a large attendance. This idea pleased our fancy, and wishing to have the honor of giving the first concert ever given in the Hervey Group of islands, we most cheerfully consented to the plan. We instantly sent a boat off to the ship to bring our tickets, instruments, fixtures, &c., ashore. In the meantime, Mr. Gill proposed that we should call on the King, excite his curiosity, and set his influence at work among the natives. He conducted us to the "palace," a very comfortable one-story adobe built house, with thatched roof, pleasantly situated in a large grove of coconut and orange trees. As we were ushered in and introduced to the "royal family," which consisted of the King, Queen, and Princess, about ten years of age, we found them seated on a cane-bottomed settee, about twelve feet long, which they filled to its utmost capacity; they instantly arose from their seats and gave us a really hearty shake of the hand. At first sight, their great corpulency attracted our wondering gaze—the three, I should think, would weigh one thousand pounds. The only cares and labors which absorb the time and attention of their "royal highnesses," and every moment of which they diligently improve, are eating and sleeping. The fallacy of the poet who says that

"Uneasy rests the head which wears a crown."

is here, in this *grat* King most clearly proved. I did not see the "royal diadem," but judging from the size of the King's head, it must be of enormous proportions. Mr. Gill explained to the "royal group" who and what we were, and also our profession. Their anxious desire to hear us was most clearly evinced by the profusion of smiles, which, owing to their scanty clothing, we could plainly see extended from their heads to their feet.

After having obtained the "royal command" to give a concert, and Mr. Gill promising us the use of the schoolhouse, which is a very large one-story

building, we presented to their "royal highnesses" a complimentary card of admission, then taking our hats and backing ourselves to the door, bowing and scraping in the most respectful and approved courtly style, during this retrograde movement, we quit the "royal presence."

Our agent immediately got up a large "poster," announcing that

BY COMMAND OF KING MAKEA V.
THE ALLEGHANIAN

WILL GIVE A GRAND CONCERT AT THE SCHOOL
HOUSE THIS AFTERNOON, AT FOUR
O'CLOCK, Jan. 19th, 1860.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—*Tickets to Admit One:*
1 hog; or 2 pigs; or 1 turkey; or 2 chickens; or
25 cocoa-nuts; or 20 pine-apples; or 2 bunches
bananas; or 5 large pumpkins; or 2 baskets or-
anges;—children, half price.

By two o'clock, our arrangements were so far completed that we commenced the sale of tickets. The place selected for this purpose was under a large thatched roof, raised about twelve feet above the ground by ten or twelve posts, and occasionally used by the natives as a kind of a market. The second mate of the ship having been installed as ticket seller, the "box sheet" was opened, and the sale commenced. The crowd around this spot had been gradually increasing for an hour previous, and by this time the excitement had become intense; what, with the squealing of hogs and pigs, gobbling of turkeys, crowing of roosters and cackling of hens, rattling of cocoa-nuts, spilling and squashing of oranges and limes, the rolling of punkins under feet, taken all together with the Babel-like jargon of the natives, formed a scene of excitement the most thrilling and terrific, mortal eye ever gazed upon—and I must say the most laughable public excitement I ever witnessed; not excepting the humbug excitements got up by Barnum's auction sales of choice seats at the Jenny Lind concerts at Castle Garden, New York. The confusion was so great, the swine and the poultry having evidently entered into the excitement with as much spirit and earnestness as the human population, all apparently vying with each other in trying to make the most noise, that we found it would be impossible to stick to our "regular prices" for tickets; so we concluded to take everything that was brought with which to purchase tickets and furnish every one with a ticket.

While it required twelve of the ship's crew to receive the "currency," placing each kind on its respective pile, that is, putting the hogs, tied by the legs, in one place, the poultry tied eight or ten together, in another, and the cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, punkins, oranges, &c., piled each kind by itself, it required four or five other persons to distribute the tickets. If one could judge by the active movements of the receivers of the "coin of the realm," the big brooks of sweat streaming down their noses and cheeks, their thin shirts and pantaloons, the only clothing they wore, completely saturated by perspiration, I should say theirs was the hardest task of the day. The ticket distributors had busy times of it, though their labors did not require very great exertion.

By four o'clock, nineteen hundred and sixty-one tickets had been disposed of, and every thing that had been offered in the way of pay, had been received. The doors were now opened, and the squeezing, tugging, pulling and pushing commenced—in an instant it seemed as if every one in the great throng was suddenly impressed with the idea that he or she must be the first one to enter the door, in order to get the best place; just the same as a similar number of individuals, collected together for a similar purpose, in our more civilized and enlightened "down east" community; the crowd of savages having, however, one great advantage over the enlightened crowd, that is, there are no danger of getting hats smashed, clothing torn from their backs, or losing pocket books, as they possess none of these little frivolities of fashions. In costume, they still cling to the fashions of "the good old days of Adam and Eve."

As soon as they were all inside of the concert-room, and had become quiet, we commenced the concert by singing a lively quartette. With this they were highly delighted; but it was evident from their looks and actions, that our bells, as they stood upon the "bell table," before us, sixty-two in number, of all sizes, from a lady's thimble up to the size of a large water pail, (and when placed upon their handsomely draped table, make, truly, a very attractive and imposing display), really filled their minds with the greatest wonder. After singing two or three pieces, we commenced with the bells, by playing a "Grand March." I have heard of, and even wit-

nessed several astonished audiences in my lifetime, but the audience presented a picture of the widest open-mouthed astonishment, during the performance of this piece, I ever beheld.

At first it was plain to be seen that they did not know how to make known to us their approbation; but Mr. Gill giving them the hint in regard to the manner in which it might be manifested, every subsequent piece, vocal or instrumental, received the most enthusiastic applause, and several which pleased their fancy most, were rapturously encored. * * *

As soon as we concluded our performance, one of the native teachers arose and told us how pleased and delighted they were, and how grateful were their feelings towards us for our visit to their island, and he hoped we would remain with them forever. He also proposed that, before we parted with them, they should sing us one song. Some one immediately commenced, and the whole congregation quickly joined in singing the good old piece of sacred music entitled:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!"

Although they sung in their own language, it could easily be perceived by the expressive change of feature, gestures of the hands, and motion of the body, while singing, that they fully entered into the spirit and sentiment of the song. They also sang three or four hymn tunes, which they had been taught in their school—two of them were popular tunes composed by my old music teacher, Lowell Mason. This is the fifth island we have visited in the Pacific, and on every one of which I have heard sung by the natives, the same good old familiar home-tunes of Lowell Mason, whose musical fame reaches

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand."

* * * * *

As we left the school-house to return to our home, at Mr. Gill's, about a half mile distant, the women and young girls instantly rushed around Miss Hiffert, all eager to clasp her in their arms and rub their noses against hers. (This rubbing of noses is a native custom, and indicative of their greatest friendship.) After nearly one hundred had embraced Miss H. in this their most affectionate manner, and having rubbed the skin completely off on one side of her nose, so that each subsequent greeting was becoming more and more painful, she begged of them, through Mr. Gill, to desist, and take the "will for the deed," thanking them a thousand times for these unexpected tokens of their affection and friendship. Many who were disappointed in not being able to embrace her in their customary manner, thought they must show their friendly feelings in some way, so they caught her up, first one and then another, in their arms, and in this manner carried her in triumph all the way to Mr. Gill's house, accompanied by the largest procession of females, some seven or eight hundred, I ever saw; and their happy, smiling faces plainly denoted how great was their feelings of joy, and how delighted they were at this opportunity and mode of expressing them to the *wahine hula-hula* (singing woman).

Soon after the concert was over, I took a walk down to the market to examine the receipts—it was a sight, surely. I really believe the receipts, in bulk, of this concert were the largest ever known. It occupied twenty-four men one day and a half, with four large whale-boats, to get them on board ship, distant one mile from the shore. After having been all got on board, the proceeds were found to "foot up" as follows:—79 swine (large and small), 93 turkeys, 116 chickens, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bunches bananas, 600 pumpkins, 108 baskets oranges, some six barrels limes, besides mats, fans, &c.

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs, at \$5 each.....	\$395 00
93 turkeys, at \$1 each.....	93 00
116 chickens, at 38 cents each.....	44 08
16,000 cocoanuts, at 12 cents each.....	1,920 00
5,700 pineapples, at 12 cents.....	684 00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas, at 6 cents each.....	1,881 00
600 pumpkins, at 15 cents each.....	90 00
2,700 oranges, at 2 cents each.....	54 00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25 00

Total.....\$5,086 08

As there was no expense attending the getting up of this concert, you will see at a glance that if we had the immense quantity of tropical produce in New York to-day, and could sell it for the amount at which I have valued it, we should have the snug little sum of five thousand and eighty-six dollars and eight cents. But we haven't got it there!

I will conclude by giving you a brief description

of the island. Rarotonga is nearly seven hundred miles southwest of Oahu, and is situated 21 deg. 12 min. south latitude, and 160 deg. west longitude; it is the largest island of the Hervey Group.

The "Hervey Group" consists of seven islands, named as follows: Rarotonga, Manguia, Aitutaki, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, and Manuai. They are all inhabited, except Manuai. Population about 10,000. They are situated between 157 deg. and 160 deg. west longitude, and 18 deg. 30 min and 23 deg. south latitude. They were discovered by Captain Cook in the years 1773 and 1777.

I will write you again from Valparaiso.

Yours truly,
J. M. BOULARD,
of the Alleghanians.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of
"Martha." Piano Solo.

Music at Home.

As music in public is to be, at best, an uncertain pleasure for us, during the coming season, (in spite of Mr. Ullmann's announcements) we are driven to look for it in smaller circles, and even at home. We may not hear a grand orchestra this winter; we may not enjoy, as we have in past times, the choral performances of our oratorio societies, for very many of those upon whom these things depend, have long ago laid aside the instruments of Peace and Harmony and, far from home, are serving their country in a sterner field.

From the smaller musical organizations, however, we surely may expect to hear from this winter. The pleasant chamber concerts of Mrs. Varian have opened the way, and have met with deserved success; and our readers will see, with pleasure the announcement in another column of the proposed series by Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg; and also find that our old friends of the Mendelssohn Club are already stirring.

Besides these resources, is still left the music of the home, where musical powers of every degree of cultivation always find ready and delighted listeners, where the refined audiences that hear the public performances of our city, receive the rudiments of their musical knowledge, where, of all places, Music finds her fittest sanctuary and permanent dwelling place. The shapes she may assume are various, from the simple song, which in its rudest form, often strikes a chord in the heart that never ceases to vibrate while life lasts, to the grander melodies of the greatest masters of the Art that demand the highest powers to render adequately, and yet are adapted for the smallest circle of listeners and the humblest place; beyond these, to those still more elaborate forms, in which many voices must take part—the cantatas, the masses, the choruses, sacred and secular, the study and practice of which has been the delight and ornament of so many private circles.

We copy some timely remarks from our neighbor the *Musical Times*, most heartily endorsing the suggestion that this is the time of all others to learn, and we rejoice to be informed that so many of our best teachers are still sought out by almost their accustomed number of pupils.

"The more quiet and home-like music of the season has been commenced in Chickering's Hall, from which the dust of summer has been swept to make way for Mme. Varian's flowing train.

But the season has not really begun. The Philharmonic will scarcely dare to attempt this year what it failed in accomplishing the last. The Mendelssohn Club will probably succeed in drawing together the coterie of music lovers in whose affections they are so well established. But where is a bassoon for their sextettes and octettes? There are rumors of opera troupes to come; but who and what are the singers, it would be difficult to say. No opera troupe can be supported in the present state of affairs. Mr. Ullman opens his campaign with a conjurer; and we imagine that he will thrive better, just

now, with magic than music. None of his glowing promises have yet blushed before the world in those gorgeous colors, which, like red before the bovine, inflame the mind and fire the expectation. The singers have gone, most of them. Even Brignoli, who seemed to have become an American fixture, is arraying his plump person for a foreign fitting. What shall we do with an opera troupe, now-a-days, when every cent of extra cash is invested in the seven and three-tenths per cent loan? Treasury notes run higher now than a tenor C in alt, and our whole people are "gridando liberta" with a gusto that throws even Badiali and Marini in the shade. L'opéra will say to young damsels who long for fashionable opera, that they must make their own music, be their own prima donnas, and supply the place of handsome tenors from the crowd of dandies who follow in their train. Parlor operas must supersede public ones; and the cheapness must excuse the quality.

We are glad to learn that our teachers are beginning the season with excellent prospects. We would certainly advise those who are abridged of the pleasure of hearing music this winter, to occupy their hours and their means in perfecting themselves under the tuition of our excellent resident instructors. This would be a proper direction for the flow of that wealth which might, under other circumstances, find its way into stranger hands with less benefit to all parties.

The enjoyment of music in private is even greater than that in public. Imperfect as may be one's own efforts compared with those of technical artists, they really afford a pleasure and a satisfaction more durable than those derived from listening to others, however skilled.

In times like these, when public enjoyment fails, the efforts of our parlor vocalists and pianists should be bent on personal improvement and enjoyment. We trust, therefore, that our own teachers, resident among us, our social friends as well as instructors, will thrive by the troublous times."

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 14.—Mr. B. D. Allen recently gave, at Washburn Hall, one of those charming musical entertainments by which he has succeeded in cultivating in our city a taste for the classics of that art of which he is so faithful a disciple. In all respects it was the best of the kind ever given in Worcester. The programme was excellent, and the performances remarkably good. The Trio Club, Messrs. Allen, Burt and Stearns, won golden opinions. Their playing showed faithful, long-continued rehearsal, and something more too, than perfection of mechanical skill—rare appreciation of the works performed. Mr. Allen played the selections from Schubert and Chopin with fine expression; and the Bach *Adagio* for piano and violin—Messrs. Allen and Burt were heard with unequalled pleasure. The vocalists were Mrs. A. G. Allen, who has a sweet and pure soprano voice of more than ordinary cultivation and Mrs. Munroe, recently of Lowell, we believe. Her excellent contralto voice is a welcome addition to our musical force, and it was heard to the best advantage in the beautiful duet from *Stabat Mater*. These ladies were assisted in the *Oberon* quartette by Mrs. Doane and Mr. A. Whitney. We give the programme of this concert, to which, by the way, the audience were summoned by invitation:

PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Op. 1, No. 2. Beethoven
2. *Adagio*—Allegro *Vivace*. 2. *Largo con espressione* 3. *Scherzo Allegro*. 4. *Finale Presto*.
3. Song. The Morning Prayer of Samuel. Costa
4. Piano Solo. Andante and Minuet. Op. 78. Schubert
5. Duet from "Stabat Mater." "Quis est homo?" Rossini
6. Piano and Violin. *Adagio* and Rondo. Bach
7. Piano Solo. *Scherzo*. Mendelssohn
8. Quartette from "Oberon." Chopin
9. Trio in G. No. 20. Von Weber
10. *Adagio*—Allegro. 2. Rondo. Haydn

The hall of the American Antiquarian Society in this city has lately been enriched by a cast of Michael Argelo's statue of "Moses," the gift of Hon. Stephen Salisbury to whom the society was not long ago, indebted for a cast of the same artist's statue of "Christ." Not without reason has the "Moses" been called the artist's masterpiece. Such gigantic power of conception! such wonderful force and vigor of execution. From studying this statue we go refreshed to a new reading of the Old Testament, just as Haydn's chorus makes "the light" break with new brilliancy in the Creation, and as Handel's Messiah music adds touching beauty to the story of the "Man of Sorrows." So much do music, painting, and sculpture verify and reanimate the past!

S.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We notice with pleasure the announcement of four musical Soirées by Messrs. KREISSMAN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG. As it is well-known to our music-lovers that they never give any but the best music, we need not urge upon them to see that their list is well filled.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have started on a trip to the State of Maine, to be absent two weeks. An editor "down East" heralds their coming in the following puff, "This is no common travelling concern, but music-teachers from Boston, on a tower of pleasure."

A musical entertainment was given on Wednesday evening last, at Messrs. Woodward & Brown's Piano Warerooms, to invited friends by the brothers LOUIS and WILLEM COENEN. (Violin and Piano), assisted by Miss RYAN. Mr. Willem Coenen impressed us as a clever pianist. Considering his youth his execution was even remarkable. Miss Ryan has a magnificent organ, which, with proper treatment, may become a Contralto of the first quality.

PAYING THE PIPER.—We clip from the N. York Times, a little comment upon the generous style in which our troops are being furnished with music. It would seem as though one full Brass Band for a Brigade, would suffice for all parades and extra occasions, whilst other marching were better done by the fife and drum, as of yore. The providing of a Band for each regiment, not only adds the number of twenty or thirty men to be provided for, without increasing perhaps at all by the effectiveness of the force, but the War Department reports the snug little item of \$4,000,000 as required per annum, to pay the musicians already under orders:

It is a proverb, old almost as our language, that "they who dance must pay the piper." Our Government is learning this truth somewhat to its sorrow. Secretary Cameron, we are told, is quite dismayed to find that the cost of music, by the regimental bands, is running up at a rate that will amount to millions of dollars per annum. To appreciate the fearful expense fully, it may be said that what is now paying for "brass bands," that blow so mightily in dress parades and in "sorending Generals," would have supported the navy of the United States, as it stood a few years since.

Music is a very good thing in its way, but we cannot but believe that we are having "too much of a good thing." There has been far more swelling of cheeks and obstreperous of brazen-throated trumpets than is profitable. Jericho surrendered to the blast of a ram's horn. But our rebels do not yield to such persuasions. Nor should we expect them to. Shakespeare knew the powerlessness of music over such. In his celebrated lines he tells us that—

"He that hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

We have found the rebels exactly of this sort. We have "piped," but they have not "danced." They hear our notes, but they utterly refuse to "keep step to the music of the Union." Therefore, let us change. Draw out the diapason, and let the ordinance of battle mingle its deep roar with the silly clangor of cornets. We have had "quavers" enough in the Army, and had better return to first principles, known to revolutionary soldiers in the drum and fife. Fashionable music is full of "fugues" which means fights; and we should avoid aught that suggests the rapid time made in the "fugue" at Bull Run.—*Exchange*.

Paris

Sept. 12.—The theatres, in expectation of the coming revival, are accordingly all under arms, and the usual stars of each establishment once more twinkling in their appointed places. At the Grand Opera the revival of *Herculanum* gave M. and Mad. Gueymard, M. Obin, and Mlle. Livry, and the habitués of that house with whom they are in such high favor, an opportunity of mutually greeting each other on their respective returns from their respective country trips. I should not have left out the name of Mad. Tedesco from this group of favorites. On the following Wednesday the *Prophète* was revived, the cast including Mad. Viardot, MM. Gueymard, Belval, Coulon, and König; both evenings were equally brilliant and spirited. It is announced that the management of the Imperial Opera has signed a fresh engagement with M. Cazaux for another five years. The excellence of this artist renders this in every way a prudent step.

At the Opéra Comique, the *Caid* has been produced for the *début* of Mlle. Balbi in the part of Virginie. This lady's reception was in the highest degree complimentary, and deservedly so, for she is a very charming singer, and only requires, what she

seems in a fair way of acquiring—a little more vigor—to take a most distinguished place in the profession she has adopted. Mlle. Balbi started, as did Mad. Ugaldo and Mad. Carvalho, as a concert singer. Her next essay will be in the part of Perrine in *Maitre Claude*. The revival of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, which has been so long announced, is still hindered by the continued indisposition of Mad. Faure Lefebvre. The manager of the Opéra Comique has just accepted a new opera in three acts, the book of which is by MM. Leuven and Cormon, and the music by M. Jules Cohen. It is entitled *José Maria*. Mlle. Cordier is about to take her leave of this establishment, having resolved to devote herself to Italian Opera, for which line she has already obtained an engagement at Berlin. Mlle. Prort also ceases to be a member of the company.

The Théâtre Lyrique re-opened for the season with *Les Dragons de Villars*, Mlle. Girard appearing in the part of Rose Frisquet, originally played by Mlle. Borghese, who until now had had no worthy successor in this difficult part. Mlle. Girard is not certainly equal to Mlle. Borghese, but she is far superior to any who have since attempted the part. On the following day M. Ernest Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, was revived. M. Montjauge playing the part of Seline; and lastly, on the day after that, *Le Bijou perdu* was revived—one of Adolphe Adam's best works—and Mad. Marie Cabel was the heroine of the evening. The house was crowded, and the reception of the brilliant songstress was of the most enthusiastic description. A sort of electric communication seemed established between the artist and her audience, by which each in turn influenced the other. Thus, then, the three great lyric establishments of Paris are once more at the flood in the tide of their fortunes. Soon to these I shall have to add the Théâtre Italien, the programme of which is already put forth.

Have you heard of a fresh infant prodigy? a son of the late Italian composer Ricci, aged eight, who has just been presiding in the church of St. Justus, at Trieste, over the performance of a grand mass of his own composing!

One of the papers here states that M. Marschner, the well-known composer, who had been staying for the last eight months in Paris, has been taken seriously ill on his return to Hanover.

PATRIOTIC PICCOLOMINI.—In a free and semi-confidential conversation with the Municipality of Florence, Victor Emmanuel did not conceal the difficulties of the Neapolitan question, but he said he hoped to solve them by firmness and honesty. As to Rome (he said), there are people who wish us to cut the Gordian knot, but we prefer to untie it. Venice can only be obtained by war. The first thing to do is to organize a strong army. After that, and when we are ready, reasons for attacking Austria will not be wanting. This language may be considered as pacific as possible, in spite of the last phrase, which in my opinion is only bellicose in appearance. Yesterday evening the King drove in an open carriage, and unattended, through the streets of Florence, which were brilliantly illuminated. He was greeted everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. On the arrival of the king at Florence, the celebrated Piccolomini (now Marchioness Della Farina) sang a cantata composed for the occasion. The following stanza, the first four lines of which was sung in a plaintive tone, and the last with an energy altogether warlike, produced an indescribable sensation, the King listening with evident pleasure all the time:

E Venezia—in riva al mare,
Siede, guarda, e al ciel di duole,
E conforto aver non vuole,
Perché figli più non ha!
Oh! ch' a l'armire, e a l'ulminare,
Torna o Re nel tuo sentiero,
Dove regna lo straniero;
Vu ti monstra, e fuggira.

(And Venice—seated on the sea coast, looks up to heaven with grief and will not be comforted, because she has not her children. Oh! if in thy career, oh King! thou wert to take up arms against the stranger who reigns! Go! show thyself and he will fly.)

The crowd caught up the sentiment, and rent the air with shouts of, "To Venice!" "To Venice!"
—*Letter from Florence, Sept. 16.*

Hereford Musical Festival.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—The oratorio selected for the first morning's performance was Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which produced its usual effect upon the auditory. Mr. Weiss took the part of the Prophet Elijah, and fully justified the high popularity he has long enjoyed among the musical amateurs of Hereford. His declamation was exceedingly fine, and his deep bass voice admirably adapted to the music. The soprano music was divided between Miss Louisa Pyne and Mad. Weiss, who both acquitted themselves like true artists. High as is the position Miss Louisa Pyne has attained in what, for the sake of

distinction, we must term profane music, her singing yesterday was sufficient to convince the most sceptical, if, indeed, there is any one at all sceptical on the subject, that, if she chooses to devote her attention to it, she will achieve an equally high position in oratorio. Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Susan Pyne took the contralto music, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Montem Smith the tenor. Most of these celebrated artists have been so often, and some so recently noticed in the same oratorio, that the mere mention of their appearance must suffice on the present occasion. The choruses were, on the whole, well rendered, and afforded general satisfaction, though to one who, like myself, had listened such a short time previously, to the wonderful choral triumph at Birmingham, they sounded, at intervals, rather weak and thin. But then the number of voices at the command of the Hereford conductor is only about a hundred and thirty.

A miscellaneous concert was given in the evening,

At half past eleven this morning the performance of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, commenced in the cathedral. Everything went well from beginning to end. Mr. Weiss had another opportunity for displaying the powers of his fine, genuine bass voice, and did so with artistic conscientiousness. Mr. Montem Smith was entitled to high praise. He shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, and produced a marked impression. Mrs. Weiss, too, was excellent, more especially in the duet, "Forsake me not," with the gentleman just mentioned. The contralto music found an able executant in Miss Susan Pyne. The chorus and band were fully up to the mark. After Spohr's work came *Samson*.

Although a vast number of pieces were cut out, two such works as the above were too long for a single performance. "Enough is as good as a feast," should be borne in mind by the Managing Committees of our provincial Festivals. However, what is done cannot be undone; and therefore I will say no more on this head, but proceed to make a few, and only a few, observations concerning the performance itself. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and never sang better. He was particularly grand and impressive in the air, "Total eclipse." Miss Louisa Pyne, as will be seen by the programme, sang the whole of the soprano music, in a manner that caused me to regret that she is heard so seldom in works of a sacred character. The other artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the band and chorus were well up to their work.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—The second concert, yesterday evening, at the Shire Hall, went off very well, although there were not so many persons present as on Tuesday evening. This is to be accounted for, in a great measure, perhaps, by the fact that there were no five shilling seats, as at the first concert. Admission could not be procured for less than half a guinea, a large sum for many persons.

The programme of this morning's performance at the Cathedral, comprised "Spring," from the *Seasons*, Haydn; "The Requiem," Mozart; "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.

In the first place, then, I must inform you that very many competent judges were of opinion that the selection from Haydn's *Seasons* might have been advantageously omitted from the programme, which would have been quite long enough without it. When—I ask, for about the thousandth time—will those worthy gentlemen who have the ordering of provincial festivals restrain their programmes within reasonable bounds. Not only, however, was the selection from *The Seasons* de trop on this occasion, it was not by any means a good sample of what Hereford can do. Well as the solo music was sung by Mad. Weiss, Messrs. Weiss and Montem Smith, the performance left the audience unmoved. The fact is, the choruses were below the mark—*mangues*, as the French call it. The music itself, too, which has nothing at all sacred about it, seemed out of place within the walls of a cathedral. A far finer performance was that of Mozart's *Requiem*—"the *Requiem*, as people say, and always will say, probably, just as they talk about *"the Duke"*—still the execution of the choruses was not worthy either of the work itself or of the members of the Three Choirs. Yet, so great is the power of genius, even when unsatisfactorily interpreted, that most of the choral pieces, as, for instance, "Dies iræ," "Rex tremendæ Majestatis," and "Confutatis Maledictis," produced a profound and lasting impression upon the audience. The solo singers, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Winn, were irreproachable. Mlle. Titiens, in particular, was splendid, and the part she took in the quartet, "Recordare, Jesu pie," was sung by her with a degree of power, ease, and unaffected feeling which I have seldom heard equaled, and, certainly, never surpassed. Mr. Winn, also, was more than usually good, and de-

serves high praise for his delivery of the bass music. Mendelssohn's *Lobpreisung* went better than the *Seasons* but not so well as the *Requiem*. There was, at times the same want of steadiness, the same disregard of the nice gradations of light and shade, in the choruses; although, some of them, on the other hand, were given in admirable style. Mr. Sims Reeves was highly impressive, particularly in "The sorrows of death." The duet, "I waited for the Lord," was beautifully given by the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne; while three grand instrumental movements were grandly performed by the band.

The principal feature in the performance at the concert in the evening was Mr. Benedict's cantata of *Undine*, which has already achieved such popularity in Norwich and London; and, as far as I can form an opinion from what took place on the evening in question, will soon be as great a favorite with the good citizens of Hereford. Great credit is due to Mr. Townshend Smith for introducing such a work, and the talented composer, who had come down to Hereford on purpose to be present—"assist," the French call it—at the performance of his work, must have felt very much obliged to him. Once more, if I am to state frankly what I think—and, by the way, it was to that end I was despatched down here—I must say, the members of the chorus were not as well up in their work as might have been desired, although they gave very effectively some of the music allotted to them. The parts were thus cast: Undine, Miss Louisa Pyne; Bertalda, Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Hildebrand, Mr. Sims Reeves; and Kühleborn, Mr. Weiss. Miss Louisa Pyne was suffering from severe indisposition, but despite of this, she scorned to give in, and with wonderful "pluck" went through her arduous task in a manner which elicited the most hearty applause. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was a most excellent Bertalda, and gave the romance, "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in first-rate style. Mr. Weiss supported his original part of Kühleborn with all the talent for which he is distinguished; while Mr. Sims Reeves was never more spirited and impressive than in the part of Hildebrand, a part of which, as the readers of the *Musical World* are aware, he was the original representative, as Mr. Weiss was of Kühleborn. The band was quite equal to its task, and altogether the cantata proved one of the "hits" of the Festival. The same may be said of Professor Sterndale Bennett's overture of the *Wood Nymphs*.

The performance of the *Messiah* on Friday morning attracted no less than 1736 persons, while the collection amounted to 307l. 0s. 7d. Both in a pecuniary and artistic sense it was the greatest success of the whole Festival. The charm exercised by this great work is really astonishing. Hundreds and hundreds who care for nothing else will go to hear the *Messiah*. So much, however, has been said so frequently not only about the work itself, but about every one of the artists who sang in it on Friday, that, not to grow wearisome, and repeat an oft-told tale, I shall content myself with sending you merely a general account of the performance without going into detail, which would be superfluous. The choruses, then, were given in a manner that must have satisfied even the most exacting critic. Despite her severe indisposition of the previous evening, Miss Louisa Pyne was determined that her Hereford admirers should not be disappointed. She sang the principal soprano music most beautifully, particularly the grand and impressive air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mad. Weiss and Miss Susan Pyne likewise, were very effective. How Mad. Sainton-Dolby, to whom was allotted most of the contralto music, sings oratorio, no one with any pretension to musical knowledge needs be informed. Yet I cannot pass over in silence the way in which she rendered the wonderful air, "He was despised." Messrs. Weiss and Winn divided the bass music between them, the latter gentleman distinguishing himself more especially in "The trumpet shall sound," with, of course, Mr. T. Harper's marvellous trumpet *obbligato*. The greater part of the tenor music was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves. I really feel puzzled what to do when speaking of this gentleman. Having praised him so often, I am almost inclined to content myself with observing that he sang as usual but he was really so great on Friday, that I cannot resist dwelling somewhat more at length on so remarkable a performance. The manner in which he gave the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," with the air, "Every valley," "Behold and see," and thou shalt break them," was simply sublime, and places him at the top of his profession—*sur le pinacle*—as the interpreter of the immortal Saxon's music. The band, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith, proved themselves worthy of the occasion. Mr. Amott officiated at the organ.

At 7 o'clock, P.M., a chamber concert was given in the College Hall.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Off again. Song and Chorus (Answer to "Home again." *Marshall S. Pike 25*

This song written by the author on the eve of his departure to the theatre of the war, with words of much beauty and significance in these times when so many are "off again," and a melody which must at once sink into the heart and take a permanent place there, will become as popular as "Home again" ever has been. Those who have musical friends—singers—in the army should have a copy placed in their hands either as a song or as a glee it will become a favorite camp tune.

List fairest Ella. *Mrs. Luyster. 25*
Within her downy cradle. *Mrs. Luyster. 25*

Two pretty songs of medium difficulty.

A loving heart. Ballad. *Mrs. Jerrold. 25*

A melodious ballad written in close and successful imitation of the popular songs of Balfe, Richards and others. It is very good and effective.

The dying Soldier, or Kiss me good night mother. *Edward Clark. 25*

Founded on a touching incident said to have occurred in a hospital at Washington. The music is very appropriate and well adapted for young singers.

Instrumental Music.

Mephisto Galop. *Carl Faust 25*

A dashing Galop, just the thing in a ball-room. Moderately difficult

McClellan's Grand March. *50*

The title-page of this fine and spirited piece of music has a handsome Vignette, in colors, representing the young General to whose command our brave legions are entrusted, on a splendid white charger. It is altogether the most striking likeness of Gen. McClellan which we remember having seen.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription. *Brinley Richards. 35*

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, *50*

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 499.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 4.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

(Continued from page 237.)

It appears from my next notice that Dussek entered the service of a prince von Isenburg — but who he was deponent cannot say — though only for a short time. The citation is from the *L. M. Zeitung*, Sept. 2, 1807.

"Herr Dussek has resigned his situation with the Prince von Isenburg, has entered the service of the prince of Benevento (Talleyrand) and will remain henceforth in Paris."

Again, *L. M. Z.*, June 21, 1809. From letter dated 'Paris, end of May.' The writer is describing a concert given by Rode after his return from Russia — probably the concert in the Odeon towards the close of the year 1808 — and having finished Rode, goes on:

"Dussek, one of the creators of the true style of pianoforte playing, and now for nearly a year again in Paris, made his appearance the same evening and 'carried away' all his auditors, who appeared to have come for the sole purpose of hearing Rode. It is a very rare thing to hear two such noble artists upon one evening. Dussek had all the greater success since for a long time no really great pianist has been heard here. The pianoforte is just that instrument, whose highest development is the least to be sought for in France. Steibelt has introduced here an abominable style of playing; a style, which is ruinous to the true effects of the instrument and which to every connoisseur must seem insignificant, however attractive to the mass of ordinary dilettants. One of the leading weaknesses of this style is the abuse of variations for the instrument. All pianoforte teachers in France and especially in Paris, imitate Steibelt's manner and enrich it with new faults. And so they have laid aside the good music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek and Hummel, and thrown themselves, soul and body, into the charlatanism and insignificance of style, which are the ruling qualities of Steibelt and most of his works. In Germany it would be impossible to form any adequate idea of the disgusting manner in which, to conform to the prevailing fashion, we must now play the pianoforte in Paris.

"It was, therefore, most desirable, that a man like Dussek should come here and act as a reformer and so bring the pianoforte back to its natural aims and ends to its real greatness and its true sphere. Even in this first concert Dussek effected much to this end, for he proved that success may be gained by combining sterling qualities with simplicity and sweetness; that there is no necessity for the sing-song and petty trickery by which those wanting in real talent attract attention."

Again, in a letter dated Paris, Dec. 18, 1809, "Herr Dussek is in the service of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. He appears to be treated in a very distinguished manner, and enjoys a respectable salary." (*L. M. Z.*, Jan. 3, 1810.)

Again, "Dussek has written a magnificent grand mass in which he has not only proved himself a true master in church music, but more particularly a great contrapuntist. He sent this work some time since to Vienna to Prince Esterhazy, and it is strange that it has not only not been performed but no notice at all has been taken of it." (*Id.*, Nov. 6, 1811.)

A few months later (April 15, 1812) the same Journal prints a letter from its Paris correspondent, announcing Dussek's death:

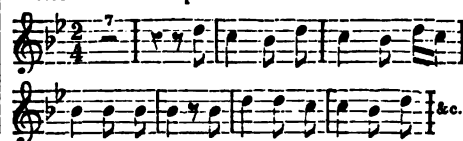
"PARIS, MARCH 21, (1812). — I am hardly able to-day to report, even in the fewest words, the little in relation to the theatres here, which can interest the German reader, for I have just been surprised by sad news, which must grieve every true friend of music, but which strikes to the very heart of myself and all those who personally knew him to whom this news refers.

"Your excellent, worthy and celebrated countryman, J. L. Dussek, is no more! Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, in the full vigor of manhood's best years, he closed a career, which, through the ever more thorough culture, development and solid strength of his great talents and his astonishing industry, had not yet reached its culminating point. He had been rather unwell several months, but was confined to his bed only two days; his disease was gout, which suddenly attacked his brain, and in less than two hours carried him off. Since it was fated him to die now, it was certainly a blessing that his excessively active, energetic spirit was not subjected to the trials of a long illness; a blessing to his warmly sensitive, affectionate heart, that he could breathe his last in the arms of his faithful friend and countryman, your noble Neukomm.

"His last work was another set of three sonatas for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, the last of which was finished only to the middle of the adagio. There is no need of discoursing farther here about Dussek, the man of genius, the richly endowed and solidly trained artist; the entire musical world knew, honored, loved him; his character as an artist, and the characteristics of his principal works have been often enough treated in your columns with intelligence, impartiality and truth. On one point only will I say a word; that Dussek has done, perhaps, nearly as much as Haydn, and certainly not less than Mozart to make German music known and respected in other lands. His earlier residence in London and his later in Paris have in this regard been of very great influence. As a virtuoso he is everywhere rightly placed in the very highest rank. In rapidity and certainty of execution and in the conquering of the greatest difficulties, it would be difficult to find a pianist who surpasses him — in neatness, clearness and precision possibly one (Cramer, in London); in soul, expression and delicacy, certainly no one. As a man he was noble and good; a just, impartial, kindly man; a true friend; sympathizing with all the good and beautiful in those whom he knew, with no revengeful spirit against the bad,

which he met with and from which he suffered. His weaknesses were such as are inseparable from so powerful an imagination and such extreme sensitiveness; such being their origin they can easily be forgiven. Moreover, through native strength of mind and his frequent and intimate intercourse with the most distinguished persons in the best classes of society — as with Prince Louis Ferdinand, of Prussia — he had gained a vast mass of general information of all kinds, highly polished manners and great tact for all that is proper and attractive in society; while his joyousness of disposition, his liberality of sentiment and his freedom from prejudice made these advantages singularly valuable to him, especially with musicians. His father and first instructor is still living in Czaslau; (upon his later and higher development Clementi exerted a powerful influence so long as he (D.) was in London); a brother, also a fine pianist, and author of many favorite works, is living in Milan; and a sister, possessed of similar high qualities, is in London, where she is married to a certain Mr. Cianchettini. In his early years Dussek's life was one of struggle; at a later period, when his merit was acknowledged, friendship, successful labor and advantageous positions made it for the most part easy pleasant. In this latter period he, in perhaps but a single instance, met with a deep and lasting sorrow — and this was when his patron and pupil (in composition and pianoforte playing) Prince Louis — whom it is well known he followed to the field of battle near Jena — was torn from him by death under such painful circumstances."

As to Dussek's works their general character has been sufficiently denoted in the foregoing passages from contemporary writers; their number, it might, perhaps, be difficult to determine exactly. The highest "opus" number which I have seen is 77, but this gives a very imperfect idea of the quantity of his compositions, since in those days, it was not the custom to call a page or two of runs, passages, and trills, confounding some poor, little, innocent, common melody an *opus* — this term being often made to include three or more important compositions — as Beethoven's six quartets, opus 18. Whether all the *opera* of Dussek from 1 to 77 were published does not appear from my authorities. In March, 1813, (see *Intelligenz Blatt*, No. IV., of the *L. M. Zeitung*, Vol. XV.), Breitkopf and Härtel print a long advertisement, announcing "a complete edition" of the composer's works; but it appears in the course of the advertisement that the edition is to consist of only the more important, (bedeuten-dere), and whether this design even was carried into effect I have not determined. In the *L. M. Zeitung*, Vol. IX., may be seen a song by him, written in the compass of three notes



and a canon for four voices to the words, "Ha, he, ha, ha, ich merke wohl an euren werthen Nasen, dass ich mit hübschen Phrasen, das ohr auch Kitzeln soll."

Gerber says, in the "New" Lexicon, "Besides the list of pianoforte works, which I have written in the other Lexicon, he has, from 1788 to 1799, that is, in a space of less than eleven years, made public so many proofs of his talents and industry, and given employment to so many presses, that the mere task of reducing them to order and bringing them into a correct catalogue would demand almost as much care and far more patience than the author seems to have expended upon their composition. For a great portion of them seem to belong to a certain class of manufactured wares, such as are usually sold by the dozen. Whoever knows the two concertos, ops. 15 and 17, published at Offenbach, will not even exempt them entirely from this charge, nor can the most of his works be declared free from errors in counterpoint." But Gerber, it will be noticed, is speaking of the works of the popular pianist not of the Dussek of the "Elegie harmonique," "L'Invocation," and those truly grand compositions of his last years.

Diabacz informs us that while a young organist he composed much for the church; he says "those musical compositions, which he wrote for church choirs, are still in manuscript and for the most part preserved in the St. Barbara church, in Kütenberg and in the Decanal church in Ciaslau." But that was in 1815; still they may lie there yet.

Such are the principal notices, which have come under my observation in German authorities of the great Dussek.

Madame Corri-Dussek, wife of J. L. D., and daughter of Corri, the music-seller, was born in Italy—when?—married, when?—died, when? She was one of three (or four?) sisters, all of whom gained more or less reputation in England and on the continent. One of them was so much of a singer as to be taken by the "great Cat—little Cat—great Cat-alani"—as the comic song of that day had it, to the exceeding indignation of the said "great Cat—little Cat—great Catalani"—to the continent to sing in her concerts. Of course any adequate notice of these sisters—and they seem to be worth one—can only be drawn up from English authorities. According to Gerber, and the *L. M. Zeitung* (Dec. 15, 1802), Mad. Corri-Dussek was at that time in the front rank in London as singer, pianist and harpist, being in the former capacity prima donna in the Professional Concerts. She was also a composer, and Gerber gives the following list of works which had come under his notice in the catalogue of the firm, Corri & Dussek: 3 Sonatas for Pianoforte, Op. 1.; 3 Sonatas for the Harp, Op. 2.; 3 Sonatas for the Harp, Op. 3.; 3 Sonatas for the Pianoforte Op. 3 (?); 3 Sonatas for the Pianoforte, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; Duchess of York's Waltz; German Waltz for the Harp; Rondo for the Harp; Another Rondo for the Harp.

Queries. Did Dussek desert his wife? or she him? had they children? who was Olivia Dussek, authoress of an arrangement for Pianoforte and Harp of "Rule Britannia," (See *Harmonicon*, Vol. II., p. 8)? From a communication by Madame de Fouché, of Brighton, Eng., it appears that Mrs. Dussek married the tenor Morant as a second husband.

(To be continued.)

[From the National Quarterly Review, for September, 1861.]

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(Continued from page 204.)

If we examine the history of music among the Greeks, we shall find that the progress of the art was proportioned to that of painting and sculpture, so that it attained its highest perfection in the time of Pericles. And who can deny that its progress has been similarly distinguished among the moderns? Nowhere has this been more evident than in England. The English are said not to be a musical people; they readily admit the fact themselves; yet there is no audience in Europe more critical than a London audience. No audience in the world is more feared by *artistes* who have their reputation to establish; even those who have had the most triumphant success at Florence, Naples, Venice, Vienna, Berlin and Paris, approach London with diffidence—often literally with fear and trembling. Why is this? It is not because the English are cold-hearted, or unwilling to give genius all the credit that is due to it, for they are neither one nor the other. On the contrary, no people are more generous in this respect. They are critical simply because, although they do not possess musical talents themselves, they are capable of appreciating those talents in others. They employ the best *artistes*, cost what they may, or come from where they will; they give them better pay than they get anywhere else, and attend their performances more regularly than any other audience; and they will have none merely because they are cheap.*

By this means they secure the benefit of the highest musical education, their taste is formed on the best models. They may not be able to distinguish one note from another on paper; but the best musicians cannot pass a more accurate judgment on the rendering of a difficult passage in an opera. The same is true, though not to an equal extent, of a New York audience, composed in the main of the regular habitués of the opera; for New Yorkers, too, are willing to pay the highest price for the best talent. And if any one, capable of the effort, will compare the class of persons in the habit of attending the opera, with those in the habit of attending the theatre, he will readily admit the superior refinement, if not the general intellectual superiority, of the former.

While it is generally conceded that the tendency of the ordinary drama is to demoralize, experience proves that music, even when it is not of the highest order, purifies and elevates. Need we say that there is evidence of this in the recollection of every intelligent person? Nowhere has the experiment been tried but it has proved eminently successful. In several of the German States the people have their children instructed in music as carefully as in reading or writing. Those found not to have a good voice are taught to play on some instrument or other; generally whichever kind they prefer themselves; so that it is rare, for example, to meet with an Austrian—that is, one brought up in Austria proper—who is not a musician, vocal or instrumental; generally both. There are other States in which this is ridiculed as effeminate. Such is the case in Bohemia. But, if we compare the Bohemians with the Austrians, we shall find that

* At the first sight it may seem contradictory that it is not the people of those countries in which music is most cultivated, or the people who practice it most themselves, that are best competent to judge of its merits, or, what amounts to the same, that have the best musical taste; but such is really the fact. M. D'Alembert explains the apparent anomaly as follows:

"Outre la foule de compositeurs médiocres qui abonde toujours dans un pays où la musique est fort cultivée comme elle l'est en Italie, le bon goût, il faut l'avouer, y décline sensiblement. Pergolèse, trop tôt enlevé pour le progrès de l'art, a été le Raphaël de la musique Italienne; il lui avait donné un style vrai, noble, et simple, dont les artistes de sa nation s'écartent un peu trop aujourd'hui. Le beau siècle de cet art semble être en Italie sur son déclin, et le siècle de Bérniguel et de Luciani commence à lui succéder. Quoiqu'on remarque encore dans la musique Italienne moderne des beautés vraies et supérieures, l'art et le désir de surprendre s'y laissent voir trop souvent au préjudice de la nature et la vérité; ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que les Italiens éclairés s'en aperçoivent eux-mêmes et gemissent de cet abus. Mais il a sa source dans un défaut peut-être incurable, l'amour excessif des Italiens pour la nouveauté en fait de musique."—*Sur La Liberté de la Musique*, p. 122.

the latter are vastly more brave as well as more moral—in every respect better citizens—than the former. Still more musical than the Austrians are the Tyrolese, and they are still braver, soberer, and more industrious in proportion.*

Those who think that all music is dangerous to good morals, except sacred music—psalms, hymns, anthems, &c.—may reply that if the Tyrolese and Austrians are more industrious, brave, and virtuous than their unmusical neighbors, they are so rather in spite of their musical propensities, than on account of them. Nor is there much use in trying to convince them if the contrary. But we have proofs at hand of the humanizing effects of music, which we think ought to satisfy even them. Thus, in a report now before us, of the Inspectors of Scotch Prisons, recently presented to the British Parliament, the Rev. George Scott, chaplain to the Glasgow Prison, bears the following testimony to the beneficial influence of music:

"All the young prisoners have lately been indulged in the means of innocent recreation and exercise. A few who have a taste for music and drawing are occasionally indulged in gratifying the first, and at all times during their extra hours in cultivating the last. As to music, I am decidedly of opinion that it has a cheering and beneficial effect. It does not interfere with the work, and exhilarates the spirits of many who would be apt to fall into gloom and despondency. Before these various means of exhilaration were introduced, there were always a good many constantly sinking into a state of listless apathy; in which the mind seemed to fall asleep, or to be nearly overthrown, and the prisoner to sink into a state of lassitude, indifferent to everything. There used, also, to be frequent attempts at suicide, from the same despondency. Since these means of cheerful and innocent recreation have been introduced, I do not know of one attempt of the latter kind, and at present the mental energy of all the prisoners is more unimpaired than I ever observed. I attribute these beneficial effects, and the visible change, to the causes specified."

The effect of the famous Marseilles Hymn on the French Revolution is well known. It did more to arouse the people than scores of orators; and to this day it is more feared by the French Government than any other production, however voluminous. Napoleon I. remarked while at St. Helena, on being reminded of the fears he had evinced, even when at the meridian of his power, of the influence of literary men and women whom he knew to be opposed to his government, that he could not deny that he really had such fears, but that he would rather have had octaves of satire written against him, in poetry and prose, than to hear that the French people had again begun to march to the irresistible promptings of the Marseilles Hymn. Nor is this the only lyric that has been a source of dread to the rulers of France. The time the Bourbons had to employ Swiss regiments, a song composed by a Swiss peasant had such an effect on the latter that it was prohibited on pain of death throughout French dominions, though in this case it was the words much more than the air that aroused the patriotism of the exiles, by reminding them, as will be presently seen, of their mountains and hills, torrents and limpid streams, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, flocks and herds, shepherds and shepherdesses, &c.

"Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?
Nos claires ruisseaux,

* Nor is this high appreciation of music anything new among the educated classes of the German people. It was the same in the time of Luther; who has perhaps never infused more truth and philosophy into the same amount of space, than he has into the following noble tribute to the salutary influence of music:

"Music is one of the fairest and best gifts of God; and Satan hates it, nor can he bear it, since by the means we exercise many temptations and wicked words. It chases away the spirit of melancholy, as we may see by the case of King Saul. Some of our nobility think that they have some great thing, when they give three thousand gulden yearly toward music, and yet they will throw away, without scruple perhaps, thirty thousand on follies. Kings, princes and lords must maintain music (for it is the duty of great potentates and monarchs to uphold excellent liberal arts, as well as laws). Inasmuch as the common people and private individuals desire it, and would have it if their means was sufficient. Music is the best solace to a wearied man: through it the heart is again quieted, quickened, and refreshed: as that one says in Virgil:

"Tu calamos infans levis, ego dicere verbum."

Luther's Table Talk.

Nos coteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes ?
Et l'ornement des nos compagnes ?
—Là si gentil et si beau,
—A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour—
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère ?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour."

But it is not man alone that is capable of being influenced by music. That more musicians than Orpheus have "charmed the savage breast" is beyond dispute. Naturalists show us that the most ferocious beasts are more or less subdued by its powers. Captain Henry Wilson, of the East India Company's Service, who has written an interesting book on India, informs us that a travelling Fakir called one day at his house with a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he caused to rise up and dance, as well as to keep excellent time, to the tune of a pipe on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed with snakes about his farm-yard, which continued to destroy his poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of his servants inquired of the fakir whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them, to which he hastily replied in the affirmative; and being led to a place where a snake had recently been seen, began to play upon his pipe. In a short time a snake came gliding towards him, and was instantly caught; he commenced again, and had not continued five minutes when a huge *cobra de capello*, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The fakir approached him fearlessly and played with more spirit, until the snake was half out of his hole and ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself up to spring; the snake then darted at him, when dexterously seizing it by the tail he held it firmly until the servant dispatched it.

In a manuscript work by William Dennis, who devoted his life to the study of natural history, it is stated that of all beasts there is no one that is not delighted with music but the donkey. "H Stephens," he adds, "avows that he saw a lion in London leave his prey to hear music; and Mr. Playford informs us that, as he once travelled in Hertfordshire, he met a herd of stags upon the road following a bagpipe and violin; that when the music played they went forward, but when it ceased they stood still; and in this manner they were brought from Yorkshire to the park of Hampton Court.

It may, indeed, be doubted whether the lion could be induced to abandon his prey by his love for music; nor does the story about the stags seem altogether credible; but as strange occurrences, resulting from the power of music, as either of those described by Dennis, are well authenticated. M. De Vernet, a French officer, while confined in the Bastille, used to beguile his weary hours by playing on the lute. He had thus, for several weeks, found consolation in his solitude. When playing one day he observed, to his astonishment, a number of mice and spiders issuing from their holes. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times, and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased.* The Abbé d'Olivet, than whom there is no more creditable authority, informs us that Pelisson amused himself in a similar manner while confined in the same fortress. "For some time," says the Abbé, "he placed his flies on the edge of the spider's web, which was in process of being formed, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe. Little by little the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issue from its

hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, in drilling the spider by regular exercise, so that, at length, it never failed to appear at the first sound to seize the fly provided for it, even on the knee of the prisoner."

* A still stranger case is reported in the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal for 1817, by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson county, who stated that, "One evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Plymouth, were seated round, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment. It shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal seemed to be increased and *vice versa*. After performing actions, which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Translated from Louis Ehrlert's "Briefe über Music," by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On Chopin's Mazurkas.

LETTER No. 16.

Do you know Chopin's sorrowful Mazurkas, those pathetic dances, in which a deep, heart-felt sorrow has put on red buskins, and weeps itself to death amid bacchantic tumult?

Ye still must dance, who have, poor feet so weary !
In gay shoes dress ye ;
Who would, the earth beneath,
More gladly rest ye !

Poor Chopin ! was it the sorrow of his people that afflicted him, or a secret woe, a fatality of love ? Over his cradle the graces pronounced their fairest enchantments a favor not lightly granted to mortals ; and the gods bestowed on him their greatest gift, the nobility of genius. The highest things that any man can desire, in order to be happy, he possesses in the fullest measure ; the laurel of renown, success in love, the protection of friendship, the fruit of toil ; and all these accompanied by youth and an irresistibly attractive individuality. He wanted nothing but a sailor's nervous system. Poor Chopin ! his soul was strung with æolian harp strings, on which, at the slightest breath of wind, wondrous, mysterious beings played ; from out a holy silence, these seraphic tones fell on our ear, so that we listened, as though nature's elementary voice pronounced an enigmatical prophesy. A poet of such wonderful refinement of language, with such a sense of color, such a lofty aristocracy of thought, should certainly possess a nervous system of his own. And thus he consumed a vitality that more niggardly natures would have preserved for a hundred years, before he had reached the prime of life. Envious ! If the multitude reckons according to duration, we have another measure. Could I become, for one month of rapture, such a poet as Beethoven, I should be content to pay for it with beggary for the rest of my life. Depth, inwardness is everything, and the greatest joy on earth is the power of creating an immortal work. And from failure in accomplishment comes unhappiness and unworthiness ; tired, broken down, we sit like watchers beside the bed of our sick hope, the crack-brained nurse who fed us on poisoned philtres.

Chopin had the misfortune to become so popular, that there is no drawing-room to be found where he is not falsified and misunderstood. The frivolous desire to play these exquisite compositions in an arbitrary manner, to intrude, with one's own personal feelings, into the poet's peculiar world, has led to that disagreeable style of Chopin-playing, distinguished principally by looseness of style and buffoonery. The coquettish usurps the place of the graceful, wantonness takes the place of daring, sentimentality that of sentiment, and geniality becomes harshness. Only one who has known tears and blushes, whose

heart beats in the fingertips, may venture to play Chopin.

We can well fancy how completely most amateurs fail in this trial, when we recollect how many great artists have been shipwrecked in the attempt. Our musical societies, where vanity and tedium pass current for mutual profit,—these unsupportable preserves of discomfort, these sick rooms of enjoyment, where men awkwardly herd together, in which the smell of corruption from a thousand strangled thoughts fills the air, are the natural theatres of those charades and anagrams, which our pianoforte players make on the name of Chopin. I swear to you by Hermann and Dorothea, on my metrical conscience, that I had rather be present at an improvisation in hexameters, than at one of those perverse interpretations of a poet, whose magical glow ought to frighten away all fingers that are afraid of fire. Imagine the fate of a composition, in which the written measure is entirely disregarded ; imagine the entanglement of hurries and delays where the metronomic influence is absent in the time, and in which not the movements of the pendulum, but ungoverned treatings of the human heart should raise and let fall the robe of the poem !

Surely some secret charm must exist in these creations which discloses even to the unpoetical world of "lofty ignorants" as Viardot once called those circles where the classics are condemned to eternal banishment, where Beyer and Rosellen are played with remarkable intelligence, and where everything is esteemed ambrosia, provided that it is written salted or peppered. It must be that charm of real destruction, by means of which true nobility betrays its presence, that charm of indescribable grace, which clothes every form of life with beauty. As Chopin was a born aristocrat, even those saloons, that are not always so fortunate as to receive the best company, have been opened to him. But you would hardly believe in what adventurous circumstances I encountered this dear friend. One shudders at such popularity. To please whom, and where ? I once heard the B minor scherzo played in such a company of common buffoons, that it was like a rose buried in a bunch of thistles. A predilection for Chopin is instructive, and not a choice of judgment ; the noblest things that his genius has created, are the property of a small number only. I would wager my love, faith, and hope, that a sorrowful Mazurka, that I have now in my mind, is understood by very few persons. Too fatalistic is this too gloomy the sorrowful, questioning close ;

Ye still must shine, alas, poor eyes all tear-worn !
Where moon-lights sparkle ;
Who would from pain escape, asleep
Where willows darkle !

They call Chopin sickly. Which among us can boast of health ? He was not more sickly than many of our great poets, than Byron, or Robert Schumann ; although I am willing to grant, that Kalkbrenner was far more healthy.

But who is interested now in Mr. Kalkbrenner's robust muse, with his strong-wristed passages and red-checked melodies ? When I was a boy, I was once bade to play one of those tavern house pieces, that then covered every German and French piano. In my simplicity I asked my teacher if Mr. Kalkbrenner was not a sailor, for which question I was severely scolded. Since that time, I have never heard a piece by this excellent man, without thinking of striped trousers.

Chopin's nature was so poetic, that in his hands the study itself became a poem. Let his two greatest, those in C sharp and A minor, written with such exact technical aim, be played with freedom, and any one will acknowledge that our pianoforte literature has nothing more nobly passionate. And what wonderful originality is to be found in them ! Not a bar that is not new, playable and musically charm-

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXI.

THE BOOK OF LEVIATHAN.

LONDON, SEPT. 25.

"Sitting at mine ease in mine inn"; on the bosom of the Atlantic, scarcely felt to heave under the huge bulk of our "floating hotel," smoothing the rough sea in our steady, stately, tranquil course—sitting at table in cozy state-room or luxurious saloon, recalling leisurely and writing out these musical memories of Europe, which for the year past have flung occasional and fitful shadows on these pages; improving the leisure of the Ocean and the quiet of the Great Ship, to complete the record of music heard in London of Birmingham Festivals, perchance of far-gone days in Italy and Germany—thus studying at once your entertainment, reader, and the writer's peace of mind; forestalling, too, a little rest for the first days of arrival home:—this was a pleasant vision, was it not! But it was reckoning without "the Equinoctial," without the least appreciation of the unrivalled *rolling* qualities of the "Great Eastern," and without suspicion of the speculating and deceptive invitation of the "Great Ship Company (Limited)"—ominous word that last! The passage, hopefully begun, has proved abortive; the visions of approaching home were suddenly dashed; the ocean angrily has flung me back upon the shores of Europe. And here, instead of writing on the sea of the euphonious memories of the land, I write on *terra firma* of the hideous cacophony of sea and storm. This time the letter must be episodic, and relate experiences as far as possible from music—"the jarring of a bad discord at the end of my English Symphony," as my old artist friend in Paris sympathetically suggests. "Sternly and sadly marked" indeed, old friend, have been both the beginning and the end—if end it may be—of this European visit! But, thank God, we are safe and whole! "Who has not ate his bread in tears, he knows ye not, ye heavenly powers." Some of that great music now would come wonderfully in place to celebrate a wonderful deliverance! Some Handel's *Te Deum*, or *Gratias agimus* of Mozart, or *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, or glorious Joy Symphony of Beethoven, would chime well with the emotions of eight hundred rescued from the perils of the great deep and of the "Great Ship," which was to have set such perils at defiance!

And now for our story—although the newspapers have long since taken off the edge of novelty. Every passenger tells it in his own way, since in so vast a ship no one saw all and no two saw or fared alike; here is mine.

It was a fine day, that Tuesday, the 10th of September, when we embarked at Liverpool, and steamed down the Mersey and for twenty miles down the channel, so quietly that we hardly felt we moved. For some hours I could scarce detect a hair's breadth variation from the perfect level in the lines of the ship seen against the horizon. It was a festal going forth. Boats full of people hovered round us, and all Liverpool appeared to

throng the wharves, the house tops, and even the elevated squares far back in the city, shouting and waving handkerchiefs. Boom of cannon, blare of brass bands fatigued the ear. Then there was *quant. suff.* of complimentary ceremonial, official glorification and delay. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool and party sailed down with us to see us off, and we must stop our course an hour or two to see them off, and let the boats which bore them circle round us several times with National Anthem, waste of gunpowder, and whatever else pertains to the time-honored privilege of great bodies to move slowly. "Very portly directors, with red geraniums in their button-holes, and shining, benignant, after-dinner faces, had been inspecting the great ship; and said that all was well," and like the humorous writer of this in the *Times*, we were all glad when these gentlemen were off, and, ceremonies over, felt that we were fairly on our way. (*Fairly*, soon changed to *foully*, though!) We were about 200 cabin passengers, women and children being almost in the majority; as many more in the steerage; and about 400 crew:—800 souls, who made but a sparse population in a ship as big as a Swiss village.

For the remainder of the day one was lost and bewildered and fatigued in wandering over the great ship; not so much by its spaciousness, costing so many steps for every little errand or attempt to find any thing or any body, as by the general confusion that prevailed. It was evident before one had been half an hour on board, that there was very little of anything like thorough organization. The main deck, while it invited to the luxury of a quarter of a mile promenade (back and forth), was very dirty, poorly provided with seats, and these not fastened. Only our smaller luggage was allowed to go to our state-rooms, the larger trunks were left out in the middle of a wide floor stretching across the ship, just where they and we had been taken in at a port-hole upon the third deck, far aft and inaccessible to cabin passengers; we were promised that they should be carefully packed in safe and proper store-rooms—a promise never kept, as learned to our sorrow afterwards. And when it came to eating, gay and hotel-like as was the scene in those fine dining-rooms, and copious as were the viands, and great the bustle of stewards, one had to abandon the philosophy of patience and wax clamorous to get any thing to satisfy hunger. The fact was, the servants were all new and unused to their places; the crew were new; the officers were new; the captain himself, however excellent a seaman, however brave and devoted a man, was new—all new to the ship, and new to one another, running about, shouting at cross purposes, and adding to the general bewilderment; almost as much lost in the great strange place as we were. However, there was much to see and to enjoy,—at all events the luxury of long walks and quiet motion, with soft evening air and a young moon and starlight, on the open sea. One iucubus, which haunts the beginning of all voyages, the thought of seasickness, seemed to be dismissed from all minds; and the worst thing to be feared was the close air of state-rooms, spacious as they are compared with those in common steamers. How well for us, that our entreaties availed not for getting those "bull's-eyes" opened! Fatigue, however, from the day's confusion was a good soporific;

ing; indeed Chopin may be called the inventor of an entirely fresh pianoforte life. After him, how flat, how uninteresting is the style of any master, with the exception of Beethoven alone; what a litany of gone-by, dead-alive forms; what a prosaic, feelingless jingle! Should any one seriously declare to me, that even to-day he can execute with true enjoyment, the piano pieces of Clementi, Dussek, Hummel and Ries, I will esteem him as an excellent man, yea, a very honest one; but I will not drink wine with him.

Do you know any nightingale that can warble in such a dreamy clear-obscure as the melodies of Chopin's nocturnes? I will not do Hafis a wrong; but our German bulbuls seem lovesick in comparison. Has filigree work, or the Moorish arabesque, woven anything more transcendently fine than those fantastic embellishments, that look like silvery lace, threaded by elves in the moonlight? And now play his great songs of love, and look at the celestial passion in these summery, storm-intoxicated eyes!

Of the flame, so great, so noble,
That within my bosom rages,
Is the hot sun but a sparkle,
That into the air has mounted.

And his bosom was soon consumed by the great flame, for he died the fiery death of the poet. We, who drank so freely of the nectar, which he so generously bestowed, must laugh pityingly over the kitchen fire, at which citizen Dussek and worthy Hummel cooked their spare Olympic meal; and even the draught which noble John Field presents, seems to us little more than excellent sugared water. Heaven preserve us from historical injustice. They were worthy, honest men, but doubtful poets. Supported by the consciousness of having fully mastered the rules, they played the piano according to the pious usage of their forefathers, and composed correct pieces with the comfortable applause of a conscience untroubled by fancy; innocent of the revolutionary ideas of Beethoven, they leaned on the burger's staff of custom, protected by the police, applauded by boarding-schools, and taking unto themselves the certainty of immortality, as though some benevolent legates had made them sure of the future. But the after-world will be uninfluenced by party, and will lower the too easily obtained applause of our own age to its proper level.

And as a reward for fulfilling this contemptible office, the future will have the power to raise overturned pillars, and to set up crosses over down trodden graves.

Chopin sleeps under the palm; upon his grave bloom tender-hued roses. On a May night, while the air slept breathlessly, filled with moonlight and odor, I sat there amid dreams, and listened to the whispering leaves. I heard the softened tones of that funeral march he wrote; the basses, folded in mourning crape, with their hesitating step often interrupted by tears. I do not know how long I sat thus, in the lovely night of spring, with the dead at my feet, before I perceived, under the cypress shadows, two kneeling forms, that seemed to be holding a service of love in this spot. One was tall, with slender, transparent limbs; she looked like the dream of a summer night, and wore a sparkling net of filigree chains about her hair. The other, whose swelling breast and lovely arms spoke of a more developed form, carried on her face the magic story of some strange sorrow. A ray of moonlight fell on her feet; I shrank within myself, for I saw that she wore red buskins.

The Paris Conservatory of music has 934 pupils who are instructed by 81 teachers, styled "Professors" in 86 classes. The tuition is paid by the state.

According to the "Guide musicale" there are 20,000 Piano-teachers in Paris.

and those, who were so happy as to find berths without a rival claimant, (for, strange to say, 200 passengers crowded the cabin accommodations of this great ship, and in several instances the same number had been sold to two or more individuals — showing that the general hurry and confusion of the outfit prevailed also in the agencies at Liverpool and London) slept well enough through their first night at sea.

Wednesday, 11th. — Early on deck, in search of fresh air. Mild, sunshiny, misty morning, with that peculiar charm of some of Turner's sea views. Irish coast; long, gentle mountain lines as soft and picturesque as the Alban hills. We pass the rugged rocks of the Cape (Ireland's warning, hints a punster: "*Kape Clear*,") and are soon out of sight of land, rejoicing on our westward way. Things are slowly settling into order — very slowly — and yet necessarily — for, cut off from all the rest of the world, and hooped in by waves, we are a "*company limited*," and must fall into positive routine. Novelty, enough, though, to occupy the mind. There is the ship itself, the sea, the shores, to watch. There is the sweet and even motion of the magnificent and massive engines, as quiet as the breathing of a babe asleep. There is the wonder that the waves (for there is a fresh breeze and a good sea) appear so level from the height of our broad deck. Verily we tread down all inquietude! The billows have to bear us patiently; they only waited for so big a ship! Then there is infinite food for mutual curiosity in one another, rapidly melting into sociability. What a Shakspearian study! What varieties of character! It were a rich book that should portray all those individualities only so far as they manifested themselves during that one week to any observing one among them, — especially as they developed themselves during the three trying days that followed! What interesting peeps, too, into histories and plans and destinies! What mingling of the bright and sombre colors of all ages and all fortunes! Contrasts of wisdom and folly, of nobleness and meanness, of innocence and worldliness, of what is genial and what is hard and unencouraging! One never reads all this so vividly, so seriously, as when the typical voyage of life is thus enacted round him on a real ocean. So the day passes, and all's well. With a rich purple sunset the wind blows up strong, and the Great Eastern begins to show that she can "*roll*," and some of the passengers to look what they would fain not express and disappear below.

Thursday, 12th. — A bad night for the beginning of sorrows! Heavy rolling; and infernal noises ringing and grating all night through the sonorous, iron carcass of the ship; — shovelling of coal, dragging of chains, whizzing of great wheels, and all cast-iron sounds, mingled with a most superfluous deal of shouting, ordering about and scolding, making all sleep impossible. Consequence, a sharp, feverish headache, disposing one to seek rest — but not sea-sick; — fortunate perhaps, they who were! for, in the indifference to all things which that nausea necessitates, they could not know all the terror of the fearful night impending! Walk the deck awhile; but it is dark and rainy; long swells; ship rolling heavily. By noon the wind grows violent. Seated at lunch, we note at frequent, even intervals a loud, metallic, booming sound, which rings through the hollow caverns of the ship — not a thump as

from the waves, but an explosive sound, as if the huge iron sides of the empty hull *sprang* by their own vibration. Truly an ominous sound! and an intelligent waiter confirmed this theory of it (whether correctly or not), adding that *the ship was without ballast (!)*, only 300 tons of cargo to her more than 13,000 registered tonnage; so that the consumption of coal (300 tons daily) left her more and more hollow, to vibrate and contract and spring, like a huge drum.

By two o'clock the gale is furious; a boiling sea; the rolling of the ship is terrible; to keep a footing on deck is impossible to any but good seamen. Headache confines me to a lounge in the luxurious "*Grand Saloon*," where there are shelves plentifully filled with books, continually toppling down on people's heads. Resolving to abstain from dinner I try to read Mr. Pepys's Memoirs, and to realize the scenes of London in old times by the light of the London in which I have just been living — or watch the company about me, the ludicrous efforts of some to keep their seats, the pretty ways and happy voices of children, to whom it is all fun as yet. As for the dinner, all fared alike; there was no dining that day; several times over we could hear the tables set, and every time a new roll would bring a general slide and stampede of glasses, dishes, tables and all; yet would the silly waiters persevere in building up card houses. Soon it grew too serious to think of dinner, or to find amusement in the drollest mishaps. Chairs and tables slid away from us; women and children would creep into corners, bracing themselves against walls and railings. Suddenly the wind howls; it lifts the sky-lights, which run along over both sides of the saloon, and smashes them down, one after another, with a fearful jingling and flying about of glass. Most of it, fortunately, falls through the spaces behind the bronze railings, which skirt the room, down upon the deck below. Ladies, terrified, retire, clinging to bannisters, or to whatever they can get hold of, to their state-rooms. Many, however, remain; and I am just watching a beautiful group of children playing in a corner on the floor, as unconcerned and cheerful, as if childhood and sunshine ruled the world, when suddenly there comes a great lurch, with a tremendous crash, and everything gives way; sofas break from their slender moorings, and chairs, tables, glasses, the great stove, piano, commodes, all are pitched from side to side, six or eight times successively, — women and children with the wreck. Two of the ladies were badly hurt; it was a wonder some were not killed; several gentlemen were cut with glass, or sprained themselves in trying to help them. The most were hurried away, as fast as possible, to their berths, as being the safest places during the general shaking up and dashing about of every loose thing, which lasted all that night and for days afterward. The scene, just at that crisis of the hurricane, a little before sunset, was appalling. Terror reigned in all places. No, not all; some cheerful, beautiful young faces never lost their sweetness and serenity, nor did the cheerful music of their voices falter, during all peril of those three days and nights. These were angels of hope and confidence to others. And the calmness shown by most of the women, and, under their influence, by the children too, after the first shock was past, was truly admirable. That the danger was real, that destruction

so far as human calculation could see, was imminent, there could be no doubt. Those who knew the most, men who kept about the ship and observed all, men of nautical experience, thought the case most serious, while doing all in their power to prevent a panic and to circulate a cheerful hope.

Alarming reports came in continually from without. Boats had been swept away; one of the paddle wheels, after being at first twisted inward, so that it scraped and crunched against the iron side of the ship with a fearful noise, was gone; the other soon followed; sails, that had been hoisted to help bring her to the wind, were "*torn to ribbons*;" great rolls of lead had got loose in the engine room; huge oil tanks, weighing tons, are rolling back and forth, with a noise like heavy thunder, in the hold (we fancied some of the great cannon were rolling), and one of them has knocked a hole through the iron hull under the bows — fortunate that the ship does not pitch, as well as roll, or she would fill there! Still our hope is in the exceeding strength of this great iron hull; and though the ponderous engines suddenly stand silent, ominous silence amid the pandemonium of other noises, we have still the screw left to manage with. Alas! we little knew the worst, — that that great sea, which struck the stern with such terrific force a little before six o'clock, had broken the rudder head, an iron post twelve inches thick, short off, and that the ship had long since refused to answer to the helm. The captain wisely concealed this from the passengers, to avoid a panic, and kept a show of men, "*an army of them*," working at the steering wheels. More sad reports came. A poor sailor had his leg broken; the cook too, and the baker, had suffered quite as badly; and the number of those more or less seriously injured increased continually, until such casualties become a matter of course, as on a battle field. The two cows were killed; their house, in ruins, had crushed through the cover of the stairway leading from the deck down to the ladies' cabin; and it is even asserted, without contradiction, that one of the poor creatures thrust her head through the sky-lights into that very grand saloon in which we sat; but this deponent saw it not. A noble dog had worn his claws off, till his feet bled, trying to keep hold on the deck through the incessant rolling of three days and nights, while the tops of the masts, like clock fingers, described an arc of 45 degrees upon the sky. Some poor swans too were knocked about till they were dead. (The clever draughtsman, who gives the scene of the saloon in the *Illustrated News*, the truthfulness of which in general I can endorse, availing himself of the artistic license of concentration, I suppose, has introduced a fluttering swan upon the middle of the floor!)

Sleep, of course, was out of the question that night. Thoughts of the final sleep, and of the great awakening, were too near to all minds. Such excitement, such anxiety will know no rest except in the most wakeful watchfulness for all that passes. Besides, it were a difficult and dangerous matter, groping through the dark, clutching at treacherous supports, and stumbling upon broken glass to reach one's state-room, when it lay a long and crooked way off. Safety lay, if anywhere, in "*staying put*" in one place. By strange good chance, several of us found our-

selves when the great crash began, upon a heavy sofa at one end between two doors—the only thing in the whole room that did not slide! Here we planted ourselves, on and around this bulwark, women and men, some seated on the floor, some braced between the sofa and the door ways, some huddled against the wall built round one of the great smoke pipes, which screened us from the body of the room, a mutually supporting, compact group of a score or so, and sat awaiting what might come—sat through the shocks, the rollings that tasked all our strength (it steadied the nerves to have something to do, some effort steadily, relentlessly required) through all the fiendish noises, the thunder-claps and mutterings, as it sometimes seemed, of Fate—through rumors of new disaster and disablement—through fears of water, fears of fire, or of capsizing, or of being thumped to pieces by the bombarding fury of sea upon sea hurling itself under and against the sides of the huge iron egg shell in which we were rolled and tossed—through prayers, and terrified ejaculations, and singing psalms, and pious exhortations working upon nervous fears—through all the terrors and the perils of the live-long night, until the gray dawn should unfold our real situation. It was nearly dark; all the lights out; only the slender rays of a lantern struggled through the ruins; and the forms of those who came and went, staggering and leaning and starting again in the brief lulls between the rolls, were like shadows. A ponderous bronze chandelier, suspended almost above the heads of our crouching and tenacious little party, was like a Damocles sword to us; it swung incessantly until it kicked the ceiling. Keep from under, for surely the chain will part like everything else among these loose and flimsy fixtures! But no, it (and its fellow) swung on and held their places steadfastly, glass chimneys, globes and all, all night to the end—saved by their yielding, by their rhythmical conformity, and thus illustrating the fable of the oak and the osier in a tempest.

All this time the sense of danger was increased, the nerves kept on the strain, by such an unearthly combination of noises as was never heard before. With each tilt of the ship from side to side, it seemed as if the whole greedy mob of uproarious evil spirits, with the arch-demon of cacophony at the head of them, were let loose upon us; we were at the mercy of the whole hungry, maddened menagerie of a subaqueous hell, which roared and growled and hissed and hilariously laughed at us. The dashing of all loose things against the walls; the crash of furniture; the scattering fire of glass and crockery and every jingling thing, continually renewed from all parts; the rattling of vast accumulations of broken crockery, swept back and forth in the cavernous spaces of the decks below; and with it the rush and swash of water, a foot or two of which had got in from above, strongly suggestive for some time of a leak; the thundrous rolling back and forth of heavy bodies, oil-tanks, cables, cannons, or what not; the creaking, grinding, wriggling of the great smoke chimneys, impatient as it were to join the dance; the dragging of chains, the blowing of steam, the petulant, sharp musketry of sails thrashed and rent away by the wind, the hoarse shouts of the vigilant and hard tasked crew; the angry surge and roar of waves; and, through all and beneath all,

like a measured, solemn sub-bass, the thunder thumps of the sea's great battering ram, threatening a breach against our sides, now here, now there, at each point seemingly concentrated with its whole force of gravity, ringing and reverberating through the great hollow iron drum of a ship with a horrible *rimbombo*. Odd, too, as well as terrible, when the crazed sense had got used to the turmoil enough to think of it! Had Hector Berlioz been there, he would have got several new hints, and would never rest until he had added a number of unheard of huge brass instruments to his monster orchestra, with due description of their uses in the next edition of a "Treatise upon Instrumentation." And the late Mons. Jullien would have set London ringing with the "Great Eastern Symphony-Quadrille." But it was no time for joking. The peril was real. Destruction threatened every moment, and many a mind was occupied with swift last thoughts, of home, of friends, of all that makes life dear, as if suddenly summoned to the final leave-taking—and perhaps, O joy! to the rejoining of dear ones who await us in the world of spirits. God alone can save us. Let us have perfect trust in Him. Whether we survive the storm, or whether it whelm us in eternity, it is the all-wise Love that does for us that which is surely best. It is perhaps well to know such hours of utter weakness outwardly, for then rises up a spiritual strength within; and then too the weakest, who has no physical power to aid another, may impart, by word or look, by tone of voice, by mere cheerful self-possession, such spiritual strength to those about him. Is it not a heavenly inspiration of hope, of trust, of calmness, that wells up within one at the actual encounter of the dreaded thing that *must* be? And that, too, remarkably in the habitually timid, in sensitive and nervous natures, in those who worry themselves with fears of possible dangers, who cannot get the better of a thousand petty everyday annoyances, yet find themselves calm, exalted even, when great trials come!

(To be continued.)

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mad. Varian, after carrying on her very successful series of Parlor-concerts to the tenth, last Wednesday, has discontinued them, but intends to open at the Music Hall a week from to-day, with the assistance of the Germania Band, and Mr. Zerrahn as a conductor of orchestral accompaniments. We trust Mme. Varian will be as successful in this new enterprise as she has been at Chickering's, for she eminently deserves it.

We see by the New York papers that Miss Lizzie Parker (Mrs. Heywood) formerly well known in this city, was to give a concert at Irving Hall assisted by Brignoli, Sussini, Ardavani, Mr. S. B. Mills, the pianist and Mr. Dressler.

Saroni's operetta of the "Twin Sisters" we observe has been performed before an "overflowing, delighted and enthusiastic audience" at Syracuse, N. Y., under the auspices of Mr. T. H. Hinton, well known as a teacher of music in this city, two or three years since. The "Twin Sisters" was composed especially for female schools and we recommend it heartily to any teacher desirous of procuring a suitable work for closing exhibitions of schools.

The Vienna Conservatory of Music has adopted the Paris diapason.

There were 542 pupils at the Brussels Conservatory last year, among them only 13 from abroad.

HOW TO PLAY ON THE MUSICAL GLASSES.—The *Harmonica*, derived from a Greek word signifying harmony, is another name for musical glasses. These consist of a number of drinking glasses of different sizes, placed near each other and tuned by putting more or less water in them as each note requires. The tones are then brought out by pressing the fingers round the rims. It is thought to be a very difficult thing to play on musical glasses, but we can assure our young readers this is quite a mistake; for there is no instrument requiring so little skill and attention from the performer. A few hour's practice will enable any one to give out the tones fully and clearly; and when this skill is attained, the choice and execution of melodies must be left to the taste of the performer, since no further directions can be given. Many suggestions have been made as to the best mode of exciting the vibrations of the glass; but it is doubtful whether any mode is so available and consistent with the object in view as the moistened finger. The learner will find it advantageous to employ water slightly impregnated with alum, with lemon-juice, or a few drops of muriatic acid; but, with a little tact and a little practice, pure water will do perfectly well. It may also be remarked, that the tone is best elicited when the little finger is employed, and this must be moved *from*, and *no towards* the player. The glasses should likewise be frequently sponged, to remove any dust or grease from the edges; and, previously to performance, if the learner has ever found it difficult to bring out the tones, the hands should be washed in warm water, for the purpose of softening the skin of the fingers; which must be well dried, and then dipped in cold water, to produce the tone. A glass of cold water should be contained within the case, as near to the performer as possible. When the apparatus is set aside, the glasses should be protected with a cover from dust and injury.

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—A letter from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's *aria* out of "Ernani." That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well known "Lo vedi o veglio audace." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in "Lucia." The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this *Croesus* of voices, who is the son of a well-to-do bourgeois, to devote himself to the stage.—*Trieste Journal*.

A MONSTER CONCERT.—In Gen. Banks's division on Fast day, twelve regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery assembled to participate in appropriate exercises. Chaplain Quint of the second Massachusetts delivered a fine discourse, the soldiers sang patriotic hymns accompanied by the bands, and there were other interesting proceedings. Before separating, nine full bands, numbering 160 wind instruments, 60 small drums, and a due proportion of brass drums and cymbals, making more than 220 performers in all, united in playing America, Old Hundred, and Hail Columbia.

ULLMANN'S BENEFITS AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY.—A card has been issued by Mr. Ullman to the Directors of the Academy, and another by the Directors to the Stockholders, both of which deserve a little attention, not only from the parties addressed, but from the public generally. Mr. Ullman recapitulates the sacrifices he has made and the energy he has displayed to maintain Italian opera in this city, and intimates that on due support being accorded to him in the two benefits to be taken on Thursday the 17th and Monday the 21st, will very much depend the question of his being able to meet his engagements and carry through the opera season set down for January, February and March next. The Directors are solicited to engage for the disposition of a certain number of tickets for these two performances, and they have not only met the appeal but passed it on to all the stockholders. There is no doubt but that most of the latter will meet it in the same spirit—that the body of the opera lovers in this

city will consider it even more a pleasure than a duty to come forward for the two benefits—and that the Little Napoleon of the Opera will have his hands strengthened as he asks. Though sometimes unfortunate and occasionally erroneous in judgment, Mr. Ullman certainly deserves well of the lovers of music in this city, and they should not neglect him in his day of appeal to their generosity.

From these circulars we learn that on Thursday evening "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be reproduced, with Kellogg and Hinckley (the two American prime donne together), and that on the Monday evening, Donizetti's "Botly" will be given, with a French comic opera which has created much sensation in Paris, "Les Noces de Jeannette." Mancusi, (of the Tacon, Havana,) Brignoli, and Susini, are to sustain the leading male roles.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

We learn from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* that the same proposition is to be made in that city, in Brooklyn and in Boston.

New Publications.

PART SONGS, for three and four female voices, selected mostly from a collection by S. Müller, and translated by Fanny Malone Raymond, for the use of Normal Schools, Young Ladies' Institutes, &c. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. 160 pp.

A glance at the table of contents of this little volume will show how invaluable this collection will be to those for whose use it is intended. Many of the songs are in their original form, such, for example as the "trio from Elijah," the "chorus of angels from Eli," and some operatic selections; while others have been carefully arranged and adapted for female voices, presenting a most excellent collection and opening a somewhat new field for lady singers, in places where a quartette of mixed voices cannot be had—or is not wanted.

The name of Miss Raymond, always and often, a welcome contributor to these columns, is a sufficient guaranty for the faithfulness, musical adaptability and genuine poetic feeling of the translations.

NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE and methodical guide for the Pianoforte teacher by W. A. Wollenhaupt and Th. Hagen. New York: Theo. Hagen. 60 pp.

This is a useful vade-mecum for both the teacher and the pupil. It contains useful hints upon pianoforte playing, from its simplest elements to an advanced stage of accomplishment. The most useful feature however, is perhaps, the catalogue of pieces adapted for players in the different periods of their progress, with some account of them and of the different styles, schools, and composers of music for the piano. If we are not mistaken, the greater part of this work has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *N. Y. Musical Review and World*, of which one of the authors, Mr. Hagen, is the editor.

We copy the following remarks on Chamber Music:

"The study of the Concertos for the Piano and Orchestra, given in the above list, will, of course, greatly enhance the knowledge and the enjoyment of the young artist. But he will find a still greater source of satisfaction in practising, with some congenial fellow-artists, the trios, quartets, and quintets which the great masters in our art have written, and which are comprised under the general title of chamber-music. Nothing more beneficial to his taste, nothing more refined to his musical ear and soul, than such a union of artists, who come together once or twice during the week, to familiarize themselves with the beauties of works which, for the most part were conceived and executed in hours of inspiration of great minds. The exchange of ideas between the great artists, caused by the laboring together with so noble a purpose, the mutual benefit to their knowledge, the enlargement of view which they must derive from it, the congenial feeling of friendship which must naturally arise in such a circle, make such an association an object worthy to be sought after by the young pianist. He may have plenty of opportunity to appear in public and the great mass of his fellow artists, by playing concertos for piano and full orchestra, yet all this will only polish him for the world, satisfy that ambition and thirst after appreciation and fame, which impels every man of true talent to leave his privacy; while the practice of chamber-music will satisfy his heart, and take

him back to the quiet and more delicate enjoyments of family and home. It is true, such unions are a rarity, but let the young student nevertheless try every plan to establish them; let him beware of isolating himself, which is unfortunately the curse of modern musical times, for this isolation, this trying to live for himself, and to outdo everybody else, cause that selfishness and immense self-esteem in the modern artist, of which every observer must have had abundant reason to complain."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is issued by Ticknor & Fields. Contents:—George Sand; Hair Chains; The Flower of Liberty; Alexis de Tocqueville; Agnes of Sorrento; Health in the Camp; "The Stormy Petrel"; A Story of To-day; Concerning People who carried Weight in Life; Why has the North felt aggrieved with England? The Wild Endive; The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe; The Washers of the Shroud; Reviews and Literary Notices.

LLOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF VIRGINIA.—We have received from J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, still another of his admirable maps, being the eastern half of Virginia with Maryland and Delaware. The western part is not yet completed. The scale is very large and it appears to be in every respect reliable and convenient. Price \$1.

Music Abroad.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—The *Domestic War*, by Franz Schubert, has been given for the first time, the theatre of this city being the first in Germany which has brought out this music, so beautiful, ethereal and sweetly colored. The artists have done their best to execute it worthily; and it is said to be a splendid addition to the repertoire.

Meyerbeer is to go to Königsberg in obedience to the orders of the King of Prussia, to superintend some of the musical features of the coronation. He will conduct the orchestra at a concert to be given at the Castle, for which he has composed a hymn and a grand Coronation March, which will be played while the King is going to the Church and on his return. According to Meyerbeer's wish the Choir of the Royal Chapel of Berlin and the Domchor will be present at Königsberg. The great composer was born in Berlin, September 5, 1796.

BERLIN.—The most important event at the Royal Opera House since its re-opening, was the first performance this season of Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, on which occasion the house was very numerous attended. Herr Formes was much applauded as the hero, while the other parts were well sustained by Mad. Harries-Wipperf, Mlle. Deahna, Herren Betz, Fricke, and Pfister. Kroll's Theatre closed its doors a short time since for the season with Herr Schliebner's new opera, *Der Graf von Santarem*. Among the musical celebrities here last week, were Signori Tamberlik, Bettini, and Everardi, on their way to St. Petersburg, where they are engaged. Herr Nicolai Rubinstein also has arrived from London, and Anton Rubinstein, who intends remaining for the present in Germany, is expected in a day or two.

DUBLIN, September 26.—Within the last ten days, since Monday, September 16th, no less than eight operas have been given in rapid succession, in the following order:—Monday, 16th, *Il Trovatore*; Tuesday, 17th, *I Puritani*; Wednesday, 18th, *Norma*; Thursday, 19th, *Marta*; Friday, 20th, *Il Barbiere*; Saturday, 21st, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Monday, 23d, *Don Giovanni*; and, last night, Wednesday, 25th, *Un Ballo in Maschera* for the first time. Novelty being the chief element of attraction to the Dublin public, this performance of the *Ballo* was looked forward to as the great event of the Italian season. Even the sun of Mozart paled before the dazzling brilliancy of this the last meteor of Verdi. A house crammed to the ceiling greeted its appearance with enthusiasm. All the principal artists of the company were included in the cast, which was thus distributed: Amelia, Mlle. Titiens; Renato, Signor Delle-Sedie; Oscar, Mlle. Anna Whitty; Ulrica, Mad. Lemaire; Samuele, Signor Bossi; Tomasso, Signor

Ciampi; Silvano, Signor Fallar; Guidice, Signor Cassaboni; Servo, Signor Savini; and Ricardo, Signor Giuglini. The band of the 11th Hussars performed in the masquerade scene. The opera met with most unequivocal success. As Renato, Signor Delle-Sedie confirmed the great impression he had already made upon the public. The part afforded a favorable opportunity of his being judged impartially, and not by comparison with any predecessors, who perhaps possess more powerful voices, but are infinitely his inferiors in point of true artistic feeling and expression. He caused a sensation throughout the densely thronged theatre by his impassioned impersonation of the wronged husband. Mlle. Whitty had the honor of the first encore of the evening in the Page's song, which seemed to please the galleries amazingly. Mlle. Titiens displayed her magnificent voice to great advantage in the aria of the *prima donna*, as well as in the concerted music, all of which went admirably, without the slightest error. Signor Giuglini was perfection as Ricardo, and won a rapturous encore in everything he sang. His warbling (since that term seems to have become the recognized means of expressing the vocalization of this accomplished artist) was delightful, in the quintet especially.

Mad. Lemaire added greatly to the completeness of the *ensemble*, by her intelligent singing and acting as the Gipsy. The audience, or rather the "gods," were more noisy than ever. They made several attempts to interrupt the performance, by their familiar remarks on the dresses, the scenery, or the music, which at different times appeared to them open to criticism. Their observations were not, however, remarkable for wit or humor,—nothing comparable to one which was made on the first night of *Macbeth* some two years ago. It was during the symphony which precedes the sleep-walking scene. The curtain rose and discovered the Doctor and Nurse seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber. The stage was darkened, everything had a solemn appearance, the music going on in the orchestra—being to match. After a rather long silence, only broken by the grumbling of the double basses and other mysteriously-sounding instruments, the patience of the "gods" seemed to be exhausted, when one of them addressed the Doctor, saying, "Arrah! bedad, man, make haste, then, tell us,—is it a boy or a girl?" Viardot, who was waiting at the side wing to appear, was obliged to defer her *entrée* for some minutes, in consequence of the roars of laughter caused by the inquiry. Nothing worthy of comparison with that speech was to be heard last night.

STUTTGART.—The theatre re-opened on the 2nd inst., with Lortzang's *Beide Schützen*. M. Gounod's *Faust* is in active rehearsal, under the direction of Herr Kücken. The Association for Classical Sacred Music performed Handel's oratorio of *Saul* on the 10th instant.—*Musical World.*

Music in Madrid.

It is no scandal to assert, that whatever may have been the amount contributed by the land in times past to the world's stock of Art, Spain has, to-day, no place of her own in the empire of European music. A guitar-player or two,—a few *sepiidillas*, *modinhas*, and national dance tunes, in which the smallest amount of variety or novelty is to be found—make up the story of her offerings, so far as we know it in England and France. Still, wherever there is civilized speech, there will be music; more or less in quantity; home or foreign in quality, let the season be what it will, music, too, deriving some particularity from the framework in which it is set. A note or two of what has been heard during a few weeks of Autumn holidays in Spain may not be heard without interest.

Down the road from Pamplona, reached in early morning, to Madrid, arrived at four-and-twenty hours later, there was no sound of pipe, or wire, or human voice, save such as ourselves made. The silence of the fierce, scorched, herbless, hilly desert, as lonely and unpeopled as though the land was accursed, was unbroken by the sight or sound of bird or other living creature. In those picturesque halting-places, Agreda and Soria, which displayed the only habitations to be seen during the weary day, not a note was to be caught as we toiled on, under "a heaven of brass" and amid a simoom of dust. Sound there was, in the perpetual cries with which the trust worthy driver of the diligence urged his team of ten forward, and which, mixed with the tuneless jingle of the mule bells, are not yet out of my ears. Any thing more doleful and discordant in outcry and accompaniment hardly exists, even in the Pandemoniacal shrieks and gibberish ventured by M. Berlioz in his "Faust." Never was a showy and brilliant capital (and Madrid is both) approached so dolefully

with such meagre preface or promise in its surroundings.

The Englishman cannot take ten steps from his hotel without being excited by the sight of some characteristic figure or group, which converts familiar pictures into realities. Who does not know the lady in her mantilla and fan, the bull-fighter, with his quaintly-dressed hair, tasseled cap and sash, the clean-limbed and clean-lined peasant, unlading his handsome ass,—the mason, taking his *siesta* in the comfortable dust, with one of the stones he has been chiseling for his pillow, as so many old acquaintances? Yet, in Madrid, they surprise one almost as much as if Wilkie and Louis and Phillip had not brought them home to us. And a surprise is the swarming Prado, seen by moonlight, with its crowds of graceful pedestrians and admirably turned out equipages, and its children going round in dancing-rings under the spare acacia-trees, and its clean water sellers. Surely, one might listen there for guitar and castanet,—for something, whether national or exotic, not unreasonably. But we only encountered a gnat-like accordeon, an asthmatic old harrel-organ, and a hurper, who did his best, on the worst of harps, to represent the well-worn "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." (This, by the way, is a setting of a ferocious modern Spanish romance; hence, possibly, its extreme popularity here.) Lights in the church of San José, directed us as we were strolling homewards to a scene not less full of picture and peculiarity—the funeral of a lady, on whose obsequies much ghastly luxury had been lavished. The building was hung with black draperies laced with gold; an enormous pyramidal catafalque before the high altar blazed with candles, tier above tier; all too few to light up the groups, kneeling or lounging about in attitudes ready made for the painter. There was an orchestral Mass, which, I fancy, may have been of modern Spanish manufacture. More characterless music could not well be, nor any performed in an inferior fashion. But the chanting was good—by male voices, sonorous, and well in tune; and in the quartet of *solo* voices a baritone and a *contralto*, both of fair quality, were to be remarked.

The following evening yielded a thoroughly national exhibition in an old guitar-player, perched on the edge of the kennel in the Puerta del Sol. Street music could not have a better background than the wide fountain, with its ample sheaf of deliciously cool water, rising in a floating film against the darkness, with the folk who congregate on its brim to gossip or to fill their jars. The guitar-work was of itself the real thing; first, a series of ingenious changes, rung on a theme as short as the *Ciaccona* glossed by Sebastian Bach, with all manner of odd effects, such as I only recollect to have heard from Señor Huerta,—afterwards, a graceful *Notturmo*, in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, less characteristic, but still unfamiliar. We have since come upon more than one guitar going a-roving at night-fall, or touched by mendicant beggar at the church-doors, but have heard nothing so good as this. Another evening hour, whiled away in a shabby, public garden, so ill-lit with its Chinese lanterns, that its haggard, dusty look passed unproved under the cloud of night, introduced us to a slow dance, the "Habenera," neither very graceful nor very decorous, in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, which was new in style, but too sickly and lackadaisical, both as to music and motion, not to become wearisome after the first five minutes.

I have inquired for "the where" and "the when" of church-music without the slightest success. It is strange that in a capital so steeped in Roman Catholicism as this the church should make so little show. Not one building for sacred uses attracts the eye, save it be the Gothic Church of San Geronimo, standing behind the incomparable picture Gallery, and now (by the way) under restoration. They tell me that little or no service-music, good, bad, or indifferent, is to be heard, save in the Royal Chapel when the Court is in the capital. Vespers in the choir of the grave church in the Escorial were as badly executed, when I heard them, as certain Roman Vespers which occur to recollection as the *ne plus ultra* of abomination. The player who disported there on one of the four gilt organs, a powerful instrument with a fierce and thrilling tone, was incompetent and offensive in his flourishing vulgarities. Yet what a scene for solemn music is that august chapel, especially for those who have visited the pompous tomb-house of Spanish kings beneath the high altar, and cannot help feeling as if somewhat of the haughty and arrogant spirit of the monarch who raised the pile, even unto this day, haunts its massively arched corridors and cleaves to its granite door-posts! The Escorial Church would be the place of places in which to hear Cherubini's "Requiem"! A characteristic *funcion* was to be seen on Sunday morning, the 1st, in the Church of Jesus of Nazareth, part, it

was advertised, of a jubilee service. Hard by the portal of this church is a chapel, with its altar-piece of life-sized colored sculpture, where the Virgin, flying into Egypt wears a flapping straw hat, and the child another. Within the rails, an *Orgue Alexandre* and a double-bass did duty for orchestra; without them four men (deacons or choristers) sang a gay mass stoutly and coarsely, but in tune and with accent, with voices not unpleasant, though little cultivated. The execution was as rudely primitive as that of a village service,—strange to meet within fifty yards of the Prado in gay Madrid!

The above paragraphs make up little more than a catalogue of negatives. But no one who has taken pains to gather testimony and recollect facts, could feel disappointed at so paltry a gleanings, especially when the time of year is considered. Ere we left Madrid, however, the Comic Opera, or Zarzuela Theatre, opened for its season. Here may such musical creative life as the capital possesses be found. The company is made up of Spanish artists; and though one may (as one might in Germany) fall on versions of known operas by Hérold, M.M. Flotow, and Auber, and other light foreign composers, the repertory is also fed by native writers unknown on our side of the Pyrenees, such as—to name merely those who are promised for the season just began—Sofors, Gaztambide, Barbieri, Arrieta, Vasquez, Ondrid, Fernandez Caballero. A benefit concert afforded us the opportunity of hearing some of the singers and a few specimens of the modern national composers of Spain. That times have changed since Ford's "Handbook" was written, and that, as a guide, the work is out of date, so far as the present aspect of Madrid is concerned, is not to be denied. The theatre of which he gives so menacing a description, is now a spacious, gaily decorated, comfortable building, agreeable to inhabit, easy to see and hear in, one of those available places of amusement which, it seems, we are never to have in London. The stage appointments and dresses are neat, picturesque and liberal; as was to be seen in a concert where every piece was sung with change of scene and in costume. The orchestra was not good, (it may have been a benefit orchestra;) the solo singers were more than agreeable. A *secondo donna*, Señora Rivas, (with a charming *soprano* voice,) amateur *soubrette* (who manoeuvred her fan and her many skirts to admiration), a tenor whose organ is sympathetic, and whose method is good, and a baritone full of animation and spirit, must have surprised those who have been little used to hear of, or to hear, the singers of Spain. If these artists be of average quality, the country has materials for comic opera superior to those commanded at the time present by Germany and Italy. Four artists better trained for their duties are rarely to be met with. A *prima donna* "of other days" who was more ambitious, pleased us less; but her vocal style was, like theirs, good. The chorus was lively and ready. The music chosen, principally short and popular pieces from Spanish comic operas, bore out this pleasant impression. A duet from "Gil Blas," by Señor Sanz (the tenor), and Señor Obregon, (the baritone mentioned), with so much spirit, that, being itself very piquant and national, an *encore* was irresistible. I have not heard anything so genial, or better executed, for many a day. In short, this might prove a world worth looking into. A glance at the score of two comic operas, "Catalina," in three acts, and "Una Vieja," in one, by Señor Gaztambide, has revealed traces of a vein of nationality which could be worked to good account by a composer more assured in his science, and varied in his resources. Both contain pretty music, though the writer is timid in combination and trite in modulation; both are as welcome (after their Spanish kind) as the better known "Czar und Zimmermann," of Lortzing, or the "Stradella," of M. von Flotow. The public appears to enjoy this theatre, since on the first night of the regular opera season not a seat was to be obtained save at a premium. It is a public, too, whose courteous manners, self-respect in point of appearance, and quick pleasure in all that passes, add no little to the satisfaction and cheerfulness of the solitary stranger.

The Italian Opera at Madrid is this winter to be headed by Mesdames de Lu Grange, and Julienne Dejean, with M. Carrión for principal tenor, and Signor Giraltoni, baritone; not one of the above is Italian by birth. What a tale is here told! But a new chapter seems to be opening in the story of Southern art. If Italian opera be going down, Italian drama may be rising. The walls of Madrid announce the performances in tragedy and comedy during coming months of a company led by Signora Santoni, the Marchesa Zambeccari, who the papers assure the patrons of plays is as great an actress, both in grave and gay parts, as Signora Ristori.—*London Athenæum.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The mothers dream. Song. P. S. Parks. 25

An easy attractive Song.

Gen. McClellan's Serenade. Quartet. C. R. Whiting. 15.

This is a song from the camp written by a regimental bandmaster, and not only meant well, but also well done. It is perfectly simple, and a person who could vend it about Washington just now might make a fortune on it.

Off again. Song and Chorus (Answer to "Home again." Marshall S. Pike 25

This song written by the author on the eve of his departure to the theatre of the war, with words of much beauty and significance in these times when so many are "off again," and a melody which must at once sink into the heart and take a permanent place there, will become as popular as "Home again" ever has been. Those who have musical friends—singers—in the army should have a copy placed in their hands either as a song or as a glee it will become a favorite camp tune.

The dying Soldier, or Kiss me good night mother. Edward Clark. 25

Founded on a touching incident said to have occurred in a hospital at Washington. The music is very appropriate and well adapted for young singers.

Instrumental Music.

Azure starry night. Th. Oesten. 25

A new number of the charming set of "By gone hours," the first numbers of which have been so favorably received. In style these compositions much resemble the "Sounds of love" by the same author, and are even esteemed better by connoisseurs.

Kathleen Mavourneen. Transcription. Brinley Richards. 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Teachers, pupils and dealers desirous of obtaining a low-priced Instruction Book and at the same time one that is useful and attractive will find these books fully suited to their wants. The instructions are given in a manner adapted to the comprehension of all grades of scholars. The exercises illustrating and enforcing the lessons are not dry and tedious, but sprightly and enlivening, and the selection of music, varying from the simple to the difficult, comprises the most popular melodies of the day. Dealers throughout the country cannot have on their counters a more attractive or popular series of books. They have illustrated covers and in all locations meet with a quick sale.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 500.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 5.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

(Continued from page 234.)

Franz Benedict Dussek, brother of J. L. D., was born at Czaslau, March 13, 1766. According to Dlabacz he was equally great as violinist, violoncellist and pianist. "Already in his tender childhood," says father Dlabacz, "he was so thoroughly taught the elements of music, by his discerning father, as very often to take the father's place at the organ, when the latter was necessarily absent. Supplied with all needful musical knowledge, he some years later entered the service of the Countess of Litzau (Litzew) [pupil of his father] with whom he also made the so profitable journey into Italy. There he found opportunity for higher culture, made the acquaintance of the principal Italian artists, and performed with applause in a great many concerts upon the violin, violoncello and pianoforte, gaining thereby at Mortara and at Venice, engagements as concert master in the opera houses with a handsome salary. Having passed some years thus he returned to Germany as a perfect artist, and was engaged in the cathedral at Laibach, and then as organist. In 1790 he was still there in the latter capacity, and paid a visit to his parents in Czaslau, where he gave his friends many a beautiful proof of his musical powers. He has written many concertos, sonatas and solos for his three instruments, which thus far, however have remained in manuscript." Such is the scanty account given by Dlabacz.

Gerber (*New Lexicon*) gives his name by mistake as Franz Joseph, and says merely, that he was then residing in Milan, "where several of his vocal compositions had become known," and that in Leipzig had just appeared from his pen a trio or notturno for three flutes, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin. The *L. M. Zeitung*, Feb. 18, 1801, contains a brief notice of music in Breslau, in which this sentence occurs, "In the orchestra of the theatre the most notable are Herr Dussek (the younger), a good composer and at present the first director; Herr Janetzek, a fine violinist and second director," &c.

Dussek could not have remained long in Breslau, but when he left the place I cannot determine; in fact he disappears from the ordinary books of reference until 1816, when the *L. M. Zeitung*, of July 17, in a long article upon Italian theatres and composers produces his name once more. Here is the passage: "Herr Dussek, a Bohemian, and brother of the deceased Parisian pianoforte composer and virtuoso, produced at the last carnival in Venice a very fine *Farsa seria*, 'L'ombra, ossia il ravedimento,' which pleased exceedingly. This talented artist has been for more than twelve years in Italy, and has composed nearly an equal number of operas and farces for Turin, Milan and Venice, all of which had more or less success. At present he is in Venice in the position of Capellmeister to the

Austrian regiment of infantry, known as the Davidovitch—a very profitable situation. I neither know Herr D. personally nor anything of his music—but so much is certain, that here he is a great favorite, and Herr Orlandi, the composer, described him as a man of very superior talent. For instance, he had been known to compose overtures on the day when the operas were to be given, without scoring them, but writing the parts separately and giving them at once to the orchestra, *Relata refero*."

Some months later, (March 12, 1817), the *L. M. Zeitung* gives us, in its Milan correspondence, a "List of operas composed by Herr Franz Dussek," with the remark that "this talented artist plays almost all instruments skilfully,"

Opere buffe.

La caffettiera di Spirito.
Il fortunato successo.
La feudataria.
L'Impostore.
Voglio di dote e non di moglie.
Il trombetta.
Matrimonio e divorzio in sua sol giorno.

Opera seria.

Roma Salvata.

Farse.

Il fortunato successo.
L'incantesimo.
La ferita mortale.
L'ombra, ossia il ravedimento.

In which list it will be noticed that the same title appears in one case both as an *opera buffa*, and as a *farsa*. The correspondent adds that Dussek had also produced several pieces of instrumental and church music.

It is true that these are scanty notices of a man, who at a time, when Winter, Simon Mayer, Guglielmi, Paer, Nicolini, Cherubini, Coccia, Vaccai, and their contemporaries were still writing for the Italian stage, was popular enough to have engagements annually at Turin, Milan or Venice for the composition of operatic works; but is it not strange that the writer, who noticed him in Schilling's *Lexicon* (Vol II., 1840) could only give the following paragraph?

"Dussek, Franz Joseph (should be Franz Benedict), brother of Johann Ludwig D., but an artist of far less importance, lived at Milan and published there several minor compositions, such as trios, sonatas, &c., for flute and pianoforte, which however did not succeed so well as his vocal compositions, which consist of songs of all kinds, romances, canzonets, also a few ballads more ambitious in form, &c. Nothing more is known of him—but that is no loss to the history of music."

VERONICA ROSALIA DUSSIK-CIANCHETTINI, sister of the preceding, was born at Czaslau, in 1771, and taught singing and the pianoforte by her father. After being favorably known in Bohemia, her brother called her over to London, where she appears to have gained a good deal of reputation, and where any one curious about her subsequent history must naturally seek it. Dlabacz gives 1795 as the date of her emigration to

England, and as in the few notices of London musical matters which are to be found in my authorities previous to that date, she is not mentioned, it is natural to suppose him correct. In Spazier's *Berliner Musicalische Zeitung*, July 6, 1793, for instance, the Professional Concert is noticed, and it is said, "The principal soloists are Dussek, who makes a great sensation here; Madame Dussek (formerly Miss Corri) is the principal singer. Madame Storace, a good actress on the English stage sings here also," &c., but no mention of Fraulein Dussik.

She married Pio Cianchettini, a music dealer in London, not long after. In the autumn of 1804 she was in Leipzig, and the *L. M. Zeitung* (Oct. 17) gives us this much about her doings:

"Madame Dussek Cianchettini, pianiste, sister of the celebrated composer and virtuoso, played a concerto of her brother's, not without skill, and another, as also a quartet, of her own composition; her little five-year-old son also played several little pieces very prettily."

March 16, 1805. She gave a concert in Berlin at which she played a concerto of her own composition; her brother his great concerto in G minor, and the child with his mother variations for four hands upon "God save the king."

FRANZ DUSSEK, (properly Dussek), the friend of Mozart, was born at Chotiebocek, in the circuit of Königgrätz, in Bohemia, December 8, 1736. He was the son of poor parents and the notices of his birth in various authorities make it at least probable that they were peasants in something like the condition of serfs, on the domain of the Sporck family. Dlabacz quotes from a Prague newspaper, which calls Dushek "a subject of Herr Johann Karl von Sporck, Count of the Empire." This Count put him to school—why this peasant boy rather than others is not mentioned—or, at all events, "had him taught reading, writing, and music, and then sent him to study at the Jesuit Seminary in Königgrätz. Here, however, he remained but a few years, because his well-formed and sound body was so disfigured (*verunstaltet*) through an unlucky fall, that he saw himself forced to give up farther study and seek his fortune alone in music. His Mecenas, however, did not desert him. He called him to Prague, had a masterly musical education given him and made his wonderful skill in teaching known to the high nobility of Bohemia. He was one of the first to introduce a delicate and pleasing style of pianoforte playing. He has been the teacher of most of our young nobility, and has formed several of our musicians. Among the latter are Kozeluch and Massek (Maschek) and his (own) wife Josepha, so much admired also in countries outside Bohemia."—(Dlabacz).

Gerber adds a particular or two in the few words devoted to Dussek in the *New Lexicon*; "Count J. C. von Sporck took him up, a poor peasant boy, on account of his good musical tal-

ents, and sent him to Vienna to Wagenseil. Here young Duschek made such improvement that upon his return to Prague he was not only then considered the best pianist there but retained this reputation through life."

A correspondent of Cramer's "*Magazin*," dating "August, 1783," notices him as deserving the first place among the "best composers and worthiest men of Prague." "He has lived here," says he, "for many years as professor of music and has educated many skillful pupils. His principal instrument is the pianoforte, which he plays as one of the very first artists. His compositions mostly 'go upon this instrument.' He has set many excellent pianoforte concertos, quartets, trios, and sonatas, which have been well received everywhere. He has also, as you perhaps know, composed many symphonies for the full orchestra with and without obligato instruments, quartets, and the like. Various entirely new works, which as yet have come into nobody's hands are to be had of him at a reasonable price. His new pianoforte sonatas for four hands are particularly fine. Besides his talents as an artist he is everywhere known as an honest and in every sense great virtuoso, and as a man of noblest, worthiest character, free from pride and selfishness. He embraces every opportunity for benevolence, exhibits ever a noble and magnanimous spirit, is very fond of society, and has often been a father to the unfortunate and deserted."

There is, of course, little to relate of a man living quietly in the exercise of his profession. Two or three visits to Salzburg with his wife, where he became acquainted with the Mozarts, one of these visits being when the Mozart was but a child, an occasional journey to Vienna and Dresden, such seem to have been all the interruptions to his uniform course of life. When the Mozarts were in Prague they were much with the Duscheks; I think they stayed at their house, at all events they come up often in Mozart's letters and in the history of his visits there. He died on the 12th of February, 1799. In the obituary notice of him, which appeared in the *L. M. Zeitung*, there is nothing to add to the foregoing. His relations with Mozart are fully enough discussed in the biographies of the latter.

JOSEPHA HAMBACHER-DUSCHEK, wife of the foregoing, was born at Prague, March 7, 1753. She was the pupil of her husband and became distinguished both as a singer and as a pianiste. Gerber, writing before 1790, says she not only was distinguished in Prague for her beautiful voice and excellent method, her bravour singing, both in German and Italian, and her very fine recitative in both these languages, but was before most of her sex in her taste and insight in vocal composition and by her masterly pianoforte playing."

Cramer's Prague Correspondent (*Magazin der Musik*, I. 998), writing in August, 1783, when she was thirty years of age, is quite enthusiastic about her and her husband. He calls her "one of our first female musicians, who surpasses many of the Italians both in power and in artistic qualities, both in delivery and method. She combines with a round and full voice, a style pleasing, beautiful and highly cultivated. In difficult and passionate bravour singing she has such facility, that every hearer must acknowledge her worthy the first place in the most splendid court."

Her recitative, both German and Italian, cannot be surpassed in expression and correctness by the first Italian songstresses. She composes also, and, in case of necessity, with little preparation, very correctly and for all sorts of voices; she plays the pianoforte masterly. The house of these two worthy virtuosos is one of the favorite rendezvous of musicians here and is open to all who are distinguished in art or science. Every stranger-artist is received at their house, and is introduced by them into society. Every Friday they give a private concert and all strangers (artists) are invited. Large offers have been made her to join the opera in Vienna, but the Duscheks prefer their still, quiet life to a theatrical career, and remain in Prague, where they honored and admired by all friends of music." Out of Prague she was not rated so high, although her concerts seem to have been always well attended.

Jahn (Mozart, Vol. IV., p. 281, et. seq.) gives a sketch of her and cites some of the opposing opinions; especially that of Leopold Mozart, who did not like her at all as a singer. Schiller and Koerner's father are also quoted.

Mozart's reception by Duschek in Prague in 1789 and by Mad. D. soon after in Dresden, is described by him in letters to his "Wifeling" Nannerl," which are given by Jahn, Vol. III., pp. 476-8.

As early as 1777, when the Duscheks were in Salzburg, Mozart wrote on for the air, "Ah, lo prevedi," and a rondo; and when in Prague to bring out Don Juan, the recitative and aria "Bella mia fiamma." It was this air, which he composed in durance vile, as his own son has stated, which puts an end to the old story of some nobleman having locked him up in a room to get an air from his pen. The relation between the Duscheks and the composer were such that a joke of this kind might be perpetrated without causing hard feeling. (Jahn, IV., 804.)

When Beethoven was in Prague in 1796, he composed the "Ah Perfido" for her, at all events in a concert which she gave in Leipzig in 1798, (if my memory serve) she sang an "Ital nische scena and aria, componist für Mad. D. von Beethoven," which must have been this one.

In 1800 (printed April 23) the *L. M. Zeitung's* Prague correspondent writes; "In the art of singing the celebrated Josepha Duschek still stands at the head. She is in this branch still our first female artist." When about fifty years of age she ceased to sing in public, as we see from this passage in the *L. M. Z.'s* Prague letter (Sept. 3, 1806), "Since Madame Duschek—an artiste in the full significance of the term, who in a more favorable position, would long since have filled all Germany with her fame—closed her public career, Prague has had to do without the advantage of a good native singer," &c.

When she died I have not been able to learn, but it is stated that she lived to be quite aged.

In addition to the Dussesks, Dussiks and Duscheks already sketched, one more appears in the musical journals of 1831-5, whose name is variously written Duchek, Düsseck, and Duschek. He was, and for anything I know, still is, a concert flutist, who played publicly in Prague, Munich, Stuttgart, Zurich, &c. What his parentage was I have no means of knowing. A. W. T.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Richard Wagner.

Such various accounts have been given from time to time of Richard Wagner's so-called Music of the Future, and so much has been said concerning his system of music, that every cultivated mind has felt the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the same. The following account from a French journal gives such a clear and impartial view of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," that we cannot refrain from presenting the following abstract to our readers:

The critic represents him as a spirited and talented composer, of excellent intentions, whose compositions are original, vigorous and highly colored, so that even his enemies allow him elevation and profundity. But what "great expectations" should not be formed from an announcement like the following: "Total and radical change in Music! Regeneration of melody! Reform of the preceptive faculties! Complete abnegation of old customs and impressions!" Great things were to be looked for! Wagner's friends exerted themselves to the utmost, in introducing the Parisian public to a world of sounds, the creator of which had at his disposal the best of musical talent; yet what was the result? The critic regrets, that so little sympathy was shown; that he, in common with the audience, was indeed enraptured with a few airs and passages, but upon the whole, the music did not touch the heart. It is an impossibility to lay aside so suddenly our wonted customs and impressions; it seemed to this critic, as if one were to assert it to be a prejudice to walk upon the feet, and should demonstrate it by standing on his head; but he would soon be compelled to return to his normal position; every body would applaud, not certainly, the unnatural and ever painful position, but the return to the inborn use of our feet. Thereupon the critic analyzes the half Christian and half Pagan libretto, which surpasses all other caricatures of modern librettos in extravagance; he praises all the passages in which melody and Harmony coincide with our ideas of music, and to which the mind will always recur with pleasure; but finds in the remainder a "multitude of sounds" without form, rhythm, melody or any prominent feature—a realm of phantoms; the realm, or rather system of Wagner! Music is essential to M. Wagner in his operas, but, as he plainly seeks to establish in his Letters on Music, all the traditional and settled experience of every artist during the past and present centuries, is rejected. I will now let the critic speak in his own words: "According to Herr Wagner, melody is the only form of Music, without which music can not exist. But of what melody does Wagner speak? Melody, says he, took at first the pure form of dance music. This is Italian melody. Furthermore, this melody has from the beginning taken more of a retrogressive than progressive character, because it is defective in the development and connection of its parts, and because of its meagre construction. Wagner admits that Haydn, Gluck and Mozart have made use of this melody, which in Beethoven, reached the highest point of perfection, and which he styles the ideal form of dance music,—this leads us to think that, in spite of the importance Wagner gives to instrumental music, the melodies of the great masters are not to his taste. If I am not mistaken,

melody, according to Wagner, is modulated declamation, a kind of recitative, which is so closely fitted to the development of the subject, and dramatic action, that it reproduces almost without intermission every sentiment, every word, and indeed by a peculiar pliancy, marks every syllable of the text, and even the accent. According to this definition of melody, it must surprise everybody that Wagner consented to have the German poem of Tannhäuser performed in the French language, as a translation often interrupts the close connection, and destroys the complete harmony that should exist between the word and note. Many say:—can it be possible that Wagner should lend his hand to such an overthrow of his work? That he has done so, leads us to think that Wagner has entered the region of "finite melody," of which he says, "that it is no longer connected by forms; of that melody (as he expresses it) which is capable of an infinitely richer development, than ever the symphonies have yielded to this musician. A work composed according to the system (he adds) exacts undivided attention throughout its whole performance and in all its parts, for it has nothing in common with certain works, in which, beside the melody, sonorous unmelodious passages are to be met, which only answer the purpose of giving the melody that "setting" which so enraptures the *dilettanti*.

In these words, Wagner judges a great many works of the Italian school, wherein melody is encompassed by unmeaning passages, patchworks, *tutti* and insignificant *crescendos*, in which case attention is rarely paid to the proprieties. I fully agree in this with M. Wagner, when he affirms that these accompaniments even under the most favorable circumstances express but the refinement of musical noise. But none the less true is it, that Wagner by his "continuous" melody, which he contrasts with the "alternating," destroys all form, all Rhythm, all Syntax; this is undeniable, for he contends that melody is the "only form" of music, and by this pretension he overthrows the *idea* of melody. So far, the prominent idea in a composition has always been considered the melody; it is the strophe, that by a certain reappearance, and by ideal and striking expression is separated from the "ensemble;" it is, in one word, the soul of composition. But this soul needs a body, not of those sonorous unmeaning passages, but sundry motives of secondary bearing, which, not having the melodious claims of the dominant idea, are *subject* to it, and serve as *relief*. This melody is necessarily changing, for it needs beginning, a middle part, and an end, being subject to the laws of periodic construction, which latter keeps it in certain limits from the first effusion till the last note. This principle of melody is not alone peculiar to music, it is to be met with in analogous forms in every province of the fine arts. In oratory, as in poetry, there are always one or more fundamental ideas predominating, which the orator or poet seeks to relieve by images or a train of ideas of secondary importance; the same applies to painting. I very much fear, that M. Wagner, by dance melody, understands that melody which, with its periods, rests and cadences, has been acknowledged by all great masters. To suppress those would be to destroy all construction, punctuation and syntax of melodic phrase, and to turn melody into an untangible shadow; it would rob music of the

element of light, by which it reveals itself to the world. God be praised! Music is not alone created for musicians, it is for the whole world; undeniably the study of good music exercises the ear and disposes us to judge correctly of certain compositions. Whoever has acquired this practice is fully able to comprehend a musical motive, and follow it in all its *nuances*, with interest. He will learn to distinguish if the melody be elevated and commanding, or ordinary, if expressive trivial, and if introduced suitably. The same is applicable to modulation. He will perceive independently of the construction of the composition, if the same is natural or constrained, if the intervals sympathetically effect our hearing, or if their combinations are false. So likewise with harmony, rhythm, &c. In order to judge a work correctly, it is not necessary to be an artist; the possession of a warm sensibility is requisite, which every fortunate organization should possess, in order to perfect the musical ear thoroughly.

I have followed above the ideas if not the words of the able critic. Finally he analyzes the different *morceaux*, and of the March of Knights he observes that it consists of two strongly marked motives which moving in different keys, produce the most magnificent effects, whereas the ballet contains no prominent melody whatever. The following incident related by an eye-witness confirms the above. During rehearsal, the ballet-master ordered the *danceuses* to commence their *pas* with the first bar of the melody; but no one *stirred*, until the measure was repeatedly explained to them. There was the opportunity for Wagner to sacrifice his system for the moment, as he had seemingly done in some fine arias, choruses, and the *Sextuor*; but these expressive phrases appear only as flashes of lightning from the dark sky, as *oases* in the desert.

The critic closes as follows: "It seems impossible to imagine vocalists capable of producing such compositions, for owing to the want of resting places, the opera moves onward in a distressingly monotonous manner, the music lacking expression and vitality, "resembling dragging and dissonant psalmody, once in a while varied by heart-rending bursts of harmony." If M. Wagner must needs overthrow the false conventionalities of the Italian school, he should offer us something better, than thus putting human nature to the rack.

However, M. Wagner consults not human nature; he is elevated above ordinary mortals, therefore have his admirers invented the word "Music of the Future;" alluding thus to that coming time, of which certain idealists affirm, that mankind will arrive at such a degree of perfection, as to render the "hideousness" of the present day "sublime" to them, and what now appears to certain torture, will then give way to raptures of delight. Therefore to understand Wagner's music now-a-days, requires the gift of the double-hearing.

M. Wagner is also an idealist, an enthusiast, whose mind, however acute, cannot discriminate between the expression of the words and music, between the clear and determined language of the one and the indecision and vagueness of the other. Music, to be understood, must consequently be subject to well-known and indispensable forms. M. Wagner has not enlarged the limits of music, he has *overstepped* them; as long as he remains within those limits he is protected by Art; if he forsakes them, he enters Chaos. FELIX.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

VENICE, Oct. 10, 1860.

This is Italy! and that which I have looked forward to as the highest joy of life ever since I can remember—that has now begun and I am enjoying it. This day has been so rich in delights, that I must employ the evening in collecting my thoughts, and so I am writing to you—and you, dear parents, will I thank you who have granted me all this enjoyment; and of you, too,

dear brothers and sisters will I think; and you, Paul, I wish were here, that I might enjoy your delight at all the mad bustle on land and water, and to you Hensel*, I should like to prove that the Ascension of the Virgin Mary is the most divine thing that human being can paint. However it just happens that you are not here and so I must let out all my enthusiasm in wretched Italian to the hired servant, because he keeps still.

I shall however get all confused if it goes on as upon this first day, for so much, that can never be forgotten, has presented itself with each passing hour, that I really do not know where I shall find senses to comprehend it all fully.

I have seen the Ascension of the Virgin; then a whole gallery in the Manfrini palace; then a church festival in that church, where Titian's St. Peter hangs; then St. Mark's church; in the afternoon I took a boat ride on the Adriatic, and then went into the public garden where the folk lies in the grass and feeds; then again to the square of St. Mark where at twilight is incredible crowding and bustle; and all this must be finished up to-day, because so much that is new and different can only be seen to-morrow.

But I must relate now in order, how I came hither by water (for hither by land, says Telemachus, one cannot very well come)—and for this end will go back and begin at Gratz. That is a terribly tedious nest, instituted for yawning purposes. And why need I have waited a day longer, just on account of a (he) relation? How can an experienced traveler draw conclusions from an amiable mother and sister as to a brother who is an ensign? In a word, the man knew nothing to say to me, but I forgive him and will not blacken him to his mother in case I should keep my promise and write her. But that he took me to the theatre in the evening, to see the "The Stag,"—which is the most infamous, good-for-nothing, ridiculous stuff that the blessed Kotzebue has created; and that he found it very fine and rather piquant—that cannot be forgiven; for "the Stag" has so much "*haut-gout*" or "*fumet*," that it would hardly answer for the cats. But this is Venice, so I must have come away from Gratz. My old driver loaded me in in the darkness at 4 A.M., and the horse crept away with us both. A hundred times during my two days' journey did I think of you, dearest father; you would have sprung out of your skin and very likely upon the driver's; for, when he at every slight descent slowly got down and put on the drag just as slowly, and crept up every little hill at a snail's pace; when he sometimes walked along by the horse to exercise his feet a little; when every possible sort of vehicle, even dog and ass teams, overtook and passed us; and when the chap at last, at a lofty hill took, as an extra span, a pair of oxen, which pulled with the horse in all friendliness—why, then I had to restrain myself, not to fall upon his hide; and I did it occasionally; but then he most seriously urged, that we were making excellent speed—and I could not prove the contrary. Moreover he put up only at the most wretched pot houses; started in the morning at 4 o'clock—in short, I reached Klagenfurth almost broken to pieces. However, when to my question, at what time the stage coach for Venice went past, I received the answer, "in an hour," that refreshed me; a seat was procured me; I had a good supper also; the coach came in fact two hours later, because upon the Soemmering it had met with a heavy snow storm; but it came; three Italians sat in it and

* The painter who married Mendelssohn's sister Fanny.—Tr.

seemed bent upon talking away all sleep from me; but I snored away all the talk; so at last morning came and, as we drove into Resciutta, the conductor exclaimed, "beyond this bridge not a person understands German." So I took my leave of that language for a long time, and away we went over the bridge. As soon as we passed it the houses changed in character; flatter roofs with roundish bowed bricks, the deep windows, the long, white walls, the high, square towers gave note of another land; and the pale brown countenances of the people, unnumbered beggars crowding round the coach, numbers of small chapels, more particolored and carefully painted on all sides with flowers, nuns, monks &c., point at once to Italy; but the monotonous region through which the road passed, winding along between bare white rocks, by a stream, which has made itself a wide bed of stones, but in summer loses itself as a little brook among the pebbles,—the melancholy monotony of the entire landscape was not at all like Italy. "I have purposely given a thin harmony to this passage that the theme may afterwards come out strongly," says Abbé Vogler, and it strikes me that the Creator has adopted the idea; for beyond Ospedaletto the theme comes out—and it does one good. I had formed an idea that the first impression of Italy would be striking, ravishing, sudden—a sort of firearms effect; thus far it has not at all appeared so; but, has offered a warmth, a mildness, a cheerfulness, an all-embracing content and joyousness, which is quite indescribable. Beyond Ospedaletto all is level, the blue mountains remain behind us; the sun shines warm and clear through the vine leaves; the road runs between orchards; tree is fettered to tree by vines; one feels at home—as though it was long since familiar, and he was but re-taking possession. Moreover, the coach flies along the smooth road, and as evening came on, we drove into Udine, where we passed the night, where I, for the first time ordered my supper in Italian, and where my tongue—as if upon glare ice—at one moment slid into English and the next tripped up. Thereupon next morning they cheated me; but I made nothing of that and on we went. It happened to be Sunday; the people came from all sides in particolored Southern costume, with flowers; the women had roses in their hair; light one-horse vehicles rolled by us; men were riding asses to church; at the post-houses everywhere were masses of idlers in the finest, laziest groups; (at one place one of them so quietly took his wife, who stood by him, by the arm, whirled about with her, and they walked off; now this was nothing at all and yet was so pretty); and now here and there Venetian country houses began to show themselves along the road, becoming by degrees more and more numerous: at last we drove between houses and gardens and trees as through a park; the whole land seemed in such holiday attire, as if the traveler were a prince making his public entry; for the vines, among the trees, laden with their dark clusters, are the loveliest festive wreaths; everybody is in his Sunday's best; a few cypresses make no difference. In Treviso there was really an illumination; little paper lanterns hung about the square, and in the middle a great transparency of many colors. Girls of splendid beauty were also going back and forth there, in red garments and long white veils. And so we reached Mestre in deep night, entered a boat and crossed over with calm weather and still water to Venice.

On the way, at a place where one sees nothing but water about him and lights in the far distance, a small rock rises in the sea; upon it a

lamp was burning; the boatmen all took off their hats, and one of them told me, there was the Madonna for great storms, which rage sometimes very dangerously here. And now with no post-horn, no noise of wheels, no tax-collector at barrier gate, we pass into the great city and under numberless bridges. The passages become more lively, boats more numerous,—we pass the theatre where the Gondolas, as with us the coaches, in long lines were awaiting their owners and fares—into the Grand Canal, past the tower of St. Mark, the lions, the Doge's palace, the Bridge of Sighs. The very indistinctness arising from the darkness only increased my pleasure as I heard the well-known names and saw the dim outlines—and so I am in Venice. Now think of it, that I to-day have seen the grandest pictures in the world, have at last made the personal acquaintance of a most lovable man of whom I had hitherto only heard. I mean Herr Giorgione, a magnificent fellow; and so is Pordenone, who has executed the noblest pictures and in one case has painted himself with a number of stupid pupils, so full of faith, and piety and devotion, that one feels as if he were talking with and taking a liking to him, a very different person from me who in this case would not get bewildered? But to speak a word about Titian, I must be serious, I never thought before that he could be such a happy artist as I have to-day seen. But that he knew how to enjoy the beauty of life and its wealth, I had seen proved by the pictures in Paris; but he knew also the deepest possible pain and sorrow, and how they are in Heaven; this is shown in his divine Entombment of Christ and in his Ascension of the Virgin. As she there floats upon the cloud and one feels its gentle motion through all the picture—as the beholder at a glance sees her breathing, marks her astonishment, devotion, a thousand emotions in short—but words sound so hum-drum and dry in comparison with what one would say! And then there are three angel heads on the right side, which for beauty are beyond all I know—pure clear beauty, so unconscious, joyous, religious.

But no farther! or I must grow poetic—or am already, and that sits badly on me: I will see it, though, daily. Still I must add a few words about the Entombment for you have the engraving. Look at it and think of me. The picture is the closing scene of a great tragedy—so still and grand, so piercingly painful. There is the Magdalen, sustaining Mary the mother, because she fears she may die from sorrow and wishes to lead her away—but turns her own head back once more and one sees that she wishes to impress this sight upon her memory forever—that this is the last; that is beyond everything! And then John, so troubled, who thinks more of and sorrows for Mary; and Joseph who, fully occupied with the entombment and his devotions, clearly arranges and directs the whole; and the Christ, who lies there so peacefully and has now overcome all—then, too, the glorious richness of color, and the dark streaked sky—it is a picture which ravishes me, speaks to me, and will never leave me. I do not believe I shall find much in Italy which will take such hold of me; but I am free from prejudices, as you know, and as you might again see at this very moment, for the Martyrdom of St. Peter from which I expected the most, has pleased me the least of the three. It did not seem to me to be a complete whole; the landscape which is magnificent, seemed to me to preponderate a little; and then in the design I was troubled because there are two victims but only one murderer; for the small figure, far in the background, is no relief—I could not make it seem as a martyrdom.

But very likely I am wrong and I will examine it more carefully to-morrow; I was also disturbed while looking at it, for there was somebody fiddling upon the organ in a most ungodly manner, and these saintly figures had to listen to his wretched opera finale. No great matter; where such pictures are, I have no need of an organist; I play the organ myself in imagination, and fret myself at little as such fools as about the rabble in general. Titian however was a man whom one can study to edification; and that I

will do and be happy that I am in Italy. And now the gondoliers are calling to one another again and the lights mirror themselves far and wide in the water; some one is playing a guitar and singing to it. It is a delicious night! Farewell and think of me in every joyous moment, as I of you. FRLIX.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(From the National Quarterly Review for September.)

DON GIOVANNI, ROBERT, OTELLO, ANNA BOLENA.

(Continued from page 235.)

Man is generally more affected by the words of an air than by the air itself, even when the latter is most melodious and pathetic. There are but few of us who can withhold a tear from a song that recalls to us bygone, happy hours, the endearing haunts of our childhood, the loved, the absent, or the dead—one that those dearest to us had often heard and enjoyed with ourselves, but never can again. Even if we hear it for the first time, and that it possesses true merit, and is well sung, if we understand the words it charms us in one way or other. If its subject be one of sorrow, we may weep over our own woes, like the Phrygian girls at the hier of Patroclus; if it be one of love, it may remind us of the charms and tenderness of an adored mistress; or if it be one of adventure, or chivalry, it is equally potent in conjuring up to our minds those fairy tales and romances which gave us most delight in our youth, and the recollection of which makes us feel young under the frosts of sixty winters.

The Italian opera performed in foreign countries possesses none of these advantages, except to the few who understand the language. This may give some idea of the high order of genius which it is necessary for the operatic composer to possess, if he would be successful. A person of ordinary talent may indeed compose an air that is very agreeable—one that all will be pleased to hear—nay, one that may be encored and enthusiastically applauded. But this is a very different thing from producing a lyric drama that will afford delight to three thousand persons for hours together.

Mere harmony would not be sufficient for this; the sweetest voices and the most skilfully handled instruments would not be sufficient. There must be thoughts as well as melody. In other words, the mind must be moved as well as soothed, the intellect as well as the sensuous feelings be acted upon. But, as already remarked, there are those who think that to all this the opera is unequal. Let us here pause for a moment, to see whether such are right or wrong. It matters little which of the works of the great composers we take up, in order to decide the question. Those whose titles are given at the head of our article will do as well as any others. In the first place, *Il Don Giovanni*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, which has justly been called the liad of operas, may be said to form a little world in itself—a perfect kosmos. There are but few dramas that contain so large a variety of characters, or in which such a diversity of passions are portrayed. How admirably does the tenderness of Ottavio contrast with the reckless buffoonery of Leporello! In what tragedy or comedy do we find truer portraiture than Donna Anna or Zerlina? and yet no two characters are more different. The heart-rending wailings of the former are relieved by the light-hearted carols of the latter. Here we have a scene of appalling midnight murder—there one of innocent rustic pastime. Just before the ghost appears in that awful recitative, every heart capable of a joyous emotion is thrilled with delight, as if the composer wished to prepare the audience to hold converse with the visitant from another world. Nor is it alone in the life-like truthfulness of his portraiture that Mozart rivals some of the world's greatest dramatists. When he is most gay and sportive he is deeply thoughtful, suggestive, abounding in refined sentiment, imparting grace to whatever he touches, and never forgetting that delicacy which, half dreamy as it is, expresses so much, and at the same time exercises a restraining influence on the proper passions of our nature. In short, there is not a finer lyric in any language than Zerlina's air, *Giovannotte che fatte amore*, or one more replete with thought and sentiment. This air alone would prove Mozart not only a musician of the first rank, but a true philosopher.

Meyerbeer is as much inferior to Mozart as Congreve is to Shakespeare; but it is not the less true that the *Robert le Diable* of the former is an admirable lyric drama, and it is so characteristic of the French throughout, that no one would suppose that it is the production of a foreigner. It shows that the author fully appreciated the quaint maxim of D'Alembert, that in France, if nowhere else, the music of the

country as well as its religion and government should be respected—"Il y a chez toutes les nations deux choses qu'on doit respecter, la religion et le gouvernement; en France on y en ajoute une troisième, la musique du pays."

There is, however, much more satire than truth in this; at least more of the latter is meant than of the former; for D'Alembert attacked all three "without favor, or affection, malice or ill-will." It is he who, be it remembered, had the courage to call the French opera, as distinguished from the Italian, "un tintamarre que leur rompt la tête, ou un plain chant qui les endort par sa langueur, quand il ne les revolte pas, par sa prétention." At the time this was written, no people in Europe thought more highly of their opera than the *dilettanti* of France. Nor was D'Alembert singular in regarding it as little better than mere noise, somnolent dullness or affectation. Rousseau exclaimed too, "Nous n'avons point de musique!" What is still more remarkable is that the French government was of the same opinion with D'Alembert, so far as to think that the music of the country should be respected as much as its religion, or its laws; and in proof of its sincerity it not only denounced those who maintained the contrary, but threatened them with prosecution for sedition. This may seem incredible, but it is not the less true; for the Minister of public justice deemed it necessary to issue a sort of proclamation against the anti-French Opera heretics, in which the following passage occurs: "Toutes les libertés se tiennent, et sont également dangereuses; la liberté de la musique suppose celle de sentir, la liberté de sentir entraîne celle de penser, la liberté de penser celle de agir, et la liberté de agir, la ruine des états." Thus in one sentence one of the highest functionaries of the most enlightened government in Christendom proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that the liberty of music may cause the ruin of states. Whether this be true or not, is, however, not the question we have to solve. We refer to it simply because it shows the importance attached to music as an instrument for good or for evil, by those who, from their position, ought to be best competent to appreciate its influence.

Meyerbeer has been much more successful in France as a reformer than Calvin; for the musical reformation has proved far more general than the Protestant Reformation, in that country; nay, indeed, the former is almost complete. The character of Robert is essentially French. He is the very impersonation of "the good knight and true." Brave as his sword, he is at once daring and light-hearted, superstitious and sacrilegious, fond of his new mistress and proud of his descent; now ready to "tear a passion to tatters," and anon as gay and joyous as if nothing had happened. In short, Robert is worthy of his name—he is emphatically Robert the Norman; he is a true hero *per se*, as well as the veritable hero of the piece. He is ever present to our minds during the performance of the whole opera; nor do we soon forget him after it is over. In a word, he teaches us to think—he is everywhere suggestive, which is the new characteristic of French opera. The manner in which he commences his courtship with the Sicilian Princess, by attempting to carry her away by force, reminds the historical student of the Black Prince, at Limoges, who is going to "fling the peasant girl to the general camp," until he ascertains that she is his own foster-sister; and every other trait in his character—his love for combats of all kinds; his indifference as to whether his opponent is a being of earth or heaven, or of the nether regions, remembering only that as a true Norman he must know no fear—is equally in unison with all that history teaches in regard to Norman chivalry, Norman dash, and Norman eccentricity.

Donizetti, by his *Anna Bolena*, and Rossini, by his *Otello*, have in turn tried to please the English and Americans in a similar manner, but by no means with the same success, though the efforts of both have been well received in England, if not in America. We do not remember to have ever seen the opera of *Anna Bolena* presented to an American audience; but we have little doubt that it would be well received at the Academy of Music. Certainly Mr. Ullman has often given us operas much less likely to prove acceptable.* By the way, why not try it soon, if it has not been tried already? Even if it has—if it has failed once—it would be well to try it again with a better company, that is, when, perchance, we have such. The *dramatis personæ* alone would secure it attention. But, on reflection, whom have we now that could personate Henry VIII. as well as Lablache, for whom the part was first designed, and who acquitted himself so well in undertaking it? And who have we that could personate Anne Boleyn, as well as Pasta? not to mention Lady Jane Seymour, Lord Rocheford, Lord Percy, Smeaton (the Queen's page), and Harvey all of whom receive due attention in Donizetti's opera.

At Naples, Florence, Vienna and Paris, *Anna Bolena* has attracted large audiences. The Neapolitans, who would not tolerate Pasta in *Semiramide*, were delighted with her as Anna Boleyn, and Rubini has never received more applause than he did at Florence, as the faithful, hapless lover in the same opera.

* It is not always those who do most good that get most credit for their exertions. This is particularly true as applied to the management of the opera in New York. Whatever successes have been accomplished at the Academy of Music during the last two or three years, are due much more to Mr. Ullman's merit, Mr. Jacob Goeché, than to that gentleman himself. This we do not state merely as the result of our own observation and experience; it is the opinion of those friends of the opera who are best competent to judge, and who are under no compulsion to one manager more than another. Further than they think he deserves the distinction. Nor is it alone at the Academy of Music Mr. Goeché has thus won "golden opinions." The late Madame Rachel declared him the only agent she ever had whose conduct on all occasions elicited her approbation; and he accompanied her throughout Europe as well as America. We believe he is also the only man under whose management the German opera has had any success, worthy of the name, in this country. Did we feel disposed to make invidious comparisons, we might speak somewhat differently of Mr. Ullman; but whatever faults the latter has, have, perhaps, been sufficiently censured by others. At any rate it is but fair to bear in mind that the best managers in the world have failed to please everybody. Nay, they have sometimes been much abused when they have acquitted themselves best. "Peu de gens savent, et beaucoup jugent d'ignorance," says an eminent foreign critic, "ce qu'il faut d'activité, de connaissances, et surtout, de patience, pour cet emploi (that of a manager). Tous ceux qui vous entourent n'ont en vue que leur intérêt personnel; ce que vous leur faites de bien est à peine remarqué, et les torts les plus légers sont envenimés—les plus petites fautes sont relevées et blâmées avec une rigueur excessive."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXII.

THE BOOK OF LEVIATHAN.

(Concluded.)

And so the perilous night wore on. And still our little party sat there, huddled close together, amid the ruins and the darkness of that sumptuous saloon; still we rocked from side to side till all things slid and flew and crashed again, with noise as if the crack of doom had come; and still that chandelier pendulum swung ponderous and threatening over us and kicked the ceiling; still new alarms arose, and then gave way to words of comfort and assurance; still the sweet tides of inward life would seize the calmer intervals to flow back upon us, and wile away the minutes with silent thoughts of home and friends and country and a heavenly protection; or with talks begun for quieting of one another's fears, and running unconsciously into more and more free and genial conversation, even argument, to the forgetting of ourselves and of our danger, and, in that contact and communion of minds hitherto strangers to each other, revealing the rich sense of sympathy and oneness, and how the individual is strong and finds God only in proportion as his own poor life is merged in the common hope and aspiration of Humanity! And still the rough interruption came again to warn us of the situation; and the sea, with thunderous bang against the side began to lift and tip us; and a shudder ran through the long spinal column of the colossal ship, and with an angry jerk, this way and that way, we were rocked and shaken, taxing and straining every limb and muscle to maintain our place. Then comes a little breathing time; and with it perhaps come staggering, shadowy forms from without, crossing the sickening lantern rays; pale, frightened stewardesses, yet faithfully trying to render service among the sick and frightened in the staterooms; adventurous passengers who have been up to study the situation and returned not much the wiser; a passing steward, bearing a crust, snatched with difficulty from the general wreck of store-room and pantry, to some half famished individual—to stay his stomach and his courage too, perhaps—or bent on capturing and binding some endangered and

endangering piece of furniture, at the risk of new falls and bruises to himself. Or some brave young officer of the ship, with buoyant spirits, and voice ringing cheerily, continually goes and comes to hearten the ladies, announcing "all's well," "all right now," "wind subsiding," "the worst is over," and so forth—excellent news, if it were not too good! But such are real benefactors; to rescue from a panic is next best to rescuing from drowning; he who gives us to ourselves is to be thanked as well as he who saves us. The best is, that we be able to meet whatever may come calmly, that so we may afford to think of others, and, think, whatever be our danger, what is our case to that of the poor crew on deck! What of the night with them, exposed to the full brunt of it? Once the captain himself visits us. He has left his post of peril and most trying responsibility upon the bridge, to make a reconnaissance in person of the other portions of his storm-tossed kingdom. He has words of good cheer; our iron hull is strong and has already shown that it can bear any force of wind and waves; the gale will probably go down by morning, &c. And shall we put about and return to port? "Cannot decide that yet; will wait and see what daylight will suggest." Alas! he does not tell us that the rudder is broken, and that he has no power to control our course; that the great ship is drifting helpless in the trough of the sea, like a mere log—or rather, like an empty shell! At one time, like a flock of startled birds, there flew in and settled at our feet a group of trembling women from the storeroom, whence they had been convoyed with difficulty through the long intermediate range of dining rooms and passages, over ruined furniture, to seek a comparative shelter from still more dangerous quarters, where, as they thought, water was leaking in at an alarming rate. One or two of these were from Ireland, young girls, all alone and friendless on the great deep.

So the hours fly, heavy as they are. In such excitement one forgets to measure time. Even fear consumes the present rapidly under its own feet. To live intensely, whether in joy or terror, is to live fast. But a calm trust was the pervading spirit, and by degrees spread itself from the strongest to the poor flutterers. A great boon is society in times of danger; we feel strong in Humanity, weak in our individual isolation. With calmness there was not wanting occupation. Though we could do nothing, could only sit there passively, yet each one could draw from more or less depth of inward life; we could talk; and so share what strength, what trust, what vantage ground of thought we had, with one another. A theological argument disposed of I know not how many half hours. The discussion may have settled nothing, made no converts; but as it was no barren argument for the mere love of arguing, doubtless we all drew nearer to each other by the talk—and that was solid gain, even if the next wave had swept us to eternity. After a while, the conversation turned upon the war at home. And here we could agree. The moment that we come upon the practical, do we not find that one essential religion may animate both orthodox and heretic, and that the ice-barriers of creeds melt before the genial breath of true humanity. And was it not a blessing in that hour to have the larger thought of country to pre-occupy us against poor trembling cares or prayers for our individual safety? And what is our suffering and our danger, to that of the brave thousands of our countrymen and kindred, who, loving peace, and never having dreamed of war except as of a scourge of social ills left behind us, have now left their peaceful homes to face the dangers and the hardships of the sickly camp, the long march and the battle-field? Let us be thankful for their patriotic inspiration; pray for them!

Still the storm rages. There is no reducing it to routine by whatever talk or thought of other subjects.

When will the gale subside? O for a heavy rain to trample down this sea! O that the morning would come, that we might see, at least, how it is with us, or desecrate perchance some friendly sail on the horizon. In light itself there is a certain friendliness and sense of safety. We have hours to wait yet; but they pass; one wonders how, but they are gone. To satiety of talk and fits of rolling succeed spells of musing, dreamy silence, whose length is not described by minute and hour hands. Whole lives are mentally lived over. One is with family and friends at home. One is counting up the chances of a nation's struggle for liberty and national existence; one pursuing Art ideals, philosophic speculations, or musing on the great problems of life and eternity; one gravitating back by force of habit to dollar and cent calculations, to the shop routine, or bolder enterprises, grand financial hobbies. Mostly serious thoughts prevail, but not on that account the less sweet and happy. Were it at all strange, should strains of sweet and solemn music, remembered from inspired masters, float through the mind? Snatches of song or harmony from that great Birmingham Festival, the freshest memorable experience of the year in Europe? "O rest in the Lord," from *Elijah*; the great Handel choruses: "He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness;" and much more, that will be readily imagined out of those sacred oratorios; or deep and tender arias from Bach; or great soul-lifting movements, sublime as the ocean, and as deep and infinite, but at the same time profoundly human, from Beethoven's Symphonies. Others find, too, no mean consolation in the homely hymns with which they have worshipped God from childhood, and their fathers before them. Say then, is music nothing practical and solid? Is it an unsubstantial fleeting pleasure, a mere tickler of the sense? Is it nothing to have great thoughts, beautiful divine thoughts, rhythmically haunt the soul in such an hour as this? Some dull, half drowsy moments find place also during the delusive lulls, as day approaches. Even the prisoner can sleep before the morning of his execution. What will the morning bring for us? Too dull and weary are we all, perhaps, to ask ourselves the question very earnestly.

Friday, 13th.—Day dawned last. A dull, grey, leaden sky. The wind has not gone down; still less the sea. I creep away in the early twilight, through winding passages, over the broken furniture of the dining saloon, clinging to what remains of rails and bannisters, when the rolling fit begins, down into our little state-room, and there get some hours of comparative rest; no sleep, for in the heavy rolls it costs much effort to keep from being pitched out of one's berth. And the noise too, is still tremendous; the sea swings its battering ram continually against one spot in the iron wall which shuts it out from me. Right under the bull's eye window the blow plants itself, making all quiver and resound again; and the white top foam leaps above the window (sometimes even upon deck) darkening all within. The air is close and stifling and damp; the carpet, as in nearly all the cabins, saturated with salt water, which had beat in by the not too tightly-fastened window in the first stages of the storm.

At noon creep up into the dining saloon in search of food, having had none for four and twenty hours. A table has been set in the adjoining room; the doorway barricaded by a large stove—the only place where it will "stay put." In climbing over this, and asking news of those about, a sudden lurch comes, the glass door (minus glass) of a side-board flies open, and I receive a discharge of decanters, pitchers, tumblers, full upon me—but fortunately not on face or hands. Contrive to reach the table, empty a cup of the blackest tea, spilling the greater half of it, and very nearly being spilt; snatch a bit of meat and bread (for it is mostly "grab game" now) and make off with it to my den. Bolster my head

upon the corner of the sofa, brace my feet; and try to read; but it is easier thinking. "No, neither!" says the boisterous enemy without, with thundering thump: "Me! me! Prepare for me!" And then I rise, and staggering between four narrow walls, look out upon him through the bull's eye, which, rising, sinking, shows now nothing but grey sky, and now the whole wide billowy waste to the horizon, which indeed is not far. A heaving, boiling and tumultuous surface; but nonsense all that about waves running "mountains high"—that is mere commonplace of poets and novel writers who have never been to sea. I wondered if indeed it was so great sea; if the gale was more extraordinary than is often met on the Atlantic at this season of the year. Surely those waves did not look at all proportioned to the violent effects we felt from them. Perhaps the height of our great ship dwarfed them. Perhaps another ship would not have rolled so; although no other would have stood so furious a rolling. "By good rights," said an old sea captain among the passengers, "we ought to have gone to pieces; it is against nature that we do not."

P. M. Go on deck, holding on steadily, and take a survey. It is clearing off; the fierce wind has moderated; but the high sea not; the merciless rolls are only aggravated; once set in motion, it must have its full swing before it calms down, which will not be to-day, scarcely to-morrow. Almost every one we meet, of the crew and stewards especially, bears marks of bruises; our young surgeon has his hands full with the more serious cases. But where are we? and what is to be done? for now it has become generally known that we have lost our rudder. Let a reporter in the *Times* relate:

The captain is a brave fellow, and keeps his spirits up wonderfully. He is ever keeping the men steadily at the wheel, although the rudder has been gone for many hours. He knows the alarm a knowledge of this would create. I overhear a consultation between the captain and some of the officers. Something must be done to try and turn the ship's head, and then, if the wind abates, sail will be set, and we may reach a port in safety. How is it to be done? A large spar, marked as weighing four tons, is to be heavily loaded with iron, then fastened to an immense hawser, and thrown overboard. This method has been successfully employed on similar occasions with great success. It is being prepared, and I go down in the meantime to have another investigation below.

I did sleep, thanks to the loss of sleep for two successive nights, and to the reassuring consciousness that something intelligent was being done, and not without hope, to recover control of the ship. And, all that night, in the waking intervals, or it may have been in dreams, I heard new sounds full of promise, and was in full persuasion that the ship's head was turned, the spar doing the rudder's work successfully the engines steadily going (did I hear their measured thump), and we were on the way to Ireland! Hastening on deck in the morning, found this all an illusion! Nothing had been done; the spar experiment had failed; we were still drifting, drifting, God knows whither!

Saturday, 14th. Drifting, drifting! But in the right direction now, if only the wind keeps in this quarter, that is, toward Ireland. Our hope is now to drift into the highway of steamers, to sight some ship; but we are far away, out of the common courses, in the pathless solitudes of the ocean. And will the wind, the fickle wind, continue to befriend us! The day passes much in the same manner as the last. There are periods of despondency and periods of hope; for the soul itself, as Heine sings, is like the sea, and has its waves, its storms and calms. We take a certain grim pleasure in swelling up the list of casualties that have befallen us. Here is a comforting discovery. Let the *Times* writer tell it:

A new subject of interest arises. There is scarcely a cabin in the ship to which the water has not found its way. Many require a change of clothes, and the hatchways of the baggage stores are opened. The scene that presents itself defies all description. The water had got in, and in sufficient force

to float even many of the larger articles. The rocking of the ship has set the whole mass in motion. It has the free range of a compartment some 60 ft. square, and 24 hours of such friction has reduced portmanteaus, hat-boxes, dressing-cases, and all the personal chattels incident to 400 passengers into a mass of pulp such as could not be rivalled by one of the most powerful shoddy mills in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I go down, for I have a personal interest in this mass of rubbish. Identity is out of the question. Here are the spangles of the dress of an actress; and there the sleeves of an officer's coat. On this side the rim of a hat, on that the leg of a dress boot. There has been most gross negligence in this matter, and the misery which will be occasioned to some portion of the passengers I need not dwell upon, because words cannot adequately express it. Later, I see men feeling cautiously with their bare feet for jewels and money. In which this desolation is said to be rich. How they will identify their own, and resist the temptation of taking that which is not theirs, is beyond my philosophy.

So farewell, tough old friend! Trunk, that has gone all over Europe with me, and survived so many railroad shakings, and rough boundary *visites*, packed full of all that was to recall all this to me hereafter! Farewell all my books, and catalogues of galleries, prints, photographs, keepsakes, programmes and records of a year's music,—little matters, but which money cannot replace! Worse cases than this, though, claim our sympathy.

Meanwhile a new hope springs up. An American passenger, a civil engineer, Mr. HAMILTON E. TOWLE, of Exeter, N. H., has suggested a very ingenious plan to the captain for virtually reconstructing the rudder head, which it is for those acquainted with mechanics to describe. He is placed in command of the engineer department, and devotes himself all that day and night, with admirable energy and skill, in improvising resources, to execute his idea. On that now all apparently must turn. God further the good work! Night comes on, the watches are set, and preparations made for signals; all are on the lookout for some ship. As I lie in bed about nine in the evening, half dozing, I hear what sounds like the rush of a rocket, twice! and then a gun! Presently my room-mate bursts in with news "too good to be true!" A ship has come up unseen, and is about under us! She has taken our watchers by surprise. It is the little brig "Magnet," from Halifax for Galway, and she readily engages to lie by us all night. Great joy and excitement! who can keep below; we rush on deck; some even pack what baggage they have left, that they may be ready to be taken off at once! And into midnight we scarce feel the rocking and the cold air, that Magnet holds us by such firm attraction. What can she do for us? Yet a new thrill of hope has shot through every breast. God bless the little brig!

Sunday, 15th.—On deck early. And sure enough, there lies the little brig, with her white sails, so sociable and friendly, hovering about us like a dove sent out to our rolling, dangerous, solitary ark! It is little, nothing she can do for us; she could not take us off; our boats would certainly be swamped; nor could she hold the half of us. Yet it is comforting and cheering to see her slowly circling round us, and to feel her sympathy. Until the new experiment upon the rudder is ready for the trial, Dove promises to stay by us; if it fails, she will be sent as a messenger to the shore to send out aid. The air is soft, a little hazy, tempering the sunshine; a lovely day it must be on the land. The sea has much subsided; indeed, it looks very smooth; but still we roll at the same fearful rate, as if the ship were bewitched with it and never could unlearn the trick. The fits of rolling come more regularly; between two rolling fits a lull of about five minutes, and then the long swell overtakes us and rocks us as if it would punish all our sins and take all the vanity and laziness and folly out of us before it had done. Poor, miserable sidewise, drifting log that we are, caught every five minutes in a new "trough," to be racked by a worse agony than before, since the fatigue makes each seem rougher than the last! This intermittent swell seems

to be the law of the calm sea; you mark the same thing on the beach, where every seventh (?) wave rolls in, a big one.

An anxious day this. All depends on those laborious and difficult operations at the stern, the new attempt to improvise a rudder. This time nothing must be risked upon hasty, half-way performance; it must be done cautiously and thoroughly. And then comes the trial; it may fail! and what then? Our last hope, apparently, of recovering control of the ship. The plan of the young engineer is ingenious; and he is putting forth all his energy, in executing it, improvising materials and means from whatever we can find about the ship, bending all things to his uses, detecting with a quick eye providential accidents, and this too in the face of not a little opposition, with a faculty that looks like genius and commands admiration and inspires hope. Long time have they been about it—all yesterday, and all night, and to-day for how much longer, toiling incessantly at the difficult and dangerous task. We get impatient for the trial. Knowing ones shake their heads. The experienced ones, those who have been our cheering oracles, who watched and understood the operations, and read the signs for us, and kept us in hope all along—these brave and sanguine ones, as well as wise, who hitherto have been so buoyant in their tone to the more ignorant and timid, now seem to keep more in the shade, and, if you find them, wear the soberest faces of all. Here, too, goes about a knowing croaker, with a discontented visage, a "discomfortable cousin," who also is a machinist, hinting ingenious doubts as to the working of the plan. (Wait till it works, and you shall find him claiming the credit of having first suggested the idea himself!) Alternations of the desponding and the sanguine mood of course, are natural during this delay. But most of us could thank heaven for a very hopeful state of mind that whole day. An unenlightened, childish confidence it might be; but almost as powerful and undoubting as that with which one waits the moving of a festival procession. And so it was with many; the only question being—when will they be ready! at what hour will the ship move obedient once more to her helm?

A religious morning service is held in the Saloon, thanks to the somewhat mitigated rolling and confusion. Others worship in their own way, in the open air on deck. The sailors, proverbially a grumbling race, and who do not seem to have taken kindly to a ship too big for them to feel at home in, look in good spirits to-day. It is in the air, we feel it in our bones, that we shall go; we shall soon be making head, instead of drifting at the mercy of the winds. So far, in two days, we have drifted one hundred miles; first to the North-east, into the pathless waste of ocean, where we should meet no sail; then to the South-west, which would bring us ere long into the highway of navigation. At noon we get an observation, showing us to be about 280 miles to the North-west of Cape Clear.

Early in the afternoon all the chimneys give sign that they are getting up steam. By five, almost before we know it, the screw works! The ship obeys the rudder! her head is being slowly brought round toward the Irish Channel. Joy indescribable! Losses and disappointments are forgotten in pure thankfulness for life, in the sweet prospect of firm land again. But first a pretty scene; our dove is beckoned near; the little brig comes up within speaking distance; it is proposed to take her in tow, to steer by, should the temporary rudder fail. This Dove declines, from very natural fear for her own safety; but promises to keep us company till we are harbored. Dangerous to let herself be tied to so unwieldy a neighbor; and look! even now, while we are parleying, our huge hulk is drifting right upon her; she has barely time to save herself. A child rescuing a drowning giant! A dove to steer a dead leviathan! Thank heaven,

there is no need; Leviathan is himself again, he can wag his tail fins (the rudder) and can steer himself again. Cautiously turning, by describing a half circle of 8 or 10 miles, while Dove flies straight on the diameter, we get our course shaped to the Channel, and then we steam on, by screw power alone, at the rate of eight knots an hour, increased afterwards to ten. Thank God! this last hope does not fail us; the new rudder works! The weather, too, is most propitious; a gentle breeze from the S. W. And now, with relieved minds, we may go down to tea; tables are decently set again; and children and all can partake, sitting; what a happy scene as we come in upon it! as homelike as the Thanksgiving festival in a large family. Then comes a long and lovely evening upon deck. The full moon gleams across the smooth and glassy waters; the air is gentle and persuasive; the stars are out, and heaven full of radiant, moist, sympathetic eyes; and presently the whole northern sky was lit up with a superb display of the Aurora Borealis. The heavens above and the waters under us seem to unite with our hearts in a thoughtful festival; and happy groups sit or promenade upon the deck till midnight, since the ship, now making head instead of drifting, no longer rolls so terribly. We anticipate a quiet sleep to-night.

Monday, 16th.—Vain hope! No sleeping this night! The rolling has been worse than ever, almost, and the noise enough to make one crazy. Still we have been making steady progress; we go on at a good rate; we approach Ireland and the Channel. God grant continuance of this fine weather! Another gale would certainly destroy us. We left our "dove" long since out of sight; there was no wind for her sails; doubtless she follows as she can. And now we are on the highway. A steamer ahead! A large one, rapidly nearing. It is the "Persia," which left Liverpool on Saturday. We hoist signals of distress and she comes round. She sees our paddles gone, our fearful rolling, and will report us in New York, to the relief of anxious friends. But she can tell only a small part of the story; black boards are held up, on which is written that we cannot stop our engines; this she fails to read, wonders that we make off so fast, refusing as it were the aid we asked for, and with an indignant plunge goes down the wind, like a hawk, and in a minute has shot miles away on her own business. How beautiful she looked! And we wished that we were in her!

The ship rolls badly all day, though the sea is calm. But all goes well. The chaos of saloons and cabins is reduced to some beginning of order. In the evening a meeting of the passengers is held; opinions are freely expressed about the ship, the manner in which she was sent to sea, &c., and a Committee of seven appointed to embody these in resolutions.

Tuesday, 17th.—Land! The southern coast of Ireland. Already past Cape Clear and on our way to Queenstown. Beautiful coast, smooth sea, lovely weather. Signals are raised, and ere this the telegraph wires have sent the disaster of the Great Eastern all over the British Isles. But why do we stop here and lose four or five hours in the middle of the day? It is poor relief to our impatience that we can amuse ourselves with the boat crews of wild Irishmen who come out to us, in the hope of large fees for taking a few of us on shore. Meanwhile the passengers hold another meeting and adopt the "Resolutions," which have already, doubtless, been seen by our readers.

An hour or two before sundown we anchor outside the light off Queenstown. We might go into the harbor; but our captain, for some reason, does not choose to. Small tug steamers come out to us, the "Robert Bruce," the "Willing Mind," &c., and things look human, safe and sociable once more. A few go off on shore. The rest of us, not without murmuring, make shift to sleep another night on the great ship, which is to us now nothing but a great

nightmare, which it will be happiness to get away from once for all. The sailors have a merry leisure time of it on deck in the evening. A crowd of them are tossing a huge sprawling white thing from one to another, with loud laughter; it is one of our poor dead swans! Others are singing; one with a clear tenor voice sings a ballad, and the others join in the refrain quite musically. Divers accordions, guitars, &c., have crept forth out of the steerage, and entertain their groups. Is there a fraternity of street musicians going over to seek their fortunes in America perhaps? A group assembled in the Grand Saloon, are listening to the reading of a newspaper just fresh from Queenstown; the news of the Cape Hatteras expedition gives us joy. Subscriptions are going on for the wounded, as testimonials to Mr. Towle, to whom especially we feel we owe our lives; to our brave captain; and to the two heroic seamen (shame that I forgot their names!) who went over the stern, and for hours remained there, at great risk, plunged by every roll of the ship beneath the waves, until they had fastened the chain round the rudder!

Wednesday, 18th. Some forty of us jump into one of the tugs and land at Queenstown. Then a trip of nine miles up the river Lee, as picturesque in its way as the Rhine, to the curious old town of Cork.

Thursday, 19th. By rail to Dublin. And never have I enjoyed green country with a keener zest, than that ride through Ireland, after such a week. But it grew very cold and rainy. Well that we were off the ship! for that day a new gale arose, and bore her some miles out to sea again, the great majority of passengers remaining still on board.

Friday. A brilliant day. A beautiful and rapid trip, by sea to Holyhead, past the shores and mountains of North Wales by rail, running along the coast, everywhere sprinkled with sea-fowl; up the Dee to Chester, and across the green and golden landscape, in the middle of the grain harvesting, to the old quarters and most cordial welcomes in London.

I have not time to speculate upon the causes of our disaster. I am not disposed to charge it so much to the ship itself, as to the Company, or rather the Directors, and the unpardonably cheap and shiftless manner in which they sent her out to sea:

1. Without ballast. This alone would seem to account for the disablement. This made her top-heavy, and produced the violent rolling; and the rolling brought the extra strain upon the rudder and the entire machinery.

2. With an improvised organisation of which they had not warned the passengers whom they allured on board. New captain, new officers, new crew, new stewards; all new but the engineers; new to this ship, whatever their experience in others; new to each other and not in mutual understanding; lost, therefore, for some time, almost as much as we were in the great, bewildering monster vessel.

3. The cheap and fragile character of most of the internal fittings, furniture, &c., and the neglect of proper fastenings everywhere, as if the ship were only fitted out for a summer afternoon's sail on a lake or river.

And much more might be added; but doubtless it will all be legally and duly inquired into—and this is not the place for it.

So, having knelt upon the shore, like shipwrecked mariners of old, and made a sacrifice to Neptune, we will proceed with our own proper business, and resume the interrupted record of the musical tour in Europe. D.

MUSIC FOR THIS SEASON.—Mr. ZERRAHN announces a series of Orchestral Concerts, an unexpected pleasure, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE announce their 13th series of Chamber Concerts. It is to be hoped that the attractions they offer will ensure them a full subscription list. Mr. GOERING, an artist from Hamburg, takes the place of Mr. ZOEHLE. Among other novelties, they produce two of the later works of Beethoven, not before performed here.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 31.—The great and only sensation in the musical world, since writing my last letter, has been the *debut* of our *impressario* Ullmann in the rôle of a *beneficiaire*. In consideration of his long and unwearied exertions for the benefit of the public, he has made bold to solicit a benefit for himself—a most presumptuous idea, truly. This unaccountable freak has somewhat rudely interrupted our long musical somnolence, but our only sorrow is that it is for such a short time. Until the opening of the new year, we shall have but this miniature season which closes on Monday evening after the rendition of three operas in four performances, not including however, those in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. It is true, that this is but a test of the public feeling in regard to the feasibility of an opera this winter, but Ullmann with his usual strategic skill has made it literally a reconnaissance in force by presenting almost as many attractions as usually preface the most extensively planned seasons. The announcement of new artists in old rôles, and new rôles with old artists; of *entre actes* by the Herrmanns, M. and Mme.; of grand concerts by Patti and Thomas; of *debuts* and gala *matinées*,—all tend to make this short season one of the most interesting and attractive. To those who take a practical view of things there is much to be feared from this unnecessary surfeiting, this piling on of the agony. To witness the degeneracy of our opera *habitués* into aristocratic editions of the literary patrons of the Bowery pit—demanding for an evening's entertainment at least three four-act operas, with one of Schumann's Symphonies as a *prelude*, and "prestidigitatorial" *entr'actes*; a light operetta introducing of course a *bullet*, winding up with a grand concert vocal and instrumental—would be indeed a sight much to be regretted. It has been an idea quite prevalent with us, that to make a benefit successful, all that was necessary was to fill up a programme with every species of clap-trap amusement that offered itself, the more numerous the attractions the greater the success. Now if people resort to these places of amusement for the sole purpose of getting all they can for their money, considering quantity, not quality it would be policy to administer the pleasure in allopathic doses; but to those who extend their patronage from a love and appreciation of a creditable performance, offer a superior, but a moderate programme, and the result will be the gratification of all concerned. Now that we have criticised the general nature of these benefit performances, let us review the causes which prompted, and the circumstances attending them.

Ullmann in a manifesto, which has probably ere this met your eye, presented a plea, soliciting the patronage and support of the public in a short season of benefit performances. The stockholders and directors of the Academy with unusual generosity relinquished all claims to their usual privileges and pledged themselves for a certain amount in advancement of the cause. With this as a basis, and depending upon the well-known liberality of the opera-goers of New York he perfects his plans and presented to us in the midst of "wars and rumors of wars" a charming little season, introducing two new operas, a new baritone and a repetition of two of the great successes of last season—Kellogg and "Un Ballo in Maschera." Upon the result of this venture depend the fortunes of opera in our city the coming winter. The success both pecuniary and artistic of the first two nights, renders our prospects quite bright. Of the artistic success: Miss Kellogg in the new rôle of Amelia, in the "Ballo" has achieved new triumphs. Although nervousness on the first night somewhat marred her performance, yet she gained much favor, but on the second night she excelled even our greatest expectations. We must acknow-

ledge that the fact of our young *prima donna* being an American—a New Yorker, born and bred among us, lays us open to the charge of favoritism, but our unprejudiced opinion—and it is the universal opinion of the New York press—is that she is a fine artist, and her triumphs of the past are but the precursors of greater ones in the future. Her efforts in the opera were rewarded with applause and *encores* that the character of the audience stamped as sincere. It is rumored, and we think there is ground for it, that Gye has made a tempting offer to her for Covent Garden, which she has accepted. As with Patti, we are thus doomed to lose for a second time one of our native artists. The pernicious effects of war, are felt in more ways than one.

The *debut* of Mancusi, the baritone of the Havana troupe, was the second attraction promised by Ullmann. To pass an opinion upon him after such a short acquaintance would be unjust. After a second hearing, we are favorably impressed with him. Although we have been accustomed to the full round tones of Amodio and Ferri, for so long a time, yet there is something so pleasing in his voice that we admire him. He never can be called a great singer, his voice lacks the fullness and power that is so necessary and attractive, but in its tone it possesses sympathetic qualities that render it very effective. He is a very fine actor, resembling very much the tenor Beaucardé, both in style and appearance.

Brignoli, who during his sojourn at Long Branch has assumed mammoth proportions, sang with more than ordinary success. It is a pity that we should lose this favorite artist just now when *primi tenori* are so scarce. Hinckley was as pretty and fascinating as ever. Verdi should be thankful that he has such a charming interpreter of the rôle of Oscar. No one can do it better. Madame Strakosch and Sigs. Barilli and Dubreuil, were about as usual. In Ulrica we miss Miss Adelaide Phillips, who made such a success last season. Mme. Strakosch does her best, but lacks power of voice. The chorus was very good, and "Un Ballo" a success. This evening we are to have the last performance of the season. Donizetti's "Betly" will be given with Hinckley, Brignoli and Susini; and the French opera "Les Noces des Jeannette" by Massé, with Miss Kellogg, Elena Dubreuil and Mazzini. Miss Carlotta Patti will give a grand concert in conjunction with Mme. Strakosch, Sig. Mancusi and Theo. Thomas. The engagement of your Academy by Edwin Forrest has deprived you of your share of this short benefit season. Ullmann's agents went on to secure the building for Forrest's off nights, but they were unsuccessful.

The *debut* of Mme. Hermann as *pianiste* reminds us that we may have the pleasure of hearing her as a *cantatrice*. She was a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire, and will make her debut probably early in the season in the "Fille du Regiment." M. Strakosch returns from Europe with that great time-honored artist Giulia Grisi, who is to gratify us with a repetition of those farewell (?) efforts that for the past twelve-month have been adding fresh laurels to her name.

Miss Lizzie Parker gave a grand concert on Tuesday evening at Irving Hall assisted by Brignoli, Susini, Ardavani and S. B. Mills. After the performance Brignoli had the misfortune to fall down stairs and sprain his ankle so badly that the performance of the opera company in Philadelphia has to be postponed.

M. Keller announces a grand Union concert on the last evening of this month with the aid of Mme. Von Berkel, Sigs. Quint, Mueller, Richards.

The first concert of the New York Philharmonic will take place on the 9th of November under the direction of Carl Bergmann, who has succeeded Theodore Eisfeld in the Conductorship. The following orchestral pieces are on the opening programme: Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Overture "Carnaval Romain," by Hector Berlioz; and Wagner's Overture "Rienzi." S. B. Mills the pianist will probably be the only soloist.

The first *Soirée* of Mason and Thomas will be given on the 5th of November at Dodworth's Hall. The following is the programme of the season:

SONATA I. 1. Quartet, (G No. 1), Mozart. 2. Sonata, (piano Eb op. 81, No. 3), Beethoven. 3. Rondo, (piano and violin, op. 70, B minor), Schubert. 4. Quartet, (F, op. 41, No. 2), Schumann.

SONATA II. 1. Quartet, (G), Haydn. 2. Romances, (piano, op. 28), Schumann. 3. Trio, (Bb minor, op. 6), Volkmann. 4. Quartet, (F minor, No. 8), Beethoven.

SONATA III. 1. Quintet, (Eb piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn), Mozart. 2. Sonata, (piano and cello in A, op. 69), Beethoven. 3. Solo, (Viola). 4. Fantasia, (C op. 158, piano and violin), Schubert. 5. Quartet, (C minor, No. 4, op. 18), Beethoven.

SONATA IV. 1. Quartet, by Haydn. 2. Sonata, (op. 101, A piano), Beethoven. 3. Trio, (F), Schumann. 4. Quintet, (C, 2 violins, 1 viola, 2 cellos, op. 162), Schubert.

SONATA V. 1. Trio, (Eb piano, clarinet, viola), Mozart. 2. Quartet, (E flat), Spohr. 3. Sonata, piano and violin, (D minor) Schumann. 4. Quartet, F minor, No. 11, Beethoven.

SONATA VI. 1. Quartet, piano, (G minor), Mozart. 2. Prelude and Fugue, (violin) Bach. 3. Trio, (op. 99, B major), Schubert. 4. Quartet, (Eb No. 12), Beethoven.

Berge, the well known organist of St. Francis Xavier, Roman Catholic Church, has composed a new Mass of the "music of the future" style. It was produced last Sunday by his immense choir, which has twelve soprano voices, and is pronounced by all to be a grand effort. We presume it will be published, although Berge is very jealous of his music.

Miranda, the tenor has transferred his fine voice to the choir of Dr. Adams Church, which now ranks as one of the finest among the Protestant churches of this city. Mr. W. H. Platt is chorister; Dr. James Flint, Organist; Sopranos, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Bristow; Tenor, D. Miranda; Alto, Mrs. Tallman; Bass, H. Frost.

Wels, of Christ Church, the late organist of St. Stephens Catholic Church, has issued a new book of Anthems and Chants for the Episcopal music. It is a very fine collection of music, and will be received with great favor by the admirers of modern church music of the free style.

Until January we shall have nothing to satiate our musical thirst, but the Philharmonic Societies and once in a while a stray concert. We hope that the opening of the new year will throw open to us brighter prospects. T. W. M.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rally round the Banner. Patriotic Song.

G. M. Lowe. 25

A fine stirring song, written for and dedicated to the young "Warren Zouaves" of this city, and adapted to the popular air of "Glory Hallelujah." This air has always seemed to be worth better words than those wedded to it now in the mouth of the people, and it is to be hoped that the present ones will be generally adopted.

March away cheerily. Patriotic Song.

G. H. Russell. 25

Adapted to the elder Russell's familiar and spirited air "Pull away cheerily." It would make a capital soldiers' song.

Instrumental Music.

Warrior's triumphal March. T. H. Howe. 35

Full of striking, pretty melodies. It is about as difficult as Grobe's "Army March."

Old Hundred. Transcription. A. Baumbach 35

Mr. Baumbach has here furnished an arrangement which will prove generally acceptable. The difficulty of adapting a Choral tune for the Piano, an instrument which cannot prolong notes, is happily overcome.

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Brilliant and taking, in the modern style. Of medium difficulty.

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WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR VIOLIN, FLUTE AND GUITAR, ACCORDEON, PIANO, MELODEON FIFE, FLAGEOLET AND CLARINET.—Containing Instructions designed to enable the pupil to obtain a knowledge of playing without a teacher; with a choice collection of every variety of Popular Music. Each, 50

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 501.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 6.

Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green,
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all his course has seen.
Seen from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm,
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no force can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear you thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in their march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uporn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets on the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barques that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore.]

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

TO PROFESSOR ZELTER.*

VENICE, Oct. 16, 1830.

DEAR HERR PROFESSOR!—Now then I have set foot in Italy and I wish this letter to be the

* Mendelssohn's master in musical study.

first of the regular reports which I think of making you, of all that seems to me specially noteworthy. If I have omitted hitherto writing you a regular letter, the fault is that of the great distraction in which I lived both in Munich and Vienna. For to tell you of all the parties in Munich, of which I visited several every evening and where I played the pianoforte more than ever anywhere else, was not possible, because one trod upon the heels of another, and I never could really quite come to my senses.

Besides, it would have hardly been of any special interest to you, for in fact that "good society, which does not afford material for the shortest epigram," makes no very marked effect in a letter. It is to be hoped, however, that you have not taken my long silence ill, and so I still dare expect a few words from you, even if they say nothing but that you are well and in good spirits. It looks all too stormy and unfriendly in the world just now,† and what we had begun to consider as unchangeable and enduring, falls to pieces in a few days. In such times it is doubly grateful to hear well-known voices, and convince one's self that certain things will not be swept away or thrown down, but stand fixed on a firm foundation; and, as I am at this moment very uneasy, not having had news from home for four weeks, and finding no letters either in Trieste or here, a few words from you, direct to me in the old style, would refresh and rejoice me to the heart, by giving me convincing proof that you still think of me with affection as you have done from my early childhood.

With a comfortable sort of joyousness the first view of the Italian plains filled me, no doubt you have been already told by my folks at home. Here I hasten hourly from enjoyment to enjoyment, and see continually something new and unexpected; but during the first days here, I discovered several leading works with which I am making myself most thoroughly acquainted and before which therefore I spend some hours daily. There are three pictures by Titian—the representation of Mary as a child in the temple, her Ascension, and the Entombment of Christ; also a picture by Giorgione, representing a girl with a cither in her hand, quite lost in thought, and now looking out of the picture with such a deeply reflective air (probably she is about to strike up an air, and as one looks upon her, the impulse is strong to do the same); and others still. The pictures alone are worth a journey to Venice; for the wealth of ideas, the strength and the religious feeling of the men who painted them, stream out to the beholder whenever he looks at them, and so I am not much troubled at having heard hardly any music here; for the music which the angels in the Ascension are making as they surround the Virgin and express their joy—one of them meeting her and thumping upon a tamborine, others blowing away upon curious carved flutes, another lovely group singing—or the music, which is floating before the fancy of the cither

† This was the period of the Revolutions of 1830.

player—this music of course is not to be reckoned. Once only have I heard any organ-playing, and that was sad enough. I was busy in viewing the Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Titian, in the Franciscan church; it was the hour of service and there was for me something awe-inspiring as well as devotional, as the old pictures in the very spots for which they were planned and executed, with their mighty figures, by little and little stood forth out of the darkness in which the long lapse of time has enveloped them. As I was so intently beholding that wonderful evening landscape, with the trees and the angels among the branches, the organ struck up. I was refreshed as I heard the first tone; but the second, the third, and all which followed brought me out of my dreams and reveries in good condition, home; for the man played in a church, at service, and in the presence of respectable people, so:



Et caetera animalia.

And the Martyrdom of St. Peter stood hard by! I have therefore not taken any great pains to make the acquaintance of the Herr organist; and as there is no decent opera here just now—as the Gondoliers who sang Tasso are dumb—as in general what I have seen of the Venetian art of the present time—such as poems framed and glazed upon Titian's pictures, Rinaldo and Armida by a new Venetian painter, Saint Cecilia by a ditto, moreover many new structures in no style at all—does not impress me very much, so I stick to the old and study out how they wrought. I have often had great desire for music awakened and hence have composed pretty industriously since I came here. Before I left Vienna an acquaintance gave me Luther's sacred poems and as I read them again, I felt their power more than ever and I think of composing many of them this winter. While here I have almost settled upon the treatment of the choral "Aus tiefer Noth" for four voices *a capella*, and have also the Christmas hymns "Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein," "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott," "Verleih uns Frieden," "Mitten wir im Leben sind" and finally "Ein feste Burg," and all these last I think of composing for chorus or orchestra. Please, write me about this plan of mine and whether you will be satisfied should I retain the old melodies in all cases, without tying myself to

them slavishly, as for instance if I should take the first verse of "Vom Himmel hoch" as a grand chorus and work it out quite free? Besides all this I have another overture for orchestra partly written — and should a chance at an opera occur, it will be welcome. In Vienna I completed two short pieces of church music; a choral in three movements for chorus and orchestra (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden) and an Ave Maria for eight-part chorus *a capella*. The people who surrounded me there were so abominably dissipated and good-for-nothing, that I felt and conducted myself like a theologian. Moreover, the best players of the pianoforte of both sexes, there, never played a note of Beethoven, and when I expressed the opinion that there was after all something in him and Mozart, they would say, "So then you are an admirer of the classic music?" Yes, said I.

To-morrow I think of going on to Bologna, to see the St. Cecilia and then via Florence to Rome, where God willing I think of arriving in eight or ten days. Thence I will write you a longer letter. I only meant to-day to make a beginning and pray you not to forget me and to accept kindly my hearty wishes for your well-being and happiness. Your faithful,

FELIX.

Influence of Music—The Opera.

(From the National Quarterly Review for September.)

DON GIOVANNI, ROBERT, OTELLO, ANNA BOLENA.

(Continued from page 245.)

Otello is, however, a much better piece, although it can hardly be said to have more than the one character; the whole interest being concentrated, from beginning to end, on Desdemona. Rossini gives us no blending of lights with shades. All is gloom and sadness in his *Otello*. But nowhere is the wailing of grief more affecting. Whether the gentle Desdemona is pleading to a relentless father, or imploring a still more unfeeling husband, not to condemn her without any evidence of guilt, we are equally interested in the result. Our sympathies increase and our hearts grow more and more sad as the piece progresses, until we hear the rain pelt, and the thunder rolling without, while our hearts shudder to find her, at the opening of the third act, sitting beside her desolate hearth, "with all her household goods prostrate around her." There is nothing more deeply touching, even in Shakespeare, than that passage in which she seizes her harp, and, flinging her hand wildly over the strings, seeks to forget her own misfortunes in singing the favorite song of her friend. The song is an outpouring of her grief; her tears gush forth with the music; but both give her relief in spite of the storm that continues to howl in her apartment like a bird of evil omen. Every note grows more and more awful until the final scene ensues—the reproaches, the protestations, the sobs, the tears, the sight; then the struggles, the dying agonies of the victim; and while the falling of the curtain gives relief, one is sadly reminded of the ballad in Shakespeare, in which the heroine says:

"Desdemona—My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love; and she she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow.
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it."

To give even a catalogue of operas that have been written by such composers as Weber, Morsigny, Haydn, Handel, Gabrielli, Mendelssohn, Farinelli, &c., and which have in turn afforded delight to thousands in all the principal cities of Europe and America, would occupy much more time and space than we have to spare. We must, therefore, confine our remarks to one or two. Who that has heard any of the pieces of Beethoven suitably performed, and was capable of appreciating them, will not bear testimony to their almost miraculous effect on the mind? The great and gifted of Europe, emperors, kings, poets, historians, warriors, &c., went hundreds of miles to his concerts. Nor could any sovereign have had greater honors paid to his memory after death. The statue erected to his memory at Bonn, in Germany, is one of the noblest specimens of modern art and the festival with which it was inaugurated was attended by several crowned heads, including the

King of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and the King of the Belgians. Three thousand persons met in the music hall; and among the musical celebrities who took part in the performances were Fetis, Spohr, Reilstab, Liszt, Berlioz, Fischhoff, Schindler, &c.

The rapid increase of our pages admonishes us that we can add little, on the present occasion, to our remarks on the opera. But it is our intention to return to the subject. Believing that, as we have endeavored to show in this article, music exercises a powerful effect on civilization—that it is a much more efficient instrument of culture than many, even of those who appreciate it best, are aware—our best efforts will be devoted, from time to time, to the encouragement and aid of those who evince the laudable ambition of securing for it that recognition, as an important branch of education, which it has long enjoyed in the principal nations of continental Europe, and which is gradually, though slowly, being awarded to it in England. The way to do this, however, is not to praise our composers, or *artistes*, more than they deserve; to write eulogies on operatic, or other musical performances, always declaring the last to be the best, &c. This, we know, is very fashionable; but it is equally fashionable to praise the most worthless books; yet our readers will bear us testimony that, while we are always, not only willing, but glad to render ample justice to merit, we do not hesitate to expose mere pretension, and show that what is often sought to be palmed off on the public as gold, is really nothing more than the commonest brass. In proof of the liberty which we take in this way, we can refer to any number of our journal. And since we are not afraid to speak of books as we find them, whether they are designed for instruction or amusement—for the college or the school, the centre-table, or the railroad stall—no matter by whom they are published, it is not likely that we will swerve from showing the difference, as best we can, between a good opera and a bad opera; between a good *artiste* and an *artiste* that is merely cheap; between a "season" that has really proved successful and a season which everybody knows was, and ought to have been a miserable failure.

The citizens of Boston,* Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as of New York, who are in the habit of attending musical entertainments, are as willing to pay for the best talent, and perhaps as well able to appreciate it, as any European audience, equally miscellaneous. Those who undertake to cater for them should furnish them the best, accordingly. Sometimes, indeed, this is done; but, in general, our operatic companies are such as would not be tolerated for one week in any of the principal cities of Europe. None know this better than our managers; yet, when they fail, they make a great outcry; they represent themselves as injured individuals; the victims of want of taste on the part of our people; instead of honestly admitting that only themselves are to blame.

Mr. Ullman seems to have learned that this sort of thing will no longer do. Perhaps it would be doing him more justice to acknowledge that he made the discovery with the aid of Mr. Gosché, nearly two years ago; for, if he has not presented us any very good *artistes* within the last year, the fault is less his than that of the times. The opera could expect no immunity from the blight of secession and civil war, more than the publishing trade, the pursuit of literature, or anything else useful and pleasant, which has suffered from it. But the worst of the secession mania is over now. Thanks to the patriotism of our people, and the disposition of our Government to do its duty, if unhappily civil war still rages, that degree of public confidence in the stability of our institutions is restored which is next to peace, in its effect, in disposing the mind to intellectual enjoyment. This, too, it seems, Mr. Ullman not only understands but is preparing for. If we are correctly informed, he has already entered into arrangements with the best artists in Europe, including Madame Ristori, who has so long been the delight of the Parisians, and for the monopoly of whom the principal directors of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and from Berlin to London, have been trying, for the last two years, to out-manoeuvre each other. Should this prove true—should he secure for the Fall, not only Madame Ristori, but a company, the *ensemble* of which will be capable of sustaining that gifted lady—he will be worthy of being liberally sustained; if, upon the other hand, he contents himself, under one pretext or other, with stars of the fifth magnitude, such as he has given us, with scarcely an exception of a higher order, within the last year, he need calculate on nothing but failure, nor will he deserve a better fate.

* Boston pays more attention to music, in proportion to her population, than New York; simply, as we take it, because her citizens are, in general, better educated. There is more Puritanism in the former than in the latter city; but

the superior culture more than counterbalances this difference. If a certain class in the modern Athens regard amusement as sin, those who give tone to public opinion know very well that there is no superstition more foolish—that

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

The superior musical taste of Boston is sufficiently indicated by the fact that nowhere else on this continent is there so much attention paid to the best class of musical publications. There is music enough published in this city; but it is vastly inferior to that published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston; who, in addition to the best efforts of our own composers, reproduce the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters of Italy and Germany, including whole operas; and also publish the best musical journal in America—i. e., "Dwight's Journal of Music."

Bach and Handel.

Bach and Handel, two men of as different natures as it is possible to conceive, save in the common tendency of their minds towards the highest ideals, complete each other in the most wonderful manner, and, therefore, the dispute as to which was the greater is a most unfruitful one. Bach, in his course of life, closed against outward events, and taking but little share in the external movements of the art of his time, is, as well as in his works, still a mystery for us, and will remain one, until he obtains such a biographer as Handel has recently found in Germany. Perhaps the biographer himself would not object to see Bach also represented in another and clearer aspect. Starting from the organist's school, as Handel did, Bach never left his native land—nay, he was absent only a few times from Leipzig during his many years' residence in that town. That he did not strive to attain a universal education such as Handel's, was less the effect of circumstances than of his own nature. His church compositions are for the most part nearly connected by the text with the pietism of his times; but his art seized only the noblest side of this—namely, profound and fervent piety and, in its ideal purity, soared far above his poets and all the theology of the day, with its worship of "the humanely decreased" Redeemer and its sensual trifling with "the infant Jesus." While Handel allowed himself to be worked upon by the artistic influences of three nations, and while he gathered from the Italians and English sufficient to expand his German nature into universality, Bach remained the purely German composer, and it is a question whether a residence in foreign countries would have had a similar effect on him to that which it exerted on Handel. It was no part of Bach's nature or will to strive for and achieve such variety as Handel obtained. Leaving out of consideration purely instrumental music, especially compositions for the organ, his entire mental resources were displayed in religious music, and with such strength and purity that his works, like Handel's, surviving their own time, are likely to endure as long as art and religion themselves. Throughout his whole life he existed in the narrow relations of an official career, and we doubt that he ever desired to go beyond them, for the post of Cantor at Leipzig, despite its wretchedly limited emoluments, afforded a wide field for his artistic exertions, while his mind broke through even these limits in order in his works, mostly called forth by the wants of the church, to announce higher and purer views of religion than all the theology of the age.

Handel's life, outwardly considered, was certainly far more exciting and also more brilliant; but inwardly his was still the same quiet nature living in itself, and calmly neglecting to testify his devotion to Count Flemming in Dresden, or be of use to the English ladies at their musical entertainments, without the least intention of displaying a spirit of proud refusal. The high-handed, repulsive manner with which he has frequently been reproached was nothing but the very natural behavior of a man who, completely occupied with his own affairs, has no time to attend simply to other persons' gratification. His bursts of rage often passed the boundaries of moderation, and yet moderation and calm circumspection are fundamental traits in his character; his rage sprang not from moral weakness but from physical strength, and hence he would dismiss the shameless *evitato* Senesino, and threaten "the devil," Cuzzoni, to throw her out of

window, being all the while good natured—a fundamental trait in his disposition.

"Despite the old powerful genius within him," says his new biographer, "he never, by any tricks of genius, caused his parents nights of sorrow." The difference, when he was young, between his impulse towards music and the adverse wishes of his parents; his stay in Hamburg, with its intellectually exciting artistic and literary life, degenerated into the lowest sensuality, and full of hatred, envy, and the most vulgar squabbling; the journey into Italy, with its charms and seductions of another description—none of these could, for a single moment, divert Handel from his own nature, but were merely the means of strengthening him more and more in himself. It was the fact of his character being steered thus early, that enabled him, at a subsequent period, to display that extraordinary energy, always capable—without ever having recourse to offensive expedients—of clearing for itself, in a day or two, a new path for the one which might have been closed against it. A natural love for domestic economy enabled him, even when only a youth, to make the journey to Italy at his own expense. He never tasted the bitter bread of assistance thrown to him by restrictive patronage; he remained free from early and injurious official duty, and the enslaving favor of courts, and, when afterwards ruined by bankruptcy, he came out of his misfortunes with honor. Yet his economy was far from being selfish; for, when he himself was in anything but a brilliant position, he gave concerts for the benefit of charitable institutions. The petty English musicians, with and without the doctorial title, trembled at the thought of him, for he could carry off from them the best appointments, to which he had certainly a better claim than any one else, since he conducted the concerts at Court, played the organ on grand occasions of public rejoicings, composed and conducted the music for them all—and yet quietly allowed his "bellows-blower," Greene, to secure one place after the other. A character like Handel, as well as, consequently, his art, is unfortunately far enough removed from our present artistic life as a general rule; but even in his own time he stood, as did, also, Bach, isolated, and really shone forth like a sun from the midst of the doings of *evirati* and *virtuosi* in England; and all this, too, without any pretension, but as became his nature, imbued originally with pure, broad tendencies, and afterwards rightly developed. Modern times can only show one ideal of perfectly free artistic elevation, essentially like him, although apparently different, and that is—Beethoven.—*London Musical World*.

September Music in Seville.

Cádiz, September.

No living person may hope to see the world of believers wholly disabused of its old fixed ideas. Italy will, for many, continue to be the land of song; "till King Sebastian comes back,"—the towns of Spain so many haunts, where, on the cool of summer nights, a romantic amount of serenade, fandango and castanet-work is to be found, as people in fancy dresses dance and make love beneath the moon. And the same dear credulous folk who have not got nearer to reality than such as is described in "Santo Sebastiano," or "Gonsalvo de Cordova," or what their elders have told concerning the sunny holidays (then rare, and, as such, precious) spent by young merchant or squire in the South, will still issue their doleful jeremiades over the want of music in England, and most of all on the dead stillness of Babylon "out of the season." How whimsically a column of the *Times* for a September day—promising Mr. Mellon's "Mozart night" at Covent Garden; Choral contests for the Many, Opera Concerts for the Choice, at the Crystal Palace; Selections from "Simone Boccanegra" at "The Oxford"; Opera companies moving to and fro in England; announcing the splendid Birmingham Festival as just over, and the Hereford one as to come,—brought this amount of uncorrected fallacy before me an hour ago, I should despair of making any one believe, who

had not just been passing a few days in the richly picturesque city of Seville; and there (like the writer) tried his best to come at popular music, or such music that exists, in any shape.

Not even in Italy—and that is saying much—has the amount of what I have heard in any previous foreign journey, during the same number of days, been so small. It was something not to be cheated altogether of a musical instrument known by reputation to most concerned in the subject, the organ in Seville Cathedral, on the Epistle side of the choir. It stands in a building beyond most other buildings fitted for the pomps and mysteries of organ-playing, beyond any other cathedral I know, picturesque in its lofty cavernous intricacies of gloom, in the magical lights which, at one hour in the day, burnish up some overlooked chapel to a mellow splendor, at another, illuminate the crucifix, high in air, above the fretted screen of the great altar, and which, relieved though it is by a rich crimson background, in the morning is but dimly seen, if at all. It is impossible wholly to disconnect musical sounds produced by unseen hands, when they burst out in a theatre of solemn exhibition so magical as this noble building, from their scenic accessories. How the organ, if tested in the show-room in a factory, might be approved, it is as little possible to form an idea; in its own place the sound is sublime, with the usual Continental tendency towards super-brilliance. There seemed to me good pedal tones, though resorted to with great timidity by the poor player; great variety, too, in the *solo* stops, which are numerous, though many (if I mistake not) only extend over half the register, a fact which has deceived some as to the real size and power of the organ, and no one more egregiously than the author of "The Hand-book," whose statement that the organ "has 5,300 pipes and 110 stops more than that of Haerlem," is calculated to mislead. But our author, smart as he was, knew little of his subject, since he complains of the "palisades of pipes" (as essential to an organ-front as walls to a building) as "inappropriate." A more precise account should be substituted: exact specifications existing in English treatises. In Seville, no rectification is to be hoped for on the part of the passing amateur. For once he may find all inspection of his favorite instrument impossible, unless he command high ecclesiastical influence. One has no right to call rigid persistence in a rule laid down a discourtesy. We English tourists are far too apt to resent the result of our determination to force business. But the veto is the exceptional fact of the kind as yet standing on our record to prove the rule of a courtesy which (together with a rare politeness and probity among subordinates and persons of low estate) makes large compensation for the material discomforts of Spanish travel.

Who has yet learnt to disconnect Seville (with its *Almaviva* house and its *Don Juan* monument) from the idea of guitars at all hours of the night? The aspect of its narrow streets, as we have seen them, will not chill him into doing so. What could be gayer, more picturesque, more tempting, than glimpses at every third house passed—through the open door, into some court-yard used as a summer saloon, with its lights, its orange-trees, its oleanders, its pictures, its pianoforte and its tapestry frames, at which some lady might be seen, sitting in the mystic glow, playing at work, or more idly playing with her fan, one of a little circle! Yet not a sound of dance-tune or song issued thence; and this was the more vexatious since your Spaniard seems to have a sound, manly voice of his own. There was only one measure to be adopted, the prosaic one of bespeaking music. A guitar-player and singer came, both capable of showing what is the humor of the hour, and the former (better skilled of the two) of showing the real style of his instrument and the pattern of those old national "fits" and measures which do not depend on the Riego or O'Donnell of the time being. This pattern previous research has disposed me to conceive lies within a narrow compass, and has small variety. The mendicant, in the *Puerta del Sol*, had taught us in Madrid as much as was to

be learnt in Seville. But the finger of our musician was firmer. In all the music I have heard the feeling for accent has been good, and he played with spirit and some apparent enjoyment. So, too, sang his partner, a bold, black-browed fellow; though not impudent in his behavior, anything but abashed, and some of whose songs, it may be feared, were not the fittest for a "Family Library." His voice was a good stout baritone; produced without twang or trick. I have heard and seen worse musicians and more coarsely-behaved men than this tavern pair sighed and swooned over in gay London houses! How different the arena of exhibition here! The inner court of our hotel is a court surrounded with arcades, supported on marble columns, in a by-outlet of which daily ironing goes on, in the centre whereof is an ivy bower, like a big bee-hive, with four tiled entrances and four tiled benches round a fountain, on which the cook is apt to retire to read his novel, or to sleep, or to arrange two or three flowers for Rosa, the laundry-girl. Outside this bower sat the artists; and the people of the house—a melancholy set, however kindly, out of whom the long drought seemed to have parched up all their cheerfulness, crept in, or lounged about—the melancholy book-keeper, the fat and melancholy waiter, the lean and melancholy *dito*, the melancholy *valet de place* (a capital one though) and his damaged poodle without a tail; a gay audience this for guitars in Seville on a September night, but seemingly cheered, I am happy to add, out of some of its melancholy by a treat so cheap and simple.

The other music we heard in Seville was that of the military band, as weak as it is numerous, playing to an audience of more than ten thousand persons in the midst of the new *Plaza* (the mean ugliness of which is a disgrace to Seville). The music was too innocuous to be offensive. The crowd was remarkable on the same grounds as *Ho F's* tea, because there was so little in it to remark. The women, of course, wore mantillas and manoeuvred fans; the working men had round hats, jackets and rashes; but "the costumes of *Figaro*," promised as not unfrequent in Andalusia, are not "got up" out of "the season" apparently, unless perhaps a *Caballero* should pass as rich as the English nobleman who, desirous of seeing the antique dress of the peasants on the "Piana dei Greci," near Palermo, organized a wedding betwixt two peasants, for the state exhibition of their finery, by advertising a dowry for the bride of five hundred pounds!—*Athenæum*, Sept. 21.

Bach's Mass in B Minor.

(From a Correspondent of the London Musical World.)

For weeks previous it had been known, in the musical circles of this capital, that Stern's Gesangverein was preparing for its first performance of Bach's High Mass, which was to take place on the Fast-day The 24th of April approached nearer and nearer. The last general rehearsal came off on Monday the 22d; but even then no one save the executants was allowed to be present; so that the mystery in which the preparations for the great musical event were still enveloped, as far as the public were concerned, became only more impenetrable, and general expectation more excited. The enthusiasm of those engaged in the performance, especially of the fairer portion, had, however, gone so far as to divulge the fact that the rehearsals went better and better, and that the magnificent work continued to increase in effect. Dark reports even were afloat that wives had deserted their husbands, and daughters, not yet arrived at years of discretion, their fathers and mothers, so as not to be absent from a single rehearsal, a course of proceeding all the more subversive of the usual arrangements of domestic life, inasmuch as several of the said rehearsals, especially the later ones, interfered most seriously with the Berlin dinner-hour. Be this as it may, however, the great and eventful evening at length arrived. When we got near the Singacademie, two immense files of vehicles were moving in opposite directions in the narrow square in front of the edifice, while countless pedestrians, threading their way between them, streamed towards the doors of this temple of the muses, which were flung wide open. We entered the room, already filled, and shortly afterwards crammed by a brilliant audience. The numerous chorus,

forming with the hand an imposing mass, presented a cheering appearance, while an expression of expectant, joyous, and triumphant feeling was distinctly visible on the countenance of all its members. As we know, from personal experience, what a colossal task was in store for the Verein, the more colossal, moreover, because, as we had been informed, none of the high D major choral passages had been transposed, the pleasing confidence already inspired by the well-tried Association and its excellent conductor was still more augmented. At length, the guiding staff gave the signal, and a breathless silence reigned throughout the room.

The first sorrowful cry of the chorus burst forth in the five-part "Kyrie," and with it, the concert-room, the motley crowd, the Past and the Present vanished. The intermediate orchestral part followed—a gradually increasing struggle of contrite sinners yearning to free themselves from earthly ties and darkness, and obtain freedom and light—being brought to a climax, when the chorus again joins in. Even in this gloomy choral movement, which, on the one hand, is the last of all the parts of Bach's Mass, to become fully intelligible to the hearer, in the depths and abysses of its unceasing consciousness of crime, and its supplications, growing every minute more and more urgent for pardon, while, on the other hand, on account of its great scope, as well as its complicated polyphony, it is one of the most difficult portions of the whole performance, Stern's Verein acquitted themselves with that brilliancy we have now a right to expect in them. The true expression of this most mighty of all "Kyries" was so well caught, and so firmly retained by the chorus, that the soul felt, as it were, set free at the chord in B flat major, which concludes the movement, and in which all the various feelings at length unite, after every voice has so long restlessly struggled to reach it. Never do we think we beheld so plainly as on this occasion, before the eye of our soul, the blooming of the flower of the Cross, which bursts forth, at last, and points plaintively heavenwards, on the highest pinnacle of this wonderful monument of Gothic art, shooting up wards, despite of every obstacle, in this major close so characteristic in the case of J. S. Bach, since we so frequently find it in many of his grand minor movements. The "Gloria" forms the strongest conceivable contrast to the "Kyrie." While the latter is to be compared to a picture of the earth, and the struggle of mankind to soar upwards, we have in the "Gloria" a representation of the unapproachable Godhead, throned in eternal light, and, raised high above space and time, filling all creation with his greatness. We were truly delighted at the full, fresh, sure tone, with which the very first separate movements of the alto and tenor voices succeeded each other. The magnificent ingenuousness, the almost childlike joyousness, which, despite the overwhelming majesty of this "Gloria," expresses itself in the plan of the Jubilant theme, as well as in the merry D major, 2 time, similar to that of a dance; and in the orchestral portion, forming a perfect ring around the vocal parts, were given by the conductor and his faithful chorus in a manner affording unmistakable evidence of the finest appreciation of Bach's genius. How fervent and sympathetic, too, was the execution of the "Et in Terra Pax," which is as full of feeling as of grandeur of conception, and the theme of which presents the most wonderful contrast to the following semiquaver figure, arranged in double counterpoint, and set to the words, "Bonae Voluntatis." Then came the "Qui Tollis," in which the voices, as though lost in humble and fervent contemplation of the Redeemer, who sacrificed Himself for man, answer each other, while the various orchestral parts, wonderfully contrasted with the dark, mysterious, and awe-inspiring treatment of the chorus, pours forth an inexhaustible stream of soft and weeping tones. Want of time and space compels us to mention in a merely cursory manner the mighty "Cum sancto Spiritu," rising until, in the "Amen," it culminates in a song of triumph, as it were, sung by the Universe in honor of its Creator—and a five-part "Credo," on a Gregorian *cantus firmus*, written in Bach's own incomparable manner, as well as the "Patrem omnipotentem," refulgent with the presentiment of holy delight.

THE BROWN PAPERS.—We learn that these pleasant articles which have appeared in this Journal from the ready pen of the "Diarist" are about to be collected and published in a volume by Schneider of Berlin. If all the people who have enjoyed these interesting papers, should buy a copy each, the edition would soon go off, and our Diarist would be a happier if not a richer man.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXIII.

NOTES OF THE MUSICAL SUMMER IN LONDON.

(Resumed from page 204.)

A long interruption! But, having recovered from the rollings of Leviathan, and having devoted a long and tedious episode to the monster—a readable story perhaps by way of change, but too subjectively told, I fear, in the effort to avoid repetition of the newspapers—I may now resume the record where it was rudely broken off. Or shall I say, my musical fruit gathering, after that Equinoctial gale has shaken all the trees, until the late autumn only yields some dry and rustling leaves, to tell of green summer recollections! A ghastlier smile suggests itself:—is it not like grouping among antediluvian footprints, to go behind that Atlantic episode for musical impressions which it did its best to (literally) wash out? But, it may well be believed, one lofty chain of Ararats, those great Birmingham Oratorios, still reared their heads above the storm, and their bold image should survive the deluge.

Of Birmingham next time perhaps. We must first complete after some fashion, our notes of the summer operas at Covent Garden, of which we have told only the smallest, although the best part. The *Don Giovanni* nights have been dwelt on as a specimen of the fine way in which such masterworks are given in this theatre. Then "William Tell" was described as the freshest and most interesting event of the season. To me the next most interesting was the never failing old favorite, that sparkling spring of melodies which such as only the happiest genius is blessed withal, the same Rossini's early work, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as different as can well be imagined from the "Tell." This delicious music was rendered from beginning to end, by singers, orchestra and all, with real *gusto* and with rare perfection. The overture was the genial and bright one which commonly performed, and which was originally written for another opera, called "*Elisabetta*." The real overture to the "Barber," in B flat, I have only heard in Munich (where, by the way, the whole opera was charmingly performed, and with none the less fun and sparkle that the action was not coarsely overdone, and Figaro trusted more to his own cleverness than to the dimensions of his razor, &c.) The warm and rich sonority of Costa's orchestra, the remarkably good tone of nearly every instrument composing it, could reproduce the brilliant, richly blended colors of the "Barber" music to the life. The hero of the evening was MARIO. Some of our Boston readers have known what it is to hear the exquisitely florid melody of *Alma-viva* sung by him, as only he can sing it. That was many years ago—not quite a decade—but his voice retains still all its power and sweetness, all its freshness and its manliness, all its delicacy and flexibility. Indeed the great tenor is yet in his prime, and sings, if possible, with more effectiveness and more expression than ever.

What sounds can fall upon the mind more deliciously, bringing back summer night's enchantments, than his hurried notes of recitative and his inimitable air: *Ecco ridente*, with which he serenades his mistress in the opening scene? They are warm drops of satisfying golden tone, pure luscious tone, that sink into the soul and make one happy only to recall them—or wretched, that memory is so poor until refreshed by the real rain. Mario sang also in this first act a second serenade, of much more deep and tender quality, usually omitted in most theatres:—and indeed who else could sing it. It is interrupted by snatches of Rosina's voice answering, or rather singing to herself, from within. The melody is most unique and beautiful; full of delicate and quaint divisions, which, naturally as they came to Rossini, seem not in his usual vein, and even suggested (it may have been momentary fancy) something of the old Bach flavor. The Rosina was ADELINA PATTI, whose acting of the part was girl-like, graceful, pretty—a Rosina in the bud, as it were—bright, natural and well conceived, but not fully charged with all the *espiegleries* which a ripper actress finds play for in the character. Musically she achieved a new success in it, although liable to some deductions. Her voice requires transposition of much of the music which is suited to a low *mezzo soprano*. But the more serious fault was, that she took great liberties with the text, embellishing what is originally as full of embellishment as it well can be. Even if the most finished artists, like Sontag, Alboni, Bosio, may be allowed to riot sometimes in a music so suggestive of the mood, it was hardly good taste for so young a singer to begin with variations on Rossini. Herein Patti had been unwisely advised; left to her own instincts she seems seldom to err against good taste and fitness. This part, of course, afforded fine play for those bright points of vocalization, those *staccato* sparkles in the upper octave, &c., which she commands in such perfection, and with which the mass of any audience is sure to be delighted. Yet, on the whole, with all its errors and short comings, how many more fascinating Rosinas can we find? Measured by the maturest standard it lacked much; for such a girl it was wonderful. In some quarters she has been visited by a too severe and sweeping criticism; it can do her no harm if it saves her from her own common places—that is to say, from too frequent trying over of her old and easy triumphs and provokes her to be earnestly true to herself, still studying what intrinsically is fit in every case, and still a learner. Nothing is more fatal to the real progress of an artist, than to keep pressing certain springs (be they ever so ingenious and peculiarly her own) which she has found are sure to "bring the house down." But Patti has it in her to be much more than a mere *effect* singer, a mere vocal virtuoso. She already sings with character and feeling; she will do more and more so, if she is not injured by success.

The other parts were: RONCONI as Figaro, nothing could be funnier—fun improved perpetually. His once fine baritone is a ruin, but the singer's art and style are his' unmistakably, and the man is so irresistibly clever, every moment of his presence on the stage is full of life, that he is a "chartered libertine," who must be allowed as much farcical extravaganza as he pleases to introduce—perhaps cannot help introducing—into the

Factotum's part. Dr. Bartolo was very well done by Sig. CIAMPI, who has a solid, generous voice; and Don Basilio though not the unctuous rogue of a Jesuit we have seen sometimes, was another instance of the many-sided stage ability of Sig. TAGLIAFACO.

This exhausts the more important list of operas which I had a chance to hear. I find mere pocket memoranda of half a dozen other evenings. Three of them chiefly owed their interest to PATTI. One was Flotow's light and pretty, but soon wearisome, opera of "Martha." I do not like the character for Patti. To think of her appearing tired of life, an *ennuyée* (my Lady in the first scene)! And the music, taking the opera as a whole, is just sickening-sweet enough, to make it hardly worth her while to spend her faculties in it. Yet she did sing it marvelously well—especially the "Last Rose of Summer," which hacknied melody the most finished singer could scarcely make fresh by a more pure, expressive rendering. Mme. NANTIER-DIDIEE made a good Nancy; and MARIO put all the charm of sweetness possible into the sentimental part of the lover. TAGLIAFACO was Sir Tristram. Sig. GRAZIANI, as Plunkett, did not relieve the dullness of the music. Another character for PATTI I could not like: the *Traviata*; who cares to see the fresh virgin bud transferred into the full blown rose of such false hot-house life! But in the Verdi-an brilliancies and bravuras she astonished by her execution; and she made the sadder scenes and melodies quite touching—so they say—I did not sit through all. TIBERINI (tenor) and GRAZIANI (baritone) did not co-operate very inspiringly. But in the *Sonnambula*, in Bellini's pure and natural melody, the freshest which he wrote, our "little Patti" was at home, and now more fitly placed. It is, next to *Zerlina* at least, the most agreeable of all her parts, her best success. The music was delicious as she sang it; and every one felt happier and better for it. The house was very full, for this time there was the double charm of Patti and of music worthy of her, music which does not lose its freshness. Her "*Ah! non giunge*" was of course a brilliant triumph, doubly so on repetition with quite happy variations.

If there were time, I might speak of the wonderful performance of TAMBERLIK in the part of the "Prophet," whose crisp and telling tenor, splendid declamation, and thoroughly manly impersonation, are all that the part could require; also of CZILLAG's beautiful and impressive rendering of *Fides*—Czillag, whose inspiration and conception are always in advance of her command of her voice, but who is a charming lyric artist in spite of that. Of the splendor with which this great spectacle opera was put on the stage, too, something might be said. But Meyerbeer's elaborate "grand operas," in spite of their good things, to me are tedious and do not send me home refreshed or earnestly affected.—I saw, too, twice the new thing of Verdi: "*Un Ballo in Maschera*." Once at Covent Garden, when MARIO not only sang delightfully, but looked most picturesquely, handsome rogue! in his Neapolitan fisherman's disguise. PENCO, DIDIEE and GRAZIANI in the other parts. Once at the Lyceum Theatre, which was opened for a few nights in June, expressly for the sake of trying this new work upon the public, and where

the plot was most absurdly transferred to the colonial days in Boston, Massachusetts. (Some even asked if "Maschera" meant Massachusetts!) As for the music, it is neither the best nor the worst of Verdi's operas, and contains some of his most ingenious and unique things. But there were two, yes three, singers in it, whom it was worth while to hear. Mlle. TIETJENS, quite young yet, has one of the largest, richest, purest soprano voices now existing, and her delivery is noble, as her whole appearance is lady-like and expressive of a true and generous nature. But more of her when we come to the Birmingham Festival. Sig. GIUGLINI is a capital tenor for such music, and Mario himself did not surpass him in the most favorite tit-bit of the music. Then there was Sig. DELLE SEDIE, who in the impassioned part of the dark skinned Secretary, a sort of musical Othello wrought up to jealousy, exhibited not only a rich and musical baritone, but a consistent intensity of pathos and of action, that was quite electrifying. It were no trifle to wrong such a man; the part seemed very real. Mons. and Mme. GASSIER were also in that caste; so that it was indeed a very rich one.

Such was the amount of my experience of London opera. The Covent Garden manager, GYE, made a most successful season of it in a material point of view. He had several good turns of fortune to ensure that. In the first place, the failure of the plans at the rival theatre, Her Majesty's, gave Covent Garden the monopoly of opera, with power to avail itself of many extra nights. The same chance threw into Mr. Gye's hands the two capital and opposite attractions of the setting and the rising star, the farewell nights of GRISI and the debut of ADELINA PATTI. Of the other wealth of this establishment in leading singers, chorus, orchestra and stage resources, I have already spoken. The programme of the season, after you deduct "Tell," and the old standard favorites *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere*, was by no means so rich, either in novelties or in undying classics, as one finds commonly in theatres of far smaller means in Germany, especially in Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Vienna. No opera of Gluck, one only of Mozart, nothing (if I remember rightly) of Weber or Cherubini, not even the *Fidelio* of Beethoven—while, for newer things, Verdi and Meyerbeer are still harped upon, while *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are eschewed with holy horror. The English taste has its strong prejudices; but no audience is so untiringly devoted to a good thing, repeating it with the same zest forever, after it is once thoroughly accepted; witness the repetitions of *Don Giovanni*. D.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

October 10.—Now for a word about the opening of the Italian Opera mentioned in my last. And first, it is not uninteresting to observe that the Italian Opera is one of the most ancient theatrical establishments in Paris, descending directly from the old Comedie-Italienne of the days of Molière. Its history, too, is as illustrious as its pedigree is ancient. Among its managers it has reckoned Rossini—among its performers, Garcia, Donzelli, Galli, Pellegrini, Bordogni, Rubini, Lahlache, Tamburini, Levasseur, Mario, Ronconi, and, turning to the ladies, Pasta, Pisaroni, Malibran, Damoreau, Sontag, Grisi, Persiani, Alboni; and through these golden mouthpieces the Parisian public have been made acquainted with the works of Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, Meyerbeer,

Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Verdi, &c. An these be not titles to distinction, genius is a farthing rush-light! Although the fashionable public of Paris is not yet quite *au grand complet*, and many tourists, single, or in family groups, still linger to enjoy this brilliant autumn amidst hills and dales, watching spendthrift nature turned miser in her decline, burying her golden leaves in the earth; although Mad. Paris is still in some measure estranged from her lawful spouse, M. Le Beau-Monde, yet was there a gathering sufficient in number and brilliancy to do honour to the first night of the season. The opera was *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and with three artists such as Mads. Alboni, Penco, and Marie Battu in the three principal female parts, the performance could not be otherwise than remarkable. Each displayed her characteristic excellence. Mad. Alboni sang the air in the second act with the incomparable grace and perfect mastery of vocalization which are hers. Mad. Penco was dramatic, as she can be when occasion serves, and Mlle. Battu brought into play the tact and good taste of which she is mistress, and which are so necessary to the difficult character she had undertaken. All three surpassed themselves in the trio of the first act, which was carried off with admirable spirit and completeness. It is to be regretted that equal praise cannot be extended to the male performers. MM. Zucchini, Badiali and Belart could hardly be considered satisfactory, though all three are excellent artists in their way.

The event of the week next to the opening of the Italian season is the revival at the Opera Comique of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* by Halevy, and decidedly the best work of that composer. M. Roger, having recovered from his *morbus tenoris* in the sudden manner which is one of the peculiarities of that disease, resumed his original part of Olivier d'Entraques, in which, since he first created it fifteen years ago, he has had no successor approaching him in the refined grace, dramatic power, and vocal ability which he considered in its performance. Fifteen years are fifteen years, and M. Roger does not possess the elixir of eternal youth. But there is a spell at the command of a true artist, a communicable enthusiasm which is of great virtue in concealing for a time the ravages of the arch-enemy; and, if the applause of the audience could be taken as the criterion M. Roger has not lost an iota of his youthful grace and energy, nor of the power and quality of his voice. The part of Athenais de Solange was assigned to the *débütante* Mlle. Cico, winner of a triple crown at the recent competition of the Academy of Music, having taken a first prize in singing, opera, and comic-opera. The ordeal was a severe one, however complimentary to the lady's powers, and it was not surprising that she should betray a degree of emotion which for a time, seemed almost to paralyze her fresh, clear, and resonant voice. After a time Mlle. Cico became more self-possessed, and in the difficult air, "*Bocage épais*," the touchstone of French songstresses, her execution was almost unblemished, and from that time the sympathies of the audience were with her. Mlle. Cico has only to gain more ease and freedom in her acting, and to acquire more steadiness and rhythm in her vocalization to establish herself firmly in the favor of the public. *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* is announced to follow this revival, after which the new work by M. Lefebvre-Wely will be produced, under the title of *Manon*.—*Cor. of the London Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 30.—Verdi's "Masked Ball," Victor Massé's "Jeanette's wedding," and Donizetti's "Betty," have been lately produced at the Academy of Music. Of the music of the former opera, familiar to most of your readers, I have nothing to say—the rendition was generally pronounced inferior to that of last season. Massé's one-act comic operetta is full of spirituelle and elegant melodies, not over original; but the action drags terribly, and justice can only be rendered to the wit (what there is of it), and light music of the piece by good French singers and actors.

Miss Kellogg would make a charming singer for a small theatre or concert room, where her already finished vocalization could be heard; but in the Academy, her middle notes are inaudible, and her delicate upper tones often unsatisfactory. It is to be hoped that she will spare her flute-like organ many such ordeals. Dubreuil, with his worn voice, was even more dreary than there was any occasion for,—

he was dreary in the wrong places. Another "artiste" put his head through a window, and delivered two vocal messages; we presume he sang that he had a violent cold and sore throat, that his tones were below pitch, and that he did not know his part,—but as we are not quite certain of that "fact," we will not insist thereon.

Donizetti's melodious "Betty," in spite of its many reminiscences, was enjoyable, fresh, and natural, after the rather sickly fun of the French opera. Miss Hinckly, (now Signora Susini), sang, acted, and looked very well indeed. But it was an immense relief, after all that had gone before, when Susini and Brignoli opened their mouths, to hear something like Voice, and to feel that that little extra exertion would not completely exhaust the capital contained in these gentlemen's chests, &c.

The house was full on both occasions (Ullmann's benefits). To fill out the bill on the second benefit, there was a concert between the operettas, in which Carlotta Patti, Mme. Strakosch (both voices, again, were insufficient for the house, with its acoustic deficiencies), Theodore Thomas, in a finely played violin solo, and Mr. Muzio, in accompaniments with false notes ad libitum, took part.

The Philharmonic Rehearsals are progressing favorably, both here and in Brooklyn. The first concert will take place on the evening of November 9th.

Yours,

ISYGAN.

WORCESTER MASS, Nov. 4.—The Musical Convention, conducted by Mr. B. F. Baker of Boston, closed on Friday, Nov. 1st, with a concert, well attended, at Mechanic's Hall. The usual solo singers were present, with some voices new to us, several giving promise of future excellence, provided they are not spoiled with the plaudits of audiences easily satisfied. Mr. B. D. Allen's Trio Club, made a quartette by the addition of Mr. Catlin's viola, played Mozart's quartette in G minor, played it too, most acceptably. The Club is deservedly in high favor with our citizens, and many have been the proposals made them to play in public, with compensation for their services. We learn that Mr. Allen refuses to do this, preferring to invite his audience at his own expense rather than sell his tickets and be obliged to consider the tastes of the public, not always in accordance probably with his own. The Mozart Society continues its rehearsals this year, resident musicians conducting gratuitously, each leading three or four evenings. There are certainly objections to this plan, but the society keeps its existence without the expense that has attended its rehearsals. Several operatic stars, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, and their associates, announce a concert at Mechanics Hall. A ballet troupe, Isabella Cubas the leading attraction, has been playing at the theatre.

The Academy of Fine Arts, and the English, Classical, German and French Institute, two praiseworthy institutions founded and successfully carried on by Misses Robinson and Gardner, are now offered for sale, the principals contemplating a residence in Europe. The schools may be purchased separately or as one institution, affording an unusual opportunity to teachers who would establish themselves in schools of good standing. Connected with the Institute is a military department with complete equipments, and a first class gymnasium. Warm wishes and high expectations will follow Miss Robinson on her way to the old world, where her great talents as an artist will doubtless manifest themselves in creations upon canvass no less beautiful and original than those of Miss Hosmer or Miss Lander in marble. Her forte is historical painting, in which she was a pupil of Camphausen and of Schroedter of the Düsseldorf school. S.

Mr. John K. Paine.

Our readers have often heard of this gentleman, from our foreign correspondents, as a young American who has devoted several years in Germany to

the earnest study of the organ. They have read notices of his concerts given in Germany and in England which have attributed to him a rare degree of merit, and given him great praise as a most accomplished executant upon his instrument, and as an enthusiast for the best music for the organ, especially that of BACH. His own compositions have also been much commended by high authority.

Mr. PAINE has recently come to Boston, which we learn he intends for the present to make his residence, and on Friday of last week, he gave an afternoon concert of organ music to a large invited audience at the Tremont Temple. The following was his programme:

1. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Seb. Bach
2. Improvisation
3. Trio Sonata in E flat.....Seb. Bach
- This work consists of three movements, viz.: an Allegro, Adagio and Vivace. It was composed in three obligato parts, to be played on different key boards, with soft stops; by these means, contrasts in tone are brought out, which otherwise would be impossible. The pedals are employed continually.
4. Chromatic Fantasia in A.....Thiele
5. Concert Variations on the "Austrian Hymn".....Paine
6. Choral Variation, "When Christ to Jordan came".....S. Bach
7. Vocal Quartette, "Agnus Dei".....Paine
8. Toccata in F.....Seb. Bach

The organ of the Temple (by the Messrs. Hook) is, of course, the best adapted of any in the city, by its size and variety of combinations, to display the acquirements of a performer, or to do justice to the demands of so excellent a programme, of which we should say that even the improvisations and variations were of the solid school of proper organ music and not intended to display orchestral effects, or such as we often hear at an organ "opening," to show off the instrument itself. So that, the hearer was led to think more of the music that he heard, than of the player whom he came to listen to. And so marked was the freedom, ease, and repose of Mr. Paine's manner of performance that one was almost led to overlook the exceeding brilliancy of his execution both of manuals and pedals, which was indeed wonderful for cleanness, precision, and an entire absence of any apparent effort.

Turning to the programme, we should perhaps select the trio Sonata by Bach as the piece which, for that audience, displayed as favorably as any other his powers. The different parts were brought out with most perfect distinctness, while the brilliancy and smoothness of the pedal playing we have never seen approached by any organist who has played in Boston. The variations on the "Austrian Hymn," two, were exceedingly ingenious and interesting, with no clap-trap about them, showing the labor of a composer and not of a show organist, the effects being those of the composition not of the combinations of stops or the ear tickling effects of the imitation of instrumental tones. The vocal quartette was well rendered, and gave a good impression of Mr. P.'s talent as a composer.

Mr. Paine is a pupil of Haupt, and his merits as a performer are equalled by the modesty and entire absence of pretension of his appearance. We need not say that we cordially welcome him to Boston as a permanent resident, and hope that our musical people, who are all interested in organ-playing, may have frequent opportunities of hearing so excellent a representative of the highest school.

Adelaide Philipps in Paris.

(Correspondence of the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Paris, Oct. 25, 1861.

If your readers have a few moments to spare from the all-engrossing topic, perhaps the musical portion of them may be glad to learn that Miss Adelaide Philipps—as Signorina Fillippi—has passed through the severe trial of a first appearance before a Parisian public with entire success. The critical audience of the Salle Ventadour sat in judgment upon her "Azucena" last night, and gave it their unqualified approval. Accustomed as they have been to Alboni, and to no one else in this part, it was not to be expected that they were to experience any new sensations in the rendering of the music. To achieve success and

to prevent any unfavorable comparisons it was necessary to make it a dramatic triumph, and this was accomplished. Alboni, with her wealth of voice and nonchalant ease in the use of it, is so fat and lubberly withal, that she can only stand still while music gushes from her throat as from a fountain. Miss Philipps, on the other hand, has a great deal of dramatic power and displayed it to such purpose in her delineation of the fierce, revengeful, and yet loving gipsy mother, that she would have made a hit with far less vocal excellence than she really possesses; for the French do like acting above all things, and Alboni is one of the few whom they would tolerate without it. Our young countrywoman had several difficulties to contend against, a feeling of awe at the proverbially severe and cultivated character of a Paris audience, and a sense of the important results that their decision would have upon her future career, were surely not unnatural, even to one accustomed as she has been to the stage from her earliest years. Then her costume was peculiarly trying and unbecoming, for though her features are capable of very varying expression, she can scarcely afford to throw away the very considerable advantage to be obtained by a becoming costume. "Ach, mein Gott!" said a German lady in the box next me, whose emeralds and diamonds made her glitter like a chandelier, "if she were only a little 'schöner' I should like her better."

There is something appalling in the way a debutante is treated here on a first night. There is no token of greeting. The first movement begins and ends, and then the second, and still there is a chilling unsympathetic silence. At length, at the end of the Cabaletta there is a moment of suspense. The applicant for favor has been heard and judgment is to be pronounced. In this case I was doubtful for an instant whether she was to draw a blank or a prize; but it was for an instant only, for there soon followed a burst of applause that must have satisfied the most anxious friend or the most ardent admirer. Some injudicious person threw a wreath upon the stage as large as a horse collar before Miss Philipps had sung a single note. The practice of awarding laurels before they are earned is so peculiarly American that I think the audience were rather puzzled to know what it meant. It appeared to embarrass everybody on the stage, till at last Mario picked it up and threw it behind the scenes. Miss Philipps was called out after the first act and at the close of the opera; a mark of approbation not often bestowed upon any one. This success is an "open sesame" to her for every Opera house in Europe, and she may well congratulate herself upon such an important step in her career.

The voice and manner of Miss Philipps are so well known at home, that I need say nothing of them here. Perhaps her voice has lost a little of its first roundness and power, and her execution suffered by comparison with Penco—the "Leonora" of the evening, and the leading soprano of the present day.

Mario never sang better in his life,—I say this up on my own judgment, supported by two of the leading papers, who so declare. His song in the tower during the Miserere displayed a most amazing vigor of voice, and then there is that exquisite something in his tones, and that fascinating enunciation of his own musical language, which must always keep him without a rival. The rapturous applause that rang through the house after every passage showed plainly enough how firmly planted he is in the affections of the Parisians, and how eager they are to reward him when he does his best.

Miss Philipps makes her second appearance in the Ballo in Maschera, again taking Alboni's part. She will also appear in Semiramide with Penco, and then will be quite at home, the part being especially adapted to her both vocally and dramatically.

J. L.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who has been engaged at the Italian Opera, Paris, made her debut there on the 19th of October, as Azucena, in Il Trovatore. Galignani's Messenger of the 22d October, in a critique of her performance, says: "All honor to the Stars and Stripes! The young American vocalist, Miss Fillippi, came out on Saturday night, and most gallantly sustained the artistic honors of her country's flag. Her voice is a rich, firm contralto, of considerable extent, both in higher and lower portions of the register, faultless in intonation, and evidently cultivated in the best Italian school. To these vocal gifts are added those of a rarer quality—feeling, expression, and an impassioned earnestness, that give interest and significance to every tone. With such requisites it will easily be understood that her success was unequivocal and decisive from

the very first scene. We have had many great singers in the character, but the troubles of the Gipsy never stood out so conspicuously as in the hands of Mlle. Filippi. The opening air was given with such mingled pathos and passion, the debutante took the audience by storm, and the result was a complete triumph. She was led to the stage by Mario, whose handsome face was lighted up with pleasure at her success."

THE ORPHEUS SOCIETY gave a very pleasant and somewhat novel soirée to their friends, at Allston Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The hall was set forth with tables of various sizes, around which the guests seated themselves in groups, as best suited their pleasure or convenience. The music consisted of some of the best selections from the Orpheus repertoire interspersed with solos by Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard, Schultze and other members of the Club. Meanwhile, the wants of the inner man were supplied according to the tastes of the company, a liberal bill of fare (instead of a programme) being set before them; and so, with music and good cheer, this pleasant affair was protracted to a late hour. There was something quite genial and pleasant in this social gathering which was eminently successful.

Errata in the translation "On Chopin's Mazurkas," in the *Journal* of October 26. In first column, line 11, for "possesses," read *possessed*; in second column, line 24, for "treatings" read *beatings*; line 27, for "discloses" read *discloses itself*; line 32, for "written," read *neither*; line 33, for "destruction," read *distinction*; line 46, for "instructive," read *instinctive*; line 51, for "too fatalistic is this," read *is this F*, (the note). In the second poetical quotation, for "moon lights," read "war lights."

The Paris correspondence of the *London Daily News* says: "One of the funniest quarrels between a manager and an actress that was ever brought before the public has just occurred between the celebrated singer, Madame Ugalde, and the director of the opera Comique. On Saturday evening the following placard was posted on the doors of the above establishment: 'The theatre is closed in consequence of the refusal of Madame Ugalde to do her duty.' The papers of the next morning published a letter from Madame Ugalde, protesting against the above representation as a calumny, and asserting that she is in possession of a medical certificate, showing that a very bad cold made it impossible for her to appear. But the manager carried on the war by publishing in the evening papers a letter signed by three physicians—Drs. L. Boutin, Josah, and Faivre—reporting that they visited Madame Ugalde, for the purpose of ascertaining her state of health, and that, although 'relatively indisposed,' she was perfectly able to sing on Saturday evening."

The negotiations between Adelina Patti and the director of the Theatre Italian in Paris, have been broken off. *Galignani*, in announcing the fact, says: "We believe this young lady, in accordance with the counsels of her friends, will retire from the stage and concert-rooms for a few months, to afford a season of necessary repose to the voice. Exertions like hers are not to be continued with impunity by human organs, of whatever strength."

The Leipzig Zeitung makes a curious statement, which is interesting even as a *canard*. It says that a physician of the name of Pottsdoll has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in any body's throat any desired quality and register of voice. He creates at pleasure bass, baritone, tenor or soprano voice in the human larynx by means of a slight and and simple operation, quickly performed without pain or danger; and in a week or a fortnight, those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

MARRIAGE OF ISABELLA HINKLEY.—To-day our favorite *prima donna*, Isabella Hinkley, was married to Signor Susini, the *primo basso* of the associate artists. They will immediately proceed to Philadelphia and hence to Baltimore, where they are to appear in opera on Thursday, the 31st instant. Their next appearance will be in Washington, on Friday, and they will then give a second performance on

Saturday in Baltimore. We suppose the anticipated departure of these two popular artists to Europe will be indefinitely postponed.—*New York paper*, 30th.

FUNERAL OF EDWARD KENDALL.—Funeral services over the remains of the late Edward Kendall, were held at the Hollis street church, at one o'clock this afternoon. The attendance embraced not only the relatives and immediate friends of the deceased, but also many of his professional brethren, including all of the members of Gilmore's Band. Rev. William R. Alger was the officiating clergyman, and his touching allusions to the deceased brought tears to many eyes. Gilmore's Band performed a dirge at the Church; and the remains were conveyed to Forest Hill for interment. Thos. Comer, David C. Hall, and several other well-known musicians were among the pall bearers.—*Herald*, Oct. 28.

New Publications.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for October, 1861. L. Scott & Co. (From Crosby, Nichols & Co. Contents: Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Study of History; Biography, Past and Present; A Visit to the Mormons; Count Cavour; The Apocalypse; The Rival American Confederacies; Traders' Unions; Contemporary Literature.

From the last article we extract a notice of a work from which our readers have seen some translations in these columns, *Richl's Musikalische Charakter Köpfe*.

Till we read Herr Richl's "Notable Composers of Music," we were not aware that the relation between an age and its artists which Mr. Jarves has traced in painting, and Dr. Schnaase in architecture, had also been insisted on with regard to music. Of course it is undeniable that every century has its own style of architecture and school of painting; but we do not think any one has maintained this to be the case so well as Herr Richl. His work is not a new one: the present edition being the third. As yet we have seen the first volume only, but a perusal of it makes us desirous of having the next one also. In this volume it is the minor composers of the last century whose lives and works are narrated and discussed. A circumstance is mentioned by the author, which equally concerns literature and music: at the present day, there are no longer any cities in Germany which are looked upon as arbiters in matters of taste. At one time, an opera which pleased a Viennese audience was sure to be applauded everywhere else, just as a play which succeeded at Mannheim, or a poem that was admired at Weimar, was certain to become universally popular. Now, every petty town and state have their own favorite music and literature; everywhere are to be found clever writers and skillful composers, but of great masters in music and literature are very few.

ANTIQUARIAN CATALOGUE, of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Ancient and Modern, and of Works on Music, &c. By Charles Grobe, Wilmington, Del.

A valuable catalogue for public libraries and all persons interested in the history and literature of music. This catalogue will be forwarded, *gratis*, on application to the publisher.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by Charles Dickens.—Another edition by Peterson & Brothers, quite readable too, for 25 cents. The various editions by this house are published by an arrangement with the author, who is paid by them one thousand pounds sterling for the right.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October, (L. Scott & Co's Reprint) is received from Crosby & Nichols. The contents are. Democracy Teaching by Example; Meditations on Dyspepsia—No. II.—The Cure; Chronicles of Carlingford; The Doctor's Family—No. I; The Book-Hunter's Club; Social Science; What seems to be Happening just now with the Pope; Among the Locks; Capt. Clatterbuck's Champagne—A West India Reminiscence—Part I.

LADY MAUD, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase; or Erie Gower, or the Secret Marriage. By Pier: Egan. Author of "Lady Blanche," &c. T. B. Peterson & Bro. For sale by A. Williams.

A stirring and interesting novel, not to be laid down by the reader before the end is reached.

Letter from Trovator.

FINLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1861.—Will you permit me to look back for a few weeks, to a tour of northern travel and see if I can pick up a few scraps of

musical intelligence? Indeed, perhaps you will accompany me on the trip and so we'll make a sort of musical panorama of it.

So we begin. The curtain rolls up. Scene. The deck of a steamer—Land in the distance—Island to the right—The captain pacing the deck. He says,

Oh! white folks I will sing you a ditty
I'm from home and that's no pity,
To praise myself it am a shame,
But old Bob Ridley is my name.

I'm old Bob Ridley, oh,
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh,
I'm old Bob Ridley, oh, oh, oh,
(Presto) I'm old Bob Ridley, oh.

Enter Trovator. Good morning captain. You sing English songs, I hear?

Captain. Yes, I learned them in England, before I was fool enough to enter into the service of this confounded Russian line.

Trovator. We have made a pretty good run from St. Petersburg, so far, haven't we?

Captain. Yes, and to-night we'll be at Helsingfors. (The breakfast bell sounds. Exit Trovator in precipitate haste. The captain resumes singing,

I'm old Bob Ridley, oh!

(Enter Englishman). Eng. *loq.* Well captain, how do you feel? I don't mean to ask whether you're sea sick, or whether you're homesick but—you know what I mean don't you?

Captain. All's well I believe. Did you hear the breakfast bell?

Eng. Well, I didn't hear it, because I was sleeping—taking a nap—you know what I mean, don't you? But I'll go right down, for I feel a little peckish—hungry—you know what I mean. (Exit Englishman in great haste. Some sailors came and received orders from the captain. *Exeunt Omnes*. A storm follows. Whistling of wind in the cordage. Violent tempest. *Omnes sea-sick*).

Well, that's a pretty good dramatic opening to the panorama—and at the same time it conveys to the reader, no, I mean spectator—an information that we are in the Gulf of Finland, having left St. Petersburg the day before, and expect to pass the night at Helsingfors.

Don't be stupid and confound Helsingfors with Elsinore—Hamlet's Elsinore. They are as different as Boston and Bellows Falls. Helsingfors is a recently built town erected by the Russians after they took possession of Finland, and quite a popular place of resort. The panorama as it moves on, shows us, that Helsingfors lies hidden on the shores of a large bay, and surrounded by the the most romantic scenery. The bright yellow houses form a crescent around the port which is alive with steamers and little sailing vessels—and the afternoon sun makes it a very bright shining lively place.

Not much to see. A Protestant church built by the Swedes—for the Finns are Swedish at heart and have neither Russian characteristics nor religion—is erected on a commanding site. The slope of the elevation on which it stands is faced with the most magnificent flight of granite steps, appertaining to any building in existence! Strong terms but borne out by facts. The steps of Santa Trinita and Ara Coeli at Rome are actually shabby in comparison to those which lead to the Protestant church at Helsingfors.

There are sea baths here and judging from the climate I should say that it was possible to bathe without breaking the ice, at least one month in the year. Near these sea baths is a concert room, for the use of guests—the price of admission being some outlandish coin which by an almost miraculous effort of arithmetical skill I have calculated to be worth 20 3/5 cents. The programme is good. Here it is. The original document in Swedish. Programme.

I.

1. Ouverture till "Don Juan" af Mozart
2. "Alothe Ruder Klänge," Vals af Lumbye.
3. "Die Fahnwacht" af Lindpaintner.
4. "Schlittschuh-Galopp" af Meyerbeer.

II.

5. Ouverture till "Le Bal Masqué" af Auber.
6. "Künstler-Ball-Tänze," Vals af Lanner.
7. Finale ur "Medusa skeppabrott" af Reissiger.

III.

8. Overture till "Iphigénie" of Gluck.
 9. "Erikönig," Ballad of F. Schubert.
 10. Första aktens Finale ur "Tannhäuser" of Wagner.
 11. "Bonbon polka" of Strauss.
 Emellan hvarje afdelning 20 minuters uppehåll. (This means there will be an intermission of 20 minutes between the parts.) Entrée 1 mark. FILIP V. SCHMANTS.

After the concert—which was really excellent and the orchestra worthy of a metropolis—we go back to the steamer to find The Bride in the usual state of evening discomfort.

The Bride is *une Americaine* and the luckless Bridegroom is a male of the same race. How long they have been married I can't imagine, but they are quite young and I suppose are in the Honeymoon. I hope my honeymoon won't be like theirs.

He is playing chess. She emerges from her state-room places her hand on his shoulder and says:

"My dear, I'm afraid the ship's on fire."

"Oh no, I guess not," says he.

"But my love, I really wish you would go down in the cold and see."

"Oh! my dear, you're quite mistaken," says he.

"But my love I smelt it, positively smelt it," says she.

"It must have been the cook broiling a steak," says he.

"George, my dear," says she with impressive solemnity, "I know better than that. I have smelt burnt steak and burnt wood before now. I *know*, the ship's a-fire. If you George, won't go and see I must ask the captain."

And so George leaves his chess-board and goes down and rummages about the lower cabin while the Bride bends over the stairway and asks him if he "don't smell something." He emerges, unamiable as to expression of face, but she feels at ease for that night at least, and declares she always likes to be assured that everything is right—she'd rather have staid at home, than have come to Europe to be burned up alive.

The Englishman thinks that a woman like that's "a bore, a nuisance—a—well you know what I mean."

So we all compress ourselves into berths; a feat which when I look upon the Englishman, so stout and expansive, seems to me quite as wonderful as the feat of the Genie in the Arabian Night's Entertainment, who gets into the box found by the fisherman; and the next morning we find the panorama has moved considerably; and we are about entering the port of Revel, where two hours are allowed us by Captain Bob Ridley to see the town.

Revel is not exactly on the shore, but within walking distance and is entered by a picturesque but fearfully dilapidated portal. The houses are old, quaint and addicted to gable ends, often highly ornamented with coats of arms, statues, &c. The large Gothic churches built centuries ago by the Romanists still retain the ornaments of the 14th century and in that of St. Nicholas is a copy of Holbein's "Court of Death."

Out upon the ramparts, old broken and grass-grown, and offering fine views of the country for miles around. There is one old fortress quite as remarkable as the celebrated Stirling Castle, and offering a fine view—looking over plain and sea—a glorious blue sea, too, if it is only the gulf of Finland. Near here lay Napier's fleet during the Crimean war, and now a solitary Russian man-of-war guards the port. Returning to the ship, there appears a fresh character in the person of a beautiful lady from Bordentown, New Jersey, who has married an Esthonian count of this vicinity.

Panorama the rest of the day depends for its effect on the rich scenery of the archipelago of Finland—a series of fired and pined islands, with glimpses of the open sea between. These islands are of all sizes generally presenting the form of an irregular ellipse, while even the most rocky manage to afford a little

crevice or nook from which can spring some hardy tree, so eager of life, so replete with enduring vitality as to find a satisfied existence, even in that sterile home. Once in a while the islands recede showing vistas of dark blue bay, and again they enrich us as if to form a lake. Houses and signs of culture are few, light houses are fewer; and so all day we wind about this archipelago till the setting sun lights up with rich beauty this

— Far northern land
By the wild Baltic strand.

In the evening we come to Abo. It lies hid in the river Aura, which after diving inland a few rods takes a sharp turn and runs almost parallel with the gulf shore. First there is a big clumsy white tower—once the fortress of some old Norse chieftain—then fields, hills and factories, and then as charming a little town as you would wish to see. On a hill in the middle of the town is an observatory once celebrated, but now superseded by that built by the conquering Russians at Helsingfors. The view from it is very fine. Right near to us is the old Cathedral, a positively enormous building of red brick, surrounded by a rich grove used as a public park. On each side of this park lies the town with clean wide streets, low bright houses, a large parade ground, and the river Aura, no wider than the Erie Canal, and bordered by the most cunning little stone quays, you ever saw, running through the middle of the city.

Great difficulty to get into the Cathedral. Well meaning peasants can't understand what we want. They speak neither French, nor German, nor English, nor Swedish nor Russian! and had not one of the party caught a villager who spoke a patois of the Esthonian tongue we should have had to scale the windows or charge at the front door with a battering ram. This Esthonian said he would send a "Flicker."

We waited some ten minutes in the most intense anxiety to know what a "flicker" might be. It turned out a clean, pretty, very little girl bearing church keys which were nearly as big as herself. Oh! such a serious child! She wore long pale-colored ribbons and a solemn reproachful demeanor, as if her daily meditations for two-thirds of her brief career, had been directed to the subject of total depravity. She explained the pictures of the church—scenes in Finnish history—in some unknown tongue, and gave elaborate dissertations on the lives and virtues of various deceased knights and ladies, whose stone statues lay on their backs looking serenely at the roof. The Flicker also conducted us to a vault like a mouldy coal hole and seemed to take a grave satisfaction in pointing out divers skulls and bones, once appertaining to individuals of rank in Abo.

But there was such an organ in this church! The finest in Finland I was told, and it was given to the parish by an eccentric baker, who refused to marry, in order that he might economise enough to purchase the instrument, which cost 2,500 pounds sterling. I tried by expressive pantomime to the Flicker, to inform her that I should like to go up to the gallery and try the organ; but the Flicker deprecated the idea and the scheme was abandoned.

The churches of Finland are all furnished with most superb organs and the organists are generally superior performers of the German school. It surprises a traveller who has thought of Finland only as a bleak barren region like Lapland, to find here, handsome towns, fine Gothic cathedrals, excellent bands of music, and organs calculated to set nine tenths of the organists in the United States quite wild with envy.

That night we left Finland, and I finished my Finnish experience. Can I not justly claim to be a Finnish traveller?

Here ends part I. of the Panorama. When the curtain rises again it will be to disclose some scenes in Sweden.

Trovator.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

The Washers of the Shroud.

BY PROF. J. R. LOWELL.

Along a river side, I know not where,
I walked last night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chanced me by the palid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pile fire-flies pulsed within the meadow mist
Their halos wavering thistle down of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that choked my breath;
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless bode.
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have sown"
So sang they, working at their task the while,—
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's Isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his poiting-horse,
That forest-feller, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmur'st thou, and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three;
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest designed to wear it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "So strong, so fair?
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens then, in funeral file,
For him, life's morn-gold bright in his hair?"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unplying dames!
I see, half-seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew
Ye deem we choose the victors and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be loyal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet here the victory is, if ye but knew."

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These two are strong, but stronger yet the third,—
Obedience, the great tap-root, that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill."

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwells it to peril: which shall Hesper be?"

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Job's bolts purveyor of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than wisdom? held Opinion's wind for law?
Then let him hearken for the headman's feet?"

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block."

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal or woe.
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see only strong the Good,
Yet hope to balk Doom's fire with walls of tow."

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory and of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.—
But hasten, Sisters for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star, by star
Wins from the void to where on ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar,—
Not yet his thews shall fall, his eye grow dim!"

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need droop, confronted with his foes."

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the enemy's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines;
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."

"God, give us peace!—not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit
And let our ship of State to harbor sweep.
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap."

So said I, with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking; and again
The echoes bayed far down the night, and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

National Hymns.

The following extracts are from the new work, on National Hymns, by Richard Grant White, a member of the Committee appointed to award a prize of \$500 for the best National Hymn.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Patriotic feeling, like all other feeling excited by any unusual incident, seeks utterance in verse and music; and thus a national hymn seems almost as indispensable an appanage of nationality as a national flag. One of the first indications of an incipient revolution in France is the singing of the "Marseillaise Hymn;" and one of the first steps taken to restrain the outbreak is the suppression of the song. Only a few months ago the Poles, charged and fired upon by the Russian troops, as they assembled to present a petition in Warsaw, fell upon their knees, and sang their national hymn; thus fortifying themselves to endure an attack which they were powerless to repel. And so when loyal Americans assembled in those dark days of the Republic which immediately followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter, they longed to sing; but there was no song suited to them or to the occasion. "The Star-Spangled Banner" had been growing in favor in these loyal States from the beginning of the secession movement, and was played continually by all military and orchestral bands, and sung often at concerts and private musical gatherings. But as a patriotic song for the people at large, as the National Hymn, it was found to be almost useless. The range of the air, an octave and a half, places it out of the compass of ordinary voices; and no change that has been made in it has succeeded in obviating this paramount objec-

tion, without depriving the music of that characteristic spirit which is given by its quick ascent through such an extended range of notes. The words are altogether unfitted for a national hymn. They are almost entirely descriptive, and of a particular event. Such lines as these have not a sufficiently general application for a national hymn; they paint a picture, they do not embody a sentiment:

"On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream."

The lines are, also, too long, and the rhyme too involved for a truly popular patriotic song. They tax the memory; they should aid it. The rhythm, too, is complicated, and often harsh and vague.

"Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-ruled land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

In fact, only the choral lines of this song have brought it into general favor.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

But even in regard to this, who cannot but wish that the spangles could be taken out and a good, honest flag be substituted for the banner!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

"Hail Columbia" is really worse than "Yankee Doodle." That has a character although it comic; and it is respectable, because it makes no pretence. But both the words and music of "Hail Columbia" are commonplace, vulgar, and pretentious; and the people themselves have found all this out. The "Star-Spangled Banner" is an old French air, long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven," and in America as "Adams and Liberty," until the song so designated was supplanted by Key's. The air to which Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia" was a march written by a German band-master on occasion of a visit of Washington, when President, to the old John-street theatre, in New York. It was called the "President's March." "Yankee Doodle" is an old English air.

LACK OF ENGLISH MELODIES.

In one respect at least, we faithfully preserve a distinctive trait of our race. We have no national music. In this deficiency the English are peculiar among all the people of the earth. There is no national English music; we have brought none over here with us, and we have originated none since we left the old home. There are songs, indeed, which are called English ballads; and there are certain very correctly written glees, mostly dolorous in their character; and also, English church "services" or sacred music, by which such words as "We praise thee" and "O, be joyful," can be sung in a sufficiently penitential manner. But all this has no distinctive character, except it be that character which forbids it to be called music by any other civilized people, or to be listened to with patience by those among ourselves who happen to have musical organizations and cultivated taste. It is true, that certain composers, on both sides of the water, have produced some fine music—a very little; but its character has plainly shown that it was merely the isolated upspringing of German Italian or French seeds, cultivated in English soil. We have no school of music; nay, we have not even a good popular air that is of our own production. The very commonest ballads which have been long in favor, both in England and America, are not of English origin; they

are Scotch or Irish, French or Italian. Of "Home, Sweet Home" itself, the sentiment of the words—written by an American—is truly English, but the melody is Italian. And the very "Annie Laurie," which was sung so much in the Crimea, is Scotch.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"God Save the King," which has become the recognized British national hymn, the concentrated expression of loyalty to King, Lords and Commons, is, words and music, a rebel composition, written in honor of a pretender to the British throne; and the "enemies" that it so denounces are the reigning House of Hanover, and its supporters. It has been attributed to Dr. John Bull, a musician who lived in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First; but this could have been done only by persons entirely unacquainted with Bull's compositions, which are formal, dry, and dreary to the last degree besides being "impossible" enough to please Dr. Johnson. It was even said, upon the authority of a Dr. Cook, who had inspected the archives of the Academy of Ancient Music upon this subject, to have been "written by a Dr. Rogers, in the time of Henry the Eighth, prior to the Reformation." But the truth is, that it has not yet been known a hundred and twenty-five years, or recognized as a British national hymn for seventy-five years. As late as 1796, a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" expresses a wish "the song of God Save the King may long cheer the heart of many a loyal subject." The air is originally French, and is still sung by the vine-dressers in the south of France. This air, Henry Carey, a musician who lived in the reign of William and Mary, Anne, and the first Georges, adopted and re-wrote, writing also, and perhaps partly adopting, the verses which are now sung to it, with the exception of two very important words.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

The history of the other great national hymn of the world, the Marseillaise—for these two separate themselves by eminence from all the others—is noticeably and significantly unlike that which has just been examined. Every reader of this little book may not know all the brief history of that marvellous song, which is almost travestied in Lamartine's sentimental melodramatic account of it in the *Girondins*. It received its name from the men who first made it known in Paris, the ruffian Marseillais—a horde, some five hundred strong, of the vilest and most brutal of the floating population of a Mediterranean seaport town, who were summoned to Paris by Barbaux for the purpose of exciting and assisting at the atrocities of 1792. Headed by the wretch Santerre, they marched into Paris, and through its principal streets, on the thirtieth of July in that year, a band of swarthy, fierce, travel-soiled desperadoes, wearing red Phrygian caps wreathed with green leaves, dragging cannon, and singing, as they marched, the Marseillaise.

ITS AUTHOR.

Rouget de Lisle, an accomplished officer, an enthusiast for liberty, it is true, but no less a champion of justice, and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasbourg early in 1792. One day, Dietrich, the mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers who would soon set out to join the army of the Rhine. De Lisle consented, wrote the song that night—the words sometimes coming to him before the music, sometimes the music before the words—and gave it to Dietrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and as he handed the manuscript to the mayor, he said, "Here is what you asked for, but I fear it is not very good." But Dietrich looked, and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with Madame and sang it; they gathered the band of the theatre together and rehearsed it; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm that in-

stead of six hundred volunteers nine hundred left Strasbourg for the army. This song its author called merely, "The War-Song of the Army of the Rhine" (*Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin*). But in the course of a few months it worked its way southward, and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris, where the people know nothing of its name, its author, or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as "The Song of the Marseillaise," and as the Marseillaise it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny.

The Hanover Square Rooms.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F. S. A.

London may fairly be considered an enormous Cyclopaedia of history, of which nearly every street forms a volume, and every house a chapter. To the effective mind it is peopled by the past as well as the present inhabitants. We think of Dr. Johnson in Fleet street; of Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbor Court. Memories rush upon us more thickly in our public buildings, for they connect themselves with so large a variety of our fellow men and their acts—whether they be political, religious, charitable, or merely speculative—that the edifices for the due discharge of the duties thus called forth, whether the House of Parliament or the South Sea House, abound in suggestions which may worthily employ the mind. It is recorded of the great French *tragédienne*, Rachel, that on the morning of her last departure from Paris, she rose at early dawn and went alone in a small open carriage to the theatre which was the scene of her professional triumph, and, stopping in front of it, in the silent morning indulged undisturbed, in a last reverie of retrospection, which restored to her mind long-past glories in her professional career. There is something intensely melancholy in a closed or deserted place of amusement; it is all the more sombre because it is created to be gay. A theatre by daylight is ghastly in its wretchedness. Vauxhall never gave the idea of a pleasant garden. Yet all such places abound in memories of exciting scenes, of triumph in dramatic or vocal art, over which the delighted professional or enthusiastic amateur will descant during his mortal career with pleasure.

Less gloomy than the theatre, the concert-room and the ball-room have still a *tristesse* of their own. The visions of "fair women and brave men" who have whirled away hours of happiness in the large, dull, comfortless saloon that even "Almack's" looks by day can scarcely relieve the feeling of sadness that its blank immensity produce on the mind. The Hanover Square Rooms, when they echo in the same way to a solitary footfall, are dull enough; and it requires a strong imagination to invest them with the life and enthusiasm so frequently exhibited there when each seat has hardly held down its excited occupant, as strains "to which gods might listen and admire" have burst forth from the now deserted orchestra.

The English, it will be allowed, are at the present time a "musical" nation; and there is no great capital where a purer class of music is enjoyed, understood, and more generally patronized, than in London. True, we may have an abundance of vulgarities, may patronize "nigger" melodies, and other works of still more questionable taste; but it must always be remembered that the larger class of the community have not, and cannot have, the educational refinement necessary to the appreciation of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn. This large public must be provided for in its own particular way; and hence mere organ-grinding may find its grateful listeners to applaud and reward it.

The rise and spread of a higher class of musical taste in England is due to a vast amount of perseverance, and no small share of the direst persecution. John Bull delighted in his old ballads and dance-tunes; very properly too, say we; but, as is too usual with him, he believed in nothing else. "Greensleeves," "Sellenger's Round," "Old Sir Simon the King," "Arthur-a-Bradley," and others

of that class, enlivened him at country wakes, May-day festivals, and election balls. They were as exhilarating as brandy punch, and he wished for no other music. The more refined strains of Italy, where harmony sometimes superseded melody, were to him as mawkish as *eau sucrée* offered in place of his strong drinks. He could not take the dose quietly, and with true bull-like ferocity sallied forth with the only argument he knew how to use, the *argumentum baculinum*, and with "beef-fed" sinews, of which he boasted, did he show the "frog-eating" foreigners that themselves and their music were equally unpalatable to him.

The rioting at the theatres when Italian singers first attempted operas in London, in its violence, and its success in banishing them for a time might excite our doubt of its truth, could we not remember similar scenes enacted but a few years ago, when a company of French actors intended to occupy Drury Lane. In the end, musical art triumphed; but the victory was not won without the battle.

It was chiefly due to the individual energy, and that of the humblest class, that concerts became fashionable and regularly established in London. The first meeting deserving the name was held in a remote part of the town, unfit for genteel resort, and, when reached, deficient in proper accommodation.

"It was in the dwelling of Thomas Britton—one who gained his livelihood by selling about the streets small coal, which he carried on his back—that a periodical performance of music took place, to which were invited people of the first consequence. The house was in Aylebury street, Clerkenwell; the room of performance was over the coal shop; and, strange to tell, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, and the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility."

Such is Sir John Hawkins's account of this singular origin of popular concerts. But Thomas Britton, it should be observed, was no ordinary man; he was well described as "a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for a gentleman any day of his life." In carrying his charcoal about town for sale, Tom naturally passed book-stalls and shops where "curiosities of literature" would be hidden from all but the student of books. When he arrived at such a spot, he rested his sack on the ground, freed his hands from his coal-measurer, and searched for bibliographical treasures. In this way he obtained a most curious library of rare books, and could, on stated occasions, join noblemen and gentlemen in Paternoster Row, and talk with them over their mutual good fortune in meeting with rarities. Britton played the base-viol; and the social tastes that brought book-collectors of all ranks together enabled him to do the same for music. The large room over his coal-shed was given gratis for their use. The concerts were gratis also, and the best men in London played at them; the visitors being well-known amateurs and nobles, who did not disdain a scramble up the ladder that led from the coal-shed to the concert-room, rewarded as they were sure to be by the best music.

"Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts, unpurchased dwell."

Cibber, in his famed "Apology," has noted the difficulties which beset the introduction of foreign singers to the English stage. This was in the early years of the last century, when, as he phrased it, "the Italian opera first began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise and as unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes, sung by unskilled voices, with graces misapplied to almost every sentiment, and with action lifeless and unmeaning through every character." Then came the strange mixture of English and foreign singers in the same opera; the native singing in the vernacular, the foreigners responding in Italian, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, or more destructive of art.

It was in 1710 that the first Italian opera, *Almahide*, was represented entirely by Italian

artists. An English singer of eminence, Mrs. Tofts, however, occasionally played with them when the greatest stars among them appeared. This lady seems to have fallen easily into an imitation of that greed for money and applause which was popularly believed to belong to foreigners, by such as judged from some glaring examples. She, however, seems to have combined with it many other unpopular traits, which led to the following epigram:

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died."

Large salaries were paid to singers from the Continent from the very earliest time of their importation; in addition to which it became a fashion with rich amateurs to make them money presents; favorite ladies, like Mingotti, obtained heavy drafts on noblemen's bankers, which one lady of rank imitated by sending Farinelli one for two hundred pounds.

Crowds of nobility and gentry were attracted about the same time to Drury Lane, to witness the performance of operas, in which the principal characters were sustained by an Italian named Valentini, in his own language, while the remainder of the songs and recitative were sung and recited by Englishmen in English—an absurdity which has seldom been surpassed. Vanbrugh and Congreve endeavored to profit by the prevailing taste, and produced an opera called *The Triumph of Love*, translated from the Italian, with the songs adapted to the original music. It, however, met with no success; and after being thrice performed was withdrawn. Owen M'Swaine, the first Director of the Opera, was ultimately ruined; and so capricious was the public, that Cibber records, "We have seen even Farinelli singing to an audience of five-and-thirty pounds."

A Swiss adventurer, named Heidegger, obtained the favor of the great in the reign of George I., and he was appointed Director of Music and Masquarades to the monarch and court. Under his auspices, Faustina, Cuzzoni, Farinelli and others appeared, and reaped large harvests in England. Feuds among the *cognoscenti* ran high on the subject of the abilities of their favorite. Cibber, in somewhat quaint language, says, "These costly canary-birds have sometimes infested the whole body of our dignified lovers of music with the same childish animosities. Ladies have been known to decline their visits on account of their being of a different musical party." The disputes between Cuzzoni and Faustina for precedence, in the summer of 1727 completely broke up the fashionable world into partisans of one or other. The extreme of this musical *furor* has been immortalized by Hogarth in one of the plates of "The Rake's Progress," where a small engraving, cast upon the ground of the Rake's morning-room, exhibits Farinelli enthroned as Apollo; kneeling ladies offer their hearts on the altar before him, exclaiming, "One God—one Farinelli!"—a phrase absolutely made use of by one fair leader of *ton*. Hogarth was as bigoted an Englishman as any could be, and his works abound with bold hits at the foreign singers and the un-English tastes they generated.

It was in the year 1720 that a plan was adopted for a more regular and certain support to the lyrical drama and concert than could be ensured by the casual attendance of the public. A fund of £50,000 was raised by subscription, which sum £1,000 was contributed by King George the First. The project was placed under the management of a Governor, Deputy-governor, and twenty Directors, and called the Academy of Music. To render the design as complete as possible, not only the chief vocal performers, but a lyric poet, and three of the best composers then in Europe who could be prevailed upon to visit this country, were soon afterwards engaged, viz., Attilia, Handel, and Bononcini. Gallini was at this time manager of the Opera House; but his days were disturbed by continued feuds, particularly as to the superiority of the two last-named composers. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann

in 1741, tells him, "The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses."

Handel had by this time ensured his success as a popular musician by the production of works especially suited to the English taste. In fact, he was so completely identified therewith, that the Italian party expressly opposed him, and ultimately had a sufficient influence to deaden the effect of his greatest work, the *Messiah*, and compel him to visit Ireland, where a greater welcome attended him. Walpole was evidently no friend to the great Saxon, and notes his success on his return to England in no complimentary strain: "Handel," he says, "has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of 'Roast Beef' from between the acts, at both theatres; with a man with a note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encores the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

The success which now attended oratorio or concert at last induced their patrons to think of a befitting place for their performance. The theatres or the public rooms of taverns were felt to be inappropriate; and, under the auspices of royalty, the Hanover Square Rooms were completed by Sir John Gallini. They combine concert and ball rooms; but it is only with the former that we have now to do. It is a noble room, measuring 96 feet in length by 35 in width, and is capable of holding 800 persons. The low arched roof is well adapted for sound. The emblematic paintings upon it are by Cipriani, and are good examples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his designs by Bartolozzi. The same artist designed and executed the concert tickets for many years—works once highly prized by collectors. The concert-room seems to speak only of past glories; in its palmy days it was one of the wonders of London, and its decorations considered as the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeous taste. It has lived to be superseded by more splendid and convenient rooms, where good music can be heard at a tithe of former cost. Still, the old room, for its time was elegant—with its delicate paintings, white and gold enrichments, and walls panelled with looking-glass. The royal box, too, in front of the orchestra, insensibly calls to mind the good old George the Third, with his queen and family, enjoying the strains of sound English music as unpretentiously as any of his subjects below.

The change of taste, the establishment of other music-halls, and the love of novelty so characteristic of the "great public," has condemned Hanover Square Rooms to destruction; and houses or warehouses may in a short time occupy their site. Let us, then, linger a few moments within walls so often "eloquent with sweet sounds" from vocalists and musicians who have delighted us and our forefathers. In 1776 the Concerts of Ancient Music were established, "to keep alive a love for the works of the older masters," a rage for novelty at that time threatening to throw all the compositions of the olden times into oblivion. In 1812 the Philharmonic Concerts were established, to cultivate instrumental music; and it boasted one of the finest bands in Europe; an engagement as a member thereof giving a musician high standing in his profession. Haydn and Weber have superintended their own works at these concerts; while a host of singers have appeared on the platform to enchant all listeners. From 1808 to 1810, Mad. Catalani, the most celebrated of *prima donnas*, carried all before her in a series of concerts here, in absolute opposition to the greatest English singers of the time, who were arrayed against her at the Opera Concert Rooms, and included Mrs. Billington and Braham. But it is invidious to name any great departed vocalist or musician in connection with these Rooms, which have echoed to the music of the greatest in the art from their opening night to the present time.

It is possible for the thoughtful man to sit in this deserted room and dream over its past glories, even as Rachel sat in the quiet morning

and *thought*, opposite the theatre which had been the scenes of her professional victories. In the loneliness of solitude the mind often best expands itself. Crowds, excitement, and confusion go to make the public triumph; but calm contemplation gives the triumph its value. As you gaze on the lonely rooms, visions of the past fill the void; from king to commoner crowd the seats, and all that has made music a living art throng the orchestra. They pass before the mental vision a long array of brilliant spirits, whose enjoyment of an exquisite art has been quadrupled by giving intense enjoyment to their fellows, and lightened most innocently and pleasantly the load of care each is doomed to bear in life. The world owes its deepest debt of gratitude to the professors of the fine arts, and perhaps most of all to that of music, for much of the purest and best gratification at its command.

But it would not be just to the old Rooms, or to the English character, if we neglected to note the high and holy purposes of charity to which they have been occasionally devoted. How many are the good works that have been first promulgated and the divine music of "a heart singing joy," vibrating among the poor, the widow, and the orphan, through the eloquent appeals that have been made here—and never made in vain. The worthless profligate, Charles the Second, was so impressed by the benevolence of the Dutch, that he is said to have declared, when that country was in peril, "he believed God would always help Holland, because of its abounding charities." Let us hope the same for England. Cold and unsocial as we may occasionally be, like the Hollanders we have a hand "open as the day to sacred charity." How many thousand kind hearts have beat in unison, all desirous to do good, while meeting on this pious errand here!

We leave the old Rooms with kindly thoughts—pleasant memories only float about them; and when they are doomed to destruction, we shall feel that another link with the great and good departed has been broken in the world of London.—*From the St. James Magazine.*

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., NOV. 11, 1861.—With the war, and all its disheartening influences around us with the sturdy soldier, the bristling bayonets, and the rolling drum ever among us, as regiment after regiment leaves us to fight for the "stars and stripes," still our city seems to move along in its usual channel of prosperity—all kinds of business being good, even to "music-teaching," which was never better. Of concerts there has been no lack by such artists as HINCKLEY, MILLS and others. Patriotic concerts have been given week after week, for the benefit of the soldiers—and substantial benefits they have been, too. These latter concerts have all been undertaken wholly by home talent, with the exception of one given about three weeks ago, at which the services of Miss LOUISE KELLOGG, of New York, were with difficulty obtained, and who made a most successful *debut* on that occasion, captivating the large audience with her easy and graceful manner, purity of voice, and brilliant and correct execution. She was assisted by her eminent instructor, Signor RIVARDE, a finished artist in every way, singing most delightfully, and proving himself worthy of the great reputation he has achieved in New York. Mr. RANDOLPH HUNTINGTON, of New York, sang finely at this concert, and Mr. S. B. MILLS, the pianist, displayed his astonishing powers upon one of Messrs. STEINWAY & SON's splendid Grand pianofortes. Had I time and space, I would tell you how this Grand piano did not arrive from New York until after the concert began, how it was brought upon the stage between the first and second parts, how the audience were kept waiting, almost beyond endurance, in the bungling attempts to adjust the legs (?), and how, after being "stood up" in all its majesty of

bearing, ready to be opened, it was discovered that there was no key wherewith to open it, "in the place where the key ought to be"! Then the laugh that went through the house, and the appearance of the "Peak family," as one after another of those on the stage essayed to take a squint into the keyhole, with the keen assurance that the key in their possession would just fit the lock, of the pitching of keys upon the stage by those in the audience who never knew how to "pitch a key" before; of the call, by a wag, for an experienced burglar, if there was one in the house, until, at last, just as the piano was to be moved away, a sharp Yan-kee made out to unlock it, with as much applause as ever greeted a HERMANN. The concert then went on.

Last week we had quite a nice taste of Opera. Miss KELLOGG, Madame HINCKLEY-SUSINI, BRIGNOLI, MANCUSI, SUSINI, ANSCHUTZ, &c. They were here two nights. The first night was made up of a concert, and a scena from "I Puritani" and "Lucia", with pianoforte accompaniment. Miss KELLOGG was engaged for this night only, at a great expense; and, although laboring under many adverse circumstances, still she sustained her previous reputation in Hartford, as the finest singer who has appeared here since the days of Jenny Lind. She is not only highly talented, but she is endowed with that rare—very rare gift—genius, which must ere long place her at the head of her art. The entertainment was altogether very fine. The second night nearly the whole of Donizetti's beautiful opera, *Don Pasquale*, was given. Madame SUSINI (Hinckley) was the *prima donna*, and sung and acted charmingly. SUSINI outdid himself with his splendid acting and magnificent voice, and BRIGNOLI, of course, delighted every one, while MANCUSI made many friends. This night we had a nice little orchestra, with ANSCHUTZ to conduct it. I must not forget to speak, and most enthusiastically, too, of the astonishing and most effective performance of Herr MOLLENHAUER, upon the violoncello, at the concert the first evening. He is certainly a most finished artist. The new and beautiful theatre, (Allyn Hall), which has been built during the past year by ex-mayor Allyn, and capable of seating 1500 persons, was packed both nights by a delighted audience. Next week we are to have a full troupe from the New York "Academy of Music," and they are to treat us to Rossini's delicious opera, "Barber of Seville." Is n't Hartford making great strides in the musical world? H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

No. XXIV.

MME. LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT IN "ELIJAH."

LONDON. Oct. 25, 1861.

This letter was to have been devoted to the Birmingham Festival. And I had begun to spread out my materials to attempt a record of the impressions of those memorable last days of August, when a fresh piece of musical good luck took me here almost by surprise—indeed just one of those events which my readers would hardly pardon me for not reporting at once. Birmingham, and such antiquities, therefore, must again give way for a week, while we relate what has just taken place in Exeter Hall.

These spacious old head-quarters of Oratorio were in all their glory again last Tuesday evening. More full of light and thrilling resonance

they never were. An audience of the best kind, as numerous as the place can hold, were drawn there by the three-fold interest of charity; of hearing JENNY LIND sing once more, after five years of resolute retirement in domestic life; and of hearing that great work—perhaps the most welcome of all oratorios next to the *Messiah*—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, done so conscientiously as it surely would be under her auspices, she sustaining all the leading soprano parts, and SIMS REEVES (for the first time coöperating with her) all the tenor, with worthy associates in the other solos, with a thoroughly drilled choir and orchestra, on the scale of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and with her husband, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, for conductor, and the accomplished organist of the Temple Church, Mr. E. J. HOPKINS, to play the organ accompaniments. Here was an appeal to love of music and humanity quite irresistible; and it is no wonder that for some days before the concert there were no seats to be had for love or money. The sum raised must have been a solid furtherance to the philanthropic work of the Rev. Mr. Douglas—enough to "tide over" many of the difficulties he has had to encounter in his efforts to improve the spiritual, social and material condition of the dense population of the district lying around the Victoria Docks, or "London over the Border." It was simply characteristic of the great singer to signalize the opening of a new career of her artistic triumphs by a splendid gift to society, setting apart the entire first-fruits thereof for the good of her fellow beings. Such good deeds require no appreciation here; our business is with the musical event as such.

It is understood that this performance of *Elijah* is the grand prelude to a series of performances which Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt as director, and with Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, &c., as her principal assistants, proposes to give in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns. Such a reappearance, after such long silence, of course excites great joy and curiosity. There may have been some doubts, some fears, too, whether the great singer would be found the same; whether that wonderful voice had not lost much of its charm. But these, I may safely say, were happily dispelled on Tuesday night. The great soprano of our day is as supreme as ever; as full of penetrating power and beauty; the clearest, purest, truest, largest, and most musical of all high voices. Possibly, the delivery of it costs somewhat more effort than in former years; but that is not painfully visible, and the effect is smooth, spontaneous, expressive art. When first heard, in the double quartet, "He shall give his angels charge," it soared above all, with a triumphant fervor, that seemed to carry the whole up with it and lend a clear, seraphic temper to the harmony, as Mendelssohn intended. Never were those highest phrases touched so satisfactorily—so proudly lit upon—not struggled up to. And she was well supported in the other parts, including as they did Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, &c.

In the scene of the widow, "What have I to do with thee?" her delivery was the perfection of dramatic pathos. Here you felt one, perhaps the central, secret of the singer's power, which is her earnestness. She sings with her whole soul, and with determination to convey the whole reach and meaning of each phrase of text and

music in her tones. Still more powerfully was this felt in her great song, "Hear ye, Israel," followed by "Thus saith the Lord," and "Be not afraid." Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the first sentence; nothing more grandly declamatory than the last. This is just the music for Jenny Lind; one can readily believe that Mendelssohn wrote it for her. But perhaps here is the fittest place to suggest the only question that occurred as to the otherwise faultless perfection of her singing. Was it not perhaps too uniformly excellent? that is to say, too uniformly earnest—always strained up to the full bent of expression—every phrase and every note charged to its full capacity—all, as it were, emphasized, so that you needed some repose, some level places to recover in? But nothing of this sort could one feel in the succeeding pieces. In the angel trio, "Lift thine eyes" (sung to perfection with Miss Cole and Miss Palmer, and encored enthusiastically); in the angel's message to Elijah, "Arise now! get thee without"; above all, in that crystal clear, ethereal quartet, "Holy, holy" (with Miss Cole, Miss Palmer, Miss Eyles, and chorus); in the recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah"; and in the exquisite quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," (with Miss Palmer, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Lawler), her voice was the impersonation of that high seraphic temper, that worshipping, Miltonic ardor, that sympathy as from above—purified, not passionless—which the situations and the words suggest, and which so truly inspired the composer. Perhaps *tenderness*, in the common sense of the term, is not so remarkable among the native graces of the Lind voice or art as some others. Yet no one sings with more feeling. Her noblest manifestation is, however, in a piece like "Holy, holy." Was ever *Sanctus* so sustained and grand! That high voice sounded like one that had led in the angelic choirs, with still increasing joy and fervor, since the stars first sang together.

Mr. Sims Reeves, as we have said, sang all the tenor solos; and he sang his best. Indeed, in his two great airs—"If with all your heart," and "Then shall the righteous shine,"—he fairly shared the first honors of the evening. In the recitatives, too, he maintained his consummate mastery, as in song. And what more could one want to have coupled with the Lind voice in those beautiful quartets than the voice of Sims Reeves? Only the warm, rich, large contralto of Miss Palmer, who also surpassed herself that evening. There was a fine purity of style, a simple, unaffected fervor in all that lady's singing. She has a comforting quality of voice, that suits that particular angel who bore messages to Elijah; and she seemed steeped in the music, even when she was not singing, or only joined unconsciously in the chorus. In "O rest in the Lord," she was most heartily and most deservedly encored. In the denunciation of Jezebel she showed a dramatic energy which we had hardly expected. The silvery high soprano of Miss Cole was admirably suited to the part of the boy sent out to look for rain; and she did good service, as did also Miss Eyles, contralto, in concerted pieces. The same must be said of Mr. Lawler, bass, and Mr. Cummings.

Mr. Weiss sustained the difficult and all-important part, which he had made his own, that of Elijah, with great power and dignity, and like a thoroughly artistic singer. I might particularize

many fine points; but what need when all was admirable and worthy of the occasion. Orchestra and choir were all that one could wish, entering into the work with a will, and marring or obscuring none of the beauties of this magnificent composition under the firm, intelligent baton of Mr. Goldschmidt, who at once took a high position thereby among good conductors.

There was no instance in which one could find fault even with a *tempo*, unless it were that the "Blessed" chorus was taken up a little faster than the instruments could play with ease. On the whole it was a triumphant, and will remain a memorable performance of *Elijah*. D.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

October 17th.—It is anticipated that *Alceste* will, before the end of this month, at length see the light. I am informed that on the occasion of its production the newly-invented electrical metronome will be employed, of which M. Hector Berlioz had already availed himself at several large concerts, and by means of which the immense advantage is obtained of establishing a perfectly simultaneous "beat" between the chorus, or any instrumental performers on the stage, and the band in the orchestra. This important improvement will, no doubt, be in future generally adopted in all large lyrical theatres, and will greatly add to the perfection and completeness of operatic performances. Of thunder we have had enough and to boot in orchestras, and to introduce an electrical conductor by the side of the musical one was a very proper notion. The long-mooted question as to the introduction or not of dancing into *Alceste* has been settled in favor of the retention of the music. Glück had written for a ballet. Accordingly, M. Petipa has been requested to devise means for the employment of a *corps de ballet* and *coryphées* and to invent a *pas de trois* of a suitable character to the airs which have been retained. It is fully anticipated that this revival will be a great success, of which M. Michot will earn his share no less than Mad. Pauline Viardot. A musical paper mentions the date of the first production of *Alceste*, which was on the 25th of April, 1776, since when it has been four times revived—on the 22d of October, 1779; on the 24th of February, 1786; on the 13th "Messidor," year "V." of the Republic, and on the 20th of April, 1825. Pending the interval the promised novelties are forthcoming, Mlle. Marie Sax, a young singer whose intelligence and progress have strongly interested the public of the Grand Opera in her favor, will make her reappearance in the *Trouvère* and *Robert le Diable*; for she too has been indisposed, only as ordinary mortals are, however, her position as yet being too modest to expose her to those more subtle maladies of which, should she rise, as there is every promise of her doing, she will, in time, no doubt have her share.

Postillions never die; and that magnificent old boy, that Methusalem in jackboots—*le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, considerably older than Adam, his progenitor—for poor Adolphe was cut off in his prime—is again in his sheepskin saddle, cracking his whip, and blowing his horn, in spite of railroads and locomotives. Poor old fellow! he is not exactly the fastest of coaches, and instead of leaving his customers behind, like the deaf postboy in Cruikshank's caricature, they have rather distanced him. Nevertheless, the public are willing to humor the old boy, and laugh good-humoredly at his mumbled jests, his tottering swagger, and feeble briskness; and when he pipes out his "*Oh! qu'il est beau!*" clap their hands, and shout "*bravo!*" till the old one fancies himself as wild a young dog as ever. Well, let him. There are quite juvenile German postboys not worth him even now, and to whom he could give a start of two or three stages, and greet them, with his arm round the landlady's waist, at the end of the journey.

M. Montaubry, the son-in-law of Chollet, the original representative of the postillion, is said to be the only singer now in possession of the "traditions" of the part.

It is, I believe, certain that Rossini has made up his mind to give the world yet another token of his genius. Resolved as he seemed to have been that he would leave behind him no "senilia" that might bear traces of the inevitable effects of time on the most vigorous powers, the desire to contribute to the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of

Cherubini has caused him to set aside his determination; and probably it will be found that the laurel-tree of Apollo was not so dead within him but it could yet push forth a blossom worthy of his old self, of the art he has adorned, and of the brother artist whom he wished to honor. *Titan* is the title of this work, which is for a grand orchestra; and it will be played at a concert of the Conservatorium especially intended to procure funds for Cherubini's monument.

How old is Meyerbeer? is the popular question of the day. How young he is, has long been the popular exclamation. It matters little, the majority of sensible people will say. *Dinorah* was fresh enough for a stripling, but that no stripling could have kept his footing in its depth. The Germans, however, have a rage for accurate data, that is, precise dates; so they are comparing and discussing the various assertions and authorities on this point. Some say he is 70; some 65; some 67. The day of the month (September) as well as the year in which he came into the world, is equally a point of discrepancy and dispute. I believe myself that he is not yet seventy, but what matters when a man was born who is destined to live for ever?

Have you heard that Mad. la Baronne Vigier—once known and admired as Sophie Cravelli—is about to return to the stage? It is so reported, and being sufficiently probable, as well as pleasant to believe in, there is no reason why the rumor should not be accepted for a verity.—*London Musical World*.

At the *Grand Opéra* such interest as there is naturally concentrates itself on the revival of "*Alceste*," of which, as the most important musical event of the year 1862, we shall speak in detail. Otherwise, the times seem "out of joint," as regards the great musical theatre of Paris. For the introduction of M. Faure, has been given, not "*Guillaume Tell*," but the "*Pierre de Medicis*" of Prince Poniatowski. So much for Art becoming a ministerial plaything! All talk of M. Meyerbeer, the coy, being prevailed on to produce his "*Africaine*" (a manuscript fast approaching "years of discretion") seems to have died away. M. Halévy's "*Noë*" is to appear at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, in its new quarters. There is not a whisper of a chance of the Homeric opera by M. Berlioz as forthcoming. Difficulties are said to have arisen with regard to M. Gounod's "*Reine de Saba*," owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the book. His "*Ivan the Terrible*," a fierce Russian tale of conspiracy against an Emperor, is held (they say) to be unsafe, by the Censorship. The Republic of 1848 was more courageous in allowing "*Le Prophète*," with its Ana-Baptist riots, to see the light. Meanwhile, it would be a pity if a composer who has the ear of Europe now, should be checked in the career of his popularity by carelessness or want of judgment in the selection of his subjects. In England, no Biblical opera will ever succeed, whether it be Méhul's "*Joseph*," or Signor Rossini's "*Moïse*," or Signor Verdi's "*Nabucco*."

"Undine," a legend, which (tempting though it has been found) may still be intrinsically too delicate and spiritual for stage presentation, has been re-set by M. Semot, and is about to be produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.—*The Athenæum*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A grand concert is shortly to be given at the Paris *Conservatoire*, in aid of the funds for the monument which is about to be erected at Florence to the memory of Cherubini. At this we are positively assured that Signor Rossini is about to break his long and perverse silence, by permitting to be executed there a grand *scena* for a bass voice, entitled "*Titan*." Some journals, however, add an odd condition to this timely condescension, and state that the composition is to be sung by four men in unison.

A competent witness, just returned from Italy, dismayed at the musical decadence everywhere to be found, and not giving a good account of the music by Signor Peri, from which we had hoped something, makes an exception in favor of Signor Mazzoleni as a *tenore robusto* who recalls the vigorous days of Donzelli, but who, however robust, does not bawl. M. Gustave Garcia, the youngest of the great musical family, who sang his first public notes this spring in London, after making a fair *début* the other day in Brussels as one in a comic opera company, has gone to Italy to work out his career.

M. Meyerbeer, whose fastidiousness in the production of his works is as well known as their popularity, has an account to settle with the modest men of the Belgian capital. There his "*Struensee*" music (written for his brother's tragedy) has been given to a new drama, by M. Guillaume. Referring to our remarks last week on the amount of what may be called his occasional music which is in being, it may be asked whether, in our present rage for classification, a Meyerbeer "*Morning*" or "*Night*," would

not prove attractive? England knows nothing of those grand harmony *Polnaires*, his "*Torch Dances*," nothing of the music to the tragedy in question, save its overture, nothing beyond some four or five of his hundred songs. A novelty like this, we should fancy, must prove a safe speculation.

"I should have said," writes our Correspondent who lately communicated a note or two on the music of Spain, "that if the Zarzuela theatres of the Peninsula have composers of their own whose names are unknown on this side of the Pyrenees, they seem to be as liberal as most European opera houses in borrowing their stories from the French. Señor Gaztambide's "*Catalina*," mentioned by me, is a re-setting of M. Scribe's "*L'Etoile*," with changes in the third act. His "*La Vieja*" is from the same fertile dramatist's "*La Vieille*." How far the music is borrowed from French or Italian sources, to what extent it possesses any national form or flavor, are matters to be discussed elsewhere. Señor Arrieta's "*Domino Azul*" (is this a "*Black Domino*," re-set as a blue one?) is a stock-piece in the theatres of the Peninsula, if advertisements are to be trusted. I may add to this paragraph of odds and ends a note on the nothingness of the Gipsy music which I heard. The guitar-playing for the dancers, timed with tamborine and castanet, was piquant in its accent, though monotonous; the voices of the women and men who (by courtesy) sang to it were simply hideous in their harshness; and the tunes, if tunes they deserved to be called, had as little outline or variety as the generality of Oriental chants, not getting beyond a drawling recitation.—*Ibid*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

NEW SYSTEM OF LIGHTING THE STAGE.—A new system of lighting the stage of a theatre has been introduced in the Imperial Opera-house at Paris, which supersedes the present objectionable arrangement of the foot-lights. These lights, as is well known, fatigue the eyes of some actors painfully, set fire to dresses of incautious actresses, at times with fatal result, and produce heated currents of air in quick motion between singers and the audience. In the new method, the burners are kept below the floor, the products of combustion are carried off by two tubes, and the light is thrown upon the scene by a double reflector, and is at the same time so screened by a plate of unpolished glass as to save the actors' eyes from annoyance. This method of lighting may perhaps be found applicable to other places as well as theatres; and seeing that, in addition to the advantages above named, it prevents the diffusion of noxious vapors in the atmosphere, it has claims to consideration on the score of health.

The Musical Season.

Our readers have not failed to notice the advertisements announcing several series of concerts for the coming season, all of them of that sterling quality which commends them to the patronage and support of all those who profess to be interested in the cause of music in this city.

First we may mention, as coming first in order, the series proposed by Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, of which the opening concert will be given this evening at CHICKERING'S. The programme before us offers rare attractions, Sonatas for Piano and violin by Beethoven and Bach, an Andante for two pianos, of Schumann, performed by Messrs. Leonhard and Dresel with choice bouquets of songs by Robert Franz and Schubert by Mr. Kreissmann, solos by Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard and a Trio by Haydn. A fascinating programme with names that give ample assurance of most excellent performance.

Then comes Mr. ZERRAHN, with the announcement of orchestral concerts. We trust most fervently that he may be able to carry out his plan, and if the true lovers of orchestral music second his endeavors as they should, we have no doubt of his success.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, though named last, are not least esteemed. They announce

their *thirteenth* season, to commence on the 27th inst. We know precisely what familiar faces we shall see at this first concert, of those who through these thirteen years have faithfully attended these concerts, to many the most interesting of all that are given here, but we hope to see yet more and more of new lovers of Chamber music, to swell the numbers of the congenial company, who have so long enjoyed together the faithful rendering of those works of the great masters whose youth is perpetual, it would seem, and of which we never tire.

The Mendelssohn Club have a new member, Mr. Goering, who takes the place of Mr. Zöhler. Otherwise the members are the same as in the last season. We cordially wish them a renewal of the marked success that attended their concerts of the last winter. Now too, is the time, to organize for the private concerts which are so pleasant, and, for suburban, so much more convenient than the public concerts in Boston.

Organ for Christ Church, Cambridge.

A new organ has just been placed in this ancient and beautiful church by W. B. D. Simmons & Co. The contents and plan of the organ are the same as those of one by the same builders for the Vine street Church, Roxbury (noticed in our Journal, page 206) with the addition of a *Viol da Gamba* stop. The case is of chestnut, of a design corresponding generally with the beautiful memorial painted window in the chancel, the pipes being of the natural color of the metal.

The first organ of this church was built by the famous John Snetzler, of London, in 1761 when the church was erected. While Cambridge was occupied by the patriot troops in the Revolutionary war, the metal pipes were appropriated by them and converted into bullets. The original excellence of the instrument was consequently much impaired, as the pipes afterwards substituted were very inferior. A new organ was presented in place of this instrument, by the late C. G. Pickman, Esq., built by George Stevens in 1845, which, however, has proved quite inadequate to the needs of the church, and is now replaced by the one under notice.

An informal exhibition of its capacity was given on Friday evening of last week, which gave satisfactory evidence of its excellent tone and of power sufficient for the church. The choir of the College Chapel under Prof. Homer, contributed the vocal portion of the programme and Mr. George E. Whiting, of Boston, skillfully displayed the good points of the organ.

The following impromptu programme was given.

1. Extempore Voluntary.....Mr. Whiting
2. Magnificat. Zingarelli.....Choir
3. Overture. *Helmkehr aus der Fremde*, (Mendelssohn).
Mr. Whiting
4. Gloria in Excelsis. (Concone).....Choir
5. Fugue. (G minor).....Bach
6. Te Deum, (Jackson).....Choir
7. Andante. 1st Sym. Beethoven.....Mr. Whiting
8. Concluding Voluntary.....Mr. Parker
9. Old Hundred. Sung by the audience.

Mr. Whiting, of whose performances we have before spoken, has quite remarkable powers of execution and ranks high among our resident organists. We learn that he has recently succeeded Mr. S. A. Bancroft, as the organist at the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, which, of itself, shows the high estimation in which he is held. Mr. Bancroft goes to the Emanuel Church (Rev. Dr. Huntington's).

The singing of the College Choir gave much pleasure to the audience and good proof of the efficient labors of Mr. Homer, the Instructor of Music in the College.

Concerts.

THE PATTI MATINEE at the Academy of Music on Saturday last was an entertainment of which we

expected little, and enjoyed much. Indeed, only to hear CARLOTTA PATTI's clear soprano dash off the glittering sparkles that make the ornament of the song of the Queen of the Night, from the *Zauberflöte*, with such rare perfection of vocalization, was enough to reward one for going out in the dreary rain of that day.

Beside this; a fine orchestra under Mr. ZERRAHN, gave us good overtures and a pianist whom we have never heard, Mr. SANDERSON, showed himself to be a most brilliant concert-player, giving a transcription of the *Semiramide* overture and a fantasia from *Rigoletto* with excellent effect. His execution of *octaves* was indeed quite remarkable and his playing was loudly applauded. Signor CENTENERI, a singer new to us, is a pleasing baritone, of not very powerful voice, but artistic style and good school. Mr. LEHMANN, a basso, gave some German ballads in a very satisfactory manner.

Madame VON BERKEL, whom we have heard in opera, sang in Italian and English, to much acceptance and our old friend, Mad. STRAKOSCH, (eldest of the Patti's) sang more to our taste than we have heard her of late. Her voice seeming fresh and sweet and not worn as it has sometimes, recently, appeared upon the stage.

Another matinee will be given *this afternoon*, will, we doubt not, be equally pleasant.

THE CONCERT AT THE MUSIC HALL presented many agreeable features. True, the selections were not new, but they were mostly excellent, and the artists are so well known that they seem like old friends. BRIGNOLI especially delighted the audience, being in capital voice and spirits. We never heard him with more satisfaction. SUSINI was impressive and ponderous as usual; but his style is not quite faultless, and he needs the scope of the stage to produce the best effect. MANCUSI, a new baritone, achieved only a moderate success; his voice is of pure quality, but he either lacks nerve or experience, and he did not do himself full justice. Miss HINGCLEY, (or rather Signora Susini) sang in a rather spiritless manner; her voice bubbling up, as it were, inarticulately, and without the force and emphasis that belong to a fine artist. Mr. MOLLENHAUS, brother of the famous violinist, played two pieces on the violoncello with marvellous skill. They were intended for popular effect and would not take high rank as music; but his command over the instrument is so masterly, his touch so exquisite, and his taste and feeling so apparent, that it would be hard to write anything but praise. He was heartily applauded and recalled each time.

Mr. Anschütz, a thorough musician, as our readers all know, accompanied the artists upon the pianoforte. The concert would have been far more enjoyable with an orchestra. We have become familiar with the gems of the opera in their appropriate setting and substitutes seem rather meagre. However, we have no opera, and have little prospect of one, and in the dearth of musical entertainments, even a cool evening at the Music Hall is better than nothing.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We learn that the Monday Evening Rehearsals of this Club, have again commenced; and that the services of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN as Conductor have been secured for the season.

The Rehearsals will, as heretofore, be held at Mercantile Hall, (Summer street). We have often noticed the pleasant entertainments given by this amateur club during the last season, and know of no association that presents such attractions to amateur players of any orchestral instrument as the Mozart Club. The privileges of the *associate* members are also very pleasant and enjoyable.

MUSIC IN THE ARMY.—Dr. J. H. Douglas has made a report to the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission relating to the disposition of the wounded after the battle of Ball's Bluff, which reveals some interesting facts. The importance of music in the camp after battle is well set forth in that part of the report which speaks of the care of the wounded, in the following manner:—

"I am convinced that music in a camp after a battle, whether it is a successful engagement or not is of great importance, especially so after defeat. One of the soldiers said to me, 'I can fight with tenfold more spirits, hearing the national airs, than I can without music.' Others of the wounded said they wished the bands would play more frequently. Of the feeling that pervaded the men after the battle, Dr. Douglas says they had not the slightest appearance of depression; all were in excellent spirits, and eager for another brush with the enemy. There was none of the demoralization and expressions of bad feeling such as was exhibited after the battle of Bull Run. The long roll called them to arms in the middle of the night of Wednesday, Oct. 23, only two days after the battle and the whole remaining regiment appeared with as much alacrity as ever before."

A correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser*, says that the above reminds him of an incident in one of the earlier campaigns of the first French Republic. "It was described in my presence when a child by an eye-witness. It was deemed important by the Austrian General, to take a battery, or strong positions, held by the French near the Rhine at no great distance from Mannheim. Two attacks of the Austrian storming-party had been beaten back, when the band of the regiment was ordered to the front, and the position was taken in a very few minutes."

GERMANIA BAND.—A rumor has somehow obtained that the Germania Band was dissolved, the members having mostly enlisted in the various regimental bands for the war. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as the band was never in a healthier condition than at present, though we are sorry to say it does not now, nor has it ever received the share of patronage its superior qualities merit. The fault, however, has not been entirely with the public. The members being one and all professional musicians, have not that natural business capacity which in this land of go-ahead-iveness must characterize the man who will succeed pecuniarily. Relying too much on the fact which they were aware of, that they could and did furnish better music than any band in New England, they have waited for business to come to them, not remembering that one half the public do not know how a brass or reed band should be formed, or how the musicians should play after being formed into a band. Many people who would have engaged the Germania Band did not know where to find it, and we have frequently spoken privately of the lack of system in its business arrangements. But a change has recently taken place, and now, with Sig. De Ribas, well known as one of the first musicians in the country, at the head of the bureau of engagement, we hope to see the band rise like a Phoenix from its ashes. With Heinicke for a leader, and with such musicians as the brothers Eichler, Regestein, Pinter, Ribas, Faulwasser, and other well-known players, we see no reason why the Germania Band should not at once take the position it ought rightfully to occupy.—*Boston Musical Times*.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PUBLIC.—Whether the public, collectively considered, be or be not good judges of music, is a question often mooted but never satisfactorily determined. Each position has its strenuous advocates. One side insists that true judgment on matters of art and taste combined can only proceed from the general mass, whose opinions are unfettered, whom no prejudice can sway, no interest can subvert, and who are moved to no bias by pedantry or technical servility. The other side argues that the judgment and opinions of unlettered and uninformed people should be esteemed of the least account, since they are directed by feeling only, a most unsound and unsafe guide in subjects of delib-

erative speculation, and that instinct and natural appreciation could never supply the place of knowledge and experience. When an appeal is made to facts, either party finds support in past and current events, and forcibly brings forth all that aids its own argument, without even dreaming of that of its antagonist. It is contended that all works which have obtained great popularity, another term for the favor and sanction of the multitude, are addressed as much to the vulgar as the refined ear, and that the *Messiah* and *Don Giovanni* are as much constituted to please the tyro as the connoisseur. The mighty intellects, it is urged, who gave life to these masterpieces, did not compose them in order to delight and gratify the learned only, but to charm the universal ear, while at the same time it perfectly gratified the tutored understanding. The supporters of this doctrine are fond of quoting the celebrated expression of Weber, which he never expressed, that "he did not write *Oberon* for John Bull, he wrote it for the world"; and cite the fact as the cause of the non-popularity of the opera. Weber did not in *Oberon*, as he had done in *Der Freischütz*, conciliate the public taste; hence the success of one work and the failure of the other. The opposition maintains that what is called the "general" is not the "universal" public, and that the mass of the people, who must materially exercise a powerful influence on the reputation any work enjoys, are not as unlettered and ignorant as is attempted to be made out. It is further advanced that all works achieve their reputation by expressed opinion, which implies consideration and reflection if not knowledge and experience, and consequently that judgment can only be propounded where there is some exercise of the thinking faculty, which does not appertain to the unlettered and ignorant, which sounds somewhat, to our simple apprehension, like a paradox. Both sides are armed with powerful arguments and ratiocinations formed to confound all but their opponents. For our own parts, in reference to so stupendous a matter, we merely observe, with Sir Roger de Coverley, "much may be said on both sides."

"The public," writes Goldsmith, "is too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favor; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit; it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been at least ten years read with satisfaction."

This is exactly the way to put it. The *merus publicus*, impressed by their feelings in the first instance, are not in a condition to give any opinion of their own. The superficial and simple are certain to please uneducated ears. and hence the cause why many works of little merit have for a time enjoyed so large a share of popularity. But the ear grows used to trivialities, and so begets opinion, and opinion judgment, and comparison at last enforced proclaims the power of thought over pure instinct. Frequent hearing creates the connoisseur, and thus as music progresses *dilettantism* increases, until every body is able to hazard an opinion. Time, indeed, is the true touchstone of all things tentative and experimental. No mental composition ever obtained renown which was not founded on the rock of art, which is truth, and against all works erected thereon the billows of prejudice and false taste lashed for ages can never prevail.—*Musical World*.

BOSTON MUSIC TEACHERS.—For many years past European teachers of high excellence have come to reside among us. It can matter but little where the tuition be given so long as able instructors are at hand. Our piano teachers are numerous and skillful; such men as Dresel, Leonhard, Lang, Parker, (we mention merely a few of our public performers) and many others, are amply competent to lead those students who possess any native musical taste to a refined appreciation of music, and an artistic excellence as performers. Bendelari and Kreissmann, from across the water, are able representatives of their separate schools. Our own vocal teachers are largely and excellently represented by ladies. Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kempton and others have a large field for exertion and are sufficiently accomplished to take a high position in it.

We do not propose to enumerate the music teachers in the city; we have alluded to the subject merely to advance their merits, and to lead our students, at the beginning of our winter season, to avail themselves of the store of musical ability which we have so largely among us. Our purpose will be achieved if this ability be fully recognized and made available.—*Boston Musical Times*.

The *Brighton (England) Gazette*, in speaking of the Birmingham Festival, says: "One pleasing feature in the late event we feel great pleasure in noticing, as we regard it a consummation devoutly to be wished: we allude to the explanatory and critical remarks inserted in the programme. Mr. Macfarren, we hear, introduced this plan into England, and we tender him our best thanks for it. It is a reproach to our musical population at home, that they are so little acquainted with the historical branch of art. If not absolutely indispensable to a just and proper appreciation of a work of art, a knowledge of the circumstances under which it emanated from the 'airy web' of its originator's fancy cannot but be of essential service to us in forming our estimate of its peculiar beauties and character. The more we penetrate into the mysteries of art, the greater will be our delectation; just as a connoisseur derives greater pleasure than the uninitiated in the contemplation of a beautiful painting or group of statuary."—*Ibid*.

CAPT. G. A. SCHMITT.—At the beginning of a series of Chamber Concerts, we cannot but regret not to have the ready and able assistance of the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph, whose contributions to these columns, have always been most welcome. Many of our readers are aware that he has long since laid down the pen and drawn the sword, for his adopted country, and that he was seriously wounded at Ball's Bluff. We have seen a gentleman lately from the camp of the 20th Regiment, who tells us that Capt. Schmitt is at last doing well, and in a fair way to complete recovery. Our readers will join with us in congratulating our gallant friend on his narrow escape upon that terrible field. May he do much mere good service for the country, and return again in safety to the quieter fields of Literature and Art, in which he has labored so well.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 12.—*First Philharmonic Concert November 9th.*—Every concert reporter has a few phrases ready, with which (in order to give himself the air of knowing something about the matter), he describes the impression each work made, or should have made upon him. Must he not also criticize the execution? And it is next to impossible for any musical production to pass through the critics understanding without losing a few features, or sustaining some bruises. And can he give himself so much trouble, without blaming the incorrect performance of certain portions, the too late or too early entrance of this or that instrument, or the drum beaters' badly executed pauses?

The Fifth Symphony, by Ludwig van Beethoven, played by the New York Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Bergmann; was a pleasure of the highest order. What more can be said?

The "Carneval Romain" overture, by Hector Berlioz, delighted us, although it would have produced a better effect in a larger hall. It is rather overwhelming, when Berlioz, with true French abandon, lets the whole instrumental chorus loose, each player apparently working "on his own hook!" But who can be angry with such a composer? the work is full of character and spirit, and is rich in piquant instrumental effects. The solo for the English horn is pleasing,—a melody overflowing with French sentimentality, which is taken up by the other instruments, and continued until the entrance of the bold, lively tarantella theme of the allegro vivace: those who would know more about this overture, can study it in the score. As to execution, the time was often uncertain, nor did the instruments always come in with certainty. But we were grateful for the opportunity of hearing such a work; will not Mr. Bergmann break the seals that still separate us from the Berlioz Symphony? May Queen Mab, in her moonbeam chariot, drawn by mites and gnats,—haunt, and let loose upon him all her tricks, and charms, and elfin torments, until he grants our wish!

How shall we speak of Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*? For many disciples, Wagner is the apostle of modern dramatic music, and sometimes righteously so. But many regard him as a misfortune that has befallen art; and again—often they are right. With these we are obliged to admire all that he has created; with those, we must condemn everything. We take the opinion that lies between the two. The hearing of this overture was in many ways interesting to us; at the same time, we are indifferent as to hearing it again. It is programme music; blood flows; freedom is preached; the trumpets commence with a long sigh, the instrumental world lets loose the reins; all is noise and hurricane; and when the thing cannot be carried any farther—*finis est*.

Mr. Mills played Chopin's F minor concerto with artistic intelligence and finish. Those who understood the difficulties, both technical and "expressional" of this concerto, were grateful to Mr. Mills for his admirable translation of the true Chopin spirit. This artist also played Henselt's elegant variations most charmingly.

Miss Fay sang two Italian Arias.

Mason and Thomas' Quartette Soirées (Nov. 5th.)—Ferd. Hand has said somewhere, that the performance of a quartette is one of the most difficult tasks. Common understanding of the composer's intention, complete unity of feeling is necessary; a little difference of opinion on the part of the players, even, may hinder the perfection of execution. Then the precise accentuation, the pianos and fortes, the tenderness with which the whole work should be handled! No player can make any display of his own individuality; he is only a part of a whole. The very tone of the several instruments should bear a sympathetic resemblance, both as to strength and tone. But when one soul, one endeavor, reigns in the quartette party, is it not a beautiful musical symbol of true friendship?

That Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner understood their task, their excellent rendition of the clear, lovely, sunny G major quartette by Mozart, was a sufficient proof. How happy, how contented, how glad we felt while listening to it!—Now we enjoyed Mozart's genial work, and then we rejoiced in the artists' noble endeavors, who have made it their duty to awaken a taste for fine chamber music in their foreign home. It is too plain that this is not done from pecuniary motives; but they shall yet reap who so disinterestedly sow the seeds of the true and beautiful in art!

The execution of Robert Schumann's quartette in F major also delighted the listeners; but a little uncertainty was observable in the last movement. Franz Schubert's Rondo in B minor was finely played by Messrs. Mason and Thomas. This noble exemplification of Schubertian humor is a little tainted with sentimentality. Mr. Mason also played Beethoven's admirable sonata, in E flat, opus 31.

Fain would we don the seven leagued boots, and leap over the days that separate us from the next soirée. CYGAN.

Letter from Trovator.

TROVATOR'S PANORAMA, PART II.

Sweden, September, 1861.

The curtain rolls up and all is dark. (This you know is one of the standard "effects" of a panorama). But by and by, lights peer out—then water is seen reflecting the lights. Then stars overhead—then more lights, forming apparently a crescent and evidently belonging to some hilly town; by which I mean to say that the town is built on the slope of a hill; really what with stars and gas and water it is a pretty scene.

(Here the Exhibitor of the Panorama speaks).

Exhibitor, loq. Ladies and gentlemen, we have the pleasure of exhibiting to you a magnificent view of the city of Stockholm; the capital of the Kingdom of Sweden and built upon the romantic shores of Lake Malar and the Baltic, which here unite their

waters. The history of Stockholm, is highly interesting. It was found in the year Something and Odd, by a distinguished warrior whose name has at this moment escaped me, but which is undoubtedly familiar to every member of this highly intelligent audience.

The large edifice whose outlines you see dimly before you is the palace the present King of Sweden Carl XV. the grandson of Bernadotte. The palace is one of the noblest royal mansions in Europe. Opposite to the Palace, on the other side of the harbor, you discover the outline of the new Museum, intended to contain the pictorial and zoölogical treasures of the realm. Observe the beautiful effect of the starlight upon the water, and advise your friends to come and see it likewise.

So we are at Stockholm. I won't describe the city or interfere with the province of the regular exhibitor—only let me say, that a more fascinating and lovely little capital is not to be found anywhere else in Europe. It is a place *sui generis*. Romantic, lively, animated, gay and musical.

Here Jenny Lind lived; and here her mother lives yet. And here I attended an opera at the celebrated opera house in which King Gustavus III. was assassinated. It is an elegant but not a large theatre and the performance was not first-class. As Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" has revived the interest felt in the incident which has attached an historic association to the building, let me recount afresh this singular tragedy.

Gustavus III. built the theatre which was finished in 1782. On the 16th of March, 1792, a Masked Ball took place there. The King had been previously warned by an anonymous letter, but not wishing to be thought cowardly he took no notice to it. He attended the ball wearing a black masque and domino, and leaning on the arm of Baron d'Essen one of his courtiers. In the crowd, he was speedily recognized and surrounded by several masks who pushed up close to him, evidently with design. At last one of them approached the King and striking him lightly on the shoulder, as if to find out whether he wore a coat of mail under his domino exclaimed, "Good evening sir Mask." The king became uneasy and was about to return to the drawing room, when the report of a pistol was heard, the King fell into the arms of d'Essen, crying out "I am wounded."

Suddenly a cry of "fire, fire!" was raised, and numbers ran to escape; but the Baron d'Essen loudly commanded that all the doors should be closed.

The King was carried into the little saloon behind his box, and thence taken to the palace on a litter. As the porters were conveying up the staircase of Lions, he raised himself up, and exclaimed to the surprise of those about him, "I am like the Holy Pope; they carry me in procession."

In the meantime the doors of the theatre were closed and guarded and the names of all the masks were taken. The last of these was a captain Ankerström who observed with a marked arrogance, "I hope no one suspects me." "Why you, more than anybody else!" answered the chief of police. Later a pistol and dagger were found in the parquette which were recognised as belonging to Ankerström who was therefore arrested. He confessed that he was the assassin, but declared that he had no accomplices.

The king became worse and worse and on the 29th of March died from the effects of the wound, first expressing a wish that the accused should be pardoned—for several others had been arrested, in consequence of this wish of the dying king, only Ankerström was executed, the others were acquitted.

It will be easily seen how far the concoctors of the libretti of Auber's and Verdi's operas have departed in their version from the historical fact of the affair.

* * * * *

In the market place of Stockholm I heard some very peculiar street singing by two women, accompanying themselves on the harp. The melodies were very beautiful and generally plaintive, but there was one comic song ending with a refrain about "dreiful krinolin" which pleased the humble audience mightily. The minstrels sold the words of the songs and every purchaser—including market girls, laborers and seamen—joining in the choruses.

The music in the Swedish churches is chiefly of the German choral style, and the service though nominally Protestant retains many of the Catholic forms, while the clergymen wear as highly colored and embroidered robes as the priests of Italy.

From Stockholm there is a very irregular water communication to the West coast of Sweden by means of numerous lakes connected with canals, the entire route being known as the Gotha canal. Travelling on this canal it is customary for the passengers to walk along the banks while the steamer is slowly descending the frequent locks. On one occasion I strolled farther ahead than I had any thought of doing, and the afternoon gradually sank into twilight. Arriving at a lock—there was only one house in sight—I entrenched myself on the bank near by to await the steamboat, as the twilight deepening into dusk made it unpleasant to watch farther. Then in the dim glooming was heard far below, a delicious carolling. It was from a Swedish milk maid returning slowly home and warbling some national air. She approached, passed along the path at the foot of the bank, and without thinking there was any hidden listener near by, went on slowly, still singing till her voice was lost in the distance. The melody was quaint and peculiar, yet simple, lively and characteristic, and the entire incident was of just the kind which one might expect in a pastoral opera, but could hardly hope to find in real life. The Swedish girl had a remarkably sweet and powerful voice, and possibly latent musical talent enough to make with due instruction another Jenny Lind.

So the panorama of travel goes on enlivened by incidents which trifling in themselves add greatly to the pleasure of the trip and form material for the note book of John Brown.

I call him John Brown because he told me that a year ago he visited America in six weeks, expressly to visit the scene of the execution of Ossawatimie Brown, at Harpers Ferry. He was a fellow passenger on an old Scotchman, shrewd, dry, and sometimes witty. Travelling was his hobby and though his yearly vacation of six weeks did not allow him much time, he had visited every country in Europe, and was as familiar with Constantinople and Madrid, as with Aberdeen or Auld Reekie. His travelling apparatus consisted of an extra shirt, a pocket comb, Murray and an unusual facility of getting along in the world. He spoke no continental language and in the English tongue—occasionally varying it with few phrases of Highland Gaelic—would talk indiscriminately to Turk, Russian, Italian or Swede. And really the man seemed seemed to travel just as comfortably as if he had been a perfect Mezzofanti.

Of Gothenburg, of the sea again, of the Cattagat and of Copenhagen the Panorama I have no doubt gives admirable views but, I suppose I must pick it for you only musical items.

Here, then, is the Tivoli, a superb music garden in Copenhagen. The admirable orchestra is led by Lumbye whose name is familiar to most musical people, as an excellent composer of dance music. He is a respectable elderly gentleman with white hair, a white moustache. He leads well, and selects programmes in which Lumbye's music—and one might select worse music too—is the principal ingredient. The people are very fond of his works and encore them frequently—at which Lumbye looks very benignly on them and the world in general. TROVATOR.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 503.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1861.

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(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

The Flower of Liberty.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming brand
It kindles all the sunset land;
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed:
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes' fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew;
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

For Dwight's Journal of Music

(Translated from Louis Ehler's "Briefe über Musik," &c. By
FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.)

Berlioz and Wagner.

LETTER 17.

The Cellini overture, which I heard yesterday, calls my attention to one of the most remarkable individualities of our day.

Hector Berlioz is a man of wonderful, almost tropical fancy, a born orchestral mind, and among living musicians, the most interesting. However heroically passionate, dreamily soft, intellectually and prodigally rich may be his ideas and combinations, "the curse of the grimace" is thrown over the whole. Something like the odor of blood cleaves to his partitions, and it sometimes seems to me, as though the knowledge of a deadly crime, mad to confess itself, struck the cymbals in his orchestra. As nothing is so detestable to his spirit as restriction, and as his realistic mind is ever pressing forward towards

extremes, his ideas are abrupt, his combinations adventurous, his orchestral calculations subtilized, until we reel through his scores from voluptuousness to horror, between wit and asceticism, sobriety and negligence. What are the horrors of Balzac, Grabbe, or Salvator Rosa, compared with those of this very French pen? Not the "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," not Achim von Arnim's wildest fancies, not Hoffman's most drunken humors can reach the witch-sabbath of Berlioz's "Walpurgis-Night." That sounds sometimes thoughtfully still as falling stars, then wild as a polonaise of will-o'-the-wisps, then it is a May-fly's concerto; or it rises like the sea, while the earth trembles beneath this orchestra, and hot, red clouds ascend and lie upon the instruments like volcanic glories. If you ever have an opportunity to hear the Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet," ride thirty miles for that purpose. Our Cyclops can also become an elf. Then you will hear an orchestra, with gnats and grasshoppers for players, the violins covered with spider's webs, and the flutes cut from reeds. He who has not heard this conversation cannot have an idea of its delicacy. Rose confessions, violet complaints are noisy in comparison.

I will tell you a secret, but I must beg of you not to look so beseechingly at me with your forget-me-not eyes. I have a secret love at the bottom of my heart; a forbidden, secret love,—and, but that the world is so unfeelingly virtuous, I would carry its colors openly on my bosom. I love, and will love Hector Berlioz as long as my heart beats, and I will tell you why. For I am so fortunate as to be able to give good reasons for my love. Perhaps I had an imaginative nurse, who early accustomed my childish soul to fabulous conversations and ghost story necessities. Probably she had an aeronaut or a poppy merchant for a husband, for she filled my head with wonderful histories of enchantment of all kinds. She had a wonderful way of looking at the world as from a bird's-eye view, of petrifying living things, and giving a speech to the lifeless, so that I was not at all astonished when I found her carrying on a conversation with her arm chair. She would certainly have given me an endless repertory of fairy tales, had she not possessed the peculiarity of many circulating libraries, that of having lost the last pages of many of her histories. Thus all sorts of plots and characters became entangled in my fancy; some without a head, some without feet,—for it often happened that I remembered the happy end of a thing, when its melancholy beginning was wanting. Through my whole life I have been haunted by a desire to repair these mutilated tales. And so it happened, that I heard accidentally, at a concert, a piece by Berlioz. Imagine my astonishment, when I recognized my dearest legends in it, and now enjoyed them, un mutilated, for the first time. I would scarcely believe it, when the piece came to an end, and all the glory vanished with the sound. The sudden recall to reality was as disagreeable as the awakening from a

sweet dream. Since that time, I have felt the deepest interest and curiosity in Berlioz. I thoroughly understand the peculiarities of this man's creations, for I listen to them in a two-fold manner; with the grateful, unprejudiced ear of a child, and with the watchfulness of a dissatisfied artist. I know, just as well as any one, how drunkenly wild his counterpoint often is,—in deed, it often looks as though it had been written with red wine,—how like beasts of prey his rhythms leap, how hashceesh intoxicated his harmonies can be; I know well enough that poor Berlioz sometimes buries his thoughts, led astray by their apparent death; then, taking them back from the bier, he does not perceive that they are now really dead, and wear two fatal worms in the head, in place of fine eyes; but I also know, that it must be conceded to this man, that he is completely individual, and of a perfect mould. It is not imitation, affected striving after a capricious ideal, or the idolatry of his friends, that has made him what he is, but a simple necessity of his nature. I consider him an anomaly of genial strength, the fanciful dessert served by Providence after the feast of Ludwig van Beethoven. He is a remarkable *hors-d'œuvre*, and I freely acknowledge that I enjoy most of his works with extreme delight, and take the liveliest sympathy in all; for when Berlioz errs, it is 'at least the error of a giant, and the errors of giants are infinitely more interesting than the truths of dwarfs.

The Cellini overture is one of the finest pieces from Berlioz's pen; it has little that is morbid in the conception, it is clear, full of the finest motives, and handled with extraordinary intelligence. It is no posthumous instrumentation of abstract thoughts; the real movement of an orchestra lives in it. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that Berlioz's true kingdom is the orchestra. Wagner needs words; nay, more, he needs the situation. Only when these two conditions carry the musician along with them, is he excellent. The Tannhäuser overture is no exception to this rule, for it is only an epitome of the situations of the whole opera; and, according to my judgment, it will be unique among his compositions. In his Faust overture, I miss the hand of a truly instrumental nature like that of Berlioz; it contains many fine intentions, but no goal; rhapsodical interjections, but no true force of thought; and thus the whole piece makes upon me the impression of a finely instrumented, but,—when we consider the greatness of the subject,—merely the expression of an *interesting* sorrow. How much more alive are his scores, when he has to do with real objects, with an actual world!

Wonderful is the warfare that this question of the "Future-music" has caused. Led astray by party hate and favor, its ideal floats still further down the future. Our German journalism has not shown its finest side in the contest. When parties had exhausted all their reasons, they began to abuse each other. And not with the genial abuse of Fichte either, who once, after an hour's vain discussion, broke off with the despair-

ing exclamation, "Sir, one of us must necessarily be an ass, but assuredly it is not I!", but with stupid abuse. Rudeness is, it is well known, an acknowledgment that there is nothing more to be said reasonably. You have stigmatized my silence on this question as equivocal. Madame, I value a ripe silence more highly than an unripe discourse. At an earlier period, I might have endeavored, like many other young enthusiasts, to relieve and convince myself; for, believe me, the greater part of our critics in art write in order to enlighten themselves. I will confess to you, that with age, a certain difficulty, a certain mistrust as to the value of maiden impressions has come over me; nay, I will lay at your feet the most fearful of all confessions, a confession, to which a critic by the grace of God would listen with a shrug of sovereign pity; that I have been many times forced to correct my taste, for I have found that it is best not to put faith in the first impression that a thing makes upon me, that I must often alter a first judgment, and that admiration will even sometimes step into the place of disgust. I cannot describe to you the lively dislike that the motive of the Venus mountain inspired me with on hearing it for the first time, what a whine it appeared to my nervous system, how dull and trivial Tannhäuser's song in B major seemed to me, or how that shiver of the violins at the close, tormented and displeased me. I felt as though I were witnessing the dancing follies of a mad-house ball. To-day, although I am not disposed to regard the overture to Tannhäuser in the light of such a work of art as the overture to Coriolanus, I have become gradually familiar with it, and when it is played before the curtain, it exercises over me a narcotic influence of the most agreeable kind. This experience has made me distrustful and meditative as to my own impressions. In studying carefully the works of younger masters, when anything in them displeases me, I think immediately of my Tannhäuser experience. But it is not my fault, if I feel towards some of them always the same horror that I felt at the beginning. If the confession that I feel unqualified to judge the value an artistic creation on a first hearing, awakens your favorable opinion as to my honesty, you will certainly lose what regard you may have felt for the greatness of my intellect! However, I am less fearful of being blamed for prejudice, than for hastiness or dishonesty, for we are all—you alone excepted!—prejudiced; and if any one could give me a trigonometrically correct measurement of the superficial contents of my nature, I should give much less thought to the size of the article, than to the great gain such knowledge would prove to me in setting the use and management of my faculties in a clear light before me.

But as to my position in this peculiar question, I do not absolutely belong to either party; I am too young and confident, not to meet and greet progress eagerly, wherever it is to be found; yet too old and distrustful, to give myself up entirely to a party that believes it will succeed by means of excess and the romantic fanaticism of its associated fury. I will not court the favors of either, and if I displease, I do so at least with good intentions.

The Emperor Nicholas—there are few persons, madam, whose remarks strike us more forcibly than the political sentences of the late Czar

—once said: "I can understand the idea of a republic, but a constitutional government I cannot understand." To tell the honest truth, you can understand the absolutism of the classicists, and the stormy republicanism of the "future musicians," but what you cannot understand, is—my constitutional medium?

Letters about Music.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for the *London Musical World*, from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Felix Mendelssohn's brother, Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the Berlin banker, announced some time since his intention of publishing, in conjunction with Professor Droysen, a collection of the celebrated musician's letters. The execution of this project, however, in its fullest extent, was attended, for the moment, by insurmountable difficulties, and therefore Herr Mendelssohn thought his best course would be to carry it out temporarily on the more limited scale. The result is that we have gained a volume of *Letters written by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, while on his Travels, from 1830 to 1832*, a book perfectly unequalled in its own particular way, and for which we cannot sufficiently thank the publisher.

Felix Mendelssohn started from Berlin in May, 1830, for the purpose of making a long tour. He went, in the first place to Weimar, where he was most warmly received by Goethe, who prevailed on him to stop a fortnight, or thereabouts in his house. From Weimar he proceeded, by the way of Munich, to Vienna, and thence to Italy. We find him, in October, at Venice and Florence. The winter of 1830—31 he passed at Rome. In the spring of 1831 he made a trip to Naples, and then, taking Rome, Florence, Milan, &c. on his road, directed his steps to Switzerland, where he roved about for some months. A second visit to Munich took place in October, 1831. Thence he proceeded, through Düsseldorf (for the purpose of calling on Immermann) to Paris where he stayed the winter. The spring of 1832 found him in London—where he had frequently been before, the last occasion being in 1824—actively engaged in the prosecution of his art.

The letters now presented to us are, with few exceptions, all addressed to Mendelssohn's parents, or brothers and sisters. They treat of subjects of every kind at considerable length, and sometimes assume the form of a diary. They present us with the picture of a young man of such extraordinary natural gifts, and such eminent accomplishment, of so fresh and youthful a mind, of such high morality and amiable loveliness, that any one like him is very rarely to be met with in the history of art, or rather artists, while among musicians such a one has hitherto never been met with at all. Not only for those who knew Mendelssohn personally, or honored him as a composer—or for those who consider such a phenomenon in relation to progress generally—but even for his enemies (for such there are!), this collection of letters affords evidence of his greatness in every way, as a man.

It is very seldom that the powers that guide our fate are pleased to lavish their gifts so freely on any one as they did on Mendelssohn—it was not in vain that he was called Felix. His parents were not only blessed with material riches (a doubtful gift for their children), but were pre-eminent in mind as well as accomplishments, and conducted the education of their sons and daughters with just as much earnest strictness as devoted love. Mendelssohn grew up in the midst of the best educated society in Berlin. His natural talent for music (a talent which, for extent and early maturity, the only other example is to be found in the case of Mozart) was not forced, like a hot-house plant, at the expense of his other capabilities, but received, in its organic growth, all the sun and all the dew it needed. An engaging appearance, a celebrated name, which people had not to beat into their heads, and influential family connections advanced him

in his intercourse with the outer world—the social position which others have to win by their own exertions was his by the force of circumstances. For these brilliant advantages Mendelssohn might be envied; but he commands our love and respect by the mode in which he employed them. The gratitude he manifested towards his parents, and his warm love generally to all connected with him, his profound modesty, despite all the consciousness of his artistic strength, his love for nature, the sincere, overflowing admiration he entertained for all that is grand and beautiful, his earnestness, his industry, his respect for his art, his kindness towards every struggling man of talent—but I should never end, if I attempted to enumerate all his laudable and loveable qualities. A nearer, although cursory, glance at the letters lying before us, will furnish an occasion for many observations. You will allow me, pen in hand, to go through them once again, after having previously devoured them with a kind of feverish haste.

The first two letters, dated from Weimar, and the third from Munich, are interesting, not only on account of Mendelssohn, but also of Goethe. "Goethe is so friendly and kind to me that I do not know how to thank him for it, or deserve it," writes Felix. But this is not all. "The old gentleman" goes through a practical course of musical history with his young friend, who plays him pieces, "in chronological order, of all the various great composers," and takes him as far as Beethoven's symphony in C minor. But I should have to quote everything to give an idea of the charm of this meeting between the grey-haired hero of poetry and the genial young musician. It reminds us almost, however strange it may sound, of Clärchen's relation to Egmont, when Mendelssohn writes: "And as I then thought, this was the Goethe of whom people would one day say he was not one person, but consisted of several little Goethides." We regret that Eckermann was not present to add to his Dialogues those which may have taken place on this occasion.

A second letter from Munich to his elder sister, Fanny Hensel, who, as we know, was one of the first musicians of the day, is exceedingly characteristic, for its principal contents are a "Song without Words," the rest consisting of a few warmhearted lines. He sends the song to his suffering sister, as the genuine expression of his feeling for her, of "what he wishes and means;" and as the little piece (it is as Mendelssohnian as possible) begins, so to speak, in the middle and leaves off in the middle, without on that account being fragmentary, there is something very touching about it, and it really sounds more as if it was spoken than composed.

Concerning what Mendelssohn saw and did from the middle of June till the middle of August, we are left in the dark. Then come two letters, one containing an account of a travelling mishap in Salzburg, and the other a description of the coronation ceremonies of Pressburg, so full of life and humor (there are little touches of Jean Paul here and there), so full of enjoyment and abandon, but at the same time of objectivity, as to be perfectly entrancing. Mendelssohn possesses the gift of description in a degree which is astounding, especially when we recollect that his attention was, as a rule, devoted to music. Musicians, generally, are bad hands at seeing, which, by the way, is far from saying that they are always good ones at hearing. But it is one of the attributes of music to lead those who study it more particularly to the concentration, rather than the observation, of the outward world. Although nature and life may produce in the composer many a sentiment which he subsequently attempts to express in tone, yet it is not so much a quick perception of details as the total impression which he requires for this. But Mendelssohn may stand comparison with a painter (he possessed, indeed, a fair amount of skill in drawing from nature, and displayed a great partiality for cultivating and improving it), and, whether it be national customs, works of art, scenery, or events in social life, he describes his object in the most graphic manner. He possessed, also, an

excellent memory for things of this kind (his memory for music was something inconceivable), and, when he narrated facts and occurrences, it was evident he did not require to think over them—he went through them a second time, and photographed, as it were, all that passed before his mind's eye.

Thus the description of his entry into Italy, and his visit to Venice, from which place the following letters are dated, are full of really Goethe-like life.

But he expresses the impressions he received from material objects no less clearly than the scenes of every-day life. I must here notice a peculiarity of his mind which throws a strong light upon his whole artistic nature and productions. He invariably avoids what young men gifted (and, by the way, in many cases, not gifted) with poetical powers so frequently seek after, namely, the clothing his sensations in the strongest possible form of expression. Not only is everything like exaggeration repulsive to him, but a kind of modesty of heart prevents him in most cases even from presenting his feelings in all their strength. Thus he is in ecstasies about Titian. "But not a word more," he suddenly exclaims, "or else I shall grow poetical, if I am not so already, and that does not become me very much." Rather than appear, under any circumstances, pathetic, he endeavors to render in cheerful words, as unpretending as possible, whatever moves him most profoundly, and if he can ever be reproached with not being perfectly truthful, it is on the score of thus keeping in subjection that with which his soul is filled.

With what simple words, however, he could sometimes describe the loftiest thoughts, the following lines will show:—"But if I am to speak of Titian, I must be serious. I had not previously thought he was so happy an artist as I have to-day seen that he was. That he enjoyed life with its beauties and its riches is shown by the picture in Paris, and I was acquainted with the fact; but he was conversant, also, with the profoundest grief, and is no stranger to Heaven itself; this is proved by his divine *Interment*, and the *Ascension*."

In a subsequent letter to his master, Zelter, he gives vent to his indignation at the commonplace, handrum music played in Italy, and his irritation is to be pacified only the music of the Sistine Chapel, and a few occasional displays. The result of his musical experience in Italy always amounts to this,—that any one who wishes to hear Italian music well played, if, indeed, any one wishes to hear it at all, must go to Paris and London. It is to be hoped that regenerated Italy will have strength enough to take a fresh flight in art as well as in other things.

But during the whole period he is revelling in the works of art that Venice, Florence, and, subsequently Rome, present to his notice, Mendelssohn does not cease, a single instant, from active productivity himself. The works, however, which take up his time—if we expect a few occasional pieces, in the best acceptance of the word—have not any connection with the objects by which he is surrounded and inspired. At Venice he works at the music for Luther's Sacred Songs; at Rome, we see the *Walpurgisnacht* spring into life. His inward musical life pursues its natural course, like the pulsation of his heart; we behold blossoms sprout forth from what was previously sown, while the fruit progresses steadily and surely into full maturity.

At Rome, where he arrives on the 1st of November, 1830, he takes up his permanent quarters, so to speak, and expressly informs us, that it is here, for the first time, that a certain breathless eagerness for travel leaves him, and that he experiences the sensation of having reached the "culminating point" of his peregrinations. He remains until after the Easter solemnities, and his readers obtain a perfect picture of his sayings and doings, especially if they have been fortunate enough to visit the city themselves. We behold him studying, in solitude, art and antiquity; associating with men of the first order, such as Horace Vernet, Thorwaldsen, Bunsen, &c.; going out into fashionable society; and enjoying the

Carnival in a spirit of unrestrained fun. The Pope dies while Mendelssohn is at Rome, and Mendelssohn talks about the Conclave; of the election of the new Pope (Gregory XVI.), which happened, by the way, on his (Mendelssohn's) birthday; of the winter and spring days; of the religious ceremonies; and, in a word, of everything beautiful and peculiar, which arrests the attention of a visitor in the mournful old capital of the world. During all this time, however, he does not neglect work; and the lover of music will feel not a little delighted at being enabled to welcome so many of Mendelssohn's compositions at their birth. His only complaint is, that he has no intimate musical acquaintances; in this he was a spoiled child, and felt called upon to attribute to Italy alone a state of things which others meet in Germany as well.

Of the highest possible interest are the accounts Mendelssohn gives of the musical performances during Passion-Week, especially the account contained in a subsequent letter addressed to Zelter. His delicately-educated ear, his musical memory, the talent he had for giving himself up to his impressions, without losing for a moment his clearness of observation, rendered him capable of furnishing a report of every detached musical part, and, at the same time, of grasping, and most completely making his own, the poetical power of the whole. There is nothing on which a greater amount of obscure twaddle has been expended than the musical part of the solemnities during Passion-Week at Rome, and thus Mendelssohn's letters on the subject are a real gain for the history of Music.

The natural beauties of Naples and its neighborhood, some of which Mendelssohn visits in the company of Schadow, Bendemann, Sohn, and Hildebrand, afterwards his associates at Düsseldorf, do not prove sufficient to render his sojourn agreeable; and, for the first time, we behold him somewhat out of humor, and somewhat less active than usual. The manner in which he endeavors to enlighten himself and his relatives on his state of mind, is another most highly characteristic bit. He experiences the reaction of the Neapolitan *dolce far niente*, and nothing can be more repugnant to a hearty, hard-working young man, such as he is. His description of Neapolitan idleness and frivolity is admirable, and one feels inclined to shake hands with him, when he exclaims, "I can very well perceive why all this must be so, and why the wolves howl*, but there is no necessity for us to howl with them; the proverb should be just reversed."

Mendelssohn now proceeds on his travels from Rome, through Florence, Genoa, and Milan, to Switzerland. It is impossible to allude, even cursorily, to all the peculiarly attractive subjects with which his letters are filled. But I must mention the extracts from two letters to that excellent man, Edward Devrient. On the one hand, they present us with a splendid picture of the perfect purity of Mendelssohn's artistic efforts, while on the other, it is exceedingly remarkable that, as we perceive from them, precisely at this period of his most fertile development the young composer desires nothing so ardently as to write an opera. But he could not find a suitable poet, however much and zealously he endeavored to do so. We can scarcely estimate the influence which would have been exerted on the progress of German music had Mendelssohn met with a German Scribe. Had he done so, it may with great certainty be presumed that many things would have turned out differently from what they have done.

Hitherto we have been called on to contemplate only Mendelssohn's mental activity; but, during his ramblings through Switzerland, we see the genial young man in quite another light. We behold him scaling mountains and travelling valleys in the most undaunted manner; facing snow, rain, and wind; allowing the fearful weather to affect at the most his clothes, but never his spirits; in the midst of all his labors

* Mendelssohn is here alluding to the German proverb, "Wer unter den Wölfen ist, muss mitheulen."—"Whoever is among wolves must howl with them; equivalent to our 'When you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does.'—J. V. B.

and privations never ceasing to draw, compose, and extemporise upon wretched organs; and treasuring up in his heart the magnificent beauties of nature with the same pure warmth he had greeted the works of art. At Engelberg he once again takes up Schiller's *Tell*, and is lost in ecstatic admiration of its incomparable beauties.

Many a German probably has discovered from experience, that by reading *Tell* on the scene of the action, he is struck by its truth and beauty, even more than he would be under ordinary circumstances. It is a remarkable fact that Mendelssohn, whose veneration for musical classics is well known, and who is erroneously looked upon as an opponent of progress (which, by the way, is in many cases a mere name) should at every opportunity, exclaim, "In music such a work does not yet exist, but something as perfect must be produced at some period or other." For the present, at any rate, there appears little hope of this being done.

I must now mention a most charming letter, written from Lucerne to Taubert. The latter had forwarded Mendelssohn a volume of his songs with a letter, and Mendelssohn receives the advances of one hitherto completely unknown to him with the same genuine, ardent sympathy, and the same heartfelt interest in his artistic aspirations, nearly allied to his own, which he always displays when he meets a musician with talent and integrity. Many of our best artists can corroborate this. Whenever he appeared distant, he could not help appearing so, for he did not choose either to abandon or disguise the great fundamental principles of his nature.

"The dirty, wet pedestrian takes his leave and will write again as a town fashionable, with visiting-cards, clean linen, and a dress-coat," we are informed in a letter of September 5th, from Lindau. Accordingly, on the 6th of October, Mendelssohn treats us to an account of his musical doings in Munich, where he is uncommonly amused, gives a grand concert for the benefit of the poor, plays at Court, creates a perfect *furor*, and participates with genuine boyish delight in the October Festival. In addition to this, he gives the fair little L——, a lesson in composition every day at twelve o'clock. What he says about this same little L—— must be quoted in order that it may be made known to those who have not yet obtained the book itself.

"I think her one of the sweetest creatures ever I saw. Just fancy a delicate, small, pale little girl, with noble, though not handsome features; so interesting and unusual, that it is difficult to keep one's eyes off her, while all her movements and all her words are full of geniality. She possesses the gift of composing songs and singing them in such a manner, that I never heard anything like it; to listen to her is for me the most perfect musical pleasure ever enjoyed. When she seats herself at the piano, and commences one of these songs the tones sound differently to what they generally do—the whole composition sways so strangely to and fro, while the most profound and most delicate meaning lies in each note. When she begins to sing, with her gentle voice, the first word, every one becomes still and thoughtful, and, after his own fashion, thoroughly moved. O, if you could but hear her voice! It is so innocent, and unconsciously beautiful; it proceeds from the innermost depths of her soul, and yet is so calm! She possessed every natural requisite last year; she had not written a single song which did not contain some trait of talent bright as the sun. I and M—— were the first to trumpet the news through the city among musicians; but not one put much belief in what we said. Since then she has made the most remarkable progress. Any one who is not carried away by her present songs, is destitute of anything in the shape of feeling—perhaps I will shortly make you girls* a present of some of which she wrote out for me from gratitude, because I teach her what she really knows from nature, and have kept her somewhat to good and serious music."

I respect the scruples which have induced the editor, here and in many other instances, to sup-

press names—but I cannot resist being indiscreet, and informing such persons as do not already know it, that this phenomenon, as interesting as comparatively speaking unknown, of whom Mendelssohn speaks with such warmth, was Fräulein Josephine Lang, at present the widow of Professor Köster, and who now, after many severe trials, resides in Tübingen. Of her touching sympathetic songs,—and with really girlish freshness she writes fresh ones every day—a great many, it is true, though far too few, have been published, since the period in question. They have found many friends here and there, but have been far too little noticed by the great mass of the public. As we well know, fate too frequently plays a capricious game with the productions of the mind just as with man himself. The choicest flowers bloom unknown, but are none the less beautiful or the less fragrant because they fade unseen. The flowers of the mind do not, however, fade so speedily—so let us hope that the Songs of Josephine Lang will still meet with the popularity and appreciation they so richly merit.

I can dismiss in a few words the letters from Paris (winter of 1831—32) and those from London (spring of 1832). They do not, especially the first, possess quite the charm of the previous letters. Whatever interest he might feel in it, the sort of life led at Paris could not really suit a musician and a man like Mendelssohn. It so happened that at that moment politics were playing a part which swallowed up every other, and, although Mendelssohn's lofty productions gained from him, in many cases, that appreciation of the best among his colleagues, he never felt particularly comfortable. To this we must add the news which he received of the death of one of his dearest friends, Edward Rietz, the violinist, as well as that of Göthe and some other intimate acquaintances—and, last of all the outbreak of the cholera, of which he himself had an attack. For me this period will never be forgotten, for it brought me in much nearer relation to Mendelssohn, than when we had met each other before, which we had done as almost mere boys. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave Paris much sooner than he was. The surest proof that his residence there did not really please him, is the fact that he never returned thither.

In London he hears of the death of his master, Zelter. These were eventful times for our friend's heart. The extraordinary reception which he met with, even then, in London, where, moreover, some of his oldest friends resided; the great musical activity in which he lived; the immense traffic and bustle of the great city, with their order and restlessness, always appealed to his feelings—and "restored him to, or diverted him from himself." We here leave him. The reflections contained in the last letter, on his position, at the time, with regard to the Berlin Sing-Academie, and, indeed, to Berlin generally, afford us explanations of many circumstances which have given rise to much discussion in the musical world.

It is to be hoped that the obstacles still exist to prevent the publication of other letters from Mendelssohn will soon be surmounted. We cannot see too much of such an artistic nature, so noble in its tendencies, so perfectly accomplished, and so comprehensive in its operations—especially at a moment like the present, when passion and obscurity play so great a part in musical affairs. It has been granted to but few to attain such perfect development, such rich effectiveness as Felix Mendelssohn. His good fortune, too, remained faithful to him up to the end—when his youth ended, then, also ended his life!

* Mendelssohn is writing to his sisters.

The "Alceste" of Gluck.

The lyric drama is now so much embodied on the European system, that nationality in music, as regards opera, is fast fading away. Even in Italy, French, German, and also English works, are now produced. In Vienna, Berlin, Stuttgart, Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Brunswick, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, and other great musical towns in Germa-

ny, operas of every school find a place. London has long yielded to the cosmopolitan principle, and a new opera or a revival of any remarkable production in any part of Europe is as much a matter of interest as an original composition here. Whatever may be alleged as to art-advancement, it is a curious fact that the clinging to the master-pieces of past time should be so strongly manifested. The day may come when Handel's operas, containing as they do such exquisite inspirations, will be revived, not perhaps with the original books, for these, it is to be feared, are irretrievably bad, but the music may be adapted to new librettos. As regards Gluck, inasmuch as the defunct Ancient Concerts at the Hanover-Square Rooms (the cessation of which was a heavy blow for the preservation of art of by-gone days) have rendered permanently popular certain airs, his name has always lived in the memory; and it has been the constant practice of opera-house directors to promise the performance of one of his grand works, as it has been the equally certain result that nothing was done. After Gluck's "Orpheus" had, however, been resuscitated at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, and Viardot, by her sublime acting and singing, had caused the revival to have a run of some hundreds of nights, the "Orfeo e Euridice" was magnificently mounted at the Royal Italian Opera in the season 1860, with Caillag, Molan-Cuvaiho, Didie, and Penco. The grandeur of the music and the freshness of the melodies quite astounded the modern amateurs, whose experience was mainly metropolitan; but in Berlin Gluck's reputation is constant, and not casual. Even the Grand Imperial Opera-house powers were awakened from their trance by Viardot's Orfeo, and, searching the archives, they ascertained that at periodical returns Gluck was always a great fact. The palmy days of the feud between him and Piccini, when opera flourished on the excitement of the partisans of each composer, Gluck's memorable musical proclamations, the ascendancy which France, through him, acquired in Italy and Germany, reminded the Parisian impresario that the truly great and beautiful in art never dies—that music of the mind and heart is eternal. So Viardot, an *artiste* whose voice ever and anon is pronounced to be extinguished, still most unexpectedly turns up somewhere in Europe, whether singing in Russian, in Spanish, in German, in French, in Italian, or in English, and invariably moves her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. She is without the charm of personal beauty, without the possession of an exceptional organ; she is ugly and discordant (as her detractors give out); yet the star of this child of song, of this dramatic and musical genius, never sinks. If it disappears for a time from one hemisphere, the news soon arrives from another sky that it is shining brilliantly. One moment she is heard of in Berlin as the "Iphigenia in Tauride," and in Anlide; as the Shakespearean Romeo, with Vaccai's rapid music; as the Desdemona with Rossini's finer inspiration; as the Rosina of Iberian identity; as the Alice and the Princess in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," both which parts she has played in one night; as the Valentina *par excellence*; as the only Fides; as the creator of Orfeo; and now, as the only singer (without voice and without beauty, he it reiterated) who could embody Alceste as she is now embodying it in Paris.

This revival of "Alceste" will bear its fruits. What a lesson is the career of Gluck for all composers. A Bohemian by birth, he became a wanderer at an early age. From 1736 to 1745 he worked in Italy. In the year of the second Scotch rebellion he composed two operas in London, but with no success, for Handel was in the field. It is asserted that the latter thought little of Gluck; but the composer of "Orfeo" was then writing in his earliest style. He had a profound veneration for Handel, whose portrait was always placed opposite his bed. To Gluck's presence in this country is the world indebted for the development of his genius. In concocting (besides the two operas) a pasticcio, "Pyramus and Thisbe," he had adapted some of the airs he had composed for other works, and he was so astonished to find that, in their new position, they had failed to produce the effect created in their original situations, that he came to the conclusion there were rules governing composition as well as rules which guide the material world. Hence his theory of the strict alliance necessary to be preserved between sound and sense, between poetry and notation, between melody and rhythm, between accent and action. In due course he published his two celebrated prefaces, the one to the Italian version of "Alceste," in 1794, at Venice, and the other prefixed to his "Paris and Helena." Abandoning Metastasio, Gluck had the good fortune to have as an ally Calsabigi, who wrote for him the books in which such intense dramatic situations are to be found. Gluck's prefaces were

proclamations; he thundered forth his theories against superfluous ornament, he declared war to the knife to tedious ritornello, to flood *poussé d'orgue*; he insisted upon the overture being a precursor of the story; he claimed to be the musical Raphael, for as the slightest alteration in a man's traits would become disfigurement, so would a note more or less sustained, a neglect of time, an appoggiatura out of place, a shake, a roulade, ruin an entire conception. Gluck's prefaces were a finality doctrine in art, and his dogmas, albeit, *au fond* based on truth, have not been so accepted. The Gluckist faith has been followed, it is true, but its principles have been extended. Mozart, with some well known exceptions, adhered to Gluck's vocal precepts, but advanced far beyond him in rich and varied orchestration. Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Meyerbeer, &c., also are Gluckists, without being instrumentally monotonous. Herein, indeed, is the capital defect of Gluck's finality. Would he not have resorted to all the resources of modern instruments had he possessed them in his days? And as Mozart found it not beneath his genius to add additional accompaniments to the "Messiah," why should not a conscientious and enthusiastic admirer of Gluck like Berlioz, do the same for his idol? Amateurs may remember the dismal effect of the "Messiah," with the original score, when essayed by Hullah, in St. Martin's Hall. A more recent example is in point. Only let the sensations be contrasted in listening to Costa's additional accompaniments to Handel's "Sanctus," at Birmingham, and in hearing the same oratorio at the Hereford Festival, with the meagre instrumentation of the composer. If "Alceste" should be performed at the Royal Italian Opera, which the reception of "Orfeo" would fully warrant, no better service could be done for Gluck than to invite either Berlioz or Costa to write additional accompaniments; and then the permanent popularity of the revival would be secured.

The mythological tradition of "Alceste" is, that she and her sister murdered their father, when, flying to Admetus, she married Alceste; but that, being pursued by Acastus, the brother, with an army, Admetus was taken prisoner, and was only saved from death by the offer of his wife, Alceste, to be sacrificed in her husband's stead. Another version is, that Admetus being about to die from disease, Alceste, at the word of the oracle that nothing could save his life but for some one dying in his place, gave herself up to the Fates; Hercules, however, intervening to bring her back from Tartarus. The French adaptation, by the Baile du Rollu, of Calsabigi's original Italian libretto, differs in many respects; Apollo as well as Hercules controls the Fates. In the tragedy of Euripides it is the influence of Hercules alone. Gluck had to modify his score to fall in with the intentions of the French poet; but the canvas sufficed for the genius of the musician.

It can create no surprise that since the revival of "Alceste" at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra, in Paris, on the 21st of October, the work is given three nights in the week, and bids fair to be as popular as "Orphée" was at the Théâtre Lyrique. This second triumph of Gluck proves the accuracy of the judgment of the amateurs who have been trying so long to impress upon London managers the importance to art of such resuscitations. If "Iphigénie en Anlide," "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Armide," and "Alceste," were added to the Royal Italian Opera repertoire at Covent-garden, now that the ice has been broken with "Orphée," there would be both a classic and popular lyre-drama to fall back upon. Gluck killed Lully and other French composers in his days, and the influence of his works left at the Grand Opera no prestige for his successors, until Rossini arrived with his "William Tell," and Meyerbeer, with his "Robert le Diable." Halévy's "Juive" survives of the Academician's operas, and Donizetti's "Favorita" retains its place; but Rossini and Meyerbeer, especially the latter, are the great attractions. There is a large and increasing listening public, fatigued with modern mediocrity, who are glad to fall back on the past. Here, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" alone is the representative of the ancient opera; but Gluck's French list of works opens up a mine of wealth. The cast in Paris is as follows: Alceste, Madame Viardot; Greek Girl, Mlle. de Taivy; Admète, M. Michot; High Priest, M. Cazaux; Hercules, M. Borchard; Evandre, M. König; Apollon, M. Grizy; Caron, M. Coulon. M. Dietsch conducts the orchestra, the strength of which in the stringed has been carried up to 14 violins, 14 second ditto, 10 altos, 10 violoncellos, and nine double basses. Berlioz, in praising this additional phalanx, states that it has brought the Grand Opera Band up to the number of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra; but this is an error. Costa's players are not only more numerous than the above in stringed,

Music Abroad.

Paris.

but, as Berlioz well knows, the English artists play on more costly and superior instruments, which fact accounts for the volume of sound that so struck Spohr, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, &c. A bass trombone is added to the Paris band, but otherwise there has been no increase in the wind instruments. Indeed, as regards the orchestration, the original score is rigidly adhered to, which, with due submission to Berlioz, is to be regretted. The proof that additional sonority is required is given by the increase of the stringed; and if now accompaniments had been written for the wood and brass, monotony would be avoided. The flute and oboe play a prominent part in the instrumentation of Gluck, it is true; but clarionets, bassoons, and horns would impart infinite *elan* and variety in many passages. As transposition has been imperative from beginning to end, to enable Madame Viardot to sing *Alceste*, there could have been the less remorse in additional accompaniment. The composer's score, it is admitted, will, in certain parts, lose; but in the main it would gain immeasurably. Transposition in a concert-room is always accepted; why should there be this obstinacy in resisting it for the stage, especially when scenic effect will be so much improved? The loss of a few notes, and the keeping up of the chain of modulations, must be attended to as much as possible by the skillful adapter.

The Paris execution is not so rigidly exact as that generally remarked in Germany. It is warmer in the coloring, but it might be rendered still more so, and there would even then be no exaggeration in Gluck's intentions. Viardot is the tower of strength in the cast. One wonders how Signora Bernasconi satisfied Gluck in the Italian version in Vienna, in 1767? He selected Rosalie Levasseur herself for the French adaptation in 1776. Since that date the heroine of Euripides has fallen to Madame Saint-Huberte, to Mlle. Maillart, and to Madame Branchi. The last mentioned artiste is within the recollection of old opera frequenters. "*Alceste*" was revived for her and the famed tenor, Nourrit, in 1825; and it was for her farewell benefit it was done in 1826, not to be brought forth again until the year of grace 1861, and then only on account of the prodigious sensation created by Viardot in singing detached airs at the Conservatoire concerts after her triumph in "*Ophélie*." How little can the results of first nights be depended upon! Sophie Arnould, who had been Gluck's *Eurydice* and *Iphigénie*, in Paris, was not assigned *Alceste*, the music of which was written for a high soprano. The enraged prima donna got up a cabal, and "*Alceste*," on the opening representation, was a *quasi-fiasco*. "*Alceste est tombée*," exclaimed Gluck at the end, in despair. "Oui," replied a friend, "*tombée du ciel*."

The introduction to "*Alceste*" has the proportions of an overture, although, like that of "*Don Giovanni*," it is allied to the opening piece, as the curtain rises. Before Gluck's time, by the way, the curtain never fell between the acts, and the audience saw all the labors of the carpenters in preparing the stage set. The first chorus, "*Dieux, rendez-nous notre Roi*," and the aria d'entr'acte of *Alceste*, "*Grand Dieu du destin qui m'accable*," are sublime in expression, and are followed by the grand ceremonial in the temple of Apollo. It is wonderful how Gluck works up the interest in the declaration of the oracle with the consternation of the multitude, that the King of Thessaly must die that day unless some one will die in his stead. The grand scena of *Alceste*, "*Divinité du Styx*," terminates the first act. The Queen is left alone in her despair in the temple, and resolves to save her spouse by giving herself up to death. The phases of passion during this scene are most trying and arduous for the singer, who has three great airs during this act,—the one of anxiety, the next of affection, and the last of invocation. The wife, the mother, the fatalist appear in turn. Love and despair, fanaticism and heroic enthusiasm, struggle successfully in *Alceste's* bosom. The shades cannot affright her; the terrible cries from the Styx, do not dismay her; Cerberus barks in vain; *Alceste* has but one fixed idea—the noble effort to save Admète, and she fronts the abyss undismayed. Viardot was inspired during this act; the actress and the singer were equally great and imposing. Whether in energy, or in the last stage of human weakness, her pantomime was always as suggestive, and her passionate accents and thrilling tones in the notation, testified to her thorough grasp of Gluck's conception. The tenor air of Admète, "*Alceste, au nom des Dieux*," was very well sung by Michot. Coulon's voice is not of the depth "*deeper still*" required for the fine air of "*Caron l'appelle*;" but the stentorian air of Hercule, "*C'est en vain que l'enfer*," was well delivered by the athletic M. Borchard.—*Queen, London.*

Oct. 24.—Congratulate me, then, for have I not stood in the imminent deadly breach, and dared the horrors of that battery of sad sensations, called *Pierre de Médicis*, directed by Prince Poniatowsky, eminent in the art of offence, skilled in wounding the spirit! Well, since it had to be undergone, as I said in my last, better to have it over at once than suffer the continued tremors of this sword of Damocles. It has dropt upon us at last; we have felt its sharpest edge, but we still live *tant bien que mal*. I am not going to inflict any lengthened notice of this performance upon you, uselessly reviving my sufferings, without contributing to your edification. Let me only say that M. Faure, the excellent William Tell, and almost excellent Don Giovanni, of your last Italian Opera season, had to make his *début* in the part of Julian de Médicis, in this tedious work. The part is quite unworthy of his powers, and indeed is not one calculated at all for a singer of first rank, for it contains but one duo and one air. The concerted pieces go for nothing. I told you before, some modifications had been introduced in the *dénouement* of the opera, rendering it less gloomy and repulsive. This has necessitated a new finale, which is quite equal to all the rest of the opera, neither rising nor falling below the dead level of commonplace. The ballet called "*Les Amours de Diane*," which has always accompanied *Pierre de Médicis*, has been retained, but neither lends nor borrows grace from its leaden setting, notwithstanding the efforts of Mad. Ferraris.

In the Italian Theatre we had the first appearance this season of Signor Mario, who had sung the *Il Barbier* and also in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. To myself, and to all else with whom I have conversed, it is apparent that Mario has wonderfully recovered much of that youthful freshness which his person and deportment have so steadily retained, while the capricious organ which in its periods of thorough efficiency placed its possessor first perhaps among all tenors, actual or historical, has passed through every phase of decadence, even to downright decrepitude, anon recovered as by potent charm, or the exhaustion of some withering poison. Latterly, however, the clouds which had drifted across the brilliant luminary had become so frequent and untransparent eclipse seems imminent. The joy of the critics especially, whose painful task it is to note, like astronomers, with rigid accuracy the declension or oscillation of those admired stars, who do not bear the operation of science so philosophically as their celestial prototypes—the joy of all, I say, was the greater, therefore, to find Signor Mario's voice in the recovered possession of so phenomenal a share of the attributes of its prime. The vocal sickness of the great tenor has this time no convalescence, but jumps at once to elastic health. In a beechiera of imaginary silliness we drink to its preservation—may it yet continue for many years the even tenor of its course.

"Macbeth doth murder sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Would we could parody the stern decree and say, "*Beneventano doth murder song; Benny shall sing no more*." Well, but he does not, some will say, in an honest sense of the word. No more he does, or the owl shall sing the nightingale into an ivy bush. *Canis latrat*, as we used to say in the Latin exercise book—the dog barks! He was the Figaro to Signor Mario Count Almaviva. Poor, light, merry, busy, frisky smoother of Sevillian chins, and plotter of Sevillian intrigues! poor Figaro, to see the, triksy barber! thus transmogrified into the most melancholy and lymphatic of hair-dressers. Figaro here! Figaro there! but Figaro is anywhere but at the Italian Opera of Paris at this present moment. In the *Ballo in Maschera* the part of Renato, the Ankerstrom of the French *Gustave* was played by Signor Delle Sedie. The original representative of the character here was Signor Graziani, and I shall do no injustice to the latter, or unduly flatter the former, if I boldly establish a comparison between them. If Signor Graziani excel in the resonant quality of his voice, Signor Delle Sedie, on the other hand, is pre-eminent for his power of expression, his softness and smoothness of tone, and the delicacy of his light and shade. Signor Graziani, in some degree, revealed too freely in the merely physical quality of his voice, the tones of which seemed to issue forth spontaneously in native excellence. Signor Delle Sedie, whose voice has not the same power, never loses control over it, and gives to each note, with delicate care, its exact value and intention. In the last act this conscientious and most intelligent artist rose to the highest point in the perfection of

his execution, as well as in the appreciation of his audience, who warmly and frequently applauded him, and demanded his air "*Della vita*" a second time.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—This Theatre commenced proceedings on Thursday, Oct. 24, in a manner which promises well for the season to come. A new Opera was produced—Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—with triumphant success.

A very few lines must suffice at present to chronicle the reopening of this national establishment last night, in presence of a crowded audience, with an original grand work in four acts, from the pen of an English composer. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have commenced their "*season*" more auspiciously. The new opera achieved a brilliant and well-merited success, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon its composer, who was unanimously called for at the end, after the principal singers had been summoned, was a spontaneous tribute on the part of those who had experienced such hearty gratification from his music. Although the only dramatic composition of his which had been previously represented on the London boards was an operetta called *Aminta*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a good many years since, Mr. Howard Glover has long held a conspicuous place in the ranks of English musicians, and by musical amateurs is popularly recognized as the author of *Tam O' Shanter*, one of the most characteristic works of its class ever written for the concert-room. His new opera, the book of which prepared by himself, derives its material from Hugo's celebrated play *Ruy Blas*, is a more ambitious effort than any that has yet proceeded from his pen; and it is only just to add that increase of endeavour has been accompanied by a proportionate amount of success. But of the merits of *Ruy Blas*, libretto and music, we must defer speaking till a more convenient opportunity. Enough just now to say that it is placed upon the stage with that completeness in every department for which the Royal English Opera has earned honorable distinction; that the cast comprises the strength of the company; and that the orchestra and chorus, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who seldom fails to secure by indefatigable zeal and talent an eminently satisfactory "*first performance*," and has maintained his reputation on the present occasion—exhibit all their well-known efficiency. The character of *Ruy Blas* falls to Mr. Harrison, that of the Queen of Spain to Miss Louisa Pyne, and that of Don Sallust to Mr. Santley (whose return to the Royal English Opera is a manifest gain to its interests); while the subordinate parts are in the hands of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirwall, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Patey and Miss Jessie M'Lean, a young and highly promising *debutante*, for whom a personage has been invented something akin to the page in the *Huguenots*, *Gustave* or the *Ballo in Maschera*, wholly foreign to the drama of M. Hugo. The performance did not terminate till a late hour; but the good sense of the principal singers in respectfully declining "*encores*" prevented the slightest feeling of tedium among the audience, who consequently remained, with scarcely a single exception, until the last note of the opera. As there were a great many songs, all more or less attractive, and some eminently beautiful, had "*encores*" been accepted, the fall of the curtain might have been postponed till considerably past midnight. In the instance of two ballads, nevertheless, "*A sympathizing heart*" (Act ii.) and "*Could life's dark scene be changed for me*" (Act iii.) both sung to the utmost degree of perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the last especially, one of the most expressive and unhackneyed compositions of its class that we remember, the sensation created was so remarkable, and the demand for repetition so thoroughly genuine and unanimous, the stringent regulation now for the first time adopted at the theatre of resisting such demands on the part of the audience, was regarded—not altogether unreasonably, perhaps—as somewhat of a hardship.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor) and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos. *Ruy Blas* is to be repeated, as a matter of course, this evening.—*London Times.*

Mendelssohn's Letters.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN WITH REFERENCE TO AN ENGLISH ARTIST.*

LEIPZIG, 18th Nov., 1837.

My Dear Sir:—It is now a fortnight since your sister first appeared here in public, & directly after it

I wanted to write to you & give you a full account of it & only to-day I have leisure enough to do it.—Excuse it, but although it is late & I may think that you heard already from other sides of all the details of her great success here I cannot help writing you also on the subject, & before all I shout "triumph" because you know that you are my enemy† & that my opinion prevailed only with great difficulty (letters included) & it comes now out how well I knew my countrymen, how well they appreciate what is good & beautiful, & what a service to all the lovers of music has been done by your sisters coming over to this country. I do not know whether she thinks the same of my opinion now, I am sometimes afraid she must find the place so very small & dull, & miss her splendid Philharmonic band & all those Marchionesses, & Dutchesses & Lady Patronesses who look so beautifully, aristocratically, in your Concert-rooms, & of whom we have a great want. But if being really and heartily liked & loved by a public, & being looked on as a most distinguished & eminent talent must also convey a feeling of pleasure to those that are the object of it, I am sure that your sister cannot repent her resolution of accepting the invitation to this place, & must be glad to think of the delight she gave & the many friends she made in so short a time & in a foreign country. Indeed I never heard such an unanimous expression of delight as after her first Recitative, & it was a pleasure to see people at once agreeing and the difference of opinion (which must always prevail) consisting only in the more or less praise to be bestowed on her. It was capital that not one hand's applause received her when she first appeared to sing "Non più di fiori" because the triumph after the Recitative was the greater; the room rung of applause, & after it there was such a noise of conversations, people expressing their delight to each other, that not a note of the whole ritornello could be heard; then silence was again restored, & after the air, which she really sang better & with more expression than I ever heard from her, my good Leipzig public became like mad, & made a most tremendous noise. Since that moment she was the declared favorite of them. They are equally delighted with her clear & youthful voice & with the purity & good taste, with which she sings everything. The Polacca of the *Puritani* was encored, which is a rare thing in our concerts here, & I am quite sure the longer she stays & the more she is heard the more she will become a favorite; because she possesses just those two qualities of which the public is particularly fond here—purity of intonation & a thorough bred musical feeling. I must also add that I never heard her to greater advantage than at these two concerts, & that I liked her singing infinitely better than ever I did before; whether it might be that the smaller room suits her better or perhaps the foreign air, or whether it is that I am partial to every thing in this country (which is also not unlikely) but I really think her much superior to what I have heard her before. And therefore I am once more glad that I have conquered you, my enemy.

They are now in correspondence with the court of Dessau & with Berlin, whereto they intend to go during the intervals of the concerts here; I hope however that their stay will be prolonged as much as possible. We had Vieuxtemps here, who delighted the public; we also expect Blagrove in the beginning of January. Charles Kemble with his daughter Adelaide passed also by this place, but she did not sing in public, only at a party at my house. Has Mr. Coventry received my letter, and one for Bennett I sent him? And have you received the parcel with my Concerto, which Breitkopf and Hartel promised to send in great haste? Do you see Mr. Klingemann sometimes? And how is music going on in England? Or had you no time to think now of anything else than the Guildhall pudding & pies & the 200 pineapples which the Queen ate there, as a French

paper has it? If you see Mr. Attwood will you tell him my best compliments & wishes, & that a very great cause of regret to me is my not having been able to meet him at my last stay in England. And now the paper is over & consequently the letter also. Excuse the style, which is probably very German. My kindest regard to Mr. & Mrs. Clark, & my best thanks for the kind letter & the papers they sent me by Mrs. Novello. And now good bye & be as well and happy as I always wish you to be.

Very truly yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

* This letter is not from the volume of *Travelling Letters* recently published.

† In allusion to Mr. A. Novello's desire that his sister, Miss Clara, should proceed direct to Italy and not visit Germany.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 23, 1843.

The Opera of MARTHA, PIANO SOLO, is completed in this number of the *Journal* by the publication of a title page and the "Argument."

AT HOME.—The readers of this *Journal* will be glad to learn that Mr. DWIGHT arrived in the Niagara, on Saturday last, and that he will forthwith resume the control of these columns, which have so long needed his direct supervision. However interesting the "Editorial Correspondence," published in these columns during his absence, may have been, we presume that all the readers of this "organ" will gladly welcome home him, who so well understands the uses of all its stops, and all its rows of keys, how to draw out its best tones, to display its rarest combinations, and to discourse its fittest and grandest music.

We take this opportunity of thanking those correspondents who have lightened by their contributions, the unaccustomed labors of his assistant, who has aspired to do no higher service than to supply the "wind" necessary to keep in it the breath of life. Some things may have found a place in these columns which a severer taste or wider experience would have excluded, but it is hoped that the best and highest interests of Art have been kept in view, and that the former high character of the *Journal of Music* has not materially suffered during the long absence of its editor.

Concerts.

The first concert of Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg was given last Saturday evening, at Chickering's Hall. The attendance was not large, but, as might be expected, the most cultivated of music-lovers, those whose faces we never miss on such occasions, were present with their intelligent approving smiles.

PROGRAMME.

- 1—Andante et Var., by Schumann, op. 46, (for two pianos.) Messrs. Dresel and Leonhard.
- 2 { a Aufenthalt. } Schubert. Mr. Kreissmann
b Die Post. }
- 3—Sonata, op. 30. No. 1. Beethoven. (Violin and Piano.) Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
- 4—Songs by Franz; Frühlingsgedränge. Für Musik. Waldfahrt Mr. Kreissmann.
- 5—Tarantella, (Violin), by Schubert. Mr. Eichberg.
- 6—Sonata, B minor, Bach; (Violin and Piano.) Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
- 7—Dichterliebe, op. 48; (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.) Schumann. Mr. Kreissmann.
- 8 { a Andante splanato, op. 22, } Chopin. Mr. Leonhard.
b Polonaise, op. 53. }
- 9—Trio, in G major, (Piano, Violin and Cello,) Haydn. Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Wichtenthal.

Schumann's *Andante* (for two pianos), exquisitely played by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD, gave us more tangible proof of the genius of the composer

than anything we have heard. The melody is lovely, full of a certain pensiveness, not akin to melancholy, but graceful though subdued in character. It is feeling embodied in tone; the feeling of a noble soul, tempered and refined by suffering, at once beautiful and touching. Of the instrumental portion of the concert this was to us by far the most interesting—in spite the older and greater names that follow on the programme.

Mr. KREISSMANN is pretty well known to our readers, and we shall probably be able to say very little about him that is new. We all love to hear his fine voice, and we all recognize the intellectual power and discrimination which his singing shows. He favored us with an unusual number of pieces, embracing many well-contrasted styles. Schumann's *Dichterliebe* displays a vigorous dramatic conception, and is filled with an intensity of passion; but the songs of Franz are more enjoyable, certainly more pleasing to the general public.

Mr. EICHBERG has steadily worked his way to a position where, without disparagement it is safe to say, he is second to no resident artist. An honest, thorough musician, gifted with the finer sense which lifts a violin-sonata above mere fiddling, and devoted heart and soul to his art, he is always welcomed upon the platform. The *Tarantella*, by Schubert, was probably the best test of his execution; although, in the Sonatas, by Bach and Beethoven, he played with all the power, the taste and earnestness that always mark his efforts.

Mr. LEONHARD filled his portion of the time acceptably, although none of his selections were calculated to rouse any special enthusiasm. The piano-forte suffers so much when its tones are contrasted with the live notes of stringed instruments, that it is always expedient for the player to select music with some vital force in it, and not depend on the dreamy reveries which in a private circle are so delightful.

The concluding *Trio*, by Haydn, was full of the simple beauty that marks all the works of this beloved master. It is not a grand, or a profound, or a dramatic, or other large-adjecitive composition; but is spontaneous, melodious and tasteful. It served to introduce Mr. Wichtenthal, a new and fine violoncellist, whom we shall be pleased to hear again.

The next concert to be given this evening, we hope will draw out more of those who can appreciate really excellent chamber music.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give their first Concert on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th. An attractive programme will be found in another column.

MAD. VARIAN'S Concerts, at the Music Hall, have thus far been well attended, and given much satisfaction. Mad. Varian has needed the opportunity now afforded by a large hall and an orchestra to display her best characteristics. Mr. HOFFMANN still gives her his efficient aid as pianist.

MISS BRAINERD is continuing her professional tour in Connecticut, her native state. Her last series of concerts, recently given, proved very successful. During the present week concerts have been given in Watertown, Plymouth, Litchfield, Norfolk, and Winsted, assisted by Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY, Tenor; and Dr. CLARE W. BEAMES, Pianist and Manager.

MILAN.—Mad. Colson has reappeared with great success in Donizetti's *Polito*, and subsequently in *Il Trovatore*, with similar success.

MADRID.—Mad. La Grango has appeared here in *Norma*, exciting the greatest enthusiasm.

Opera in Boston.

Mr. ULLMAN has issued one of his characteristic manifestos to the public of Boston, giving his programme of opera for this season:

"Since I decided to undertake the management of the Opera for the ensuing season, war has broken out, which has greatly increased the risks of that at all times difficult enterprise, and in the opinion of many precludes even the possibility of an attempt. Yet I am disposed to make the effort provided some encouragement be held out to me.

"For this purpose I have appealed to my friends and the public in New York and Philadelphia, on the occasion of the first benefit I have ever taken in those cities during a managerial career of eighteen years, and I am happy to say that my appeal received a cordial and liberal response.

"To complete the sum required for the conclusion of some important engagements now negotiating by my European agent, I have determined to give four Operas in Boston, the first two of which will be for my benefit, and trust you will not only honor me with your presence, but likewise induce your friends to attend.

"These Operas will be given November 25th, 26th, 28th, and 29th, and are positively the only performances that will be produced in Boston until February or March next, Mr. HERRMANN, the celebrated *Prestidigitateur*, commencing his long-expected engagement on Monday, December 2d." * * *

In addition to Miss HINKLEY, BRIGNOLI, MANCINI, SUSINI, and Miss KELLOGG, Mr. ULLMAN tells us that "an engagement has been effected with Mme. COMTE-BORCHARD, one of the best Prima Donnas ever in this country, who is now in New York on her way to Havana, where she is engaged to appear in December, as the leading Soprano of the great Italian Opera Company at the Tacon Theatre. Madame Comte-Borchard will appear in Boston as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

"The performances will be under the direction of CARL ANSCHUTZ.

"The two benefits will take place on Monday and Tuesday, November 25th and 26th."

The operas to be given are *Il Ballo in Maschera*, *Betty*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *Lucrezia* and *Martha*.

PARIS. — Mr. Satter, the pianist, is now in Paris, where he proposes to give some concerts during the winter.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 14, 1861. — Messrs. Editors: — Notwithstanding the all-absorbing interest of the war, our musical Society continues its monthly concerts for members, and with rather more pecuniary success than might be expected—the house (Albany Hall) being well filled on the last occasion. On the evening of the 12th inst., the Society gave its 117th monthly concert for members. The programme was an extraordinarily rich one, commencing with that beautiful and charming overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The orchestra consisting of some thirty-five members, under the able conductorship of Mr. Abel, performed this somewhat difficult composition in a vigorous manner, and were rewarded by loud applause from the appreciating audience. No. 2, was a duet by Mendelssohn—"I would that my Love," sung by the Director of the Society, and a young lady, (Miss BRENDKE), a new beginner, who, though still very young, displays considerable talent, which, with a proper cultivation, will give the lady a fair local reputation as a singer. No. 3—a solo for the violin, DeBeriot—was executed in a masterly style by Mr. WEINBURG,

who is decidedly the favorite of our concert-going citizens. He was loudly *encored*, as usual. The *finale* of an act of Verdi's *Ernani*, for solo, chorus and orchestra, was the closing piece of part I. The second part consisted of "A Night on the Ocean," a grand dramatic tone-picture, for male chorus and orchestra, composed by Tschirch. On this occasion, the Society were assisted by the *Liedertafel*. The performance, however, could not be called more than average—the rehearsals being but indifferently attended by many of the singers who assisted the Musical Society.

In conclusion permit me to add a few words in relation to the Director of the Musical Society. Mr. Abel, formerly of Cleveland, I believe, received a call to this city about one year ago, since which time he has given such general satisfaction, that, last week, he was unanimously re-elected for another year. His magnificent tenor voice, and talents as a pianist, render him of inestimable value to the Society.

Respectfully yours, TENOR.

BROOKLYN, NOVEMBER 18, 1861. — The musical season is never fairly commenced, until regularly opened by the Philharmonic Society. Their first Concert (5th season) took place in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain on the evening of Nov. 2d. Notwithstanding the weather (which could not have been worse) the "Academy" was nearly full, which speaks volumes for the musical enthusiasm of those who thus braved one of the worst storms to hear a programme most delightfully rendered by a picked band of fifty performers under the direction of Carl Bergmann and which contained the following pieces for orchestra:

Symphony in B flat. (first time). Haydn
Two Symphonic pieces for orchestra and piano. Goldbeck
1. "Idyl."—(First time.) 2. Hunting Scene.
Symphony, No. 4, in D minor. (first time). R. Schumann
Overture—Gisondist. (first time). Litolff

Madame Blanchard of the Conservatoire, Milan, was the vocalist and Mr. Goldbeck (Piano), Mr. Noll (Violin) and Mr. Bergner (Violoncello), the soloists. The "Haydn Symphony" was especially charming and made us forget the state of the weather and even the state of the country and must have carried peace and happiness (for the time) to every musical heart in the house. It was most perfectly played, as was the noble work of Schumann which opened the second part so grandly. Goldbeck's compositions for orchestra and piano are admirably written and gave much delight to the audience. Would that we had time to particularize their many beauties. Bergner achieved a real triumph by his masterly rendering of Servais' most difficult "Concerto Militaire" for Violoncello and Orchestra. He also played a *duo* Tyrolienne with Mr. Noll (violin) which was rapturously received. The "Gisondist" Overture is immense in its way and made a most brilliant *finale* to the Concert possessed.

We had two nights of opera in October, with a programme exactly the same as at the New York house and of which your columns has had full description. As Herrmann's *soirées* were quasi musical so must we mention his *debut* in Brooklyn, which was made additionally attractive with the agile vocal aid of Carlotta Patti and the piano playing of Mad. Hermann also other entertainments peculiar to Ullman.

The first classic *soirée* of Messrs. Mason and Thomas was given at the Hall of the Polytechnic Institute last Thursday evening. The list of subscribers is very gratifying for a commencement and is another evidence of the growing taste for really good music here. Haydn's quartet in D major—Suite in F minor (for piano) by Handel—Trio in E flat by Schubert and Beethoven's quartet in C minor—were all most exquisitely performed and listened to with the most profound attention. With all due respect to immortal Beethoven and lively Haydn, we did most decidedly prefer the Trio of Schubert, but

as your New York correspondents have so particularly written of these most refining musical entertainments, it is not at all necessary on our part to attempt more details at the present time and so like the veritable Baggs himself, we wander along and crossing the Wall street Ferry, find ourselves in "old Trinity" Church, time about noon of a Wednesday, as far back as Oct. 16th., the occasion being a public rehearsal of Mr. Henry Stephen Cutler's well-known choir of boys and men, aided in part by delegations from quite a number of other choirs of similar organization, numbering in all about sixty voices. Some chorals and plain chants were grandly given by the full chorus and the regular choir sang a few oratorio choruses and solos very finely, including "Comfort ye" (most effectively rendered by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer) and the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*. The organ playing of Mr. Cutler was not the least part of the attractions. If a printed programme had been furnished, other good things would not have been forgotten.

Church music is receiving quite a deal of attention in Brooklyn and the mere "quartette arrangements" (which has been until quite recently decidedly the most in favor with music committees and directors) has probably seen its best days; for better things are now being done in quite a number of our churches and others are preparing to follow. At the Church of the Holy Trinity, a small chorus of twelve adults (including four *Soli* voices)—with eight choir boys, have been quietly and steadily rehearsing and singing service for about a twelve month, under the direction of George William Warren. This church is one of the largest and most beautiful in the country and it was densely crowded in every part on Friday evening, Nov. 1st, on the occasion of the first public rehearsal of the choir, of which here is the programme:

Te Deum Laudamus—Anthem in F major, (1797.) Dr. John Clarke.
Psalm 136 of the Psalter—Anglican Chant . . . Dr. Randall.
Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," Roosevelt
Choral—"Winchester." (1866.) Playford.
Christmas Carol—"Hark! the herald angels sing," George William Warren.
Jubilate Deo—Anthem in B flat major. Albert W. Berg.
Hymn—"Softly row the light of Day," arranged from Rosini.
Easter Carol—"The world itself keeps Easter Day." George William Warren.
Christmas Hymn—(Cantique de Noel.) Soprano Solo, Adolph Adam.
Psalm 137 of the Psalter—Gregorian (Anglicized) Chant.
Hymn—"As when the weary traveller," arranged from Mendelssohn.
Choral—"Ordination Hymn," (1590.) Tallis.
Easter Anthem—with "Hallelujah," George Wm. Warren

The soloists were Mrs. J. M. Comstock, *Soprano*; Mr. J. M. Comstock, *Tenor*, and Mr. Chas. Huntington, *Baritone*. All amateurs, but possessing beautiful voices, under excellent cultivation and who richly deserve the brilliant local celebrity they have already attained. These affairs stimulate choir members to every good exertion and create a musical interest in a parish highly beneficial to all concerned, for which reason they will occur quite frequently at "Holy Trinity," by permission of the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, who presided on the occasion, with a grace and dignity, only equalled by his introductory address, which as an incentive to every well meaning choir director, ought to be printed and well circulated.

Hoping to be more entertaining in my next and apologizing for the unusual length of this—believe me your devoted,
BAGGS.

Letter from Trovator.

HAARLEM, HOLLAND, October 15., 1861.

This quaint old Dutch town has one transcendent glory—its organ. On that organ old guide books, old musical histories, old musicians have often dilated. But Icabod! the glory has departed. Greater organs than that of Haarlem have arisen in York, in Birmingham, in more than one German town; and Haarlem is in fact, but an organic fossil.

The town itself is pretty enough, and intensely odd, as is every town in Holland. Tourists begin with Rotterdam which is mildly surprising. Delft is the next stopping place, and here is an old cathedral with a richly traceried tower, and a ravishing set of bells; then there are picturesque canals and painfully clean doorsteps. Then comes the Hague,

which enjoys the aboriginal name of St. Gravenhage, while the Germans call it Haag, and the French La Haye. Indeed the liberty taken with proper names on the continent is most perplexing to innocent strangers. Who under earth would ever recognize Copenhagen in the outlandish orthography of Kjobhavn, the Danube as the Donau, Vienna as Wien, Venice as Venidig, and Aix la Chapelle as Aachen?

The Hague, or La Haye or Haag, or St. Gravenhage, whichever you please to call it (for you pays your money and you takes your choice) cannot be termed an exciting place. It is small, cozy, and yet quite aristocratic. No vulgar commerce to destroy the serenity of the Netherlandish court. Not much amusement (beside the swans in the Vyverberg Pond) to distract the good people from the duty of scrubbing their floors.

Don't know what the Vyverberg is? Well, then learn that it is the feature of the Hague, of Haag, &c. It is a very handsome hill (I actually didn't see the elevation till it was pointed out by a citizen, but then they literally make mountains out of mole-hills in flat old Holland) planted with trees and flanking a very handsome pond in the centre of which is a circular island, (about as big at the top of your hat,) covered with foliage. Opposite the promenade is a dilapidated old castle once the palace of the Counts of Holland. Near by is an odd old gateway near which (Murray solemnly observes) "the virtuous and inflexible Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland was beheaded in 1618, at the age of 72." And Murray evidently disapproves of this, and adds "this event is a stain on the character of Prince Maurice of Nassau," which is, to say the least, a mild reproach of murder.

However virtuous and inflexible I may be, I could not endure the Hague seventy-two years as the lamented "Pensionary" seems to have done; and from the bottom of my soul, I pity the foreign ministers doomed to live here. The exile from the United States, in that capacity, is Mr. Pike — not, I assure you one of the inseparable pair, Mr. Pike and Mr. Pluck mentioned in Nicholas Nickleby. Pray for him.

After the cozy, snug, sleepy St. Gravenhage, or Hague or Haag or La Haye we came to Leyden, and here is a little ghost of a musical association or reminiscence, the first I have met with in Holland. Here lived the John of Leyden on whose history Scribe and Meyerbeer have made that glorious opera, "Le Prophete." This town appears to be the culminating point of cleanliness in Holland, for I saw a woman hard at work scrubbing out a blacksmith shop to the great discomfort of the smith and a horse whom he was shoeing and whose feet were undated with soap suds.

Sunday is a good day anywhere and particularly so at Haarlem; for there the stores are shut up, the scrubbing of door-steps is suspended for this occasion only, and everybody goes to church. I attended service at the Cathedral which in the days of the Catholic builders must have been a superb affair, and even now, denuded of its ornaments, and with its frescoes all whitewashed over, has a grand and imposing effect. There was a communion service holding, and a long table with seats on each side for about fifty people, was stretched down the nave. During a pause in the service, the clergyman announced a psalm, and suddenly the crushing sound of the organ was heard "giving out" a choral which the organist played with the trumpet, hautboy and heavy diapasons. The volume of the tones was immense, and the magnificence of the instrument was proved by this simple performance. After the service an admirably played fugue detained a few amateurs as the great mass of the congregation slowly poured out of the Cathedral doors. I was unable to hear the organ at a private performance, but the fol-

lowing description of such an occasion is fished from "Murray":

"The first burst of sound was quite thrilling, as peal after peal issued forth, vibrated along the roof, and died away in distant corners of the building. Then softer tones were poured forth in a flood of melody; and as the former were more powerful, so did these appear more touchingly melodious than those of any other instrument of the sort I had heard. The variety of imitation of which it is capable under the hand of a skillful musician is extraordinary. At one time the trumpet sounds a charge; in the next, the fife, hautboy, or piano is heard. But the most remarkable imitation is that of the tinkling of bells, so very exact, that it is difficult at first to believe that such tones can be produced by air within pipes. The performance concludes with 'The Storm,' and with peals of mimic thunder, under which the massive building seems to shake, and the walls to jar. The great diapason produced a sound which reminded me of the whizzing confused movement of the wheels of a cotton factory. All this, however, is to be regarded merely as a *tour de force*, as ventriloquism of the organ; it owes its great reputation to the general sweetness and mellowed effect of its tones. The vox humana pipe is considered particularly fine. When the performance is over, strangers are invited into the organ loft, to inspect the instrument. The condition of exhaustion in which I found the organist, from the mere physical exertion of playing, made me think that his charge (about five dollars American money) was not so exorbitant as it at first appeared."

Printing hasn't much to do with music, to be sure, but I must record the fact, that dear old Dutch Haarlem claims to be the birthplace of the inventor of moveable types. Of course Mayence claims the honor for John of Guttenberg, and both cities have erected statues to the memory of their respective champions, while musty antiquarians wage controversial war on the subject. The champion of Haarlem is one John Coster, and his statue near the Cathedral is of very recent construction.

Regard for the sanity of the readers of *Dwight's Journal* alone prevents me from recording here a most fearful ghost story I heard at Haarlem, the scene of which was the queer, gabled, scolloped old inn at which I lodged. It would infallibly drive them mad with fright, or at least prevent them from going to bed in the dark for a month. Just imagine — mysterious Dutch lady murdered — shivering ghost, like a little girl, seen out on the Dunes or sand banks — a white figure flitting along the Dyke — great inundation — a noise in a garret — cruel murderer drowned in inundation — amazing denouement in my inn! Ah! that I dared repeat in detail this glorious, old-fashioned ghost story!

DRESDEN, SAXONY, October 25, 1861.

It is a lamentable fact that Germany with its large and intelligent generations of populations, never produced an operatic composer. Yet such would appear to be the fact; for, in a journey from Holland to Saxony via the Rhine, I went through nearly a dozen towns, into opera houses, and saw only *Trovatore* and *Masaniello*, only Verdi and Auber occupying the boards. There was a little exception at Frankfurt, where Lortzing's *Undine* was announced.

At Dresden an improvement. The Court Theatre, which exteriorly, at least, is the most magnificent in Europe, is indulging in Meyerbeer's "*Robert le Diable*," with Auber's "*Mason and Locksmith*" — by no means his best work — as an alternate. A burlesque on "*Tannhäuser*" is having a run at the little Zweites theatre.

The Court church of Dresden is very appropriately placed near the theatre. It is easier for the members of the orchestra to bring their cellos and trombones to the organ loft. This they do every Sunday morning, and the mass then performed with their aid, and that of a superb organ, is one of the features of the city to a stranger. The church is modern and ugly, but makes an admirable concert hall, and the music is probably the best of its kind which can be heard in the world. TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Farewell, we meet no more. Quartet.

S. K. Whiting. 25

A simple, but effective Quartet; just the thing to take up and read off at a chance social meeting of musical persons.

Under the lilac tree he sleepeth. J. W. Turner. 25

A pleasing sentimental song.

The sun in the Ocean is sinking. Clapins. 25

A sterling Song, expressive of serene calm and quietude, almost sacred in character.

The Beggar girl. For one or two voices.

Piercy. 25

An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's inimitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

The magic of a smile. Langton Williams. 25

A Ballad of superior merit.

Instrumental Music.

Agathe. (When the swallows). Transcription.

Brimley Richards. 35

In Richards' usual brilliant style. The works of this author do not now need any introduction to our amateur piano players, they are always welcome, and sure to please.

Burlesque Galop. Cassidy. 25

A piece immensely popular abroad, and played here nightly, during the engagement of Miss Julia Daly at the Boston Theatre, with great success.

Hermann Polka. Strauss. 25

A very pretty Polka, which this celebrated composer of dance music wrote expressly for the great *presidigitator*, whose name it bears. It has been played innumerable times during his entertainments in this country and elsewhere, and will have a large sale. A humorous sketch of the wizard, which, besides, has the merit of being an excellent portrait, makes the piece still more marketable.

Gen. Baker's Funeral March. J. W. Turner. 25

Written "in memoriam" of the distinguished Californian who fell in the service of his country at the Ball's Bluff battle. The air of "Rest spirit rest" is happily introduced.

Beauties of "La Juive." J. Bellak. 40

A very useful potpourri for common players. It contains all the principal airs.

Books.

THE UNION COLLECTION OF POPULAR DUETS FOR THE VIOLIN AND PIANO. Arranged by S. Winner. 50

A very fine collection of the choicest Operatic Airs and favorite melodies, comprising selections from "Sicilian Vespers," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," and other Operas, together with popular songs, waltzes, polkas, marches, quicksteps and arranged for the violin and piano. A book of this class has long been in demand, and a want has existed which will now be freely met by this work. We commend it to amateurs as "just the thing."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 504.

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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

FLORENCE, Oct. 23, 1830.

Here is Florence; the air warm; the sky clear; everything noble and beautiful. "Wo blieb die Erle," &c., from Goethe.

I have now received your letter of the third, and see that you are all well, that my anxiety was uncalled for; that you all live on and think of me; now I am again fresh—can enjoy—will see all, and shall be able to write once more; in short the main thing is now in order.

I have made the journey hither, oppressed with a thousand doubts and hesitations and had almost made my way direct to Rome, because I had no thought of finding letters here; luckily I did come hither and now it is of no consequence how the misunderstanding occurred by which I waited in Venice while you wrote me to Florence; I will endeavor in future to feel less anxiety—that is all that I will promise. The driver pointed to a spot among the distant hills, where the blue mists lay and said "Ecco Firenze;" I looked out and saw the round dome before me in the haze and the wide spread valley in which the city lies. I again felt myself the traveller as Florence made its appearance; I noticed a few willow trees along the way—and the driver said "buon' olio;" whereupon I saw that my willows hung full of olives. As a rule, the driver (as one says "the Turk" instead of "the Nation") is an out and out scamp, thief, rogue; mine has cheated and half starved me; but he is almost lovable in his superhuman brutishness. An hour before reaching Florence he exclaimed, "Now the beautiful land begins!" and true it is that beautiful Italy does begin just there. Villas on every height, picturesque old walls—above the walls, roses and aloes; above the flowers, vines; above the vines, the foliage of the olive, the tops of cypress trees, or pines—and all in sharp outlines as if cut out of the blue sky; and then too pretty angular faces—life on the roads everywhere, and far away in the valley the blue city. And so I drove on comforted in my small vehicle, downward and into Florence; and though I was shabby and dusty enough, as every one must be coming from the Appenines, I made nothing of that—drove in high spirits through the midst of all the fine equipages from which the most delicate English lady-faces looked out upon me—thought to myself, the time will come when you must shake hands with the roturier there, of whom you now take no notice, a little clean linen and the like only, first—felt no shame even in passing the Battisterio, but drove to the post-office, where I first became really happy—for there I received three letters, those of the 22d and the 8d and that from father alone:—now I was happy indeed, and as I was driven along the Arno to Schneider's—to the famous inn, the world seemed again to me perfectly magnificent.

The 24th.

The Appenines are by no means so beautiful

as I had imagined; for this name had always called up visions of picturesque, wood-covered mountains; but they prove to be nothing but long ridges sadly bare and white—the little green that there is not particularly inspiring; dwelling houses few: no jolly brooks and waters at all; only here and there a wide streambed, all dried up except a mere thread of waters; and then these miserable scamps of people. I at last grew fairly confused with the constant cheating, and hardly knew *who* was the victim of all their lying; so I protested once for all against everything they said, and told them I would pay nothing unless I could have my own way; and so at last things became bearable.

Last night I had again magnificent quarters. I had made the bargain with the Vetturino for food, lodging and everything. The natural consequence was, that the chap took me to the wretchedest inns and let me go hungry. So, late last night, we came to a lonely pothouse, dirty beyond description; the stairway was heaped with dry leaves and wood for the fire; it was cold and they invited me into the kitchen to warm myself, an invitation which I accepted; they placed a bench for me upon the hearth; a troop of peasants stood about me warming themselves likewise; I sat enthroned upon my hearth among the scamps, who in their broad hats lighted up by the fire and gabbling in their incomprehensible dialect, appeared suspicious enough. Then I had them cook my soup under my own eyes and gave them wholesome advice in the matter (after all it proved not eatable); then condescended to talk with my subjects from my seat on the hearth and they pointed out a hill in the distance, which unceasingly emits flame, making a very striking spectacle in the night (Raticosa is the name of the hill)—and then I was conducted to my sleeping room. The landlord held up a corner of the coarse sackcloth like sheet remarking, "very fine cloth!" Then I, in spite of it, slept like a bear, saying to myself before dropping off, "now you are in the Appenines;" and the next morning, after I had not obtained a breakfast, my driver kindly inquired how I was pleased with my entertainment? Then he went on pouring out any quantity of talk about the present condition of France,* scolded his horse in German, "du Luder," because it was foaled in Switzerland, spoke French to the beggars who surrounded the cabriolet, and I corrected many an error in his pronunciation.

October 25.

And now I will go to the Tribune and be de vout. That is a spot in which I like to sit; directly before me I see the small Venus de Medicis, above it that of Titian, and if one will turn a little to the left, there hangs the Madonna del Cardello, a favorite picture of mine which completely recalls to my mind "la Belle Jardiniere" and seems to be its sister-picture; also the For-

* This was in the time of the downfall of Charles X., and elevation of Louis Philippe.

narina, which, however, *would* not make any impression upon me, because the engraving is really exact and because in the face there is an expression which to me is decidedly unpleasant—nay, is somewhat vulgar. But when one looks upon the Venuses he becomes solemn from very beauty; it is as if the two spirits which had the power to create such works floated through the hall and laid hold upon the beholders.

It is incredible what a man Titian was, and his pictures are full of joyous life; but Medicean Venus is not to be despised. And now the divine Niobe with all her children there; now really one does not know what to say. And I have not been even once yet to the Pitti palace where St. Ezekiel and the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael hang. I saw the garden, however, yesterday in the sunshine; it is noble, and the countless cypresses, the thick myrtles and laurel branches make a seriously strange impression; but when I saw that I find beeches, lindens, oaks and fir ten times handsomer and more picturesque than all this, then Hensel* exclaims, "The northern bear."

October 30.

After the warm rain of yesterday the air to-day is so deliciously warm, that I sit here and write at the open window; and it is by no means disagreeable that the people are traversing all the streets with the prettiest baskets filled with fresh violets roses and pinks for sale.

Day before yesterday I had become heartily wearied with all these pictures, statues, roses, and museums and concluded about twelve o'clock to go out for a walk until sundown; I bought me a bouquet of daffodils and heliotrope, and so away I went up the hill between the vineyards. It was one of the jolliest walks I have ever taken; any one must feel refreshed and recreated, at seeing himself surrounded by such nature, and a thousands joyous thoughts whirled about in my head. So, first I went up to a pleasure resort, Bellosguardo, where one has all Florence and the broad valley before his eyes, and where the rich city, its many towers and palaces filled me with delight; but still more the countless white country houses, which cover all the mountains and so far as eye can reach, as if the city spread itself over the mountains and far away; and when I took the telescope and looked far adown the valley, still all was thickly sown with white houses and bright points, and I felt myself in such an unbounded extent of human dwellings so at home and well! Then I went on over the hill to the highest point which I saw, where stands a tower; and when I reached it I found people in all parts of the building busy in making wine, drying grapes and mending barrels. It was Galileo's Tower, where he used to make his observations and discoveries. Here again was a most extensive prospect, and the girl who took me to the roof of the tower, told me a quantity of stories in her dialect of which I understood little, gave me

* The painter, husband of Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny.

afterwards some of her dried, sweet grapes, which I ate as a virtuoso; and so I went towards another tower, which had caught my eye, half lost my way, opened my map to find it (still walking on) and so ran against another person, who was also walking on and searching his chart. The only difference between us was that he — was an old Frenchman, and wore green glasses; said he "é questo S. Miniato al Monte, Signor?" To which I answered with great decision, "Si Signor"—and as it proved I was right. At this moment A—F— came vividly to mind, who had recommended this convent to me—and it is certainly wondrously beautiful. Now imagine me going thence to the Boboli garden, where I saw the sun set, followed by an evening of the most brilliant moonshine—and you will find it quite natural that my walk refreshed me. As to the pictures here I will write another time, for it is now late; I have still the Pitti gallery to see, to take leave of the great gallery, and to look once more upon my Venus—of whom truly one must not speak before womankind—but who nevertheless is divinely beautiful.

The courier leaves at 5 o'clock and, God willing, day after to-morrow morning early, I am in Rome. Thence and then, what remains to say. FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 2, 1880.

* But I will write no further in a melancholy strain for as your letter a fortnight after the event has made me melancholy, so will my answer, four weeks after, affect you. Then you would write in return in the same strain and the thing would go on forever. As a rule, since four weeks elapse between the writing of a letter and the receipt of an answer, one should confine himself to relating to is taking place or what has happened and say little about present feelings, as they in the main depend upon events or the relation of them.

That I am in Rome I can hardly yet get clearly into my head; and yesterday morning early, as by dazzling moonlight, and under a heaven of dark blue, I drove over a bridge ornamented with statues and the courier said, "Ponte Molle," it seemed all a dream, and my sick bed in London last year, my rough Scotch journey, and Munich and Vienna and the pines on the hills, all sprang at once into my memory.

The journey from Florence hither had for me but little interest. Siena, said to be beautiful, we passed in the night. It was provoking to me, that one of the regular government couriers had to take with him continually a military guard, which was doubled at night, but which, it would seem is a necessity, since he paid it. Such a thing ought not to be now-a-days. Still the world is advancing and there are moments when we can see it spring forward. And so I sat in Florence waiting the departure of the post, read French newspapers, and at the moment of the clock's striking, I noticed among the advertisements "La vie de Siebenkase par Jean Paul."

I had my own, thoughts, how so by little and little, all our beautiful imaginations wander out into the world, and how our great men after death come there to honor, while during their lives the romances of Lafontaine and French vaudevilles make impression upon their country-

* The beginning of this letter, as it only relates to the illness of a relative is omitted in the publication.

men; and how we endeavor to make instead of their works the trash of the French—not Beaumarchais and Rousseau though—our own. However that is no matter—not the least.

The first music, which I heard here, was Graun's "Tod Jesu" [Death of Jesus], which an Abbé here, Fortunato Santini, has translated with great skill and exactness into Italian. The music of the heretic has now been sent to Naples, where it is to be produced this winter with great solemnity; and it is said that the musicians are quite ravished by the music and take hold of it with great love and enthusiasm. The Abbé has long been waiting for me, as I hear, and with impatience, for he wants divers explanations about German music from me and because he hoped I should bring the score of Bach's "Passion" music. So things do move on continually and the true will make its way surely as the sun; if to-day remains cloudy, that is a proof that the spring-time has not yet come; but return it must!

A hearty farewell to all and may a benign heaven keep you fresh and joyous. FELIX.

A Beethoven Matter.

NOTES UPON A PREFACE.

The preface in question is one of certain "hefts" of national songs with accompaniments by Beethoven, published recently by Peters of Leipzig and edited from mss. in the Royal Library at Berlin by Franz Espagne, who now has charge of the musical department of that institution. It may seem rather late to be making notes upon something which appeared nearly a year ago—but as it never met my eyes until a few days since, owing to my absence from Germany, the delay must be excused. Although not yet fully prepared to go into the history of Beethoven's national song arrangements, nor feeling called upon to correct every error which I detect in the constantly increasing Beethoven literature* still, on the general ground that every one, able to do so, is bound to correct mistakes and misapprehensions, which affect the reputation of others—especially of the deceased, and that too, so soon as possible, I make these few notes. For Mr. Espagne—of course unintentionally—has done the late George Thomson great injustice in some of his remarks upon that gentleman's publications of national songs and melodies.

Not to do Mr. Espagne injustice here is his preface translated entire:—

"The songs, which appear in this publication, are taken from the original manuscript of Ludwig von Beethoven, which in the year 1846 passed from the possession of Prof. Schindler into that of the royal library at Berlin. This ms. contains in all 70 melodies of different nations arranged for one, two and three voices with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, violin and violoncello; of these a few appeared in the "25th Schottischen Lieder, op. 108," published by Schlesinger—others in the collections of English, Scotch and Irish songs published by G. Thomson in Edinburgh—the rest still remain unprinted. Those in Thomson's collections are in regard both to text and music not only incorrectly printed, but altered and abbreviated at will. To give but two examples; in the song "Charlie is my darling," the last eight bars are omitted, and in the "Miller of Dee," the last fifteen, so that both end in

* What a task that would be in relation to the last new volume of Lenz!!

a minor instead of a major key. Besides; Thomson's collections have long since disappeared from the book trade, while in Germany, owing to the high price they were never widely diffused. Hence there has long been a want of a correct and complete edition of these arrangements, which Beethoven undertook with so much zeal. (The number already known to me is 157). That this has not been long since undertaken, especially with the still unappreciated songs, is owing mainly to the circumstance, that in the ms. of the composer the text is always wanting. Now though there is no difficulty in finding the words to single well-known airs (as Nos. 1, 3, 4 of the first, and No. 1, of the second heft) yet it was by no means easy to find them for the old Irish and Scotch melodies and most difficult indeed to obtain those belonging to such as are superscribed by Beethoven "German," "French," "Spanish," "Portuguese." To many of the old Irish airs the original texts are lost; also to many of the Scotch. As Thomas Moore wrote new songs to 124 Irish airs, so Thomson procured for a great number of popular melodies, new songs from Burns, William Smyth, Walter Scott, Joanna Bailie, Thomas Campbell and others. A part of these lay before Beethoven, while engaged upon the melodies; others not, as appears from the composer's directions for the tempo and execution, his notes as to the number of stanzas and especially from the rhythm. Whenever doubts as to Thomson's text came up (as in case of almost all the airs to which Moore wrote songs) I have sought in older collections of Scotch, Irish, &c., popular melodies—for the most part printed in the last century—the original text—which owing to the difficulty of obtaining such materials has proved no small labor.

The translators of the English texts Herr Hüffner and G. Pertz have made a special point of retaining the original rhythms so as to give the completest possible imitation of the originals; and I hope that their efforts compared with those of others in the same field, will be found decidedly successful.

The deciphering of Beethoven's ms. was a task of no small difficulty, especially certain passages which had been repeatedly corrected, crossed out, or altered with lead pencil. But the experience of several years, during which these and other mss. of Beethoven have much occupied me, has made me sufficiently master of their peculiarities. I have added nothing but a few necessary directions for execution—have changed nothing but a few false notes evidently arising from haste in writing.

My particular thanks are due to Herr Prof. Jahn for his kind loan of a copy of 400 songs carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and to Prof. Schindler for his friendly communications upon several matters involved in my work."

BERLIN, Dec. 1860.

FRANZ ESPAGNE.

In reading the above one cannot avoid the inference that the writer has never seen a complete copy of Thomson's publication; or if he has, that he has not read with due care the prefaces of the three collections. Else how could he have failed to know that all the 25 songs published by Schlesinger are among the 39 (out of 300) arranged by Beethoven and printed in Thomson's Scotch Songs? And how too could he have spoken of "Thomson's English" songs; there being no such collection?

It is, however, with the charges against Mr. Thomson that we now have to do—strictures which it is hoped will be clearly seen to be undeserved and based upon mere mistake and misapprehension.

These strictures are twofold in character—those which relate to the text and those upon Thomson's treatment of Beethoven's instrumental accompaniments.

As to the text; Mr. Espagne evidently supposes the collections of George Thomson to have been in-

tended to be antiquarian in character and purposes. This, however, was not the case. Mr. Thomson was neither a publisher nor a musician by profession. He was simply an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish national melodies and so much of a musician, as to have composed himself some very beautiful airs, of which No. 215 of the Scottish collection is an example. His object was to rescue from oblivion the old national airs by giving them *new texts*—the character of most of the old songs being such as to exclude them from cultivated circles. Here are his own words:

"To furnish a collection of all the fine airs both of the plaintive and the lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones; to obtain the most suitable and finished accompaniments with the addition of characteristic Symphonies to introduce and conclude each air; and to substitute congenial and interesting songs every way worthy of the music, in the room of insipid or exceptional ones, were the great objects of the present collection."

But while it was an express object of the publisher to give to the old melodies new texts, he had so much regard for the archæological side of the question as to print in every case possible the old title of the air, thus giving to the antiquary the necessary clue to the old text—where any existed.

If Mr. Espagne had therefore a complete set of Mr. Thomson's volumes at his command he would at once have seen, what text belonged to each melody (in all cases of British and Irish airs) and not have found it necessary to consult the collection of Thomas Moore, which was an imitation of Thomson's works, and subsequent to it. Moore did himself for his national melodies, what Thomson engaged Burns, Scott, Byron and others to do for them—that is, write new texts. As to the texts, then, the question resolves itself simply into this, viz: has a collector the right to give a new text to an old melody? The success of both Thomson's and Moore's collections shows how the public has judged on this point.—Moreover as the antiquarian interest has been principally begotten by that success, and as our language has been enriched by a vast number of beautiful songs—one hundred from Burns alone, and more than that number from Moore—called out in this manner—I submit that praise, rather than blame, is to be awarded to the generous Scotchman who so largely sacrificed time and labor during half a century, and who paid Beethoven alone more than £550, nearly all of which was on account of his share in the publications under notice.

But a more serious charge against Mr. Thomson is that of not having printed Beethoven's arrangements in their integrity, and of altering and abbreviating the music at will. To this it would be a sufficient reply to say, that Mr. Espagne has never seen the manuscript from which Thomson printed. But as this may seem to be rather evading than answering the charge, the following facts are added, to prove that no single manuscript either in Beethoven's hand or that of his copyist is a sufficient basis for such an assertion.

1. A proof of this is to be seen in the very ms. in the Berlin library, in which the Scotch air No. 10 in Schlesinger's publication (No 202 Thomson) in E flat is found to be in F.

2. Another proof may perhaps be seen in the following citation from a letter of Beethoven to Thomson, "Comme les trois exemplaires de ces cinquante trois chansons écossaises que j'ai vous envoyé il y a longtemps, se sont perdus et avec eux la composition originale de ma propre main, j'étois forcé de compléter mes premiers idées qui me restoient encore dans un manuscrit, et de faire pour ainsi dire la même composition deux fois."

3. Several of Beethoven's arrangements were found to be unsuited to Thomson's work and the melodies—in one case nine at once—were sent back to Vienna to be recomposed. Beethoven executed

the order, wrote them a second time and was paid in full, as for the original arrangements.

4. Beethoven in some cases sent Thomson two different arrangements of the same air—and here is a citation from a letter, to this point, "J'ai composé deux fois le No. 10 des derniers 10 airs, vous pouvez insérer dans votre collection lequel de deux vous plaira le plus."

5. Thomson was so scrupulous in his determination to do Beethoven no injustice in printing his arrangements, as, in these days of deficient communication between Great Britain and the Continent (owing to the Napoleonic ideas") to be at the great trouble and expense of sending the two volumes of Irish airs in print to Vienna to receive there Beethoven's last corrections. These corrections were made, sent to Edinburgh and the plates corrected accordingly.

6. As to the "Charlie is my darling," and the "Miller of Dee," it may be replied in general that Mr. Thomson, Scotchman and an enthusiast for his national songs may be supposed to have been a better judge than the German Beethoven, whether these songs should end in a minor or a major key. But I will add, that in my carefully made thematic list of all the songs printed in Thomson's collections with Beethoven's accompaniments, neither of these two is to be found. One might easily have been overlooked—hardly both of them. I think upon examination it will appear that Thomson has printed these songs with the accompaniments of Haydn or some other composer. At all events, from the considerations above given, it is clear that Mr. Espagne goes too far when he makes these two songs the basis of so severe a charge against the late Mr. Thomson.

Again; Mr. Espagne says, a part of the new songs written for Mr. Thomson's publication lay before Beethoven when at work upon the melodies, and a part did not; and then he proceeds to prove the latter fact of the assertion. He has here taken much needless pains, for a glance at the correspondence shows that *no texts* were sent to the composer. The reason was this; that as new songs were to be written to the melodies, it was necessary that the music should first be completed as the poetry was to be adapted to the music—not the music to the poetry—a method of proceeding, which, after it was explained to Beethoven, received his hearty approval, as is clear from the last of the following citations from his letters.

To the letter announcing that in eight days the first 43 airs will be finished and ready to be sent to Edinburgh, there is the following postscript, "Une autre fois je vous prie aussi de m'envoyer les paroles des chansons, comme il est bien nécessaire de les avoir pour donner la vraie expression, ici on me les traduira."

Again the next year, after finishing another set, he writes, "Je voudrais bien avoir les paroles de ces airs écossaises pour en faire usage en Allemagne des que vous les aurez publiées en Ecosse. * * * Je vous prie de m'envoyer les paroles notées sur la simple mélodie."

At a still later date Beethoven goes so far as to threaten to arrange no more of the melodies unless Thomson sends him the texts. This called out a letter from the publisher (which is lost, unless a copy is retained in Edinburgh) in which the matter was explained. This is clear from the following passage in Beethoven's reply: "Pour le reste j'approuve fort votre intention de faire adapter les Poésies aux airs, puisque le Poète peut appuyer par le rythme des vers sur quelques endroits que j'ai élevés dans les ritournelles, p. e. dans l'une des dernières où j'ai employé les notes de la mélodie



au ritornel."

Thomson seems at one time to have thought of adding a volume or two of other national melodies to those which he published, and to have written to Beethoven about it. The following passage from a letter of the composer, viewed in connection with the arrangements of such airs found among his papers, seems to prove this: "Quant à chansons" he writes, "de divers Nations, vous n'avez que prendre des paroles en prose, mais non pas en vers, enfin si vous prendrez des paroles en Prose, vous y réussirez parfaitement. Quant à vos autres propositions." &c. &c.

I conclude by expressing my thanks to Mr. Espagne for undertaking a work which I urged upon him in January, 1860, and the hope that he will recall his preface and insert a new one in its place.

A. W. T.

(Correspondence of New York Evening Post.)

Music in Paris.

TRAINING SINGERS FOR THE OPERA.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of attending one of the musical rehearsals of the pupils of M. Dupré, the great Parisian ex-tenor. These rehearsals are given every week in a beautiful private theatre in M. Dupré's house, where he devotes himself to preparing and finishing off a number of persons of both sexes for the labors and honors of the operatic career. The audience being assembled and quietly seated, the maestro makes his appearance through the curtains behind the stage—a short, thick, compact figure, with a capacious head and a temperament full of fire and earnest musical feeling—and comes down, bowing with grace and dignity, to the audience. On one side of the stage is a grand piano and the pianist who is to accompany the pieces selected for rehearsal. The maestro then calls upon a young lady or gentleman to mount the stage, and announces the scene to be represented.

The acting is necessarily rather constrained, being only a rehearsal, and wanting the stimulus of lights, stage scenery and dress, and a large applauding audience. But the scene must be gone through as though all Paris were listening. A young gentleman in black frock coat and pantaloons, a son of M. Dupré sang with taste, and died admirably as Gennaro, in "Lucrezia Borgia," and the part of Lucrezia was sung and acted with great spirit by a young Jewess. The maestro stands at the farther end of the room, or comes forward and looks intently at the singers, instructing or encouraging by whisper, or half-suppressed gesture, "Un peu plus ferme, Mademoiselle!" or, "Courage!" or, "Bien!" And if the performance pleases him, he leans, intent and wrapt in musical thought, against the piano, with his face towards the audience.

I heard a number of admirable voices. There were evidences of careful training and method, that showed a master's instructions. There was a bass voice of wonderful power—a German named Müller, I believe—who will ere long make a great sensation on the stage. His rendering of the part of Bertram in a scene from "Robert le Diable" was excellent, and deservedly applauded. His face and figure, too, suited the part, and the notes of his voice, besides being powerful, were uttered as clearly, and well-separated as if he were an ophecleide or a contrabasso.

The young ladies all acquitted themselves well. One of them, a niece of M. Dupré, did herself great credit in a scene from the "Couronne des Diamants." But the best of all was Mademoiselle Pauline Vauveri, a name not unknown in England, and destined to high reputation on the continent ere long. Mademoiselle Vauveri has the advantage of being both French and English by birth. But the temperament of her voice, which is a rich and nearly faultless mezzo-soprano, indicates but little of French origin. Her tones are full, mellow, clear, of great power and sweetness. The quality of her voice shows to excellent advantage by contrast to the somewhat thin

yet brilliant tones of most of the French voices. She is fitted both to the high tragic and to the simple ballad. The gay and the comic do not suit her style or temperament, which incline to the serious, the grand, but equally to the tender and pathetic. One would prefer hearing her, not in Verdi, nor even Rossini, so well as in Handel, Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert. But then, too, I have heard her render a simple English ballad with the most appreciative understanding of its spirit. Few persons who have heard her in the somewhat hackneyed song of Kathleen Mavourneen can forget how she seemed to breathe a new soul into the old melody so heartlessly sung to death by thousands of school-misses. Mlle. Vauneri is a true artist, and has an entire appreciation of the higher standards. Her training has been thorough and in the best school. To the natural color felt in her tones she has added, by earnest feeling and earnest practice, the most artistic *light and shade*; so that to hear her is like looking at a study after Titian and the Venetians.

THE ORPHEONISTS AND THEIR CONCERTS.

The Orpheonists have given three "monster" concerts of the Palais de l'Industrie, October 18, 20, and 22. The programme announces eight thousand singers. But at the last concert, the only one I attended, I could not make out a choir of much over one thousand. In fact there was hardly room for many more in the singers' seats. The immense glass covered court or centre of the Palais de l'Industrie, in which these concerts were given, is, I should judge, about six or seven hundred feet long. About half of the area is occupied by benches, and the remainder left for standers and promenaders. At the western end are the organ, singers and orchestra. With the exception of two orchestral pieces, the overture to "Semiramide" and the march from "Tannhäuser," the performance consisted of choral singing.

These Orpheonists come from all parts of France. There were fifty-four departments represented at these concerts. Their singing is very effective and popular, and the large, well-lit, airy building well suited to it. It is, however, of such vast length that half way down, in the standing parterre, is will not do to watch the leader's baton, for as the sound does not reach the ear at the same instant that you see the baton rise and descend, it seems as if the singers were lagging behind the conductor; and if you go to the extreme end, the conductor seems lagging behind the singers. There is a mid-way point where conductor and singers seem to coincide. The orchestra was from the First and Second Regiments of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard. At the conclusion of the performances there was a distribution of prizes or rewards for the best singing.

Mr. Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas."

(From "The Times" of Tuesday, Oct. 29th.)

THREE more performances of *Ruy Blas* have helped to confirm the good opinion derived from a first hearing, and briefly recorded at the time. Some curtailments have been made which might not have been found requisite but for a *lever de rideau* in the shape of the one-act operetta called *The Marriage of Georgette*, with the merits of which our readers are acquainted, and which, since the opening night, has been added to the attractions of the bill. By this means we are deprived of a remarkably clever trio and two of the prettiest songs in the opera, as well as a considerable portion of the second finale, and of the duet between the Queen and Ruy Blas upon which the curtain falls. The trio occurs in an essentially dramatic situation—that where Don Sallust has overheard Ruy Blas confess to Don Cesar de Bazan his secret passion for the Queen, and could therefore ill be dispensed with. The first song—"Tis sweet to roam on summer night"—an arietta for Casilda, the chief maid of honor, besides being pleasing and full of character, afforded the only opportunity of display for that deserving favorite, Miss Thirlwall; while the second—"Home of my youth"—for the Queen, a very charming ballad, charmingly rendered by Miss Louisa Pynne, was certainly a fairer specimen of its composer's inventive powers than its luckier compan-

ion—"A sympathising heart"—which, notwithstanding the applause it evokes, and the drawing-room popularity it is tolerably safe to win, has no pretensions whatever to novelty. As Mr. Howard Glover's music is throughout written with evident purpose, and falls into a clear and consistent plan, it is to be hoped that on some favorable opportunity the more important passages now omitted may be restored to their proper place in the opera.

The original French piece has been considerably abridged in order to bring it within the conditions of an operatic "libretto;" nevertheless, it still remains too much of a drama *per se* to meet advantageously the legitimate ends of an entertainment in which music is intended to be the principal medium of expression. There is a superabundance of dialogue; and, although Mr. Harrison delivers all he has to speak with invariable judgment and well-studied emphasis—like an actor, in short, rather than an ordinary singer—much more is set down for him than was indispensable to the satisfactory development of so familiar a plot. This is possibly the only fault with which Mr. Glover's libretto can fairly be taxed.

One of the causes why Mr. Howard Glover's opera attracts, and is likely to attract more and more the oftener it is heard, may be traced to an absence of conventionality which endows the music with a certain freshness both grateful and pleasing. Like some of the most prolific of his compatriots, he falls, here and there, into a style of melodic phraseology which, through long acceptance, has become hackneyed—a marked instance of this being exhibited in the so much admired ballad of "A sympathising heart," which will probably find an echo in every heart that has not been taught to sympathise with more finished models; but such occasional derelictions from the high standard of independence are merely exceptions to the general rule. Take, for instance, the least ambitious "numbers" in the score—the ballads (bearing in mind the one we have thought fit to condemn to the index *expurgatorius*); these, in the majority of cases, are not alone intrinsically beautiful, but new in form as well as in idea. "Beside her lattice every night," where Ruy Blas, narrates to Don Cesar the incident of the flowers; "Holy Mother! Virgin mild!" the Queen's appeal to Heaven at the end of her soliloquy to the bouquet and letter, which she has received from her unknown adorer; and "Could life's dark scene be changed for me!" her response to the declaration of Ruy Blas, at the interview in the Council Chamber, are all three felicitous examples of graceful melody combined with well wrought out expression—the last, indeed, a perfect gem. Then, for "characteristic" pieces, the omitted arietta of Casilda, already mentioned, and the song of the Duchess of Alberquerque, "Where a husband's eye must fail," may both be cited as excellent in their way—the first as a romance of sentiment (true sentiment, we mean, not pathos); the last, in spite of a slight resemblance, at the commencement, to Bertha's quaint song in the *Barbiere*, as a genuine comic air, both devoid of any touch of common-place and both eminently pretty. "Never on earth we meet again," the song of Ruy Blas in the fourth act, though not a match for the specimens adduced, is a sufficiently tuneful ballad of the more everyday pattern. In all, it should be added, scholar-like accompaniments, seldom if ever over-labored, and careful orchestral coloring—occasionally new, always effective and well balanced—form appropriate aids to the expression. But to have done with the smaller pieces, the part-song for female voices at the opening of Act II.—"We have wandered through the gardens"—is as fresh and sparkling as could be wished, sinning only on the side of extreme conciseness. We are not quite sure, by the way, whether this part song would not sound better in a lower key; at any rate, it is worth reconsideration. The more elaborate airs—or "scenas," to use the recognised vocabulary—are of unequal merit. That of Don Sallust, "My heart with rage is swelling," opens very impressively, with a fine declamatory movement, to which the succeeding *allegro*—"Vengeance, vengeance!"—although clever and spirited, is hardly a satisfying climax. The "scena" allotted to Ruy Blas in the first act—"Ambition's early golden dreams had flown"—has at least the merit of exclusive originality of shape; but this originality is carried out to such an extent as in some degree almost to warrant the charge of shapelessness. It is, no doubt, interesting from beginning to end, while the plaintive and the picturesquely instrumented introduction, a quotation from the overture—to say nothing of one or two other essentially melodious phrases—would plead eloquently in its favor against any reasonable discharge of critical argument. As good as most of the vocal solos that have been named, perhaps, and for uncommon treatment in the orchestral accompaniments superior to any, is the very first piece allotted to the Queen—

"In the stillness of night"—where the Royal victim of political expediency describes the terror and aversion with which the idea of Don Sallust at all times inspires her. Here the fiddles "muted" have to execute florid passages, as in the overture to *Dienerh.*

This, however, is the only thing it possesses in common with Meyerbeer's work. Mr. Glover has apparently aimed at producing a sort of romance in the manner of Schubert—undisputed king of romance composers; and if so he has succeeded—without, let it be understood, being indebted to Schubert for a solitary phrase, or even the fragment of a phrase.

The Queen's "scena" may be presumed to comprise a prayer ("Holy mother," &c.), the reading of the letter, and the florid air, "Why then for such loving care," which would thus officiate in the place of what Italian musicians term the "cabalette." This "cabalette," however, if for such it can be accepted, beyond the medium it provides for the exhibition of Miss Louisa Pynne's wonderful facility as an executant of rapid florid passages in the higher regions of the vocal scale, and a certain piquant fluency, which is never in effective, contains little that is musically interesting. Coming, too, directly after the impressive and beautiful prayer, it sounds altogether out of place, and by no means presents a true idea of the revulsion of feeling which leads the Queen from despair to hope, and induces her to look to her unknown worshipper as to a messenger sent from above for her protection.

The concerted music in *Ruy Blas* sometimes rises very high, and occasionally borders on the trivial; but that, where the sentiment to be conveyed is deepest, and where the dramatic "stand-point" is most absorbing, Mr. Glover should have been most uniformly successful augurs well for his career as a composer for the theatre. In the most trying situations of the opera, we find dramatic power and musical elevation pretty evenly sustained, with an occasional lapse, which suggests, however, rather the notion of hurried composition than of anything less condonable. Take, as a case in point, the duet with the Queen (Act III.) immediately preceding the ballad, "Could life's dark scene," &c. The opening, for *Ruy Blas*, is more appropriately a passage for fiddles than for the voice; nor is it in any sense remarkably suggestive; but the rest is perfect from end to end; and one lengthened melodious phrase, first given out by the Queen, to the words, "Oh, rapturous hour, away with fear," is as exquisite as it is novel. The "ensemble" that follows—for the two voices together (ingeniously constructed on what is technically called a "pedal-bass")—is scarcely less engaging. Again, in the vigorous, energetic, and thoroughly dramatic duet between *Ruy Blas* and Don Sallust, which brings down the curtain some what abruptly (in consequence of inattention to the "stage direction" of the libretto, which summons back the council and nobles to take a prominent interest in what is passing) at the end of Act III., one passage alone sinks beneath the admirably effective level of the rest. This is the kneeling petition of *Ruy Blas* to Don Sallust, on behalf of the unoffending Queen. Here we find the sentiment of the petition not only too hastily expressed, but in a manner almost trenching upon common-place. Another duet, in which the interview between the cousins "De Bazan"—Don Sallust and Don Cesar—is portrayed displays an excellent comic vein, includes a capital phrase of declamation, where the ragged Don Cesar, while confessing to the mild misdemeanor of highway robbery ("taking a purse from o'erstocked wealth," &c.), indignantly refuses to participate in his richly-clad cousin's designs against a woman, and is otherwise telling and spirited. But where concerted music, independent of chorus, is concerned, the most striking scene of the whole—and that precisely in the part which would naturally tax most severely the powers of a composer whose aim is to unite the dramatic with the musical element—is the last. The trio for the Queen, *Ruy Blas*, and Don Sallust, "Too true were my forebodings," is unquestionably, the completest, the most expressive, and the best developed piece in the entire work. The way in which the individuality of Don Sallust is made to stand out from the canvas in this trio, and to contrast with the two "guileless hearts" his machinations have condemned to perdition, is alike poetically conceived and ingeniously accomplished. But the scene is everywhere powerfully wrought, and even the "tremendous header" which Mr. Santley takes over the terrace-balcony—not voluntarily, like Curtius and Mr. Bourricault, but involuntarily, like the victims hurled from the Tarpeian rock—fails in any degree to lessen the interest of the audience in the final issue. The dying apostrophe of *Ruy Blas* contains a passage, "In heaven we shall meet again," so tender, so appealing, and marked by such genuine melody, that it seems a pity it should constitute only a

fragment of a long concerted piece, instead of being set, like a precious miniature, in a frame exclusively its own. The choral music, of various degrees of written, and the judicious reticence which renders it amenable to the general effect. The chorus in *Ruy Blas* is not a chorus of moralizing and philosophical commentators, as in the Greek tragedies and some more modern instances, nor a chorus of handed revolutionists, as in *Musiniello* and *Guillaume Tell*, nor a chorus of spirits chanting

"Schwindel, ihr dunkeln
Wölben droben," &c.—

like that with which Mephistopheles sends the unspici-ous Faust to sleep, but a chorus of ingenuous lookers-on, who, when not engaged in marching, dancing, or such like congenial pastimes, are unconscious partners in the dramatic action, upon which they exercise no visible influence. Mr. Glover, nevertheless, by the aid of pure musical talent, has made the choral element appear anything but insignificant. For the introduction to Act I. he has induced the nobles and miscellaneous courtiers to express the little they have to express in cheerful and tuneful strains, a trifle French in color, but not for that the less attractive. Oscar, the page, too sings a pleasant ditty, ("Gentleman, what would you learn?") in response to which the ladies and cavaliers of the palace—eager to know all about the secret of the Prime Minister on the point of degradation, and all about the cause of the Queen's anger—being "sold" by the malicious myrmidon, express their vexation, chorally, in an appropriately diverting manner. Then, during the same scene—all of which is supposed to take place in an apartment belonging to Don Sallust, who resides in the "Royal Palace"—there is a fête, in the course of which we have a vigorous, and brilliantly instrumental march, together with some delicious ballet-music, a mazurka, and a tarantella (neither legitimately "Spanish," by the way) in the last of which the chorus join with the liveliest effect. This all forms part of the finale to Act I., in which "Chorus" sings "Hail to the Queen" as heartily, and with as good will, as subsequently in the much more important introduction to Act III.—containing, by the way, a most admirably contrived concerted piece, where the chiefs of the Council, in anticipation of the arrival of Ruy Blas, now Duke of Olmedo and Prime Minister of Spain, give expression to their conflicting political sentiments—it "shouts" in praise of the new favorite and administrator, the supposititious Cesar de Bazan. In the finale to the second act, the most elaborate *morceaux d'ensemble* of the opera, commencing with a fine sextet for the principal characters and suffering materially through the omission of the choral protest, "What means this insult to the King of Spain?"—induced by the incident of the Queen's tearing in pieces the laconic epistle of her Royal "betrothed"—struck out (to afford time for the decent celebration of Georgette's nuptials?) after the first performance—the chorus has a more important part to play than elsewhere, and Mr. Glover shows himself fully equal to portray with truth and dramatic effect the conflicting emotions of excited masses. Nowhere has the evident design of the composer been prejudiced more materially than by this important excision.

In the foregoing rapid survey, we have inevitably omitted specifying several pieces (two of the most attractive, indeed—viz.: the trio "Beauteous lady," where Oscar, afterwards reproached by the rigid and stanch duenna, recites his love verses before the Queen, and the *duettino* between Ruy Blas and his Royal mistress, "She looks on me, she speaks to me," directly preceding the finale—both in the second act); but enough has been adduced to show that, if in *Ruy Blas* we have an opera of unequal merit, almost as full of hasty and unfinished work as of genuine and unquestionable beauties, as under the mark in one place, as it is ripely considered and masterly in another, we may, at any rate, honestly welcome a comparatively young and a decidedly promising laborer in a field which has hitherto among us been able to boast of very few entirely successful husbandmen—a musician, in short, who affords undeniable evidence, not only of love for his art, but of the rare gift to make it subservient to poetical expression—in sober truth, a new dramatic composer. Mr. Howard Glover did not want *Ruy Blas* to prove to the world that he was an able musician; but it has helped him to address a vaster public than it was ever his lot to address till now; and we are much in error if he has not succeeded in enlisting a more than common interest, if by no other means than the enviable gift of melody, which he undoubtedly possesses. He will, we believe, produce better things than *Ruy Blas*; but he must always—even although, like Auber, he should compose operas till he is nearly eighty—look back with gratitude to *Ruy Blas*, as his earliest passport to the absolutely indispensable sympathy of the crowd."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

October 30. — The event so long looked forward to with keen curiosity, if not with any vast expectations by the musical public of Paris, namely, the production of Gluck's *Alceste*, has at length taken place. Your readers, probably much more learned than I in musical history, need only be reminded that this work of the great composer of the last century was the least successful of his productions, and was at first received with a degree of coldness and apathy by the public which excited the indignation of Mozart, then not yet twenty, who was in Paris at the time, and who is reported to have thrown his arms round Gluck's neck, and to have exclaimed, "Hearts of stone! what will make them feel?" To which the composer replied, "Make yourself easy, my little fellow, in thirty years hence they will do me justice." Long before thirty years had elapsed, however, *Alceste* was considerably better appreciated by the public, but never attained a degree of success equal to that of *Iphigénie*, of *Armide*, or of *Orphée*. Since its first production in 1776, *Alceste* has been various times revived, but it has always been received with very moderate signs of approbation, notwithstanding the great abilities of the singers by whom the chief parts were executed; among whom may be mentioned Mesdames Saint-Huberty and Branchin, and MM. Lainé and Nourrit, father and son. Under these circumstances it was not likely that *Alceste* would very profoundly stir the feelings or excite the admiration of the public, especially in the absence of any artist of commanding abilities and with the principal part transposed from a soprano to a contralto. The reverence which is either felt or affected for the monuments which mark the early development and progress of art now supplies the place of that direct interest which a work must excite to be really and truly successful even on a moderate scale; and perhaps for a time the sensation created by Gluck's *Alceste* will not be inferior to the very temperate effect produced by it on the feelings of the audience when the style in which it is written was more familiar or better appreciated. All judges concur in pronouncing Mad. Viardot's performance of *Alceste* a comparative failure, notwithstanding the frequent bursts of dramatic power and pathos which it displays. The essential characteristic of the part is womanly love, and to its expression the thrilling and impassioned accents of a soprano voice are indispensable. The subject of *Alceste* is already gloomy and monotonous enough, which indeed is in all likelihood the source of its comparative ill success, and this drawback is naturally increased by this substitution. The part of Admetus, sung by M. Michot, was not altered from the original register, but it required a voice of more volume and expression, and an actor capable of sustaining with greater dignity and effect the dramatic situations. The orchestra proved remarkably efficient, but it was observed that the choruses were not quite so perfect in the execution. Some attribute this to the employment of the new electrical metronome, but this, no doubt, if it be so attributable, arises from a want of practice in the use of the instrument rather than to the failure of the invention.

At the Italian Theatre we have had *Marta* to continue the *débuts* of Signor Delle Sedie and those of Mad. Volpini, a soprano of whom many speak most favorably. The former artist advances still further in the good graces of the public; and with Mad. Albini and Signor Mario, in their accustomed parts, M. Flotow's opera altogether fared passing well. Poor Signor Benvenuto has given up his engagement. Peace be to his memory!

I can favor you with some details not perhaps altogether known to your readers respecting the musical performances on the occasion of the coronation of the king of Prussia. First and foremost as to the march composed expressly for this national solemnity by Meyerbeer. It was first struck up at the moment the royal *cortège*, issuing from their majesty's apartment, appeared upon the platform. The military bands to whom its execution was assigned were placed, one portion on the terrace which forms the roof of the Schloss, and the other in the grand court. The largeness of style, dramatic power, and all the other striking and brilliant qualities of the *maestro*, are said to shine in this work as conspicuously as in his most celebrated productions, and the effect of these grand and inspiring flourishes striking the air high above the heads of the auditors and filling it with harmonious sounds, was indescribably impressive. When the *cortège* re-appeared on its return upon the gallery erected across the court-yard, the strains of Meyerbeer's march again burst forth. In

the evening the royal guests were assembled in the Muscovite hall to listen to a concert in which the most distinguished artists of Berlin took part. More than two thousand persons were present at this entertainment, the programme of which was as follows: 1st. Overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven); 2d. Chorus from *Judas Maccabæus* (Handel); 3d. "Ave Verum" (Mozart), sung by the cathedral choir; 5th. Grand scena from *Orpheus* (Glück) sung by Mad. Wagner; 5th. Overture to *Struensee* (Meyerbeer); 6th. Psalm by Creutzer, "It is the Lord's day"; 7th. March of Priests from *Athalie* (Mendelssohn); 8th. Coronation Psalm (Handel). The orchestra was presided over by M. Taubert, in the absence of Meyerbeer, who, all your readers will regret to hear, if they have not already heard, is confined at home in Berlin. A swelling of the legs is the chief symptom of his illness, but from what cause does not transpire. That there is nothing serious in his ailment, and that the skill of the German physicians will speedily overcome it, must be the sincere wish of all, whether the great composer is known to them only through his works, or they have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with his many amiable and distinguished qualities as a man. While the guests of the King of Prussia were sojourning at Königsberg, the *Huguenots* and the *Zauberflöte* were performed at the theatre; and on the grand night, when their Majesties the King and Queen attended in state, the new opera by the composer of *Martha* was executed, the title of which is—being translated—*The Miller of Meran*. The house, it is needless to say, was completely crammed, and the audience honored M. Flotow's work with numerous bursts of applause. In Berlin, on the day of the coronation, the German Opera produced Gluck's *Armide*, and on the day of the King's entry into the city, after his solemn investiture with the emblems of royalty, Spontini's opera *Nurmahal* was performed. This work, which has been long a stock piece, was selected for this occasion on account not only of the great beauties it contains, but of the amount of pomp and show in the scenery and *mise en scène* of which it admits. It is interesting to relate that the widow of the composer was present on this occasion.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN. NOV. 25.—Agreeable to the bare announcement, Rossini's "immortal opera," *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, was given in this city, last Wednesday night, at "Allyn Hall," with Madame HINKLEY-SUSINI, as *Rosina*, BRIGNOLI as *Count Almaviva*, SUSINI as *Dr. Bartolo*, MANCUSI as *Figaro*, and BARILLI as *Don Basilio*; with ANCHUTZ as Conductor. What with large posters and bigger promises, with *soaping* and *lathering* us provincials up to our very eyes with "great expectations," I must say that the "Barber" on the occasion, was an immense *shave*. How under the sun a "work" can be called "immortal," (*vide* hand-bills) after having undergone such a barberous cutting and hacking up as this received on the evening above mentioned, I cannot conceive—it could not survive an hour after such a torturous treatment! Hand-books of the opera were readily sold to people throughout the crowded house, and "people throughout the crowded house" were in return just as readily sold during the progress of the opera, for to those who possessed the "books of the opera," it seemed no more than a child's game of "hide and seek," the performers skipping here and there at random in the libretto, and then calling upon the audience to find out where they were singing. And so it went the whole evening.

But never mind, we had a large portion of the original opera, and that which we *did* have was very good. Of course the orchestra was small—"home production" mostly—which would naturally make some difference in the enthusiasm of a singer—and that may account for the lack of exertion in Madame Susini's singing and acting—and the same might be said of Brignoli, whose continuous "head tones" were a poor substitute for that splendid, high "chest voice" which he possesses. Mancusi did his part well as *Figaro*—although we have seen and heard much better renderings of this difficult *rôle*. Susini, as usual, was capital, both in voice and in action—

filling everybody with delight with the rich tones which he produced. Last, but not by any means least, was Barili, whose dramatic efforts, as well as vocal, were exceedingly fine—nor were they lost upon the audience—for every note and action was thoroughly appreciated. A finer delineation of the scheming *Don Basilio* is rarely seen. Anschütz did wonders with the Grand Piano and the few musicians he could muster; but then you know, he is a host in himself. So much for the "Barber of Seville" in Hartford.

Thursday night we were treated to two *morceaux*—"Les Noces de Jeannette," and "Betty." In "Les Noces," we had Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG in the sprightly character of *Jeannette*, and Mons. DUBREUIL as *Jean*; and, for the "orchestra," the indispensable Grand, with the indispensable ANSCHÜTZ to conduct it. I dislike very much to speak of Miss Kellogg in any way which might seem to disparage the fine performances of Madame SUSINI, for the latter has hosts of friends in Hartford; but the rounds of continued applause which greeted the former upon her appearance on the stage that evening, in the character of *Jeannette*, were a spontaneous and heart-felt token of the appreciation which the Hartford people have of her genius, her talents, and her wonderful powers as a singer. She was most enthusiastically applauded in everything she sang; and in the delicious "Sewing Song,"—"Cours, mon aiguille," was rapturously *encored*, bouquets being thrown, as also after the difficult and most bewitching "Air Du Rosignol," (Nightingale Song,) which was an astonishing exhibition of vocal culture.

At the close of the operetta, Miss Kellogg was called before the curtain and received the renewed plaudits of the whole house. I have well nigh forgotten Mons. DUBREUIL, who proved himself a thorough artist—singing and acting charmingly.

Now comes Donizetti's beautiful little opera, *Betty*—full of light, pretty music—and delightfully sung by Mme. SUSINI, BRIGNOLI and SUSINI. All did much better than the evening previous, Mme. Susini entering into the work with much more spirit than usual, while Brignoli was not at all sparing of his clear, ringing *di pecto* tones, which overlapped, with silvery tinge, the big, sonorous voice of Sig. Susini.

The whole evening was a complete success; and every one went away over and over satisfied with this fourth night of *quasi* opera in Hartford. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Chamber Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

It is hard to realize that we are in the midst of civil war.—that we are fighting the fight, perhaps the final one, of Civilization against a treacherous and arrogant pro-Slavery rebellion, with all its backward and Barbarian proclivities, when we can come together in peace and comfort, just as in the unsuspecting days, to meet the familiar music-loving faces, and listen to a concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Nothing perhaps in Boston could show so little change to one who went away not dreaming of what the year was to bring forth for us politically, as that quiet scene in Chickering's Hall, on Wednesday evening. There they were, the constant old habitués, the faithful ones, whose presence has been identified with the Quintette concerts from the beginning and throughout their twelve years' history—at least enough of them there were to make it seem the same sphere and the same life, until one began to look for others who

were not there. There was the usual greeting and looking round for mutual recognition and congratulation on the return of a new season of quiet intellectual pleasures. There was about the old average number of people—a couple of hundred or so—with the hum of cheerful expectation, with the curious scrutiny and glad counting in of each new comer. There was the pleasant little Hall, so full of light—as good as new, though, to the returned wanderer who writes; there was the last new Grand Piano on the stage, and soft steps moving about to make all ready, and sounds of tuning from the little side room; and there too, at last, were the familiar faces of the musicians;—two only, WOLF FRIES and RYAN, whose membership dates back to the beginning of the Club; and two, SCHULTZE, the smiling leader, and MEISEL, second violin, who have identified themselves with its fortunes during the last three or four years. The fifth is a new comer, and we are presently to record his debut.

And why should it not be so? Why shall not the inspiring thoughts, the beautiful spirit language, the harmonizing influences of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, claim their full share of attention, be enjoyed and felt as well now as in more peaceful times? Is music a plaything, or a soul's necessity? The real music-lover will not hesitate about the answer. The times of course demand much of sterner work; the best things in the long run must sometimes be postponed to what is best (that is, necessary) for the time being. But whatever stern work is required of us, whatever rough necessities of war are forced upon us peaceful and peace-loving people, we cannot forget that peaceful things are all the while the real end of life, and we must carry on a settled life of some sort, in times of war as well as of peace. Our fight is for Civilization; and we do well therefore to keep up all the civilizing elements and influences, and let all the sweet flowers blow, and wholesome fruits ripen, that we can, amid the storm. We must shelter all the seeds and nurseries of Civilization, of true culture and humanity, all the more jealously while the storm rages and while we are compelled to take up the weapons which hopeful Christian progress would fain have laid down forever and forgotten as entirely as the extinct monster races of the early geological periods. Called to fight for peaceful arts and influences, we must, at the same time, cherish and increase them where we can. True to the sterner duty, let us not forget the other also.

And so it naturally works. We are a human, a peace-loving, Christian people. We have found fine Arts, as well as sciences and industries, good for our souls, good for us socially—useful, indispensable—nay attributes and glories of a Free state as distinctive from a state of Slavery. We have not loved music from sheer idleness; it has been earnest breath of life to us. And so we contrive to make room for it even now, and allow the hot chambers of our straightened anxious life a little of its wholesome ventilation even in those dark days of the nation's trial. The traveller returning from abroad, therefore, was not surprised, in setting foot again in dear old Boston, and taking up a newspaper, to find a column full of opera and concert advertisements. We have accepted the crisis; we have chosen our part; we are in to the last drop of life blood,

to the last dollar of our means, for the principles of freedom and humanity on which all our peaceful institutions rest. Having settled so much and taken up the war in earnest, we know that God will give us victory, will save his own good cause; and so we can dismiss the paralyzing doubts and fears, which did beset us with the first vague omens of the strife; we can thank God for a clear and hopeful crisis, in place of the suppressed poison, which by creeping "compromises" was silently and surely taking possession of the very vitals of our whole glorious system; and, while meeting the exigencies of the crisis in a manly way, we can still provide for a little genial life in our homes, and keep the sacred fires of Art and Education burning. Moreover, he is a poor worker who cannot play also. Mistrust the earnestness of that man, who cannot relax into genial social ways. It were a poor economy for the war, to think of nothing else; to hug to ourselves only that one anxious thought. For the strength and health of the whole body politic we need diversions and enjoyments. These were hardly possible in the first anxious and alarming days; no one could afford music then, for who knew what he could afford? No mind was free for any thought but one. But now our course is settled, and we sink back to some extent into the old wholesome settled ways of life. We must renounce much, make many sacrifices, bear many griefs, but we should not deserve success, nor be in half so fair a way to win it, if we refused God's sunshine. We need Art and Music all the more, now that the existence of all this is threatened. Let us keep these good angels on our side. Therefore it is nothing strange, nothing derogatory to the right temper of the times, that we can still raise an audience for the Quintette Club.

Of the Concert itself—the first of this *thirteenth* season—we must speak briefly. The programme was pretty much after the old pattern, containing not much of novelty, but some of the good old favorites, which made us feel the more at home.

1. Quartet, in D. No. 8. op. 18. Beethoven
Allegro—Andante con moto—Allegro—Finale, Presto.
2. Second Piano Trio, in C. minor, op. 86. . . . Mendelssohn
Allegro energico—Andante espressivo—Molto Allegro—Finale, Allegro appassionato.
3. Fantasia, and Variations for Flute, on "God Save the Emperor. Heilmeyer
4. Quintet, in E minor, op. 8. Niels Gade
Introduction and Allegro Espressivo—Allegretto—Presto, Finale, Adagio and Allegro.

After a hearty welcome, Mr. Schultze and his associates gave us a taste of Beethoven's early period and his happiest hours, which was much relished. The Quartet in D has not been made quite so familiar here, as some others of the set of six included in Op. 18. There were beauties to be recalled, and new ones to be hailed for the first time by each of us in the four well contrasted movements of its perfectly clear artistic whole. The Allegro, in which the poet as it were throws his head back in his arm-chair and yields himself up to the inflowing of pleasant, graceful fancies, all so orderly and sweet; the deep, tranquil, full tide of the Andante, rich in harmony; the too short sportive sunshine of the Minuetto; and the swift Finale, verging upon a whirling Tarantella ecstasy in some parts, were followed with eager interest. The rendering was very good, although the instruments, hardly yet warmed into full consent and sympathy, stood out a little too barely individual. Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, one of his most important master

works, embodying all the traits of his peculiar originality,—his midsummer fairy vein and his large, religious fervor and grandeur included—gave us opportunity to see how greatly Mr. B. J. LANG, always clever, has improved his uncommon talent for the piano. He played it with perfect clearness and marked, intelligent emphasis. Perhaps, considering the great power of the instrument he played on, he did not humor it so as to get out its best tone in the strong passages of the first movement; to our ear it was a little hard and heavy; but this impression disappeared in the sympathetic and truly "expressive" sounds of the Andante, and seldom returned to disturb us in the following movements. How grand and full of matter most inspiring, that last, *Allegro appassionato*, is! He was well seconded by the violin and cello. This piece made the great impression of the evening.

The flute Fantasia was for the introduction of the new member of the Club, Mr. ROBERT GOERING, who is to fill the useful place (especially for their out-of-town concerts) of one available for a second violin in the Quintets, and a contrast of tone in opera arrangements and lighter pieces needing color. The piece played was of the usual pattern of parade pieces for the Flute—in which Flute, breath, fingers, tongue, count as ingredients 99 per cent., and Music one per cent:—slow and solemn introduction, empty as solemn, impressing its utterances with *trilling* emphasis; a theme, plainly given (Austrian National hymn), and then seriously tortured with all sorts of variations of delightful difficulty; a Coda; and—immense applause. The gentleman showed himself a rare proficient in all this business, and indeed an excellent flute player. His tone is full and clear, his execution neat and equal to all difficulties and graces. In a *staccato* variation he gave a specimen of continued rapid *double-tonguing*, which we should think might have worn out a tongue not made of steel.

The Quintet by Gade is a very pleasing, dreamy and poetic composition, full of the usual seashore reverie of that composer, who never reaches, but continually suggests, such Mendelssohnian creations as the "Hebrides" overture, the first and second movements of the "Scotch Symphony," &c. It is rich and full in harmony, flows on naturally and smoothly, a good accompaniment to sweet-sad thoughts; and it was finely rendered. The Club have in store for us some of the wondrous Quartets of Beethoven's latter period, and other good things, new and old, and, after this auspicious beginning, will, we doubt not, win us back more and more to music, in spite of this rebellious interruption and defiance to the gentler genius of our century.

SECOND SOIREE OF MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD & EICHBERG. — We sincerely regret that it was not possible for us to make one of the handful of listeners, whom the storm of Saturday permitted to attend the concert of three artists so accomplished and so earnest in their several spheres, as the gentlemen just named. The assistance of the ORPHEUS CLUB, too, made our loss the more provoking. As it is, we can only record the programme. We were none the less eager to hear the "Kreutzer" Sonata again, now that we have heard both Joachim and David play in it, the former with Clara Schumann.

- PART I.
1. Hymne an die Musik. Lachner
 2. Sonata, (Violin and Piano, op. 47. Beethoven
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
 3. { a Der Nussbaum. Schumann
b Mondnacht.
c Widmung.
- A. Kreissmann.
- PART II.
1. Türkisches Schenkenspiel. Mendelssohn
Orpheus.
 2. { a Meeresstille. By R. Franz,
b Der Bote. arranged for Piano
c Der Rosebusch. by Liszt.
 3. Duet, Jaseonda. Spohr
Messrs. Kreissmann and Jansen.
 4. Theme and Variations from Sonata No. 14, in F major,
for Violin and Piano. Mozart
 5. { a Gondellied. Gade
b Lieb und Wein. Mendelssohn
Orpheus.

We hope better luck *this* evening, at the third concert. The programme is particularly inviting. A Trio by Schubert, in which MOLLENHAUEN, violoncellist, will assist Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard; a Beethoven Sonata for cello and piano; a part of Beethoven's Trio, op. 70: a *Siciliano* by Bach, and an Adagio by Spohr, by Mr. Eichberg; one of Beethoven's "Scotch Songs" (see letter from Mr. Thayer on another page) and three Franz songs, by Mr. Kreissmann.

Italian Opera.

Mr. ULLMAN, during the present week has given us a little taste of opera; a sort of foretaste of what we may enjoy in the future, if we do our whole duty by him, two of these performances being for the benefit of the manager himself, in order to enable him to carry out his plans for our future delight.

Un Dillo in Maschera, which was given on Monday night, was surely not the opera that we should have selected to draw a full house for our own benefit in Boston, nor could we conscientiously have recommended it to Mr. Ullman for his. Pleasant enough to hear, it does not excite enthusiasm in any class of hearers, and as the novelty of it has worn off, it did not attract the packed house which so important an object as Mr. Ullman had in view, demanded, although quite a large audience was present.

The cast presented some changes from that of the last season, of which none were calculated to add to its attractiveness, if we except the appearance of Miss KELLOGG, in a new character, (Amelia), which of course was an interesting feature in the performance. It is a hard task for a young singer to assume a part with which so accomplished an artist as Mad. Colson is entirely identified, but Miss Kellogg stood the test bravely. Her voice has developed considerably since the last season, improving in volume and flexibility, while it has lost none of its good traits.

Some of the music is too low for her voice to give with due force, but in the higher passages she sang with brilliant effect, giving *all* the music of the part, some of which Colson usually omitted. She showed the same grace and ease of action which we have formerly noted as being natural to her, we might say inborn, although this character, so monotonously tragic, is not one best fitted for her powers. When the essentials are so good, it is perhaps ungracious to speak of mere accessories, but we could not help wishing her a more becoming toilet, both in the colors and the make of her dresses, which were singularly ill adapted to her graceful and slender figure.

Miss HINKLEY (now Signora SUSINI) has also improved in voice since we last saw her on the stage. She looks the pretty page as charmingly as ever, so that we almost pardon the indistinctness of enunciation of her melodious voice, which is of less consequence in delivering the flippant nonsense of the page than it might be in a more serious part.

Mad. STRAKOSCH sustained very capably the ungracious rôle of Ulrica, which neither Alboni nor Adelaide Phillips have been able to invest with much interest.

BRIGNOLI was all himself, in his very best estate; very good humored, unusually animated; in *perfect* voice. What more can be said?

Instead of Ferri as Renato we had MANCUSI, a new baritone; not very attractive. A careful painstaking singer, but having a dry, unsympathetic voice and an awkward and ineffective presence upon the stage.

BARILI and DUBREUIL, as before, personated the conspirators, Sam and Tom, and very effectively do they portray this couple, of evil omen, who perpetually haunt the scene with forebodings of its impending catastrophe. These characters could hardly be in better hands.

The choruses were as good as we usually are favored with, and the orchestra, under Mr. ANSCHUTZ, reliable and satisfactory.

On Tuesday, the benefit to Mr. Ullman must have been more substantial than on the first evening. The weather was fairer, the bill of fare offered novelties, and the house was well filled. *Les Noces de Jeannette*, a pretty French operetta, by Victor Massé, which has had much success in Paris during the last year, was first upon the programme, and was sung (in French) by Miss KELLOGG and M. DUBREUIL, there being but two characters. The plot is simple and the music pretty and decidedly French. Miss Kellogg had good opportunity for showing the remarkable facility of her voice and often brought down the house. The Nightingale song, with flute obligato accompaniment, was admirably sung, nor could the audience be contented without its repetition. Her action was sprightly, and dress unexceptionable and appropriate. Her by-play was exceedingly spirited and lively, and would have done no discredit to one whose speciality it was to act in French vaudeville. She was well seconded, moreover by Dubreuil, who acted with spirit and intelligence, giving the music quite acceptably, although his voice is not all that could be desired in a part where so much depends on him.

Then came Donizetti's *Betty*, another operatic trifle, of much the same character, containing many pretty passages, long familiar to concert goers. Miss Hinkley, Brignoli and Susini filled the characters. The libretto gave but little aid to the hearer, as the many cuts and alterations, rendered it quite impossible to follow the singers intelligently, trusting to its guidance. This too went off in an animated sprightly manner, Miss Hinkley being a quite charming Betty (on whose movements the interest chiefly turns,) while Brignoli and Susini were fairly entitled to their share of the applause with which the performance was rewarded.

Why do not the strolling companies of operatic "artists" take the hint that these performances give them, and, instead of treating us to concerts of hack-nied songs, in their vacations, give some of these pleasant operettas of which there are so many, French and Italian? A simple scene, and two or three singers, with an orchestra, is all that is needed, so that the trouble and expense of getting them up would be but trifling, while the novelty of the entertainment would be sure to attract audiences who are weary of the stale programmes offered by the givers of operatic concerts.

On Thursday evening Mad. COMTE BORCHARD was to appear as Lucrezia Borgia, but too late for notice this week.

Schubert's Musical Remains.

Although perfectly well aware that it is but a waste of time—even in the best of times—for me to give a notice in the *Journal of Music* of any fine collection of rare books or manuscripts on sale, even for less than auction prices—knowing well that not a reader, even when no rebellion is drawing upon his resources, will pay the slightest attention to such an announcement as that which I am going to make—still I will make it, on the principle that one should not weary in well doing. Moreover I will wait a few weeks before making the announcement in England and Paris, so that Boston, New York, &c., may have the first chance.

When Ferdinand Schubert died, two or three years since, he, like all teachers in Austria, necessarily left his family in very straightened circumstances. A mass of MSS. has been put into my hands to dispose of for that family's benefit, among which are several autographs of Franz Schubert. The most important of these are:

The complete orchestra Score of "Alphonso and Estrella," an opera in three acts begun Oct. 21, 1821, and ended Feb. 27, 1822.

Mass in G, in score, for four voices, small orchestra and organ with additional instruments by his brother Ferdinand.

An operatic chorus and air, scored for full orchestra. Half a dozen Songs.

There is much other music instrumental and vocal in the collection by him, but I cannot as yet decide whether it is written out by him, his brother or a copyist.

Any reasonable offer for the Opera, the Mass or the Chorus and Air, would be accepted—no price is fixed. My own choice would be to have them go together in some permanent, public library.

Vienna, Oct. 22, 1861.

A. W. T.

Letter from Trovator.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

VIENNA, Nov. 1, 1861.

Dresden has lately been ornamented with a statue of Von Weher cast in bronze and placed behind the elegant theatre. The location is not as good a one as might have been selected. The pedestal of the statue bears the simple words "Carl Maria von Weber."

The composer of "Oberon" lies buried in the cemetery at Dresden in a handsome, though not showy, family tomb, on which are inscribed the dates of his birth and death.

At Prague, where there is an admirable theatre, and they have just produced Gounod's "Faust," which is now making the tour of European lyrical stages; but it was my luck to reach these places on the off nights of the opera. Prague is a singularly beautiful place. An air of sad, barbaric grandeur seems to invest it. It is emphatically the city of statues. They stand in serried rows upon the roofs of all the buildings, they adorn the streets and public places, they guard the old bridge in numbers that would seem incredible. Do you remember the story in Arabian Nights of the Enchanted City of Marble? The Caliph Haroun Alraschid is led to it through the vagaries of certain magical fish whose eccentric behavior during the operation of frying is, to say the least, very surprising. The Caliph finds a city all marble, the people petrified and not a living soul to be seen. Now Prague, if the people would only desert it, would be an admirable representative of the enchanted city, so large is its population of statues. There are warriors with their swords on the battlements and casernes; saints with the cross and popes with the triple tiara stand in solemn silence upon the churches; and on that wondrous bridge are religious groups telling in silent stone the great story of the Christian faith. I think that no one who strolls over this bridge at twilight and observes the living and the sculptured forms he meets there can forget the scene. Here a saint gazes at the crucifix—here Christoforus bears the Holy Infant on his shoulders—here a holy hermit peers out from a cave—here a ghastly skeleton stands, a perpetual *memento mori*—here is the Madonna, holding on her knees the dead Christ—here is a Crucifixion, with a monk and a nun on either side, gazing in tearful anguish at the cross—and in the centre of all is the dying Christ, while on the pedestal which supports this last are the solemn words:

Oh! vos omnes qui transitis
per viam, attendite et
videte si est dolor
sicut dolor meus.

Then as they approach this statue all the passers-by, priests or soldiers, peasants or nobles, citizens or strangers, remove their hats in solemn reverence to the holy idea symbolized by this solemn statue on the bridge.

* * * * *

At Vienna I anticipated a series of musical treats, and my expectations were by no means fully met. I was disappointed to find that Strauss, the famous Strauss, and Musard, the gentlemanly Musard, instead of giving their celebrated concerts in superb and fashionable saloons, go around with their bands from one Beer Hall to another, as they may be engaged. Strauss is most often found at Schwender's, and Schwender's is nothing more than an immense guzzling shop, where the Viennese go to revel in beer and tobacco. To the guzzling shop are attached restaurants, a cheap theatre, a panorama, and a Ball Room; and here, instead of to elegant concert-rooms,

must you go to hear the ravishing strains of Strauss' Band. For every waltz a German seems to need a quart of beer, while he can enjoy an opera selection only in a cloud of pipe smoke.

That reminds one of the opera. It is not first-class at Vienna; at least, not as ultra first-class, not as A, No. 1 first-class, as you would expect in a city of such musical celebrity as Vienna. The building is absolutely shabby, but they have a novel arrangement in responding to the calls before the curtain. Instead of raising the curtain or instead of having the principal performers come out at the sides of the stage, the central part of the drop-curtain recedes, leaving a sort of alcove in which the performers may appear. I heard here Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, a peculiar and admirable work, the chief *onus* of which rests on the baritone, on this occasion a splendid singer and actor as you need wish to hear. His part of the old Water-carrier is semi-tragic and semi-comic, and affords full opportunity for vocal and histrionic display. There are two tenors and two sopranos in the piece, but they have no solos allotted them, so that the opera is by no means calculated to "show off" the singers; but several of the concerted pieces are most beautiful and effective.

The best music I heard at Vienna was in the fine old church of St. Augustin. The choir consisted of nearly a hundred men's voices, led by a dandyish-looking Kapelmeister, whose name begins with E—wretched being that I am, to remember only that letter of it—and the mass performed was by somebody else beginning with E. A superb mass it was, especially the Benedictus. Yet almost any music would sound superbly interpreted by such a choir. The voices were under the most perfect control, and the *pianissimo* of this large chorus was, my ears told me, never equalled in their remembrance. Why, this choir sang such a simple thing as the familiar tune known as the "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," with such exquisite taste that it was indeed an apple of gold set in a picture of silver. Our church choir singers would open their eyes as wide as saucers (and keep their mouths closely shut for shame) could they hear what this Viennese choir make out of "Sicily." Indeed, should the political troubles in America result in calling me to the permanent dictatorship of the Republic, my first care, after giving all my poor relations fat offices in remote quarters of the globe (and in unhealthy climates if possible), and hanging a few hundred traitors, will be to select about two thousand choir singers from all the States, and send them abroad at the Government expense. First they should learn how to really sing the Messiah choruses, under Costa, in London; then they should study the English Cathedral music, as sung at Wells Cathedral; then they should go to Russia and learn the service of the Greek Church as heard at St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg; then they should pass a year at Moscow, under the monks at the Donskoi Monastery; and going to Austria should finish under this excellent leader whose name begins with E; and then, returning to the Hub of the Universe, they would show Bostonians how "Sicily" can and should be sung.

At Vienna, I was fortunate enough to meet with that old friend of the readers of *Dwight's Journal*, the "Diarist." He showed me a great batch of originals and copies of letters of Beethoven, which, for the last ten years he had been engaged in collecting and arranging; and now there is a fair prospect that the long promised "Life" will be actually commenced. In the meantime the "Diarist" should be seen oftener in the columns of *Dwight's Journal*, for though a little unsound as regards Verdi, and by no means so enthusiastic as he ought to be about that angelic Donizetti, the "Diarist," I am sure, is missed as much by all the readers of *Dwight's* as he is by

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The young volunteer. Song. T. B. Bishop 25

A taking, off-hand composition, which will cheer and amuse a great many.

Fresh as a rose. Ballad. M. W. Balfe. 25

Balfe has written no new Opera this season but he has been busy furnishing the London Concert-Balladists with new Songs, in which he has been very successful. This Song has become a great favorite in England.

Farewell, we meet no more. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 25

A simple, but effective Quartet; just the thing to take up and read off at a chance social meeting of musical persons.

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An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's inimitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

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Port Royal grand march. C. Peterson. 25

Composed in commemoration of the recent great naval victory. It is a very good and effective March and should command a large sale.

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Pleasing Waltzes of medium difficulty.

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In Richards' usual brilliant style. The works of this author do not now need any introduction to our amateur piano-players, they are always welcome, and sure to please.

For Brass Band.

God save the President. Geo. F. Benkert. 1 00

For eight to fourteen pieces. Printed on cards, convenient for street use. This forms the forty-fourth number of a series of Brass-band Music, lists of which can be had of the publishers on application.

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THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimental lessons proceed with a regularity of precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are in a form to attract the attention and the selection of music, one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational Institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 505.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 10.

Mrs. Browning's Last Poem.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S VISIT TO ITALY, MAY, 1861.

1.

"Now give us lands where the olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard-row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sunless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

2.

"Give luc'der hills and intenser seas,"
Said the North to the South,
"Since ever by symbols and bright degrees
Art, childlike, climbs to the dear Lord's knees,"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God: 'He is certainly there,'"
Said the South to the North.

3.

"Yet oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South,
"—For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that
aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And oh, for a seer, to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North,
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

4.

The North sent therefore, a man of men,
As a grace to the South—
And thus to Rome came Andersen:
"—Alas, but must you take him again?"
Said the South to the North.

—Independent.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KERNSEL.

FRANZ (PETER) SCHUBERT was born on the 31st of January, 1797, at Vienna.

His father, Franz Schubert, was the son of a peasant from Neudorf in Moravia. Coming to Vienna from Sonnenstädt to pursue his studies, he became in 1784 assistant to his brother, who was a teacher in the Leopoldstadt; and two years afterward, his good school qualifications won for him the position of teacher in the parish of the *Heiligen 14 Nothhelfern* in the Lichtenthal suburb.

His first marriage, with Elizabeth Vitz of Silesia, was blessed with fourteen children, of whom only Ignaz, Ferdinand, Carl, Franz and Theresa lived.

His wife dying in the year 1813, he married again (in 1814) with Anna Müller of Vienna, and by this marriage he had five more children, of whom Maria, Josefa, Andreas and Anton lived.

Franz passed his childhood in his father's house; but neither this, nor the next period of his short life is marked by any important event immediately concerning him. Under the eyes of his parents, in the circle of his brothers and sisters, he grew up in those limited relations which characterize the existence of a poor schoolmaster blessed with a large family. His musical bias made itself remarked at the earliest age and on the slightest occasions. The child was particularly attached to a journeyman joiner, who knew how to take him to a place where there were pianos, upon which the little Schubert got through his first exercises without further introduction. Certainly his father took care to impart betimes to Franz, as he had done to the older sons, Ignaz and Ferdinand, the rudiments of general knowledge; and we may pass over his childhood's years the more lightly, since the seven-year-old boy already claims our full interest in a musical regard.

The first instruction in music, and indeed in violin playing, he had from his father, who had also taught the older sons, Ignaz and Franz, in the same branches. In piano playing Ignaz gave him the first introduction, and finally the choir-master (*regens chori*) Holzer undertook his farther development, both on the piano and in singing. Even at that time—Schubert was ten years old—Holzer regarded the knowledge of his young pupil with amazement and with tears of joy, and declared that it would be useless trouble to try to impart anything new to him, since he always knows it all before. "Often," said he, "have I watched him in silent wonder; if I wanted to teach him something new, he knew it already."

Being now eleven years old, and possessing a beautiful soprano voice, he let himself be employed as a solo singer and violinist in the choir of the Lichtenthal parochial church; and ear-witnesses assure us he performed with fine and just expression. He composed too at that time little songs, piano pieces, and even string quartets.

The father's efforts now succeeded in getting the boy into the imperial court chapel, whereby he obtained a place as pupil in the *Convict* (refectory). It was in October 1808, that Franz was presented for examination to the two court kapellmeisters, Salieri and Eibler, and the singing master Korner. When the other boys, who appeared for the same object, perceived the little Schubert, coming along, clad after the manner of the time in a light blue, almost whitish, coat, they thought that must be a miller's son and no mistake.

As might have been expected, Schubert's trial singing excited the admiration of the examiners; so excellently did he perform the task set him, that his admission as singing boy into the court chapel and as pupil into the *Convict* followed

without more ado; and the uniform, with the golden border on it, to whose splendor Schubert was not insensible, helped to reconcile the boy to the bitter parting for some time to come from all who had hitherto stood near to him in life.

He was now a singing boy in the imperial court kapelle; moreover, as he played the violin with tolerable facility, he was assigned to the little Convictists' orchestra so called, whose task it was in almost daily rehearsals to study some of the larger compositions, especially the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, and then the works of Beethoven, which were still regarded at that time with wonder, and to prepare performances.

Of these pieces it was some Adagios from Haydn's Symphonies and the G minor Symphony* of Mozart, which made a deep impression on the serious boy, who was not particularly friendly to the world about him; but on hearing the Symphonies of Beethoven this impression rose to ecstasy. His partiality to these came out decided even then; but he was destined, as no other was, to emulate in ever prouder flights the master whom he looked up to as his beau ideal, while he preserved his own individuality completely.

The Symphonies of Krommer, at that time liked for their lively character, found little favor in his eyes; while on the other hand he would defend those of Kotzeluch, when their somewhat antiquated style was ridiculed by the musicians, with much warmth—to be sure, only in comparison with Krommer's. He also counted among his favorites the Overture to the *Zauberflöte*, to the "Marriage of Figaro," and those by Mehul.

Inevitably Schubert, soon raised by his talent and his earnest pursuit of his Art to the position of first violin in the little orchestra, gained no inconsiderable influence over it; in consequence of which, when the director happened to be absent, the leadership of the orchestra with the first violin devolved on him.

At the same time, too, the creative impulse was awakened with an irresistible force in the boy of thirteen. Already he confided to his comrades, under seal of secrecy, that he frequently put his own thoughts into notes.

Thoughts streamed in upon him in abundance, and he too often only wanted note paper, on which to fasten them. As he was not in a position to procure such for money, a kind friendly hand provided it, and his use of it seems to be have been altogether extraordinary.

Sonatas, Masses, songs, operas, nay even Symphonies, according to the testimony of vouchers, lay ready finished at that time; although the greatest part was soon thrown away as mere experiment.

In the year 1810 he had composed a Fantasia for four hands, filling not less than 32 pages, and containing over a dozen pieces conceived each in a different character, and each ending in a different key from that in which it began. This

* "Only hear the angels sing in it," he used to say.

was followed later by two smaller ones. It was his first piano composition. In the year 1811 falls the composition of the song: "Hagar's Lament," of a string quartet, a second four-hand piano fantasia, a quintet overture dedicated to his brother Ferdinand, and many songs.

(To be continued.)

First Impressions Abroad.

[The following letter, which we find in a recent number of the *Transcript*, is from a young lady artist of Boston, written on her way to Rome.]

PARIS, FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

My Dear Friend: I shall not attempt to give you a description of my passage across the Atlantic, or of the mysterious disappearances and reappearances which were constantly taking place among the passengers. One transit is so like another, that except to those directly concerned, there is very little interest in an ordinary passage, and ours was of that kind. We encountered neither shipwrecks nor pirates; indeed, we did not speak a vessel on the whole way out, and the icebergs, which were so kind as to show themselves, were at so great a distance as to render a little pleasurable fright on their account impossible. Of the passengers, 260 in number, a large proportion were foreigners, (Mexicans, Cubans and Spaniards), and consequently were much longer than usual thawing out. By the eighth day, however, the people became so well acquainted that they looked forward to the time of parting with regret. On Friday morning we came in sight of the coast of Ireland, and spent most of the day watching the changeable face of the country, with its wonderfully beautiful variations. Rightly was it named the Emerald Isle, for it is a green gem in the ocean.

On Saturday afternoon, in the midst of a rain which seemed to fall without any effort on its part, we bade adieu to our fellow passengers, some of whom we expected to meet in London—some in Paris—others whom we hope to see in Rome this winter, and others, still, whom we expect to see, never again. Then we entered the steam tug, and in a short time were in Liverpool. I do not think I can ever feel so strange and forlorn in a foreign land as I did that day, although I was with kind and attentive friends.

My companions all had friends expecting them. I alone knew nobody, was expected by no person. Since then I have been in large towns in France, hundreds of miles away from any person I had ever seen, an entire stranger, without hearing a word of English spoken for days, and was not lonely in the least; but that day, on first setting foot on English soil, I was miserable enough. My thoughtful friends had secured me a room at Mrs. Blodgett's, and when I found myself fairly housed there my sorrows vanished. I was so pleasantly situated, so kindly cared for, that I soon felt quite at home. Americans coming to Liverpool will be very fortunate if they can gain admittance to the excellent private boarding house of kind Mrs. Blodgett, Duke street. She is so well known that the number is unnecessary. On Monday, after visiting Chantry's fine statue of Caning, in the Town Hall, and Gibson's statue of Huskinson, in front of the Custom House, I went up to London. We passed through Chester, one of the few walled towns still remaining in England—through Coventry, so famous for its legend of Lady Godiva. The ducking of "Peeping Tom" was annually celebrated there until two years ago, since which time it has been discontinued. I saw the turrets of Warwick Castle, and I was told also those of Kenilworth—passed through that modern "inferno," Birmingham, and by the sweetest, quaintest little towns that ever sat to artist for their pictures, and arrived in London at nightfall. The next morning I took a cab and went in search of some acquaintances, who were not a little surprised to see me. During the fortnight I remained in London I saw many things of interest. Although I was constantly on the wing when well enough to be out, I of course left very much unseen.

On my way out to Sydenham to carry letters to American friends, who were in that vicinity, I heard in the railway carriage that Grisi was to take her farewell of the stage at the Crystal Palace that afternoon. So I would not let so good an opportunity pass, but accepted the invitation of the pleasant English party who were in the carriage with me, and, thanks to their kindness, saw and learned much in a short space of time. The stage was beautifully decorated; the names of Grisi's favorite rôles, and those of the operas to which they belonged, were wreathed with beautiful flowers, and formed a semicircle around the musicians,—in the centre and di-

rectly behind the singers, the word *Addio*, in large letters, and also beautifully garlanded with flowers, told the cause of the immense concourse of private carriages which crowded the entrances to the building. I was told that most of the nobility in London were there. Certainly it was the largest and finest audience I ever saw there or elsewhere,—11,174 persons were said to have been present that afternoon; yet so large and so finely proportioned was the building, that they only occupied a comparatively little spot in the centre. A score of celebrated singers, male and female, assisted at the concert, but the voices were almost lost in the immense arches. Grisi was enthusiastically received by her vast audience. She has been a great favorite with the English people, and yet that her voice is going, it is to be hoped that she will rest content with her past laurels, and let this farewell be really her last upon the stage. After I had heard Grisi and Mario sing, I wandered off into a distant part of the Palace, beyond the sound of the music or the sight of the crowd. After a while I found myself in Pompeii, (you must know that parts of cities are reproduced there with all their buildings, and yet there is still room enough to spare,) where I encountered a small party of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by some beautiful children. They were Grisi, Mario, their children and a few friends. She looked older and more care-worn than I expected to find her, but there was a fine frank way with her that I liked much. She seemed fond of her "little Marionets," as she calls them.

I cannot attempt a description of that wonderful structure, the Crystal Palace. It transcends in beauty the most gorgeous description in the Arabian Nights. Aladdin's wonderful palace could not have been as beautiful, and its contents are as varied as they are remarkable. North, South, East and West, lend their richest and rarest productions to enhance the beauty of the already beautiful structure. Tropical trees and shrubs, fruits and flowers, are inhabited by birds of joyous plumage, which flit hither and thither at their own sweet will, and mingle their songs with the cool, refreshing murmurs of the many fountains. Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, everything is there represented in such a way that the beholder can learn there in a few hours by observation more than he could glean from books in years. It is truly an epitome.

I visited Hampton Court Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII. It is built of brick, is kept in good repair, and contains, besides many other fine works of the old masters, the original Cartoons of Raphael. In the National Gallery I saw some of the works of the old masters for the first time, and did not wonder in the least at the great admiration which they have always excited. The gallery was not open to the public the day I went there, but my escort, a Boston gentleman well known in the literary and musical world, explained to the janitor that we were strangers, whose time was limited, so we were admitted.

While we were there, Lord John, the newly created Earl of Russell, came in and looked at the pictures while I looked at him. A small, common looking man, with a quiet, unpretending manner; there was nothing in his appearance to command attention, or to indicate that in him we beheld one of England's greatest statesmen. A number of artists of both sexes were copying in the different rooms. We had a long conversation with a lady who was copying one of Turner's landscapes with much success, and ascertained from her that any person by painting a tolerably good picture and submitting it to the committee appointed for such purposes, could have the privilege of studying the noble works of art contained in the National Gallery free of expense. She also said that the number of students who availed themselves of the privilege was much greater in years past than at the present time. At Kensington Museum I found that the same liberality is exercised toward art students, Queen Victoria and the members of her court lending the rarest and most valuable objects of art and virtue to the institution for the benefit of the pupils of the School of Design for Women, which is established there. I did not know until after my return to the city that the school was there at times I could have visited it. It is now under the patronage of the Queen, who recently ordered some lace to be manufactured from the design of one of the pupils.

The Palace for the Exhibition of 1862 is only a few steps from the Museum, and is a very fine structure. Americans will be pleased to know that Miss Hosmer's noble statue of Zenobia is to be exhibited there. Many of the London artists were out of town, but I visited the studios of several who had not escaped to the quiet of the woods and hills, and found much to admire. The studio of J. H. Foley, the sculptor, interested me more than any I have visit-

ed as yet. And I saw many very nice things in that of Mr. Durham. Mrs. Bodichon, who visited America two years since, and whose remarkable water color paintings were so much liked by many of our connoisseurs, has been making rapid progress in her own country, where good artists and good pictures are anything but rare. Her recent pictures of Algeria, where she spends her winter months, are quite remarkable. Her sister, Miss Anna Smith, has also been painting some admirable things; two paintings especially struck me, or rather one subject treated in two different ways. A young Moorish girl is kneeling beside a fountain, the waters of which are dried up. The accessories are simple but all in keeping. The empty water jar—the useless cords by which it was to be lowered—the arid sands and the scorched vegetation, combined with the utter hopelessness in the attitude of the child, made it one of the most touching pictures I ever saw.

I also met Miss Margaret Gillies, the engraving of whose paintings, the "Past and Future," "The Heavens are Telling," and various other well known pictures, are so very popular in America. I saw on her easel another beautiful figure piece, which is to be published in New York, when times are better. A few fine heads by Mrs. Bridell, whose husband is a noted landscape painter, were the last works I saw in London of noted lady artists.

I heard much of the works of Mrs. Wells, who died in the spring of this year. I was not so fortunate as to see any of her works, and was just a week too late for the annual Exhibition of Fine Arts; but all whom I met spoke in the highest terms of her excellence, both as a woman and an artist; and her early death seemed to be regarded as a national loss. By the advice of friends, I took the New Haven route to Paris via Dieppe, and had no reason to regret my decision. It was cheaper than the other routes, and then we passed through Rouen, the town of all others I most wished to see, and our tickets gave us several days of grace, so that we might stop by the way and see what we chose. I left London at 9½ o'clock, and reached New Haven at twelve. Took the steamer there for France, and after a pleasant passage across the English Channel, arrived at Dieppe about 4 o'clock P. M. I had no baggage except a carpet bag, as I registered my trunk in London, and it had gone on to Paris, there to remain until such time as I should go and claim it. Strange enough it was to be in a land where no English was spoken. I followed the other passengers, and found myself in the Custom House, as I expected. They did not ask for my passport, and merely asked if I had anything prohibited. I said no; asked for the omnibus to the Chemin de Fer for Rouen. Entered it and then breathed freely. I had tried my French and found I could make myself understood, and knew I should be in time for the next train.

At 7 o'clock reached Rouen, where I passed the night and spent part of the next day in seeing the quaint old town, with its wonderful gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame, which contains the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the beautiful church of St. Ouen (pronounced St. Wan); and last but not least the square where the brave Jeanne d'Arc was burnt to death by order of the cruel Duke of Bedford, who lies buried in the Cathedral a little distance beyond. The town is very old and as picturesque as one can well imagine. Pierre Corneille was born here, and a statue is erected to him on one of the bridges. I was constantly losing my way and constantly asking every body where it was, and always got along swimmingly, not because I am such a good linguist, but because the French are so very quick of apprehension. In the afternoon I took the cars for Paris, regretting that I had not time to make an excursion to Chateau Gallard, so celebrated in French history; but I knew if I stopped for that I should lose the Emperor's fête, and that I could not give up. So I bid adieu to Rouen, and in a few hours found myself in this delightful city of Paris. Au revoir.

M. F. F.

Music and Sculpture in Munich.

(Correspondence of the London Athenæum, October 22.)

Rather more than a year ago, I read a statement in the *Athenæum* that Haydn's long-absent oratorio, "Il Ritorno di Tobia," was shortly to be performed in Munich. Since that time, however, it has given neither sign nor sound till now, when it is promised for the opening concert of the Advent series. I trust this time the promise may be fulfilled, and that the year's interval may be fruitful as regards the execution of the work. Strangely enough, the same time has elapsed since another work of art was mentioned in your columns, which also has just now been exhibited. I speak of Mr. Randolph Rogers's gate for the Capitol of Washington, which was cast in

October, 1860, and has required the labor of a full year before it could be shown to the public. Some people complain that the works cast at the Bronze Foundry should require so much filing and elaboration, instead of issuing perfect from the actual process, and we must all wonder that so long a period should be needed. But I presume the immense amount of fine work on the panels and round the borders must be taken to justify the delay, and the satisfactory result is too evident to be disputed. I hear that the gate is to figure in the Exhibition of 1862, and its attractiveness in Munich is well shown in the fact, that 4,000 people went to see it the first day.

There are nine panels on the gate, four down each side, and one crowning the top. In the first, Columbus is represented before the Council of Salamanca, endeavoring to prove the existence of another hemisphere, but vainly. In the second, he takes leave of his friends, mounted on the mule purchased with the money given by Queen Isabella; and in the third, he is pleading his cause before her and King Ferdinand. In the fourth, he sails from Palos; in the fifth, he lands at San Salvador, and takes possession of the newly-discovered country in the name of his king; in the sixth he gains the friendship of the Indians by releasing an Indian maiden made captive by one of his sailors; and in the seventh, he enters triumphantly into Barcelona. The eighth and ninth show us his degradation and his melancholy end. In addition to these groups, in which there is throughout much character and great animation, Rogers has marked the time of the discovery by placing statues of all the chief contemporaries of Columbus round the door, the reigning monarchs, with Cortes, Pizarro, Balboa; and between the panels are heads of the writers on Columbus and his successors, among whom Washington Irving, Robertson and Prescott are conspicuous. In other places are heads of American beasts, and festoons of fruits and flowers. On each side of the gate stands a statue destined for the Richmond monument to Washington,—Nelson, who was Governor of Virginia at the breaking out of the American Revolution, and afterwards a general under Washington, and Lewis in the picturesque costume of a Virginian sharpshooter.

The mention of these great works leads me naturally to speak of an inane statue King Ludwig has placed in the Promenade Platz, just in front of the "Bayerischer Hof," and therefore in full view of all English travellers, to Mux Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria. The statue is erected to him in his character of stormer of Belgrade; but to readers of English history he occupies a more important position, as father of the prince chosen by the Partition Treaty to govern Spain, and as sharing with Tallard the honor of being defeated, at Blenheim, by the Duke of Marlborough. In his account of the Congress at the Hague in 1691, and of the French caricatures of it, Macaulay says: "In another, William appeared taking his ease in an arm-chair, with his feet on a cushion and his hat on his head, while the Electors of Brandenburg and Bavaria, uncovered, occupied small stools on the right and left." I have not seen the caricature, but I am sure the Elector cannot be more ridiculous there than he is here on his pedestal. There he stands, with uplifted sword, on an exploded shell, without an atom of motion in face or body, his face resembling that of a sheep, and his attitude that of an awkward fencer. Many suppositions were started to account for this tameness; some would have it that King Ludwig wished to typify that remarkably mild and gentle heroism of Gaëta, which he is said to admire. I think, however, that the true meaning must lie in the result of the storming of Belgrade under the Elector, for a German authority says that garrison and inhabitants fell under the sword of the conqueror. He is evidently supposed to be quietly cutting them down. When I add that this statue is flanked by four of the finest heads and most expressive figures in Munich, Gluck, Orlando di Lasso, Kreitmayer and Westenrieder, you will have an idea of the inappropriateness of its site.

Considerable progress has been made this summer on some of the buildings of both Kings; in particular the National Museum and the Propylæa Thor are fast approaching completion. A sitting figure of Bavaria has been placed over the former, and there are various reliefs towards the top, which are very amenable to Mr. Ruskin's criticism, expressed in his Edinburgh Lectures; they are placed so high that a powerful glass would be needed to examine them. There is a talk of making the Pinacothek more useful to artists, and of checking the system of restoration, which was lately exposed in one of the Munich papers. Hitherto, copying has not been allowed in any of the rooms where the pictures are hung on account of the floors; but now a wooden flooring is to be laid over the stucco, so that scaffoldings can be

set up without damaging the floor or endangering the pictures.

Mr. Fechter's Othello.

(From the London Observer.)

In speaking of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, we did not hesitate to avow an almost unlimited admiration of the striking originality of his conception of the character, and of the exquisite skill with which he embodied it upon the stage. We must ever look upon that performance as the justly won triumph of a superior intellect disdaining to tread the ordinary paths of tradition, unmindful or unknowing of what others had done before in the same part, and resting solely for success upon its own inward and unflinching conviction of what was right and true. The result has been startling. Beneath the gleam of Mr. Fechter's truer genius the traditional Hamlet—nobly as the character was sometimes sustained—has sunk into a temporary, nay, it is to be hoped, an eternal oblivion, and has given place to a creation worthier in all respects to be accepted as the correct embodiment of the great poet's thought, when he drew with so seemingly wayward a hand a character that few comprehend, though all admire. Can it now be said that Mr. Fechter does for Othello what he has already so happily accomplished for Hamlet? Can it be said that he vindicates the character from any traditional abuses, and presents it to the world in a purer and nobler form than it has ever borne before? We must candidly declare that we think not. It is needless to observe how strongly the moody contemplativeness and halting irresolution of the northern prince—but lately a student in the school of Wittenberg—contrasts with the ardent temperament and fiery impetuosity of the swarthy Moor, born beneath a warmer sun, bred from infancy in the rough tutelage of the camp, trained to manhood in the hardy exercises of the "tented field," and, as he himself declares, "knowing little of this great world more than pertains to feats of broil and battle." It is hardly possible to conceive in nature or in fiction any two characters more widely different from each other, whether in mental refinement or physical hardihood. Where the one, though spurred by the strongest provocation, still hesitates to act, and ingeniously tortures an over sensitive mind by the indulgence of speculations which it cannot solve; the other in the pure simplicity of a noble and untutored nature sees only what is wickedly presented to him in the form of a hideous truth, and no sooner sees than he instantly resolves, and swiftly executes. The attributes of generosity and gentleness are undoubtedly common to both, but they exist in each in a different form, and exert upon the character a different sway. Hamlet is gentle from refinement of intellect and tenderness of sensibility; Othello from nobility of soul and manliness of nature. Now, in the delineation of these two widely opposite characters, Mr. Fechter, as it appears to us, does not sufficiently distinguish the radical difference that exists between them. By communicating to the one the delicate sensibility which properly belongs to the other he misreads the intention of the mighty author, and presents us with a picture of re-fused sentiment rather than of injured manhood and impetuous passion. In the Othello of Wednesday evening we saw it is true, a skilful, and, in several respects, a most exquisite delineation of all that is tender and touching in the character; but we looked in vain for those grander phases where passion, engendered of the sense of irremediable wrong, rushes to a height that borders on the sublime. To avoid what he deems to be the errors of tradition, Mr. Fechter obviously carries the process of refinement too far, and thus, unhappily, attenuates the part to a thinness in which, though the sentiment be preserved, the grandeur is wholly lost. In this play, too, abounding in so many passages of elaborate and eloquent poetry, another defect, which we fear is ineradicable, is more apparent even than in Hamlet, viz., the foreign intonation of Mr. Fechter's voice, and the difficulty or impossibility under which he appears to labor, of catching the melodious swell of the Shakespearian rhythm. Hence it follows that, although the eye is often gratified by some stroke of skilful acting, the ear is rarely visited by a pleasing or harmonious sound. The cadences of Mr. Fechter's voice are all French, and on his lips the melody of English rhythm has no place. The effects that he produces—occasionally wonderful, and above all praise—are always from isolated expressions or exclamations, never from a sustained effort, or from the climax of an eloquent and soul-stirring passage. Listening to the words of Shakspeare as they fall from his mouth, one would never know that the famous address to the senate, or the still more exquisite passage in which the heart-stricken Moor bids farewell to his glorious soldier-life, was written in any

other form than the plainest prose. When we hear the noble verse of Shakspeare thus rendered, how does memory carry us back to the well-remembered elocution of some of our own great players, who attuned these beautiful passages to the richest harmony, and whose voices seemed, like that of the young lady whom Ben Jonson so exquisitely complimented,

"As some soft chime to strike the air:
And though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense."

But, although Mr. Fechter is unable to accomplish anything in this way, he achieves wonders in other respects. In his delivery of the long soliloquy in the second act of "Hamlet," his exclamation, "Why, I should take it," was unparalleled for intensity of expression and happiness of effect by anything we ever heard uttered upon the stage. Something very like it is repeated in "Othello," when, in the third act, in reply to Iago's heartless and insidious remark, "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits," he exclaims, in a voice hardly articulate from the intensity of the heart's emotion, "Not a jot, not a jot." Again, when reminded by Iago that Desdemona, in marrying him, had deceived her father, he replies with similar emotion, "And so she did." And once again, when in the midst of the violent upbraiding of his wife for her supposed infidelity, the contemplation of her beauty flashes into his soul a returning sense of tenderness and love, and he exclaims, in a voice of unspeakable anguish, "Oh, Desdemona, away, away, away!" In touches of this nature Mr. Fechter has certainly never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled. They go at once to the heart and take the house by storm. In the same way his playing throughout abounds in so many traits of the most delicate and exquisite finish that one is reluctant to express the opinion that it is not in all respects perfect. We adhere to the belief, however, that his view of the character of Othello is not the correct one, and that the traditional reading of the part is not so chargeable with the blemish of erroneousness as his own. Romantic, tender, sensitive, pathetic, and picturesque he doubtless renders it to the highest degree, but the essential and vital quality of highly impassioned manhood is wanting; and the acting of the player, wherever the exhibition of the grander emotions is demanded, is weak and nerveless compared with the strength and vigor of the text he has to enunciate.

The play is produced according to a version of Mr. Fechter's own preparation, being, as he tells us, the first of an intended series, which he designs to publish under the title of *An Acting Edition of the Plays of Shakspeare*. One of the objects of this undertaking, he informs us, is to divulge to his comrades in art the fruit of "nearly twenty years' unceasing labor of love for the scenic representation of the great master," and if possible to "sap the foundation of that worm-eaten and unwholesome prison where dramatic art languishes in fetters, and which is called 'tradition.'" The field upon which Mr. Fechter is thus fearlessly entering is a very ample one, and the task he assigns to himself is beset by no common difficulties. All that we can now do is to wish him well through it. Taking the acting version of "Othello," however, as a sample of what is to follow, we must at once declare that it does not appear to us to be by any means free from blemish. We should be the last to stand up for any of those "traditions" of the Stage, which are more generally termed "conventionalisms;" but we confess that we should be loth to change even an established conventionalism for any alteration that is not in more exact consistency with the spirit and intention of the great master to whose service Mr. Fechter has bound himself. Now, in the play of "Othello," as presented to us on Wednesday evening, whilst we admit the happy introduction of a vast amount of very beautiful scenes, and a greatly improved arrangement of what is commonly called the general business of the stage, comprising the appropriateness of costume and furniture and the picturesque grouping of figures; whilst we admit also the judicious restoration of portions of the text previously eliminated, such as the scene in which Bianca is concerned, and in which the growing jealousy of the Moor is confirmed by what appears to be an indisputable incident; whilst we freely admit all this, we must still think that the conduct of the fifth act, and especially the close of it, is not so much in harmony with what Shakspeare intended as the traditional version which Mr. Fechter seeks to discard. How is the opening of this act arranged? It commences with the second scene, the first having been included in the preceding act. We take the description from Mr. Fechter's own book: "Desdemona's Chamber. At the back a large window, with balcony overlooking the sea. On the left of the window an arch, discovering an oratory; by the half-raised curtain is

seen a *Prie Dieu*, surmounted by a Madonna, and lighted by a red lamp. On the same side, in front, a bed raised by two steps. A door at the right. A high and elegant Venetian lamp burns at the head of the bed where Desdemona lies asleep; a small toilette glass, fallen from her hand, lies near to her. Her clothes scattered about. On the balcony, Othello, motionless, enveloped in a long white burnoose, is looking at the stars. Far off—at sea—is heard the "Song of Willow." No one will dispute the picturesqueness and beauty of this arrangement. The eye, indeed, could demand nothing more to satisfy it; but the gratification of this external sense is purchased at a cost which we hold to be much too dear. It is to be remembered that when the fifth act opens, the feelings of the audience have been wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by the tremendous events which have preceded it, and that every one is aware that a terrible crisis is approaching. At such a moment any retardation in the onward progress of the play becomes intolerable. The effect of Mr. Fechter's arrangements is, for an irksome interval of many minutes, to stop the action altogether. Whilst he is listlessly gazing on the stars, and whilst the wailing song of "The Willow" (which we must observe has never before been repeated, or even alluded to in the course of the performance, and which consequently has no meaning or effect whatever, now that it is introduced in a part of the play to which Shakespeare never assigned it), is vibrating through the house; whilst all this is tediously going on, the audience is palpitating with anxiety to know what is really to happen. Desdemona lies asleep in her bed, conspicuously raised upon a dais; her husband, who has sworn to destroy her, stands apart in the same chamber. What is he doing?—languidly leaning against the window and looking upon the stars! Is this Othello? the soldier of fiery blood, quick impulse, and prompt action! At length, when that weary contemplation of the stars has ceased, he creeps with stealthy pace and crouching form toward the bed, and finding there the toilette glass which has fallen from Desdemona's hand, he takes it up, and gazing intently into it exclaims:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!"

meaning to convey the impression, that he sees in his own dark features, the cause of all his misfortune. This reading of a somewhat doubtful passage may be admitted to be as ingenious as it is novel; but we cannot assent to its correctness. The words that immediately follow,

"Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,"

make it perfectly clear to our minds that the "cause" that was operating upon Othello's soul was not the consciousness of his own dark skin, but the conviction of his wife's infidelity. M. Fechter adopts the opposite view, and instead of accepting the words we have quoted, in what we hold to be their obvious meaning, he makes them a pretext for quitting the bed-side, again slowly marching towards the stars to whom he is appealing and deliberately throwing the offensive toilette glass out of the window. It will readily be seen that all this occupies a long time, and it must, we think, be felt that effective as such incidents might be in an ordinary melodrama, they are by no means in keeping with the grand and earnest straightforwardness of Shakespeare's mighty scene.

Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we might object, too, to the prominence which is now for the first time given to the bed upon which the fated Desdemona lies, and which has the effect of bringing painfully into view the process of her suffocation, a scene always so full of horror as to be scarcely supportable, and of which undoubtedly the less that is forced upon the sight the better. But we pass that by, and come direct to the alterations which Mr. Fechter has introduced into the working out of the final catastrophe. Here, again, we are completely at issue with him. He labors to intensify the scene—we think he immeasurably impairs and mars it. In order to carry out his idea of the fashion in which Othello is to die, a large excision is made in the text. When Othello has been disarmed of his first sword, the circumstance of his possessing himself of a second is omitted, and, by consequence, the beautifully characteristic lines—

"I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword," &c.

are omitted also. In the same way, when Iago is brought in bound, Othello does not, as prescribed in the rightful text, make any attempt upon his life; and again, by consequence, a highly characteristic passage is omitted. The purpose for which these omissions are made afterwards becomes apparent; it is to produce a novel and startling conclusion. The end approaches. Mr. Fechter commences and continues with becoming calmness and dignity the well-known injunction, "Speak of me as I am; nothing

extenuate," &c., &c., until he comes to the words "I took by the throat the circumcised dog," when, to the astonishment of every human being in the house, he suits the action to the word by furiously throwing himself upon Iago, and forcing him (according to the stage directions of Mr. Fechter's own book) "still bound, but smiling with bold effrontery, to kneel before Desdemona," when, with uplifted hand and glittering dagger, he makes a show as if he would plunge the weapon into the breast of Iago, but by a dexterous turn he directs it instead to his own bosom, and, drawing it forth again, "throws it (we again quote the words of the book) at the feet of Iago, who shrinks with terror, as if struck in the face by the blood of Othello." Can any comment upon this be necessary? According to the standard version of the text, and to the ordinary "tradition" of the stage, there is nothing in Othello's life that more becomes him than the calm, majestic grandeur of his death. According to Mr. Fechter's acting or arrangement the scene is converted into something that has all the appearance of a scuffle and shuffle, and which for the moment most certainly leaves the audience in doubt as to who is killed—Iago or Othello. Against such innovations as these we must at once emphatically protest; and when the first feeling that they have created of surprise and wonder has passed away we are convinced that all people of good taste and right judgment will unite with us in condemning them.

Of Mr. Ryder's impersonation of the part of Iago it would be difficult to speak too highly. We candidly confess that we were by no means prepared for so masterly a performance; and we greatly doubt whether it has ever been surpassed. Mr. J. G. Shore was something more than merely respectable as Roderigo; but of Mr. Jordan's Cassio we can say nothing in praise. Miss Carlotta Leclercq infused a due amount of sweetness and gentleness into the impersonation of Desdemona; and Miss Elsworth comported herself sensibly as Emilia, except that her voice and action were somewhat too violent when she denounced the traducer of her mistress, and desired "to place in every honest man's hand a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world." The delivery of this passage is generally overdone, and Miss Elsworth certainly did not avoid the "traditionary" fault.

We have already alluded to the beauty of the new scenery. Portions of it—the Rialto and the Views of Cyprus, for instance, are the work of Mr. W. Tellbin. Other portions, scarcely, if at all inferior, are the result of the joint labors of Messrs. Gates, Cuthbert, and Gouge. All are admirable.

The performances of the first night passed off with great éclat. The applause of a densely-crowded house was liberal but judicious. Mr. Ryder was called before the curtain at the close of the first act, and a similar compliment was bestowed upon Mr. Fechter at the end of the third. On the final fall of the curtain all the principal actors were called, and all appeared, with the addition of Mr. Harris, who was farcically forced forward by Mr. Fechter.

The Study of Bach.

It is scarcely forty years since, even among musicians whose position demanded that they should be thoroughly educated in their art, anything like an intimate acquaintance with the works of Sebastian Bach was a fact of uncommon occurrence. To many the old master was known by name alone. Only a very few persons were acquainted with certain of his productions, and even those persons not unfrequently attached nothing more than a historical value to what he had written. The majority of German musicians had almost entirely forgotten one of their greatest and most important masters, without ranging themselves more particularly under the banners of any more modern composer.* Let it not be said that Beethoven became, immediately after Sebastian Bach, the popular hero of the period.

*Thibaut, in his work, *On Purity in Music* (page 9) says—"Thus our so-called virtuosos, musical directors, and teachers, steal carefully away from what is old, and endeavor by every means to bring into disrepute the endless musical treasures of which we can boast, and they succeed only too well." At page 84 of the same work we read, "There is not the slightest chance for church music so long as we are compelled to admit that organists, such as our Apol. Ett. Rink, Umbreit, are to be regarded as rare phenomena. To what have our organists reduced us? To nothing more or less than this: that every half-judge of music but too frequently leaves the church, thoroughly disgusted at the musical trifling and bad taste of what he has heard." A similar opinion was pronounced at the same epoch by Carl Maria von Weber. At p. 70, vol. III. of his posthumous works he utters the following complaint: "The art of performing Sebastian Bach's compositions effectively, is probably, altogether lost, since the enjoyment to be thence derived does not lie on the surface, while on account of the richness of the harmonic structure, the external melodic contour does not stand out with that prominence which our vitiated ear requires."

Although, even during his lifetime, he had no lack of admirers and sincere followers, there were many, on the other hand, who could not reconcile themselves to the eccentricities and oddities which marked the last period of Beethoven's productive activity. Those who, for such reasons, did not then worship him, inclined as a rule much more to Haydn and Mozart than to the old "Cantor" of the Thomaskirche at Leipzig, whose long-tailed periwig, strange to say, was in the eyes of many the image of his "rococo-music." It is true that, by musicians who, in their day, really understood Haydn and Mozart, the influence exerted upon the writings of the latter by Sebastian Bach was not ignored. It is also well known that, in the course of their education, Haydn and Mozart were made acquainted with Sebastian Bach's compositions, although it cannot be denied each of these masters pursued a path of his own, and only now and then walked a short distance with old Sebastian. Beethoven is, in our opinion, more nearly allied than his predecessors to Bach, although, in virtue of his creative powers, he asserted his freedom from any authority, recognizing it only when it in no way impeded the lofty flight of his fancy and his invariable genial aspirations. To this we attribute the fact that even Beethoven did not effect as much for the full and universal appreciation of Bach's works as he might, and that in his time there were many who did not feel inclined to accord the great contrapuntist and church composer that rank to which he had a just claim. Hence an intimate acquaintance with Bach's works was still rare in Beethoven's time and hence at that period we actually find Bach's disciples only among musicians scattered here and there as organists and directors of Sing-academies, or such as had been fortunate enough to know some of Bach's own pupils, and by them have been inspired with a taste for his music.

Things looked decidedly better when Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy appeared upon the scene. With him a new era commenced for the Bach school. Excited thereto by his master, Zelter, he became more intimately acquainted than any other composer of modern times with Bach's works. Even when only twelve years of age, endowed with a truly miraculous power of reproducing the longest and most complicated compositions, Mendelssohn would play any fugue of Bach from memory. His love and partiality for Bach increased to such a degree, as he attained the age of manhood, that he felt it incumbent on him to use his great official influence, in various ways, for the Bach-school of music. Who is not acquainted with his efforts to procure a worthy performance in public of some of Bach's previously unknown compositions? Was it not Mendelssohn, also, who erected, in honor of the old master, at Leipzig—the principal scene of Bach's labors—a monument, thus giving his veneration material consistency? And is not the early death of this gifted master all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as, had the period of his labors been prolonged, he would have exerted himself still more to promote the study of Bach? But let us cease regretting; even in this respect the labors of Mendelssohn brought forth a splendid harvest. While it is now almost universally acknowledged as absolutely indispensable that every thoroughly educated musician should be acquainted with Sebastian Bach, and have studied the inmost meaning of his compositions, no musical school of any importance neglects the great fugue writer, and no Sing-academy omits to perform his works.—nay, several have, during this last forty or fifty years, produced them very often, and thus facilitated the appreciation of his worth by the professional and non-professional public in an equal degree.

In the first rank of the institutions which can boast of having promoted and spread a love and knowledge of Bach's music, stand the Sing-academie of Berlin, and that of Breslau, under the direction of Mosewius*; Stern's Verein, at Berlin; Riedel's at Leipzig, &c. Connected with the foregoing are, also, those musical associations which perform exclusively Bach's music like the Bach-Verein, founded at Vienn's suggestion, and conducted under his management in Berlin and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder), or disseminate better editions of his works, like the Bach-Society in

† It was more especially at Vienna, in Van Swieten's house, that Beethoven became acquainted with Sebastian Bach's works. The music played was almost exclusively that of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the great Italian masters, up to Palestrina, Beethoven seldom missing a performance. The company frequently kept on playing far into the night; and there is a story current that old Van Swieten would very often not allow young Beethoven whom he had taken under his especial protection, to leave the house until, in addition to everything else, he had played him some half-drawn fugues by Sebastian as "an evening blessing," or parting benediction.

* Mosewius occupies a very high place among those who exerted themselves to spread a taste for Bach's music. He founded the Breslau Sing-academie, where he produced many of Bach's works, and, both by tongue and pen, has greatly extended the comprehension of them.

Leipsic, the object of which is eventually to publish a complete edition of all that has proceeded from the old master's pen. While mentioning what has been done, in recent times to diffuse a feeling of appreciation for his music, we must not forget the very great services rendered by the most celebrated teachers of musical composition. Thus, thanks to all these combined efforts, such a pitch has been attained, that the number of musicians who can appreciate and perform satisfactorily Bach's works is becoming greater every year; a result by the way, in which the music schools founded, during the last thirty years, at all the principal centres of musical intelligence, (such as Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Cologne, Dresden, London, and even Paris) have had their share. In all probability, Weber would no longer, at the present day, give utterance to the complaint, that the art of performing Bach's compositions effectively was lost, since first-class organists now enable us to hear his most difficult works of the organ, rendered in a style which cannot leave a doubt on our minds that the performer thoroughly understands them;—nay, even first-class violin-players already take pride in studying his violin sonatas, which, difficult as the latter are, they not unfrequently master skillfully and happily. These are all convincing proofs that the old master is beginning to make his way, and that, in many circles, musical taste is not at such a low ebb as several persons have thought themselves called upon to assert. In conclusion, we cannot help expressing a wish that Sebastian Bach may some day find a biographer who shall, as Otto Jahn has done in his biography of Mozart, critically sift the materials at his disposal, and fashion them into an artistic whole.—Forkel's book on the *Life, Art, and Productions of Sebastian Bach*, although a valuable addition to the literature of the period at which it was written, will not do for the present age. The great activity recently manifested in this department, more especially, of musical literature, induces us to indulge in the hope that we shall not have to wait much longer for a comprehensive work on Sebastian Bach and his productions. For many musicians such a book has become a pressing necessity.—A. T.—*London Musical World*.

Hawthorne's Wonderful "Marble Faun."

AN EXPLANATION.

A writer in the *New Englander*, for October, professes to give the key to Hawthorne's allegory in the "Marble Faun." It is as follows:

"We understand that the four principal characters in the story personify the different elements which we perceive in our strangely-moulded natures: the Soul, or Will, whichever we may call it; the Conscience, or intuitive power; the Reason, or Intellect; and lastly, the Animal Nature, or Body. These four we find united in companionship, and in a state of comparative isolation from all others. They form, so to speak, a little world in themselves, and are all, for the time being, sojourners in the ancient city of Rome, at a distance from their homes.

"The beautiful and courageous Miriam represents the *Soul*; her judicious and honorable friend, the sculptor Kenyon, is the *Reason*. She ever finds in him a wise counsellor, but he is too cold and austere to secure her full confidence, or to give her, in her great trial, the warm sympathy she seeks. Rightly is he represented as a worker in marble, even as the *Reason* deals with truths in their naked severity and coldness. The fair and lovely Hilda admirably personates the *Conscience*, and sustains, throughout, the purity and loftiness of so elevated a character: Sympathizing and kind, tender and true, though dignified and somewhat reserved, she dwells apart, in the summit of a lofty tower, above the dust and miasma of the city; and though she comes down, and walks the filthy streets of Rome, her white robe is unsoiled, and she returns at night to feed her companions, the white doves (pure thoughts and desires), and to keep the flame burning on the altar of prayer. The others often refer to her as having a finer perception of the beautiful and true than themselves; and though they sometimes complain that her standard of virtue is too high for them to reach, and her judgment upon their opinions and conduct too severe, yet they are never satisfied that theirs is correct unless it coincides with hers.

"Miriam and Hilda are both artists, for our nature was formed to enjoy and to produce the beautiful, although Hilda does not now originate pictures, as in her native home, but copies from the old masters; that is, the Conscience refers us to the eternal standards of Right and Wrong. Associated with these high-souled friends, we find a gay and thoughtless youth, so simple-minded and careless that they regard him as a mere child in understanding; yet his graceful beauty and mirthfulness, and especially his

affectionate and winning manners, afford them so much pleasure that they admit him to constant companionship. This is Donatello, who represents the Animal Nature. Kenyon woos Hilda with an admiration bordering on reverence, and Donatello passionately loves Miriam, though neither finds his affection at first fully reciprocated; Miriam indeed often regards the childishness of Donatello with contempt. But after Hilda has sprained her delicate wrist, she grasps the strong hand of Kenyon; and when Miriam hurls herself cast off by Hilda, and regarded with suspicion by Kenyon, she clings tenaciously to the tenderness yet remaining for her in the heart of Donatello. That is, when the Conscience has been weakened by intercourse with guilt, it is glad to lean somewhat upon the understanding; and after the Soul has become debased by crime, she loves much of her dignity and delicacy, and is even willing to confess in the most humiliating manner her subjection to the Body, and dependence upon it for happiness. 'I lost all pride,' says Miriam, 'when Hilda cast me off.'"

Before his contact with guilt, Donatello is in a state of perfect, though childlike enjoyment. He is in sympathy with the animal creation; understands the language of beasts and birds, and they come at his call. Whether he has really pointed and furry ears, being himself only an improved animal, we are left in doubt even at the end of the story.

New Picture for the Capitol at Washington.

The picture which Leutze is painting for the Capitol is not, as the itemizers have had it, for the Rotunda, but is a commission which he has received in accordance with and illustration of, a plan for the decoration of the Capitol, which he has presented to General Meigs, and which has received his approval. The space which is to receive the picture is one of four blank walls, above the stair-cases leading to the galleries, each twenty by thirty feet. Mr. Leutze's plan is substantially to fill these four walls with illustrations of the American spirit and the development of the nation; the one he is executing taking for its subject Emigration; then will follow historical scenes and landscapes in a consistent series, filling the walls and Rotunda, and removing to a gallery the pictures now in the Rotunda, which are rather gallery pictures, where they are anything, than decorative works such as the general plan and use of the building demands. The minor spaces will be filled with less important views, groups, &c., with arabesques showing the natural history of the United States.

The picture represents the summit of a pass through the Rocky Mountains; at the right a wild desolate valley from which the emigrant train is toiling up to the ridge, whence the prospect of the great western plain opens to the eye, lying in a golden haze, with glimpses of rivers winding away out of sight. Some horsemen urge their horses eagerly up to the dividing ridge, and the younger members of the party climb the rocks shouting and waving their hats in enthusiasm. The sun is setting and the rosy light falls on the snowy summits of a distant peak, which forms the climax of the composition, and divides the land of toil from that of promise.

In the border, set in an arabesque composed of the flora and fauna of the Rocky Mountains, are several smaller designs, with the motto of the picture: "Westward the star of empire holds its way," overhead. Underneath is a view of the Golden Gate, with the harbor of San Francisco looking inland, and in the upper corners the wise men of the East at the left, and Hercules clearing the passage between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Along the sides are the expedition for the golden fleece, the return of the spies from Canaan, the overwhelming of Pharaoh's host, Columbus at his studies, the raven bringing food, the dove returning to the ark, and at lower corners portraits of Boone and Clark.

Leutze's plan is one which would bring into play, in the different portions of the work, all the varied talents of the country, landscape, *genre*, decorative, portrait, historical or ideal, furnishing subjects for all. The work is to be done on the wall itself, in the water-glass process, which, with the permanence and brilliancy of fresco, gives all the freedom of working which water color affords. It is the manner adopted by Kaulbach in the new museum at Berlin, and has stood all the tests for many years.

The success of Leutze's plan, and its adoption as the policy to be followed by the government in the decoration of the Capitol, would give a new and healthy stimulus and training to our artists, tending more than any other kind of patronage could, to develop the different talents in the profession.

Mr. Leutze receives \$20,000 for his picture with its pendants, a remnant of an old appropriation to

the finishing of the buildings. We hope sincerely that its success may be such as to give art new grace in the eyes of our legislators, and initiate a new policy towards it. It seems to us eminently and worthily a popular work, appropriate to the place it is to hold.—*Eve. Post*, Nov. 21.

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOV. 25.—The Beethoven Society of Hartford, numbering a chorus of about sixty singers with an "efficient orchestra," treated us to a concert Thanksgiving eve, which was well attended and is deserving of notice. The following was the programme:

The Transient and the Eternal.....	Romberg
When the heart is sad and weary.....	Rossini
Hear my Prayer.....	Mendelssohn
My heart's first home.....	Wallace
Miserere from <i>Il Trovatore</i>	Verdi
The Glorious lay of Freedom.....	
St. Cecilia's day (Cantata).....	Von Bree
Two forest nymphs.....	Glover
God bless our noble volunteers.....	J. G. Barnett
Clear up those lovely eyes.....	Rossini
Four-part song, arranged from.....	Donizetti
Tramp Chorus.....	Bishop

If we did not know that it is impossible to get up a successful concert without catering to the popular taste in the selection of the programme, we might be disposed to growl at the above list. All the pieces on it, if we except the cantata by Von Bree and the patriotic song by Mr. Barnett, are familiar to most musicians, so that comment upon its quality is unnecessary. We may say, however, that the idea of giving such a soul composition as Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" the same evening with the surface music of the hackneyed *Miserere* in "*Il Trovatore*," is in itself enough to shock a person of sensitive nerves. But if the programme was mediocre, we are happy to say that the same cannot justly be affirmed of the rendering. Taken as a whole, the chorus singing was vastly superior to any we have ever heard in Springfield. Promptness and, usually, delicacy, characterized the united efforts of the Society in every instance. If there was a fault in the *tempi*, it was an inclination to hurry. This excess of promptness was noticeable in the exquisite chorus responses in "Hear my prayer," also, in a chorale or two, but not to so great an extent as materially to injure the effect. The "efficient orchestra" (which was efficient, though it numbered only six or eight instruments) seemed in the earlier part of the evening to have adopted a different "diapason" from the pianoforte, and this did not tend to heighten the beauty of the choruses, especially in the soft passages. The discrepancy was at length remedied and the general effect in like proportion benefited; although, if we mistake not, the pianoforte was "a house divided against itself" throughout the concert.

"St. Cecilia's Day" by Von Bree, which we heard for the first time on this occasion, is a genial Haydnish composition, but without striking originality.—(Perhaps it is for this very reason commendable; for we cannot help thinking that many composers of the present day produce worthless works by striving to produce such extremely original ones.) It is a lighter style of music than Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," but the latter had the better rendering. The soprano solos of both were sung (many of them very effectively) by Mrs. Strickland. Her voice is a very powerful one and she filled the hall better than any other lady singer. A solo in the "Transient and Eternal" and the cavatina from "*Semiramide*" were given with a beautiful clearness and distinctness. In the duet from "*Moses in Egypt*," the accompaniment was played so lightly that both singers flatted a trifle. Otherwise it was finely done.

The solo in the only selection from Mendelssohn was exquisitely sung by Mrs. Preston, who, by her pure and sympathetic voice, is admirably qualified to sing this sort of music. Although a new singer to a Springfield audience, her reception was a flattering

one, and deservedly so. Another soprano, Miss Julia Smith, sang a ballad of Wallace's quite acceptably. She gives promise of becoming a fine singer.

The audience had the unusually small number of two patriotic pieces offered them, and the pieces were unusually good. Mr. Barnett is already favorably known as a composer, and "God bless our noble volunteers," although too good to become very popular, would be sure, if published, to increase the high esteem in which he is held by musicians. Miss Preston sang it—as everything else—very satisfactorily. Perhaps there was occasionally a lack of fire, but there was enough to rouse the audience, and the piece received the heartiest encore of the evening.

Mr. Wander was the principal tenor singer of the evening (and when we say tenor, we do not mean baritone—in which class three-fourths of the so-called tenor singers should be placed). He sang, among other solos, the tenor solo in the *Miserere* (forgetting his cue in one instance), and the melody in a funny four-part arrangement of airs from the "Daughter of the Regiment." This last was given with such perfect abandon as to be irresistible.

Mr. Barnett showed himself a good conductor. We should have liked him better, however, if he had steadied the choruses in some other way rather than by audible beating the time with his foot. In some cities, his audience would have spared him this trouble by doing it themselves; and while this is universally condemned by all right-minded persons, why should the same thing be tolerated in a conductor? R.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

This is a peculiar "Te Deum;"—a Protestant thanksgiving anthem with an orchestra—written to commemorate a great victory—written in great haste, a hundred and fifteen years ago; yet which lives after victory has swept away the traces of victory, and elaborate composer the memory of hasty composer—in brief,—colossal, grand;—preëminent among "Te Deums."

No musical *pièce d'occasion* has lasted so long. The one which approaches it the nearest in vitality is Handel's "Funeral Anthem." Mozart's "Requiem" was less hastily composed; so it may be assumed were Cherubini's "Coronation Mass" and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang;" and the wear of the two last-mentioned works has to be tried.

By one of the above parallels we are brought into a world of speculation and comparison, worth consideration. The Protestant "Te Deum," in many of its phrases, is identical with the Roman Catholic Mass; and thus on studying this work belonging to the English church and creed, reference must be made to things totally different, and, by some, thought totally antagonistic. But in art, the desire should not be so much to set apart as to reconcile. If music is to be brought into worship, it cannot, surely, be classed and ticketed. If from Catholic Services Protestant "Te Deums" have grown, such fact has nothing to do (so far as the musician is concerned) with infallibility, or with nonconformity. Let separate things be kept separate. The technical progress of art must surely be disconnected from variations of opinion. A new chord one year, an extinguished instrument another; all discoveries, in short, must be matters independent of Pope or of Luther; at least, it may be as well to declare that, in the following Study, in which from "Te Deum" reference is made to Mass, neither declaration, still less dogma, in reference to the connection of art with religion is intended to be put forward.

I have said before, that Handel sometimes tried his effects *twice*. This remark may dispose some students to turn to an earlier "Te Deum"—the "Utrecht Te Deum," composed by Handel in 1713, thirty years before the "Dettingen Te Deum," the date of which is 1743, two years later than the date of "The Messiah."

The noble, early music of the "Utrecht Te

Deum" may be, possibly, studied elsewhere. Now, we have to do with a Thanksgiving Anthem after Victory; poured out by a poet in the fullness of his power and the ripeness of his genius; and a war-poet, too! Thus considered, the second "Te Deum" far exceeds the first one.

Chorus (five voices).—We praise Thee, O God: We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

The Introduction verse, Number I. begins, during four bars, merely on the two commonest trumpet notes, being "a call" (to use the barrack phrase). Let a new composer try to arrange this call anew!—which is used by Handel throughout the chorus with persistence, yet without such persistence being in the least felt. Any thing more free than this first chorus, with all the cohesion and "motive" given to it by these two trumpet notes, hardly exists in music. There is the use of one voice to lead off a new phrase, on the words,

O God, we praise thee

(a use, by the way, let me observe, belonging to a time when the *alto* voice was unsettled); there is that wonderful modulation on the words,

We acknowledge thee,

which is amazing, if taken in conjunction with the last *stiff* entry of the subject, made by the bass instruments ere the chorus closes. There are the two last bars of the full choir and orchestra—all worthy of no common study, in admiration of immense power—power that asked for no rule and cared for no difficulties. The taste of the times enjoined an orchestral symphony, but Handel could not bring this to an end without his obstinate trumpet call. Is there not here a foretaste of the humor to prescribe and to ticket and to characterize, which has been assumed as a feature of modern art? The trumpets never come to an end in this Dettingen Battle "Te Deum." The battle was for ever in the ears of the musician when he wrote.

Chorus (five voices).—All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

The second verse, in the same key as the first one, is curious. Handel did many things *twice*; and here, as first five bars of the symphony, is, note for note, the theme of the symphony to his superb duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," in "Israel," produced—or reproduced (who can now tell?)—five years earlier, and there, as here, with a touch in it, transferred from the "Magnificat" of Erba. But how Handel could rouse (even after he had reproduced) himself, could never be more clearly seen than in this chorus. The adoration of the words, "All the earth," as given in full chorus, amounts to *platoon* firing.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Chamber Concerts.

The third Musical Soirée of Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, last Saturday evening, was a remarkably pleasant occasion. Programme and performance particularly good; company (weather favoring) large, nearly filling Chickering's Hall, and of the kind whose presence accords with the music. All felt auspicious from the first. The pieces played and sung were these:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Trio for Violin, Piano and Violoncello, in Bb, op. 99. Schubert
Allegro moderato—Andante—Scherzo and Rondo.
Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Mollenhauer.
2. Scotch Songs, arranged by.....Beethoven
A. Kreissmann.
3. Adagio, for Violin.....Spohr
J. Eichberg.

PART II.

1. Sonata for Violoncello and Piano, op. 69....Beethoven
Allegro ma non tanto—Scherzo—Adagio cantabile—
Allegro Vivace.
Messrs. Mollenhauer and Leonhard.
2. Siciliano, in G minor.....S. Bach
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.
3. {a. Erinnerung.....Op. 5.
b. Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai, "25." R. FRANZ
c. Willkommen im Wald.....Op. 21.
A. Kreissmann.
4. Allegretto and Allegretto ma non troppo, from Trio,
op. 70.....Beethoven
Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Mollenhauer.

The Schubert Trio, generally new to the audience, opens with a lifesome, buoyant, brilliant Allegro, full of happy genial inspiration, clear in its development, and not at all too long, like many of the movements of this rich, original composer, who in the crowd of his inspirations does not always know when to stop. The Andante, singularly beautiful, and deep in feeling, was especially enjoyed and felt. The real Schubert genius lay in that. The Scherzo and Rondo finale were worthy to follow, and kept expectation eager, without disappointing, to the end. In fact a more enjoyable selection from the works in Sonata form by Schubert could hardly have been made. It was capitally rendered. Mr. LEONHARD impressed us the first time he played in Boston, when he had far less technical mastery and less musical maturity than now, as a young pianist having a real German genial sense and feeling of his music. His nervous energy did not seem acted, and he entered into the spirit of a Beethoven composition, whatever faults there might be in his play or manner. With soberer and clearer purpose, after earnest studies, he is now an *intelligent* artist, and he bears it in his face. We may always count ourselves happy when we may hear the piano part in works of Beethoven and Schubert played as expressively and forcibly as they were on Saturday evening. Mr. EICHBERG was the best person among us to do justice to the violin part, which he rendered with his usual breadth of style and truth. In Mr. HENRY MOLLENHAUER, one of the brothers in New York, whose presence with the Opera was availed of, we had indeed an excellent violoncellist, to complete a very satisfactory trio.—We hope this Schubert Trio will be heard again this winter, that our music-lovers may in some sense commit it to heart.

The "Scotch Songs," selected by Mr. KREISSMANN from the series of Scotch and English songs arranged by Beethoven (for a history of the matter see our last), but commonly published as "Scotch Songs"—a title likely to mislead a German—chanced to be two old English songs, once very hacknied (at least the second one), but now again as good as new. They were "The faithful Johnnie," and "Sally in our Alley," which really seemed quaint in the new dress and circumstances. What Beethoven did for them was to put to them an accompaniment for piano violin and 'cello; and this he has done with such skill and tact as to illustrate whatever of fresh and wildflower beauty the old street melodies had in them. They were sung with much expression; indeed there was an honest simplicity about the performance which added a new charm to the songs.

Mr. Eichberg had scope for the sentimental and elegiac style of playing, with sustained and finely graduated phrasing, in the Adagio by Spohr, who showed his best power in what he wrote as violinist for the violin.

The Sonata, op. 69, by Beethoven, one of the

least familiar here, is one of the richest and most beautiful creations of the master's middle period. We doubt if any specimen of his art and genius in this kind would have been listened to and followed with a deeper interest. The audience seemed to drink in every note of it like some wondrous and delicious draught proffered at the right moment. So fresh was it and full of the Beethoven peculiarity, so fit to follow what had come before, that the zest was as keen as if we had come thirsting to it. The rendering was all one could wish, and it was hard to tell whether the most praise was due to the pianist or violoncellist; both entered into the spirit of the work.

The *Siciliano* by Sebastian Bach was very warmly redemanded. Think of an encore for Bach! But it was short as well as sweet; a simple, graceful, taking thing; yet full of art, as one who minded the piano-forte part could not fail to perceive; and it was so nicely played both by Mr. Eichberg and Mr. Leonhard. Bach wrote it for flute instead of violin; but there was nothing lost by the change. Shall we not have more of Bach's violin music in our concerts? There is no modern music fresher. When we remember Joachim there in Dresden, standing up in the corner of the room, and all alone, without accompaniment, addressing these things to our private ear, possessing us wholly with the magic of the *Chaconne*, the *Sonatas*, *Fugues*, &c., all for violin alone, we feel impatient that all our musical friends should know such enjoyment.

Robert Franz! How like the good old times before the European tour, before "Leviathan," it seemed to hear our good friend Kreissmann sing the well known Franz songs! Strangely little known is Franz even in his own Germany, if we except quaint little old theological Halle, where he lives, *facile princeps* among the musicians, and where Handel was born,—and also Leipzig, and a few of the finer spirits in Vienna, Berlin, Hannover, &c. Of course the best know the best the world over; and Franz enjoys a recognition as select and honorable, as good for the future, as it is limited and far from popular. He is none the less original and admirable, none the less a man of genius, a profound musician, an artist richly furnished with both inward and acquired gifts, that he is not widely known. It is because he stays at home and abides his time; works for Art and not for fame or money; and prefers to produce small things like songs, full of poetry and soul, rather than to try to outdo Beethoven in vast symphonies laboriously done up and labelled for "the Future." In six months in Germany, a whole year in Europe, it was never once our luck to hear a song by Franz in any concert. His peculiarity is not yet accepted out of certain as it were, intimate circles; Schubert and Schumann one hears everywhere, but not Franz. Probably in no city are his songs so often heard, or so much bought as here in Boston—thanks to their introduction by one who knew their worth and knew how to make it felt. Some day we must recall the pleasant visit we paid to Franz in Halle. For the present let us feel happy that we have such beautiful things to listen to and to enjoy, and that we have artists willing and able to expound to us their beauty. Mr. Kreissmann was in good voice and sang the little pieces with nice and true expression; how much of their charm was due to the accompaniment by Mr. DRESEL, there is no need of telling.

The movements from the Beethoven Trio, op. 70, in E flat, are from a well-known favorite, and made a beautiful and fitting close to the concert.

The fourth and last Soirée of the above named artists will take place to-night. The programme is both rich and rare. Mr. Kreissmann will sing Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, songs by Franz, and Schubert's "Erl-king;" Mr. Eichberg will play Bach's *Chaconne*, part of Mendelssohn's Concerto, and a Beethoven Sonata duo with Mr. Leonhard. The latter will play a *Bolide* by Chopin, and three little four-hand pieces with Otto Dresel: viz., two characteristic marches by Schubert, and a Polonaise by Saran, the composer pupil and friend of Robert Franz. What could be richer or more choice and appetizing?

MEDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The second concert comes next Wednesday evening. The selection will include one of Beethoven's latest Quartets, for the first time in Boston; a Quintet with clarinet by Weber; one of Kummer's violoncello solos ("Les Arpèges"); and Mozart's Quintet in C minor. Here, too, are capital attractions:

Italian Opera.

The last three days of the one week of Opera, vouchsafed to eager ears, as the event showed, by Mr. Ullman, gave us *Lucrezia Borgia*, for the debut of a new soprano, Mme. COMTE BORCHARD; *Martha*, with Miss KELLOGG as the chief star; and for Saturday afternoon, a medley: *Les Noces* again, parts of *Lucrezia*, *Trovatore*, &c.

Miss KELLOGG's impersonation of Martha confirmed our agreeable impression of her as a singer and an actress. The fresh bloom of her voice, its maiden-like, clear, penetrating quality, somewhat Patti-like, her truth of intonation and expression, and her already remarkable execution are full of promise, which is sustained by the unaffected, graceful animation, as well as a certain intellectual quality, an air of native refinement, that pervades her performance. It certainly seems unnecessary to go abroad for mere vocal study, when such singers can spring up and unfold so fair at home. The opera as a whole had some hitches in the presentation; but BRIGNOLI was in his best voice and temper, and got such plaudits and encores as seriously lengthened out the rather unsatisfying sweetness of Flotow's work. It seems to be very popular though; and the very large audience, as large as in any "piping times of peace," sat it all through with delight, however much they found to criticize—for this is one of the things which even the public can be critical about. SUSINI's big round voice and easy manner left not much to be desired in former Plunkett's character. Mme. STRAKOSCH filled the rôle of Nancy not so well as some have done, yet creditably.

Lucrezia Borgia was given on Thursday, to a full house, and again at the farewell matinée on Saturday afternoon. Mad. COMTE-BORCHARD, as *Lucrezia*, agreeably surprised the audience, to whom even her name was new. She showed herself an accomplished and thoroughly trained singer, with a voice which is a little past its prime, though still very effective and pleasant. Her execution is brilliant, nor does she lack courage to attack difficulties, or skill to overcome them. She will be welcomed in Boston with

pleasure if she should visit us again. The other characters were filled by familiar acquaintances, and we need not say that they were well filled, when SUSINI was the *Duke Alfonso* and BRIGNOLI the *Gennaro*. Mad. STRAKOSCH made a good *Orsini*, and in many respects shows progress and improvement.

The opera, which was promised "entire," at the matinée, was given to a large audience, shorn of its fair proportions in a manner which we never saw equalled before. Page after page of the libretto, scene after scene of the opera, were unceremoniously skipped, and those to whom the opera was new, must have been sorely puzzled to follow the thread of the plot, if, indeed, they could find any clue.

Beside this curtailment of the performance, an apologetic note upon the bills stated that, the music of *Il Trovatore* being, by mistake, sent to New York, it was impossible to present the *Miserere* scene, which had been promised as one of the special attractions of the occasion. We make no personal complaint at this omission, and were not sorry to lose it, but we could not but think that Mr. ULLMAN's promises were but shabbily kept to an audience which so very liberally has patronized the performances of the week.

Les Noces de Jeannette, in which Miss KELLOGG has made so charming an impression, and shows so decided a talent for the lighter style of lyric comedy, then followed this, being given, we believe, not only entire, but with the ready responses to encores, which the pretty young singer so gracefully and cheerfully gives. A chorus, of no special importance, was omitted, and Mr. DUBREUIL, as before, ably sustained his part, to the satisfaction of the audience, not a little of the interest, and of the burden falling upon his shoulders.

Mr. Ullman has no cause to find fault with the opera-going people of Boston for any lack of patronage, for the theatre has been well filled at every performance, except on the first evening, and any possible deficit on that occasion, must have been more than made up by the full houses at the subsequent representations. We trust that he may be able now to carry out the plans proposed for the season, and, before long, make us another visit.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The Singacademie lately held its annual general meeting, and elected its officers for the ensuing year. Prince George Czartoryski was elected president, and Herr Stigmayer chorus-master, by eighty-one votes out of eighty-two, a pretty good majority. The first concert of the Society will take place in the Redoutensaal, on the 15th Nov., when the programme will include choruses by J. S. Bach, Lotti, Durante, Benevoli, Eccardi, Calvisius, M. Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Blumner, as well as a "basso-arioso" with chorus on: of the last-named composer's new oratorio, *Abraham*. You may, possibly, recollect another Society here called the Bachverein, which was founded by the late Herr Fischhof, and which Herr Selmar Bagge made an ineffectual attempt to keep up. It appears that a quantity of music belonging to it remained, after its dissolution, in the hands of Mad. Mauthner—in whose house, by the way, its first meetings were held—and, also, of Herr Bagge. The lady has since died, and her heirs have presented the Singacademie with the valuable music in her possession. In consequence of this, Herr Bagge, too, has made the Singacademie a present of the rest of the music which formerly belonged to the Bachverein, and which had long been lying in his house. The committee of the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde have just issued their programme for the ensuing season. It has met with almost universal approbation, but the Society will have to exert themselves to the utmost, in order that their efforts this year may not be eclipsed by what they have already done. After a series of victories, the danger

of a diminution in the favor of the musical public is not so distant as people are inclined to believe. The spirit of rivalry, too, which has of late years given such a reassuring and hopeful impulse to musical Vienna, is evidently on the increase, so that the old Imperial city no longer merits, as far as music is concerned, to be stigmatized as an "intellectual Capua."

Schubert's charming operetta, with Castelli's amusing libretto, has at length been given at the Opera-house, under the double title of *Die Verschworenen* (*Der häusliche Krieg*). This opera, as I informed you at the time, was revived last year by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and most warmly welcomed. It was not as successful as it should have been at the Opera-house, not from any short-comings in the music, nor want of talent in the libretto, but simply because the performance was, for several reasons, not what it ought to have been. For instance, it was a mistake to cast the part of Asioff to Herr Erl, who has long since ceased to be a satisfactory representative of youthful lovers. The *mise-en-scène*, moreover, was bad, and the chorus, with their stupid conventional attitudes and groupings, anything but delectable to behold. It is but just to say, however, that, as far as regards the musical getting-up of the operetta, Herr Dessoff had done all that lay in his power to ensure a hit; but, as we say here, "Der Mensch denkt; Gott lenkt." I must state, by the way, that, with the exception of Herr Erl, the artists were well suited to the parts assigned them, and both sang and acted with great spirit. In the course of the last fortnight we have had two performances of *Les Deux Journées*, the German for which is, *Der Wasserträger*, in which Herr Beck is particularly good, and well supported by Mlle. Hoffmann, Herren Mayerhofer, Erl, Lay, Walter, and Liebisch. The orchestra, under Herr Dessoff, played with great spirit.

Paris is not the only capital which has taken to building new theatres. Although not going into bricks and mortar—or rather stone and mortar, perhaps—to lodge the Muses of Poetry and Music, on so grand a scale as her sister on the banks of the Seine, Vienna, also, will soon have a new Imperial Opera-house. Without counting those appropriated to the Court, there will be ninety-eight boxes, each box being calculated to hold six persons. Thirty-six of these, including those for the court, will be on the first tier. The house will, in addition to this, contain 690 reserved seats (of which 430 will be in the pit), 930 unreserved seats, and standing room for 500 persons more; for, as your readers are no doubt aware, there is in all German theatres a large vacant space at the back and round the sides of the pit, where, when it is not too full, the spectator may walk about as at a Promenade Concert. Thus the new edifice will hold conveniently 2740 persons, while the present Kärntnerthor-Theatre can contain only 1650. There will be four galleries. By not having a fifth tier, not only will the height be more in keeping with the breadth, but the theatre will be far superior in its acoustic qualities.—*Land. Mus. World*.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Hauptmann has received the Guelph-Order from the king of Hanover. The following was the programme at the second Gewandhaus concert: overture to *Les Abencerrages*, by Cherubini; concert-aria by Mozart, sung by Herr Schnorr von Karolsfeld; concerto for the piano, by Schumann, played by Herr Dreyshock; songs by Schumann, and nocturne by Dreyshock. Second part: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat major. Annexed is the programme of the third concert: Part I. Symphony No. 3 (C minor), by Spohr; Aria, "Ah perfido," Beethoven; Concerto-allegro, for violoncello, composed and played by Herr H. Davidoff. Part II. Overture to *Medea*, by Bargiel (first time); Cavatina from Bellini's *Sonnambula*; fantasia on one of Schubert's waltzes, by Servais, performed by H. Davidoff; and overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.—*Ibid*.

STUTTGART.—Herr Eckert has commenced his duties as Capellmeister by getting up Auber's *Gustave III.*, which has not been performed for some twenty years. Hitherto he has afforded great satisfaction by the zeal and activity he has displayed in his new office. By the way, the public has now been made acquainted by Herr Kücken himself with the reasons which induced him to resign his office as Capellmeister. He felt grieved at a second Capellmeister, in the person of Herr Eckert, being appointed without his knowledge, and, so to say, behind his back. He looked upon this as a personal insult, and, in order to avoid being exposed to such in future, sent in his resignation on the 26th of September, and, on the 30th, received official notice that it had been accepted.—*Ib*.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The foundation of a Conser-

vatory of Music by the members of the Russian Musical Society has at length received the sanction of the proper authorities. Herr Rubinstein has been requested to undertake its organization and management. This has induced him to abandon the idea of making a professional tour for the next three or four years, and to return at once to the banks of the Neva. The new Conservatory, fashioned on the model of the Conservatory at Paris, will not only provide a complete course of instruction in all the branches of vocal and instrumental music, as well as of composition, and every accomplishment for the concert-room, but will adopt proper measures for the aesthetic and scientific education of the pupils. An "Operatic School" will constitute an integral and prominent part of the institution. It is moreover intended to establish, at some future time, schools for drama, ballet, and scene-painting.—*Ib*.

BERLIN.—At the Italian Opera, a number of new comers have been introduced as candidates for public favors during the last week. Among them may be mentioned Signora Rideri, who appeared as Norina, in scenes from *Don Pasquale*. The general opinion is that her voice is far too small and thin for the stage, but admirably adapted for the concert-room. Her *bravura* singing took the house by surprise. Another fair *débütante* was Signora Tiberini, who made her curtsy in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her style was much admired, particularly her execution of an introduced cadence in the mad scene, where she alternates with the flute. This was a masterpiece. Her voice itself, however, failed to give satisfaction. Signor Tiberini was not successful either as Edgardo or Count Almaviva. The popular favorite is Signora Trebelli, whom the local critics place in the same rank as Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, &c.—Herr Wachtel has left the theatre in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt, after fulfilling a most successful engagement, and Mlle. Augusta Geisthardt has gone there to fill up the place he has left vacant. It is the intention of the gentleman to drop the German singer for awhile, and appear, in a day or two, as a full-blown Italian at the Victoria Theatre. The lady has captivated most hearts by her impersonation of Rosa in Fioravanti's opera *Die Dorfseeligerin*. She was effectively supported by Mlle. Härtling, Herren Winkelmann, Abich and the other members of the company. By the way I may mention that the members of the band and chorus serenaded Herr Wachtel, the other morning, at his hotel, as a mark of their appreciation of his kindness in suggesting and singing at a benefit got up for the hand.—The Sisters Marchisio have left the Italian Company for the present and proceeded to Hanover and Magdeburg. They will, however, shortly return. Spontini's widow, who is very advanced in age, and who resides in Paris, is now here. She came to be present at the representations of the opera of *Nurmahal*. Herr A. von Kontski, also, the pianist, from Wiesbaden, is here. So much for the Past and Present. As far as the Future is concerned, you must know that the new season of the Singacademie will be inaugurated to-night, Nov. 2d., by a mass of J. S. Bach. The next works on the list for performance are Haydn's *Creation*, Blumner's *Abraham* (an oratorio) and Handel's *Solomon*. About the middle of this month, Herr Hans von Bülow will commence a series of concerts, at which he himself will, of course, metaphorically, if not literally, play first fiddle.

MAYENCE.—An organ concert was lately given in the Stephanskirche, by Herr Lux, to an audience of at least 2000 persons. Herr Lux performed a prelude and fugue by Bach, a fugue of his own composition, and three fantasias also of his own composition, namely, one on a romance by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; one on the prayer from *Der Freyschütz*, and one on "O Sanctissima." He was ably supported by the Verein für Kirchenmusik, who sang the "Ave Maria" of Arcudelt (died 1570), two songs from Schneider's *Weltgericht*, and Haydn's motet "Des Straubes eitle Sorgen."

PARIS.—M. Pasdeloup has started a series of "Popular Concerts of classical music," to open the enjoyments of that kind of music to the multitude. The *Gazette Musicale* says of this project, "Has not the time come for this? Music penetrates everywhere; the smallest hamlet has its *Orpheon*, and its musical society. The free instruction in singing in the common schools, forms every year a population of musicians. It therefore becomes useful, indispensable, to form the taste of these masses, and to procure them the means of hearing, as well as possible, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters, as well as the great artists who do honor to their time and their country."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Nightingale Song. "Les Noces de Jeannette." 25

Amongst the village swains. Do. 25

These are the two most prominent songs in this charming Operetta, which both in Paris and London—in the latter city under the name of the "Marriage of Georgette"—has had a long and highly successful run. Those who witnessed the representations of this novelty at the New York or Boston Academies will easily call to mind the above two songs. With the first one, Jeannette charms her lover back to her side; the second is the "Sewing Song." Both are recommended to the singing world at large as two places of surprising freshness and beauty.

'Twas a calm and starry night. E. R. Cory. 25

A simple ballad with a flowing, graceful melody. Songs quite similar in character have found thousands of admirers, and so may this one.

Delaware, my Delaware! J. R. Sweeney. 25

A good patriotic song.

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A pretty sentimental song, in the popular style.

Our native Land. A song of liberty. G. W. Morris. 25

A stirring song by a favorite writer.

Fresh as a rose. Ballad. M. W. Balfé. 25

Balfé has written no new Opera this season, but he has been busy furnishing the London Concert-Balladists with new songs, in which he has been very successful. This song has become a great favorite in England.

Instrumental Music.

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Descriptive of the voyage of the great naval expedition and the bombardment of the Forts Beauregard and Walker, at the entrance of Port Royal Sound by the war vessels of the fleet. A very brilliant piece, interspersed with a variety of appropriate national and popular songs. The titlepage is adorned with a sketch of the bombardment and a map of the locality.

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A very well written piece of music, of medium difficulty.

Books.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfegees, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity and precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are in a form to attract the attention; and the selection of music is one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational Institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 506.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1861.

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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Traveling-Letters."

Rome, November 8, 1830.

To-day I ought to write about my first eight days in Rome, how I have arranged it to live, what my prospects for the writer are, and how this divine spot works upon me; but this will be rather difficult. It seems to me that I am changed since I came hither; and if formerly I made efforts to repress my impatience and my haste to move onward and push forward with ever increasing speed, or concluded that this was merely a habit—I now see clearly that the real cause was but the lively wish to reach this goal. And now I have reached it; and my mind has become calm, joyous yet earnest to a degree that I cannot describe. What it is that has so affected me is also something which I cannot exactly explain; for the awful Coliseum, the pleasant Vatican, the mild spring air all share in it, as well as the friendly people, my comfortable chamber, and everything. But I am changed; I feel myself well and happy to a degree long since unknown, and have such a delight in and impulse to work, that I expect to accomplish far more here than I had purposed; for I am already deep in my work. If God only bestows the continuance of this happiness, I look forward to a most beautiful and productive winter.

Imagine a small two-windowed house, in the Spanish Square No. 5, that has the warm sun all day long, and a room up one flight in which a good Vienna grand pianoforte stands; on the table lie several portraits—Palestrina, Allegri, &c.; a Latin psalm book—out of which "Non Nobis" is to be set to music—well, now, I reside there. The capitol was too far away, and I was afraid of the cold air, against which here I have no need for anxiety, when I stand at my window of a morning and look upon the Square, and see everything so sharply defined in the sunshine against the blue sky. My landlord was once a captain in the French service; the girl has the noblest contralto voice that I know; above me lives a captain in the Russian army, with whom I talk politics—in short my locality is good. When I come in the morning into the room and the sun shines so brightly upon my breakfast (you see I am spoiled for a poet) I am filled with infinite comfort; for it is already late in the Autumn, and who with us can think of having warm weather, clear sky, grapes and flowers? After breakfast I begin work, and play, sing and compose until about noon. Then all this huge, boundless Rome lies before me as if purposely for my enjoyment. I take up this work very leisurely, choosing some new object of world-wide renown daily—to-day taking my walk among the ruins of the old city—to-morrow to the Borghese gallery—another time to the Capitol, St. Peters or the Vatican. This makes every day memorable, and, as I take time enough, I carry off every impression clearer and stronger. When at work mornings I dislike to stop and would gladly keep on writing, but

say to myself, "you must, though, see the Vatican;" and when I am once there I hate to leave it. So every one of my occupations gives me the purest delight, and one enjoyment crowds another. While Venice with her *past* seemed to me like a tombstone—her modern palaces going to ruin, and her continual memorials of the magnificence of yore soon made me sad and melancholy—Rome's past seems to me like history; her monuments elevate, make one earnest, yet joyous; and it is a pleasant thought, that man can produce that from which after the lapse of a thousand years one can still draw profit and pleasure. When now I have fully impressed such a picture upon my memory—and daily a new one—it is usually already twilight and the day at an end. Then I hunt up acquaintances and friends; we exchange notes upon what we have done, that is what we have *here* enjoyed, and get along delightfully. Evenings I have been mostly with the Bendemanns and Hübners, where the German artists assemble; I go, too, sometimes to Schadow's. A most valuable acquaintance for me is the Abbé Santini, who has one of the most complete of Libraries for old Italian music, and who gladly lends and gives me everything—for he is good nature itself. Evenings he has Ahlborn or me accompany him home, because it causes scandal if an Abbé is seen alone in the street after dark; that such fellows as Ahlborn and I must serve as duenna to a sixty-year-old priest, is piquant enough. The Duchess of—* * * gave me a list of old music, of which she wished to obtain copies if possible. Santini possesses it all, and I am very much obliged to him for allowing it to be copied, for I at once look it all through and make myself familiar with it. I pray you to send me for him, as a testimony of my gratitude, the six Cantatas of Seb. Bach, edited by Marx and published by Simrock, or some of the organ pieces. I should prefer cantatas; he already has the Magnificat, the Motets and some other things. He has translated the "Sing to the Lord a new Song" and intends to produce it in Naples; for which he should be rewarded. As to the Pope's choir, which I have heard now three times (in the Quirinal, on Monte Cavallo, twice, and once in San Carlo), I shall write fully on that topic to Zelter. I anticipate great pleasure with Bunsen; we shall have much to say to each other, and I am inclined to think that he has work for me; this I will do gladly and as well as possible, if I can do it conscientiously. To my home comforts is to be reckoned, that I am reading Goethe's "Italian Journey" for the first time; and I must confess that I am greatly delighted that he arrived in Rome on the same day as I did;—that like me he first went to the Quirinal and there heard the *Requiem*; that in Florence and Bologna he also was full of impatience; and that here he became also so calm in spirit—or solid, as he calls it; for all that he describes, has also been precisely my own experience, and that is very pleasant. But he speaks at length of a large picture by Titian (in the Vatican), and is of opin-

ion that the intention of it is not to be made out; that it contains merely figures beautifully grouped. Now I imagine, that I have found a very deep meaning in it, and believe that whoever finds higher beauty in Titian, is always in the right, for he was of the divine quality. If he had no opportunity here in the Vatican, like Raphael, to show his powers in all their breadth—still I shall never forget his three pictures in Venice, to which belongs in character this in the Vatican, where I was to-day for the first time.

If one could come into the world in the perfection of all his faculties, everything would smile upon him full of life and joy, as the pictures in the Vatican upon the visitor; the School at Athens, the Disputa, the Peter, which stand there before him as if created by the mere thought of the artist; and then the entrance under the part-colored vaultings, where on the one side one looks out upon the square and Rome and blue Alban mountains; and above him figures from the old Testament and a thousand various angel forms and arabesques of fruits and flowers; and then only does one pass up into the gallery! But you must become famous, dear Hensel, for your copy of the Transfiguration is magnificent! That joyous awe which siezes me, when I first behold an immortal work, the fundamental impression and idea of it—these did not come to me to-day, but when I saw your picture. The first impression to-day gave me only what I knew already through you; and not until long observation and study did I succeed in finding any thing new in it. On the other hand the Madonna dia Foligno appeared to me in all the splendor of her loveliness.

I have had a happy morning in the midst of all this magnificence; I have not yet visited the sculptures; the first impression of them remains for another day.

Morning of the 9th.

So every morning brings me new expectations, and every day fulfils them. The sun has at this moment again lighted up my breakfast, and now I will again to my work. By the first opportunity I will send you, dear Fanny, the Vienna compositions, and what else is finished, and to you, Rebecca, my drawing book. It however does not now quite satisfy me, and I shall see here much of the sketches of the landscape painters, so as if possible to acquire a new style; I tried to form one for myself, but, no!

To-day I intend to go to the Lateran and the Ruins of Old Rome; in the evening I go to a friendly English family, whose acquaintance I have made here. But I pray you send me many letters of introduction; I have a great desire to become acquainted with a monstrous mass of people, particularly Italians. And so I live on happy and jolly and think of you all in every happy moment. Be happy and rejoice with me in the times which seem opening to me. Farewell all!

FELIX M. B.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.**A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.**

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 282.)

In the following year (1812) he composed: two string Quartets (in C and B flat); a Sonata for pianoforte, violin and 'cello; a Quartet-Overture in B flat, and a second for orchestra in D; an Andante and Variations in E flat for piano; a *Salve Regina* and *Kyrie*, and several songs, among others the "*Klagelied*" of Rochlitz.

He also in this year composed 12 Minuets, which excited the admiration of Dr. Anton Schmidt, a friend of Mozart's and an excellent violin player, and occasioned his prophetic exclamation, that a great master was to come of that boy.

These minuets were lent one day by Schubert, and since then have never come to light. He himself could never be brought to the point of re-writing them from memory; and so this composition, which would certainly have given an interesting insight into the germinating talent of the boy of fifteen, is lost probably forever.

Salieri, whose attention had been drawn by several of Schubert's compositions, especially his Quartets and his "*Hagar's Lament*," to this rare talent, saw to it at once that the court organist Ruziczka was commissioned to initiate him into the mysteries of Thorough Bass. The lessons began; but soon the teacher was convinced, that he had before him a pupil, to whom he did not need to teach anything more. This fellow, said he, has learned it from the dear God.

And in these words lay indeed the truth. All the youth lacked was names for the mysteries of his art; their essence was already unlocked to his genius.

The consequence was, that Salieri took to him still more warmly and gave him (even after he had already left the *Convict*) almost daily instruction in composition. But the Italian set before his pupil almost exclusively the scores of the old Italian masters, whereas the latter felt more longing for Mozart and Beethoven, an inclination which Salieri did not share. And as he went on he gave him, instead of poems of Schiller, Goethe and other German poets, Italian stanzas to compose, and made no secret of his contempt for the German as a barbarous language.* So a rupture between the two became unavoidable; and Schubert, who felt already strength enough within him to travel his own way, and who was irresistibly drawn to that kind of music, in which he was to achieve the highest ever yet done,—German song,—instantly separated himself from a school, which could not answer to his nature, and left the master, whose memory he nevertheless held always in high honor. In the year 1813, five years after entering the *Convict*, his voice began to change, and he left that institution, in which he never had felt comfortable and had only devoted himself to the regular class studies so far as his more and more decided tendency to Art allowed him. He now returned first of all to the paternal house, with which he had kept up an intercourse

* Salieri had spent half a century in Germany, without learning the language. He made a joke of it himself; and in animated conversation he used to mingle three languages, which, with his sparkling glibness of tongue, must have been comical.

during his stay in the *Convict* by the fact that, during the holiday months especially, his string Quartets, often immediately after he had composed them, were performed in order in the Quartet meetings held there. On these occasions the old Schubert used to play the 'cello, Ferdinand the first violin, Ignaz the second, and Franz the violin. The youngest among them all was the most sensitive. If ever a mistake occurred, however small, he looked either seriously, or sometimes smiling, into the delinquent's face; if the father blundered, he said nothing at first, but, if the error was repeated, he would say quite timidly and smilingly: "*Herr Vater*, there must be something wrong there," and the monition always passed unquestioned. Those hours of practice afforded great enjoyment to the players, but to the composer also the advantage of convincing himself immediately of the effect, which his compositions produced on the performers and the hearers.

A twice repeated summons to report himself for military service induced him, in order to escape this danger for the future, to enter his father's school as an assistant. Making a virtue of necessity, he discharged this to him uncongenial duty with much zeal for three years, and he used in after years to allude, not without a touch of self-complacency, to the time when he flourished the rod about the heads of the youth entrusted to his care.*

During this time he was assiduous in his attendance at the church choir in Lichtenthal, and he composed for it in the year 1814 the grand Mass in F, which was there performed and ten days afterward repeated in the church of the Augustines under circumstances, which made the performance quite a family festival.

Schubert stood at the director's desk; his first master was *regens chori*; at the organ sat his elder brother Ferdinand; the first soprano was a good friend and favorite singer of the composer; the other parts were undertaken purely by friends and acquaintances; and after the performance his father presented him with a five-octave pianoforte.

The dry, soul-killing business of school-keeping must naturally have been almost intolerable to our involuntary assistant, in whose head great musical thoughts already begun to shape themselves and press for utterance; he threw off the burden as soon as he could, and released himself from the few lessons, which he had thus far given, in order to follow thenceforth the pure call of the inner voice and dedicate himself exclusively to Art.

(To be continued.)

*The pedagogic profession was and is still rather largely represented in the Schubert family.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

Semi-Chorus (three voices).—To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the powers therein.

The third verse, "*Larghetto piano* for a semi-chorus," is a puzzle. Here the angels do not "cry," so much as *whine* in the key of B minor; and not "aloud," but "quietly," as John Wesley the Methodist, and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to "cry." It is possible that this may have arisen from the foreigner's misapprehension of the English verb, since the same humor pervades the same verse of the "*Utrecht Te Deum*," which is set in F sharp minor; there likewise, we have the same fancy of contrast shown by introducing

The Heavens, and all the powers therein,

forte, for male voices alone. The earlier of the two versions is, I think, the finer one; and though, in the Dettingen verse, a point worthy of admiration is the broad, declamatory ease with which the words are distributed to the *soprani*, if the phrases be delivered in accordance with the manner of writing them, the "cry" must be one of pain among the Angels, not of the jubilation in which they are directly afterwards joined by the continued "cry" of Cherubim and Seraphim in the following verse. In both cases the words may have been sacrificed, with the view of making a musical prelude, which, by the contrasts of a grave and poignant melancholy, should set off with greater lustre the adoration about to follow. If this was Handel's motive, it might better have been attained by some short and stately recitative, than by this semblance of a chorus, in which the music so curiously contradicts the words.

Chorus (five voices).—To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

The verse No. 4, at which we now arrive, though, what some will always feel, a strangely-planned vestibule, may be described as the greatest "*Sanctus*" (otherwise, hymn of adoration) existing in musical art; having some decided peculiarities of its own, which belong to the arrangement of the text. In every Catholic Mass—taking, as the finest instance, the "*Sanctus*" of Mozart's "*Requiem*,"*—in that of the great Oratorio of modern time, "*Elijah*"—the setting begins at once, on the words, "Holy, holy." In this "*Dettingen Te Deum*" the act of adoration is also made a piece of procession and pageant music (not to speak irreverently), as well as a hymn. The myriads of adoring angels and arch angels are continually arriving before the steps of the great White Throne. There is a wonderful amount of accumulation in the "*Sanctus*" in "*Elijah*"; I can never hear that chorus without a strong and present recollection of ancient Beatifications by the antique Italian painters, in which, apart from the principal groups, a tranquil sea of angelic faces rises in the background, melting into an ineffable splendor, an impression of boundlessness and multitude; a vision, glorious, clear, and ample; spreading eastward, southward, upward, to limits where Faith can hardly follow it. There may be something of a like feeling, to those who consider the stars on a cloudless night, who bethink themselves of vast and fathomless distance, of multitude, of a serenity with which aught that belongs to this planet of ours cannot interfere. And this was Mendelssohn's fancy, in regard to this particular "*Sanctus*." When he discussed the plan of his "*Elijah*," and talked of the Prophet, the destroyer of Baal's priests, whose prayer shut up the heavens and let loose the rain, he referred to the Prophet, as one who, whether man or instrument, had still to be rebuked, still to be persecuted, still to be shown the nothingness of human littleness; and hence came the Desert scene. "After this," some one asked him, "what next?" "GOD," was Mendelssohn's quiet answer. After the earthquake and fire, and the still, small voice, was to come the vision of celestial glory, "eternal in the heavens," which makes the "*Sanctus*" the culminating point of Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*."

This is referred to as an illustration of Handel's greatness by measurement with Mendelssohn's. Spiritual as the later master was, the earlier one was the more splendid. If, in "*Elijah*," the "*Sanctus*" has a translucent, quiet glory, in the "*Dettingen Te Deum*" we find a force, a monotony, a march (the march of myriads), a representation of the scene, together with the expression of its purpose, which give the elder

* The weakness of the "*Sanctus*" in Beethoven's two masses, especially in his *Missa Solennis*, where the verse set for solo voices mysteriously wanders betwixt major and minor keys,—may be noticed as a curious illustration of the preferences by which great men have proved their individuality in treating known matters. I venture to say, at the risk of such opinion being confirmed or disproved by time, that one of the loftiest modern settings of the verse, as part of a Mass, will be found in the "*Messe Solennelle*" of M. Gounod.

"Sanctus" its right preëminent. Never were any four consecutive notes of the scale made more wondrously effective by repetition, than those, to the words,



used first, as accompaniment, afterwards, in every change of key, against the one prolonged note, given to the words, "Holy, Holy." Observe, again, how the climax in the "Hallelujah" of "The Messiah," made by the diatonic ascent of the treble voices, on the words

King of kings,

is used here again, without any satiety by reiteration; leading, after a short return to the original phrase, to their burst of the full chorus, on the last repetition of the words,

Holy, holy!

and this, further, outdone by the stupendous yet simple chords, on the phrase,

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory,

with the pedal in the bass, used with wondrous amplifying force. The plainness of this chorus, built, virtually on a phrase of four notes of the scale, may have led it to be undervalued; but by no writer who has ever lived, has such colossal splendor been reached. This chorus must rank, as has been said, with the "Hallelujah" of "The Messiah," and with the final chorus, "The Lord shall reign," in "Israel;" albeit it be made up of fewer materials than either.

Some repose may have been found necessary after such a display of splendor; but the words of the Protestant Hymn are somewhat intractable; for they demand incessant praise, and thus, perforce, if it be set, as here, in separate movements, for variety's sake, there must be a certain anti-climax, not altogether in agreement with what is true in taste. In the verse No. 5,

Quartet and Chorus.—The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee. The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee. The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee: the Father of an infinite Majesty.

may be seen that sort of recognition of the old Romish chant which Handel has elsewhere showed in his service-music, especially in his "Funeral Anthem," in the movement,

He delivered the poor that cried.

There is one phrase of *prose* (as the church-singing vocabulary goes) three times repeated, "The glorious company," &c.; "The goodly fellowship," &c.; "The noble army," &c., and the responsive "Praise Thee" is also three times varied, for contrasting voices. All this is written in *solo*, but in the clause,

The holy Church throughout all the world,

the chorus is made to speak in grave, broad, adamantine music, it may be said, typical of the Rock on which Christian Faith was to build its shrine, clearly indicating how keen, true, and solid was Handel's general comprehension of his text.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE LONDON MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—(From the Prospectus for the Fourth Season.)—The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal, an appeal based not less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm, that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to thirteen, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-four concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and

double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon &c., the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Voellf, Steibelt, Dussek, Clementi, Pinti, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, engagements having been contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favor will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the first (sixty-fifth) concert combines a due admixture of both elements. The quartets are now heard for the first time at St. James's Hall, and consequently for the first time at these concerts. That of Mendelssohn belongs to the astonishingly fertile period of his early youth which gave birth to the Quartet in E flat (Op. 12), the Quintet in A, and the Octet in E flat (all of which have been given more than once at the Monday Popular Concerts), and immediately preceded the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the first published orchestral symphony (in C minor), and the first pianoforte concerto. Like the earlier quartet in E flat, it contains a quaint middle-movement—this time not "canzonetta," as in the other, but "intermezzo"—in which one of the most individual phases of Mendelssohn's genius is vividly predicted. Among the 82 string quartets of Haydn, all that need be said here of the one in F major, is what has been said so often of so many of its companions, "that it is one of the very best and most genial of the numerous family." Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone—a bright example of his early genius—will doubtless be recognized by a large part of the audience as an old and valued acquaintance; Dussek's in G, for pianoforte and violin (the fellow of the one in B flat, which has taken such a stand at the Monday Popular Concerts), as a more recent one, losing nothing by closer familiarity. This sonata was first performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski, at the twenty-third concert of the third season, July 1st, 1861, and, as it possesses the same genuine and brilliant qualities as its better-known companion, promises, like that companion, to win back all the popularity in the present day which it can hardly fail to have enjoyed in the zenith of its composer's fame. The vocal music must speak for itself.

The reception accorded last season to M. Viennemps, justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Viennemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the second (Nov. 25th), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

..* In the course of the ensuing series of concerts the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and the beginning of the present century.

Opera Hunting in Germany.

PARIS, Nov. 1, 1861.

I think that all inquisitive travelers owe a great debt of gratitude to Lola Montez's old friend, Ludwig I., King of Bavaria; for if that artistic old monarch had not impoverished his country in ornamenting Munich, the Bavarian capital would have been a very stupid place, and tourists would have been greatly bored thereat. Now, it is just the opposite.

Munich, as it appears to-day, is an æsthetic caprice. A man with cultivated and artistic tastes finds himself the sovereign of a tolerably wealthy little kingdom, but with a capital as stupid as the stu-

pidest third-rate town in stupid Germany. He determines to transform this dull little town into a capital which, for art and architecture, shall rival the great cities of Italy. He builds superb picture galleries, erects statues and palaces, opens streets, universities and theatres, and adorns the walls of the new edifices with frescoes. A Basilica, in the old style of those in use among the primitive Christians, is built to give an idea of the Basilicas of Rome. A Loggia, hardly inferior to that of the Piazza del Gran Duca, transports one to Florence. In short, a traveler unable to visit the Italian cities will find in Munich an epitome of their treasures—an Italy in miniature.

The old king still lives, though it is thirteen years since he abdicated in favor of his son; the improvements he made in Munich all bear testimony to a harmless vanity on his part. For instance, the frescoes which adorn the outside walls of the New Pinacothek or gallery of modern painters, represent Ludwig receiving the homage of savants, painters, poets and architects, while various emblematical figures in loose drapery are crowning his head with laurel. In the great Basilica, a superb sarcophagus of polished granite awaits to receive his remains after death; and the numerous statues his munificence has erected in Munich bear his name in quite as large characters as the names of those to whose memories these statues were raised.

The present king, Maximilian II., "son of the above," as the tombstones say, appears to have inherited the refined tastes of his father and carries out, though on a more moderate scale, his ideas. He is now building a superb triumphal arch between the Glyptothek and the building opposite it, so well known to all visitors to Munich. To be sure, the arch is wholly unnecessary. It commemorates nothing and nobody, and leads nowhere in particular. But then it looks pretty, and, as Munich seems to be built more for the benefit of tourists than of anybody else, it does not appear out of place.

They have a Crystal Palace also at Munich, quite an elegant and large affair, built for an "Exposition" held some four or five years ago. The Exposition was a failure, drew no crowds. But the building remained and has been kept ever since, though what to do with it neither king nor any one else can imagine. It is like the elephant won at the raffle, of no use to any one, not even the owner, but a great expense and bother to all concerned.

One of the most interesting places in Munich is that of the theatre, I forget the real name of it. On one side is the new palace, built much in the style of the Pitti Palace at Florence. Opposite is a sort of ornamental arcade with frescoes between the pillars. Another side is occupied by a row of irregular stores, while on the fourth side stands the superb Opera House, its façade rich in columns, capitals and frescoes. The centre of this square is ornamented with a fine bronze statue of some defunct monarch, who, of course, was a "Pater Patriæ." (It is worthy of note that every town in Germany has an equestrian statue dedicated to some king or duke, who is always mentioned on the pedestal as having been either the "Father of his Country" or the "Friend of his People.")

This theatre of Munich completely meets my ideal of what an opera house ought to be. Large, rich in decorations, comfortable as to seats, cheap as to prices, crowded as to audience, and unexceptionable as to stage appointments; such is the Munich theatre on an opera night. It was my good fortune to hear performed there Beethoven's "Fidelio." The solo singers were excellent, the chorus super-excellent; and the performance altogether one of those rich treats which an opera goer loves to recall with delight, and rolls like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Then the Munich people show a kindly appreciation of that glorious creature, Donizetti, and his "Don

Sebastian," an opera quite unknown in America, alternates with the works of the standard German composers.

* * * * *

I have just been on an opera hunt. Unable to go over the Alps and once more visit dear Italy, I concluded that the next best thing would be to go opera hunting in Germany. The newspapers said a good deal about Mozart's "Idomeneo" which was on the boards at Stuttgart. So I trotted off to Stuttgart.

When I say I trotted off to Stuttgart, I wish the phrase to be understood in a purely poetical sense; for actually I didn't trot at all, but went in the railroad car. Stuttgart proved to be a gem of a place; quite a little Versailles. There was an elegant royal palace, elegant fountains, elegant statues, an old chateau, a so-so-ish cathedral, and a curious old tower, attached to the palace; all surrounded by vine-clad hills. Item, a fine theatre, but alas! it was closed for two nights. Of course there had been a performance the night before I came, and there would be any number of performances after I had left. But for me, alas! no "Idomeneo."

So I rushed off to Carlsruhe, only a few hours' ride. Being a ducal town and the residence of the court of the duchy of Baden, I knew there must be a theatre there. So there was, and I arrived just in time for the performance, which, instead of being lyric, was only a German translation of a French comedy. "Last night we had Ristori playing here," said my landlord, "and next week we shall have Mozart's 'Zauberflöte' sung." Which was very consoling.

Carlsruhe is one of those places in which an American would dwindle, peak and pine away to nothing, if he had to stay there more than an hour. It is built in the shape of a fan, the streets radiating from the ugly ducal palace, and presenting nothing of interest. To be sure there is in the principal avenue a little stone pyramid with an illegible inscription and a hermless statue to some "Grossherzog" or other, who was, of course, a *Pater Patrie*. Then the Ducal palace has a large, damp park belonging to it, which is very shady and maddy.

So I ran away to Heidelberg. Of course the theatre was closed, but there was the glorious old castle, with the lovely view of the Neckar valley, quite as refreshing as any opera that can be known or mentioned. And that terrace! Well, I suppose everybody who has seen Heidelberg will acknowledge that no description can do it justice, while those who have not, will not be interested in anything I can say about it. Only, a hint. Try and visit it in autumn, when the rich foliage in which the castle nestles is tinged with the richest tints of yellow, of purple, of brown, of scarlet, of gold. After that you will treasure your recollection of Heidelberg as "a joy forever."

Precious little time to spare! This very night an opera at Mayence! only one hour off! Gounod's "Faust,"—something I have a great curiosity to hear. There's a train at 2. 20, and a train at 5 P.M. Will wait for the latter and in the meantime stroll about the valley of the Neckar.

Terrible disappointment! The 5 P.M. train proves to be a baggage train and creeps along at snail's pace, pausing an hour at one of the way stations. Result is that I arrive in Mayence too late for the opera! The next morning I hear at the breakfast table that it was a great success, and will be repeated "in a few days."

Begin to feel pathetic and tender on the subject of operas, and quote Moore:

"Has hope like the bird in story"
Which flitted from tree to tree,
With the tallman's glittering glory,
Has hope been that bird to thee?
From flower to flower alighting,
Did she the bright gem display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair jewel away?

Just substitute "opera" for "talisman" and "city" for "flower," and you have my case exactly.

Nothing better to do than to go to Frankfort; so the next morning I tread the streets of that city, and am reduced to such a state of operatic exhaustion, that I can only smile sardonically when I see by the *affiche* that Lortzing's "Undine" was given at the theatre the night before, and that various operatic attractions are announced for next week. But I derive solace from the King on the Bridge.

The King on the Bridge is to me one of the features of Frankfort, though guide books say nothing about him. The King is of brown stone, and stands on a recess at the middle of the old bridge which crosses the Main. The King is arrayed in his royal robes and wears a crown on his head, while his long flowing beard imparts a calm majesty to his thoughtful features. One hand grasps a sword and the other holds a globe, and there, night and day, stands this symbol of imperial power, gazing far up the Main, and seemingly keeping watch over the good old city of Frankfort; and yet I have never heard the slightest mention made of the King on the Bridge.

What's this! to-morrow night an opera at Darmstadt! Weber's "Der Freyschütz." To be sure, I've seen the opera over and over again, but what of that? It's a pity to hunt so long in middle Germany for opera, and, after all, leave the country discomfited. Then Darmstadt is only an hour or two off, and can't be any more stupid than Carlsruhe. A companion offers, and the die is cast; off we go to Darmstadt.

Plenty of time and no trouble; for with me is a correspondent of a London daily paper, who writes to his journal something about the place. "Can I fish your account for Dwight?" I ask. "You can fish," he says, "but give credit." So I close this communication, sending you the result of my fishing, which you may print or not, and which releases from all further trouble in the matter, and closes the German opera hunt of

TROVATOR.

A Day in Darmstadt.

THE RESULT OF THE FISHING.

(From the London Star and Dial.)

Darmstadt, Nov. 12.

There are in Central Europe quite a number of quiet, obscure little capitals, which tourists, hastening to more attractive places, know only as the buffets of the railway lines. Such is Carlsruhe—such is that really charming spot Stuttgart—such is sleepy Cassel—such even the almost classical Weimar—and such the unpretending chief city of Hesse Darmstadt, a place which, in view of an approaching royal wedding, will not be always as uninteresting to the English men and women as it has been hitherto.

One cannot very easily get enthusiastic about Darmstadt, although it is quite possible to live there very contentedly, especially if one were an amiable young princess about to marry an accomplished prince, and reside in the really attractive grand ducal palace, which will be the home of the Prince Louis and the Princess Alice; and I can readily imagine that when one gets familiar with the sober, church-going, slightly slumberous Hessians, and is admitted into "society," there will be still more to make a residence in Darmstadt agreeable; but as to getting ecstatic or enthusiastic over the prospect, I still maintain that it is not easily done.

My own experience of Darmstadt is only that which any English visitor may acquire by a day's delay on the way to Baden or Switzerland. Leaving the cars at the station, there is a little space of shrubbery, some weak-looking wall, a modern gate called the Rhein Thor, some very young and pudding-headed Hessian soldiers, and you are in Darmstadt. Directly ahead stretches a wide street, lined on either side with light brown houses, quite modern, quite unpretending, and monotonously stupid. A short walk and this street expands into a little square, adorned with a high column, on the top of which stands a bronze statue of one "Grossherzog," named Ludwig, who, the inscription tells us, was the friend of the people. Ludwig is apparently performing the globe feat so popular in the circus, for he is balancing himself on the top of a spherical bronze affair, and seems to be in imminent danger of toppling over if he

should make a false step. However, he has managed to keep his St. Simon Stylites position since 1847. The column on which this feat of equilibrium takes place is a really elegant affair, and a fit ornament for any city.

After this little square the street, as if somewhat alarmed at what it had done, contracts again and leads directly to the ducal palace, where it debouches into a large square, and then and there gives up the ghost.

The first view of the palace is by no means imposing, its most commonplace front being presented to the principal street. For this singular palace has four utterly different façades. The first is too shabby to deserve description, and, as before stated, is unfortunately the first presented to the stranger. The main front, looking upon a triangular open place, is after the style in vogue during the 17th and 18th centuries. There is a large portal, regular rows of windows, a little balcony, and a gilded coat of arms with an inscription in abbreviated Latin placed near the top of the building, so high that no one without telescopic vision, an eagle-eye, or an opera-glass, can possibly read it. The third front is, to use an Hibernianism, a back. It looks upon a pretty wide street, and is irregular, ugly, and strangely wanting in windows. The moat, which surrounds the chateau (and is now filled with shrubs and plants instead of water) expands on this side into quite a large garden or valley well shaded with trees and vines. The fourth façade is utterly peculiar. Indeed, it is no façade at all, but a conglomeration of little fronts and backs, and sides of buildings and wings belonging to the palace. There are gable ends in the quaint style seen so often in Holland; there are parapeted walls; there is a low gothic portal approached by a drawbridge, and half covered with ivy; indeed, the Flemish and Gothic seem to be mixed up in picturesque confusion, far more attractive to the eye than the showy formality of the main front. Opposite is the entrance to the public gardens or parks of the duke, and from this entrance the best view of the palace is obtained; and the visitor, as he glances at the vista of trees behind, and at that giant pile of Flemish gables and peaks before him, wonders how it happened that quiet, formal Darmstadt should contain so very pretty a picture of quaint architecture and fine old woodland. And he will confess that the ducal palace is altogether a very curious affair, quite unlike any he has seen before.

I did not see the State apartments, but they cannot be very large, as the best rooms in the palace—at least those having the most agreeable frontage—are devoted to the museum. This institution contains, besides the usual display of wearisome curiosities, an admirable display of models of celebrated ancient and modern buildings, and a fair numismatic collection, particularly rich in Russian coins. The mineralogical cabinets are arranged with the utmost care and neatness, and "Derbyshire" has very largely contributed to the specimens. The picture gallery of the palace is much more extensive than I had any reason to expect, and deserves the attention of amateurs. There are some excellent Guidos, and a very remarkable San Sebastian, the best picture of Menga. A series of four portraits of the younger members of the ducal family has just been placed in the gallery, and attracts no small attention.

There is a very curious picture in one of the rooms representing Darmstadt in 1746, or rather what can be seen of it from the open square near the old chateau, the circular tower of which still remains. The perspective of this picture is most amusingly incorrect, and a band of soldiers in the distance (wearing by the way the Prejibanski helmets of Russia) are quite as large on the canvass as the figure supposed to be half a mile nearer to the spectator. In the foreground the ducal family is seen starting on a ride, the duke occupying the first carriage, preceded by servants and outriders in elaborate livery. In the next carriage is the duchess, sitting in as solemn and isolated a grandeur as if she were the Empress of all the Russias. Ladies of the court follow in other carriages. Strange to say, the crowd of people in the square pay not the slightest attention to this princely *cortège*, but are very intent in applauding a company of strolling players. Only one solitary courtier takes off his hat and makes a low bow as the carriage of the duke passes by.

The principal church in Darmstadt, the one which the Princess Alice will probably attend—is one of the oldest affairs in the church line I have ever encountered. It is built diagonally across a narrow little "piazza," and has a very discontented look as if it were edging about to escape from its narrow quarters, and failing to do so had gushed out into buttresses and queer projecting points, like an irritated hedgehog in a narrow cage. I attended Sunday morning service in this unhappy church. In the

street near each door was a little stand with a collection box, which any adventurous thief could easily have whisked off. The interior of the building looks small, though it really seats a vast number of people. Wide galleries extend on two sides, while over the door way, and in the place usually occupied by the organ loft, is a gigantic wood and glass cage, shaped like an organ case, and intended for the ducal family. The organ is in one of the side galleries. The choir consists of over one hundred children, led by an energetic individual who is perched on a little out-jutting ledge of gallery near the pulpit, and makes himself conspicuous by sawing the air with his arm in beating the time for the children. The music, however, does infinite credit to his skill as a leader. Nowhere in Germany have I heard those grand old chorals—especially that one known in England as "Luther's Judgment Hymn"—given with more sublime effect. As the glorious strains sung by the entire congregation, with the clear shrill voices of the children rising high above all, fill the entire church with its devotional harmony, the dim little interior, the ugly galleries, the preposterous ducal cage, are forgotten, and the rapt listener sees nothing, is conscious of nothing but the rich strains sung by that earnest congregation who sing with the spirit and the understanding also.

They have a good theatre at Darmstadt, situated near the palace; very handsome without, but rather small, not to say shabby, within.—The orchestra is good and the singers fair. The members of the chorus are preternaturally ugly, even for chorus singers—the men being short and heavy, like elephants, and the women tall and gaunt, like giraffes. They sing well, however, and the Darmstadt opera will bear comparison with any in Germany, excepting that of Munich or Berlin. I saw Weber's "Freischütz" given the other night with excellent effect, the "machinery" of the "Wolf's Glen" supernatural demonstrations being so good, that for the first time in my remembrance the blinking owls, and skeletons, and dragons, and nondescripts, and fireworks, called forth no derisive shouts of laughter.

The public buildings of Darmstadt are so very few that when I have added to those previously named a curious circular church lighted from the top, like the Pantheon, bearing the simple inscription "Deo," I have mentioned all which attract the attention of the stranger. Unlike Carlsruhe, the streets are narrow and irregular, with the exception of those running up from the principal gates of the city. There is one avenue, however, lined entirely with curious and picturesque houses, presenting their gable ends to the street, and separated from each other by wide passages, each house being exactly like its next door neighbor. Yet, as a general thing, the streets of Darmstadt are uninteresting, and the houses characterless, as specimens of architecture. There are, near the entrance to the park, a pair of stone statues of merit, erected recently to certain dukes, of whom nobody ever heard, and who died over a century ago.

Mr. May's "Guide Book" speaks rather slightly of Darmstadt, but gives certain statistics about the place, to which I refer those interested in the subject. I have only attempted to sketch a few of the objects that meet the eye in strolling lazily through the city, and to remind those travellers who may be passing that way, that Darmstadt is worth a day's time, and that the picture gallery will occupy three or four hours very pleasantly. The hotels are tolerable, but English newspapers are unknown in the cafés. In the eventuality to which allusion has been made of late, Darmstadt will be suddenly invested with new interest to English society, and this is my only excuse for writing so much about this quiet, unpretending place, so invariably snubbed by guide-books and tourists.

A New Musical Conservatoire in London.

The Royal Academy of Music has at last met with an antagonist. A new school has just been founded at St. James's Hall, under the title of "The London Academy of Music." The prospectus looks formidable and imposing. Dr. Henry Wylde is Principal; Herr Molique, Professor of Harmony and Composition; Sig. Schira and Manuel Garcia are appointed heads of the Italian vocal classes; Herr Janza appears as teacher of the violin, M. Paque of the violoncello and Herr Oberthur of the harp; Sig. Maggioni is set down as instructor of the Italian language; and Mr. Ryder of the Princess's Theatre is engaged to give lessons in elocution. Other professors, in various branches, we are informed, are in contemplation; while a governor and superintendent for the ladies loom in prospect. The special object of the new Academy is to impart "a complete musical education to vocal and instrumental students,

by means of the best London professors, on the moderate fees of the Continental institutions." This, although it might be more euphoniously expressed, is sufficiently clear. The best musical instruction, at the cheapest charges, will, no doubt, prove a desideratum, cannot fail to excite attention, and must end in receiving universal support and patronage. The appointment of Dr. Wylde, as principal, or head of the Academy, is perfect guarantee that there will be no lack of energy in the management; while the engagement of Herr Molique, as Professor of Harmony and Composition, proves that the very highest talent in the most important department has been secured.

For further particulars we must refer those interested in the matter to the preliminary announcement which appeared in last week's advertisement, pending the issue of a complete prospectus which may be shortly expected. In the meanwhile we feel called upon to make a few remarks respecting the establishment of a school which aims at indoctrinating the youths and maidens of England in every branch of a musical education, and is competing with, if not endeavoring to supersede, a well-grounded and time-honored institution, which has found favor in the highest quarter, and which has never wanted a helping hand from those who could best afford to give it.

We cannot pretend to throw dust in the eyes of our readers. They as well as ourselves know that the London Academy of Music has been started in direct opposition to the Royal Academy of Music—just as the New Philharmonic Concerts were intended to rival the Old Philharmonic Society. Dr. Wylde is the great musical reformer of the day, and no doubt thought that the old Conservatory in Tenterden Street was capable of being improved upon. So we think; but since reformation involves greater difficulty and more responsibility than conservation, it behoves the director of the New Academy to be heedful that he promises no more than he can carry out, and that the changes and innovations he contemplates on the old régime may be such as everybody can understand and appreciate. If better teaching be proffered at less charges in the London Academy, the inevitable result will be that the Royal Academy must succumb, in spite of prestige, and the power that years and acquaintance never fail to confer. If, on the other hand, the instructions indicate no improvement, and the terms are not more economic, the elder conservatory must triumph. In short, the amelioration must be obvious and positive to effect any good.

It seems somewhat strange that while, in the furnished programme of the new Academy, two Italian singing-masters are named, no name of an English master appears. Is there any dearth of English vocal teachers in the metropolis? or is English singing at a discount? We could supply some half-a-dozen eminent names as a satisfactory answer to the former question; while the establishment of the Royal English Opera of late years and the rapid rise of Music Halls in all directions, if proof were wanted, would demonstrate that the national song is more in favor than ever. We must suppose, then, that the English vocal teachers are included in those "other professors in various branches," upon whom Dr. Wylde has not yet affixed the seal of his selection. In the prospectus of an English Academy, however, it would have read better had the Italian masters been overlooked.—*London Musical World.*

RAMEAU AND MEYERBEER.—The following letter from Meyerbeer to the celebrated French critic, Jules Janin, has appeared in the Paris papers:

"You? last letter was directed to me at Königsberg while I was still in Berlin, where I am working like a youth, notwithstanding the threescore and ten years kindly allotted me erewhile by people whose liberality seemed to me to be without limits. As it is not till the 18th of this month that I am expected at Königsberg, where I am to organize the grand Court concert, I have time to answer you, and I shall tell you at once how astonished I was at the little sympathy and forwardness (*empressement*) which the name of Rameau has elicited among you; he was, nevertheless, one of the glories of your Opera; one of your masters in the art of music; he afforded you a relief from Lulli and prepared the way for the advent of the chevalier Gluck.

"Thus his family had every right in the world to meet in Paris itself with that assistance and support which have not been refused on several repeated occasions to the descendants of Racine, to the granddaughters of the great Corneille. To a certainty, had I been in Paris, I should have *incognito* paid 200 francs for my stall, and I rely on your kindness to forward that sum to those good people who must be so unhappy at finding themselves deceived in expectations so justly founded. I send you at the same

time a written authority for M. Gazot, the author's agent, by which I renounce all my dues for the fragments of my operas played on the benefit night of the illustrious and unfortunate family of Rameau.

"Why are you not at Königsberg for the day of the coronation? Why are you not even simply at Berlin? What splendid musical festivals are in preparation! As for me it is my pleasure as well as my duty in the office I hold to compose the Grand March which will be executed at Königsberg at the moment when the royal cortege proceeds from the castle to the church for the coronation. I intend in addition to write a hymn, which is to be executed on the day of the King's, our sire's, return into his good city of Berlin. Add to this that I have promised to compose an overture for the grand concert of the four nations which the London Exhibition is to give next spring in the Crystal Palace at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

"This is what detains me here, what has occupied me this autumn, and will occupy me this winter and the beginning of next spring; but, my dear friend, if God will grant us to live, we shall meet again, I hope, next year, relieved of all anxiety, in that hospitable city, that gentle Spa, all resonant with the plash of fountains and the murmurs of green oaks.

"Your affectionate MEYERBEER."

English National Music.

Messrs. Editors:—In the *Journal* of November 16, several extracts were given from "The New Work on National Hymns, by Richard Grant White." In these extracts, I remarked some assertions that surprised me not a little, taken, as they profess to be, from a "Work," and therefore making some pretensions, of course, to historical accuracy. Mr. White says:

"In one respect, at least, we faithfully preserve a distinctive trait of our race, we have no national music. In this deficiency the English are peculiar among all the people of the earth. There is no national English music, we have brought none over with us, and we have originated none since we left the old home. There are songs, indeed, which are called English ballads, and there are certain very correctly written glees, mostly dolorous in their character; and, also, English church 'services' or sacred music, by which such words as 'We praise thee' and 'O, be joyful,' can be sung in a sufficiently penitential manner. But all this has no distinctive character, except it be that character which forbids it to be called music by any other civilized people, or to be listened to with patience by those among ourselves who happen to have musical organizations and cultivated taste."

For the honor of my country, I beg to deny the above sweeping and superficial assertion of the non-existence of any "national English music." I can find but one excuse for it. I suppose Mr. White to be a warm patriot who labors under the impression that England is about to declare war on account, perhaps, of the Mason and Slidell affair, and who thinks that one way of making one's own troops fight well, is to render the enemy as unamiable as possible in their eyes; so he goes to work, on the principle that "all's fair in love or war," at his own speciality (which I presume to be music, as he writes a "work" on one of its branches), to carry out his idea. Mr. White's remarks are really fit to rank among the prejudices of past centuries, when Englishmen, of very tolerable education for their day, fancied most Frenchmen to be a set of frog-eating, lantern-cheeked Jean Crapauds, who wore dress-coats in rainy wintry weather; and when the French, in their turn, took every John Bull for a large-waist-coated individual with red hair, very perfidious, very churlish, very much addicted to swearing, and perpetually and carnivorously hungry for "ros-bif."

There is no national English music, says Mr. White. Then Busby, Burney, Hawkins, Chappell and others, in their histories (without taking more scarce antiquarian accounts and collections to witness), have been deceiving us all this time, and Englishmen's ears have been listening, for so many centuries, to something else than national songs, as they so fondly imagined them to be! Has it not been hitherto accepted, as an historical fact, that British

harpers were famous before the Norman Conquest; that they then traveled from castle to palace, house and hut, singing the ancient songs of the country? Songs, both Saxon and Danish, that were regarded as "national and ancient" at the time of the Conquest! Busby considers that the most interesting period in the history of English music, as regards the creation of popular melodies, was about Chaucer's time, the latter end of the fourteenth century; and, through that and the following hundred years, music was so highly esteemed by the people, that the minstrels were better paid than the clergy; while the people, not having any permanent registers for the songs composed by the minstrels and by themselves (such registers existing for sacred music only), were obliged to hand them down to posterity "by word (or song) of mouth." In consequence of the uncertainty of such a means of preservation, thousands of these songs have probably been swept away: but hundreds still exist, to prove that the English have a national music. And what a rich varied mine of melody it is!

Mr. White, in speaking of "God Save the Queen," as though this were the sole national (according to one version of the word patriotic) air we have, surely forgets "Rule Britannia," a finer song; and has Mr. White never heard of "Old King Cole," "Ye Gentlemen of England," "Heart of oak," "In the spring-time of the year," "The hunt is up," "Sally in our alley," "Oh, willow, willow," "Joan, to the May-pole," "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," the sea songs, Robin Hood's songs, &c., &c.? All genuine national songs, imbued, on the faith of an Englishwoman, (in spite of Mr. White's declaration that "English ballads have no distinctive character") with character, melancholy, gay, vigorous, as the sentiment may require; generally wedded to fine words, often of historical interest; really unaffected and hearty, original melodies; true people's songs.

Nor do these ballads lie in the dead letter of antiquarian collections alone; nor do they only live in the saloon and concert-room; they are still occasionally to be heard from the mouths of the people. Milkmaids, at their sweet work in green Devonshire valleys, with the fresh breath of morning, or the mild light of evening about them,—boys, bravely swallowing down the frosty midnight air, as they go from house to house, chanting the Christmas carol,—young and old country folks, gathered together on May morning, still, in a few retired nooks, setting up the traditional Maypole,—sing them. And how often, sitting under a sloe bush, with the Weald of Kent stretching into the blue distance before me, have I heard them, floating fitfully down the wind, rung out from distant village church-bells!

That English glees are "mostly dolorous in character," very hilariously I deny! But no defense is needed for this peculiar *genre* of composition, well known and admired even among amateurs.

The Puritan Fathers certainly left all this behind them, as Mr. White intimates. It was in perfect consonance with their principles to do so. They doubtless regarded so profane an art as a contrivance of the devil, and selected the least pleasing of psalm tunes to use in public and private worship, lest the ear should for a moment distract the mind from continual reflection on total depravity. It would be well if American church choirs made a little more use of the excellent compositions (so abused by Mr. White) in sacred music of Arne, Tallis, Boyce, Purcell, Arnold, Bull, and other English musicians, in place of the often incorrect "adaptations" from these, and the poorly arranged "selections from classic composers" &c., which it is a misery to sing, and which must certainly place many hearers in a state of mind, universally uncomfortable as any Puritan *de pur sang* could desire.

Most Scotch and Irish melodies are poetic and

beautiful exceedingly; so are many Polish and Russian national songs; the varied beauties of the German Volkslieder have been everywhere acknowledged; the collection of some 250 national English songs, recently published by Chappell of London, now puts it in the power of all to enjoy the English popular songs also, without the trouble of selecting for themselves. This edition, admirably arranged by Macfarren, is a national monument, superior far to Sir John Stevenson's selections from the airs of Ireland; while the arrangement, as regards the preservation of in-born character, is better than the Beethoven, Haydn and other accompaniments, &c., to the Scottish songs. The words are preferable to Moore's; they are mostly the simple, natural expression of the people's poets; instead of a refined, exquisite, but misplaced and untruthful adaptation of those feelings to the taste of over-delicate and sometimes affected sensibilities.

Would the Irish Balfe and Wallace, would the English Bennett, Hatton, Glover, and others, resort to the people's songs, their true well-spring of inspiration, would they employ the national coloring in their compositions, as did Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Mendelssohn, then there might be some hope for England to possess, not only a rich national song music, but also an original and characteristic school of opera and oratorio!

F. M. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang), a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

Chamber Concerts.

MESSRS. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD AND EICHBERG.

In Chickering's hall last Saturday evening the last seat was taken. The room overflowed — a rare thing for such concerts even in times of peace — with people eager to listen to the fourth and last of these delightful soirées. The feast this time offered no large concerted pieces, if we except the "Kreutzer" Sonata, but was made up wholly of choice little solos, each a fine poetic gem, and all admirably contrasted and combined. Little, though, only as compared with Trios, Quintets and the like; for such things as the "Chaconne," the "Ballade," the "Liederkreis," may be considered great.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. {a. Marche Caractéristique, op. 121, No. 1 Schubert.
b. Polonaise, op. 8. A. SARAN
c. Marche Caractéristique, op. 121, No. 2. Schubert
Messrs. Dreisel and Leonhard.
2. An die ferne Geliebte. Beethoven
A. Kreissmann.
3. {a. Und wüsten die Blumen. Op. 12.
b. Parting. Op. 23. } R. FRANZ
c. Er ist gekommen. Op. 5.
4. Andante from Concerto for Violin. Mendelssohn
J. Eichberg.

PART II.

1. Chaconne. Bach
J. Eichberg.
2. Ballade, op. 47. Chopin
H. Leonhard.
3. Erikönig. Schubert
A. Kreissmann.
4. Sonata for Violin and Piano, op. 47. Beethoven
Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.

The three four-hand piano pieces were full of fine originality. The Marches by Schubert, eager and rapid, keep on with insatiate reiteration of the same crisp, fiery little rhythmic phrase, as if possessed with an impetus that must go on forever. The clean struck chords almost give out electric sparks. Perhaps two of them together were too long, considering such monotony of

movement,—if we can use the term of anything so beautiful and full of life.

Saran, the young pupil and friend of Franz, has twice before (in an original theme with variations, and in his "Fantasie-Stücken") given unmistakable proofs of an original and fine genius for piano-forte composition. He has ideas, fresh and poetic in their nature: and he has already to a rare degree acquired artistic mastery of form and treatment. This *Polonaise* pleased us more than any of the earlier pieces. It is extremely beautiful; a piece which one could hear with interest after the fine inspirations of Chopin and Schumann. How the three pieces could be more perfectly conveyed to the audience, than they were that evening, it would be difficult indeed to imagine. They were played to a charm.

Mr. KREISSMANN did a good service in reviving our impressions of the beauty and depth of feeling of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, or cycle of melodies, which sing the different moods and verses of a little poem "to the distant loved one." In his music it is indeed one of the tenderest, deepest and most spiritual of love songs. A great part of the beauty and the meaning lies in the accompaniments, which demand just such a pianist as Mr. DRESEL. The singer's voice failed him in now and then a high note, but the spirit and feeling of the piece were well presented. In the songs by Franz, and in Schubert's wonderfully exciting "Erl King," which was accompanied with most graphic power by Mr. Dreisel, he was remarkably successful. Indeed we have rarely heard him sing anything better than he did the "Erl King."

Mr. EICHBERG's violin playing won for him very warm applause. The Mendelssohn Andante melody sang upon the strings in a remarkably smooth *cantabile* style; only we must say that we liked him better when he used to play more simply and chastely as regards expression, indulging less in a certain sentimental sort of pathos. This is too apt to take with an audience, and in that way may unconsciously betray an artist out of the bounds of his own due reserve. In execution the thing was admirable; and still more so was the great "Chaconne" by Bach, which he rendered very effectively, albeit not with all that breadth and depth and manliness which belong only to Joachim among violinists. Mr. Dreisel played the fitting and unpretending accompaniment put to it by Mendelssohn.

Mr. LEONHARD continues to win golden opinions. He has a poetic touch — which is also a fiery and manly one — just right for Beethoven. The passion and the reverie of Chopin's *Ballade* told well their story in his clear, crisp, vital touch — that kind of energetic touch under which tones spring up, as distinguished from the kind which knocks them down. The "Kreutzer" Sonata (piano and violin) was very effectively played in both parts, and made a solid, grand conclusion after the exquisite melange.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. — A large audience listened, with interest, on Wednesday evening to the following programme (second concert of the season):

PART I.

1. Quintet. (Clarionette principale). Weber
First movement—Moderato
2. 18th Quartet, in B flat, op. 130. (First time). Beethoven
Adagio and Allegro—Presto—Andante con moto—Allegretto—Cavatina, Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro.

PART II.

3. "Les Arpegges," solo for Violoncello, on a theme of Beethoven's. Kummer
Wulf Fries.
4. Quintet, No. 1, in C minor. Mozart
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.

A "posthumous" Quartet of Beethoven—that is, a Quartet of his last period, not "posthumous"—with all its bewildering intricacies, its wondrous alternations of moods fantastic, playful, grandly solemn, its confidential revelations of the inmost of the deep-souled, loving, deaf and isolated man—such a Quartet, heard now for the first time, does not of course find us ready for any full, appreciative comments. We avail ourselves, therefore, of the Christmas vacation between this and the next concert (fixed for January 8th), to try to study and report of it more carefully. Meanwhile, we can say that it was listened to, through all its movements, with the deepest interest and wonder, especially if one followed it with score in hand; and that the degree to which the Club had possessed themselves of its peculiarities, and thrilled their way through its intricacies, making a shapely whole of it at all events, really surprised us. We would urge it on them strongly, as the best thing to be done, if they would not lose the pains already taken, and would have us understand the Quartet and enjoy it fully, that they fail not to repeat it, and in the very next concert—perhaps in the next two.

Mozart's early Quintet, by way of conclusion, formed an agreeable relief and contrast after the great Quartet. It is all so smooth, spontaneous, naïve and youthful. It sent all away refreshed and cheerful, like cooling grapes and apples after dinner. The concert was of happy length. Besides these, only the movement from Weber's Quintet, with Mr. RYAN's clarinet, which was relished, and the 'cello solo, finely played by WULF FRIES, on a theme of Beethoven's, to-wit, the Adagio from the "Kreutzer" Sonata, with variations by Kummer, one of the best writers for the instrument, one of which in difficult *arpeggios*, showed at least great skill.

Schubert's Manuscripts.

A more particular description of the Autographs in possession of A. W. T., and for sale, is as follows:

1. Part of an Oratorio, upon the Raising of Lazarus. It is the 2d Act and consists of 64 pages, solo, recitative, &c., by "Simon" and 18 pp. of solos and chorus—breaking off here. Full orchestral accompaniment.
2. Mass in G, complete. 4 voices, 2 violins, viola Bass and Organ, 2 Trumpets and Drums, ad lib. to which Ferdinand Schubert has added Oboes, Clarinets and Bassoons. It is in score, 87 pages.
3. Part of a String Quartet in C minor. 16 pages of the opening movement, (4 pp. in lead pencil).
4. Part of a P. F. Sonata in C,—Allegro, Andante, Menuetto and Trio. Finale wanting. pp. 14.
5. Adagio for P. F., in G, 3 1-6 pages.
6. String Quartet complete in Bb—Allegro, pp. 16. Andante 3 1-3 pp. Allegretto 12 pp.
7. String Quartet G minor—Allegro con Brio, 10½ pp. Andantino 7 2-3 pp. Minuetto and Trio 4 pp. Allegro, 16 pp.
8. Opera, "Alfonso and Estrella," complete except the Overture. 3 acts, no spoken dialogue, about 850 pp., full score.
9. Part of a number out of the "Zauberharfe,"—this is only the vocal parts written out upon what was intended to be a full score—16 pp.

Concerts and operas, of which a crop sprang up so unexpectedly these last weeks right in the teeth of

war, will now cease awhile, to make way for the Christmas and New Year's holidays;—after that, to reappear, we hope, with new life and vigor. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB is postponed to Jan. 8. The KREISSMANN-EICHBERG-LEONHARD delightful Soirées are over.—will they not arrange us a new series? CARL ZERRAHN will give us some Symphony Concerts after New Year—unless the public shall seem to have lost its love for them. The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are of course getting ready their annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah," and we trust more good Oratorios are to follow, enough to make a season of it. We understand that they are studying the "Dettingen Te Deum":—may a conclusive victory soon furnish an occasion for its bringing out in public!

Our readers cannot have forgotten "the late Mr. Brown"—who as "Diarist," biographer of Beethoven, rectifier of musical statistics generally, and much more and better, "still lives." Well then, they will be pleased to know that the "Brown Papers"—those charming musical, pathetic, humorous stories and sketches, with the fine New England flavor about them, which are scattered along through old volumes of this Journal, are being collected, revised, added to and published as a book, by Schneider, an enterprising Berlin publisher. In English, mind you. For they issue very nice editions of the best English and American authors there in Germany. Of course the market here will be supplied, and we are sure the many admirers of A. W. T.'s—that is to say "Brown's"—agreeable and touching stories, will all be eager for a copy.

MR. JOHN K. PAINE, the young organist whom our sister State of Maine sends us, and of whose musician-like qualities and mastery of Bach and all the real organ music we had abundant personal opportunity to be convinced last winter in Berlin, has become a resident of Boston, and we can congratulate the Society of the Rev. Dr. Bartol, (the "West Church," in Cambridge street), on having secured the services of so able and true an organist. It is Mr. Paine's intention soon to give an Organ Concert—which we shall commend most earnestly to all true music-lovers.

We have before us a private letter from Mr. TRENNLE, the excellent pianist and teacher, whom all our music-lovers must continue to regard as one of us, although the state of his health compels him to reside in San Francisco. He writes: "I have a great deal to do, and this contributes much towards enjoying myself better here. Moreover my health is improving, and I manage to live without much discomfort—my old enemy, the asthma, becoming more gentle, so that I hope he will, perhaps, by and by altogether disappear."

What is this? Shall we then have prima donna basses, and big Lablaches "roaring you as gently as any nightingale" soprano? Such would seem to be the inference from the following newspaper clipping:

A Leipzig journal tells us that a physician of the name of Pottsdoll has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in anybody's throat any desired quality and register of voice. He creates at pleasure bass, baritone, tenor, or soprano voice in the human larynx by means of a slight and simple operation, quickly performed without pain or danger; and in a week or a fortnight at farthest those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

We can easily believe the following, after what we have seen of RONCONI on and off the stage of Co-

vent Garden. The *vis comica* of the fellow is not more remarkable than his gentlemanly thoughtfulness and self-possession.

At the theatre of Nice, on the 16th ult., a curious incident occurred. In the performance of *La Cenerentola*, one of the actresses, Mad. Mistrali Vetant, having gone too near the footlights, set fire to her dress, but Ronconi, who was singing by her side as Don Magnifico, extinguished the flame by pressing the dress between his hands. In so doing, strange to say, he did not interrupt for a moment the *morceau* he was singing, and the actress, on her part, deriving confidence from his remarkable calmness, went on with the performance as if nothing had happened. The audience were so pleased with the self-possession displayed by Ronconi that they summoned him three times before the curtain with loud applause.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Opera Comique, end of October, an opera by the Prince Poniatowski, "*A travers le Mur*" (across the wall) was reproduced with considerable interest. At the Théâtre Italien, "*the cosmopolitan Marta*," as the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* calls it, was given for the debut of Mme. Volpini, who charmed the eyes by youth and prettiness, and as a singer "was much moved."

M. Padeloup's "Popular Concerts of Classical Music," at the Cirque Napoléon, had commenced with great success. The *Pastoral* Symphony, the overture to *Oberon*, a hymn by Haydn, executed by all the stringed instruments, "were never more attentively listened to, more relished, more applauded at the Société des Concerts." And very cheap: only 75 centimes (15 cents) to hear Haydn, Beethoven, Méhul, Weber, Mendelssohn! says the *Revue*. The same paper for Nov. 31 notices the performance at the Imperial Opera of the *Trovatore* and *Pierre de Médicis*, and the fourth presentation of Gluck's *Alceste*, which was to be repeated weekly, so as to reconcile its success with the demands of the current repertoire and of the debuts. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* still have their turn (the Grand Opera would not be itself without them)—the latter sung by Gueymard, Belval, Mmes. Guoyard, Vandenhuevel-Duprez and Kamackers. M. Faure was to make his second debut as William Tell, the part which he sustained so well in London.

Auber's *Sirène*, with Roger as Marco Tempesta and Mlle. Marimon as Zerlina, was to alternate with the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* at the Opera Comique. At the Italiens, *Don Pasquale* was to be sung by Mlle. Battu, MM. Delle Sedie, Zucchini and Belart. At the Lyrique, the new opera *Ondine*, by M. Somet, was in rehearsal; the revival of *Jaguarita* was retarded by the illness of Mme. Cabel.

At the second of M. Padeloup's "Popular Concerts" the people were to hear: Overture to "Magie Flute," Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a violoncello solo by M. Jacquard, Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* (orchestrated by Berlioz), and the "Tell" overture. A new Mass with grand orchestra, by M. Benoist, professor in the Conservatoire, was performed at the patronal festival Nov. 3, in the church of St. Eustache.

VIENNA.—One hundred and thirty concerts are already announced for the winter season. Mme. Clara Schumann and Joachim are expected. Morini was to commence at the Court Opera in the part of Arnold in "Tell." Soirées for unpublished compositions have been commenced in the rooms of Haslinger. The historical concerts of the Conservatoire of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 19th and 26th of January, under the direction of Messrs. Hellmesberger and Herbeck.

Maillart's pretty little French opera, *La Clochette de l'Ermite*, continues popular.

FLORENCE.—Sivori, the violinist, has played three times lately at the Teatro Nicolini with the most brilliant success. At the Pergola they have been studying "the cosmopolitan *Marta*," and Mme. Borghi-Mamo, after making a *furor* in *Il Barbiere*, was to sing in *Otello*.

LEIPZIG.—Complaint was made in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, of Vienna, that Bach was so much neglected in the Saturday motet singing by the boys in the Thomas-kirche. To which some one replies that they have sung four motets by Bach in the last half year, and that nowhere else is Bach so often sung. Moreover he complains of the want of tenors and of the changeable nature of the choir, consisting wholly of pupils in the Thomas-schule. As to modern motets, he reminds that the Thomaner-chor sing 120 motets in the year, and that Bach wrote only 6. Whereupon the editor (of the Vienna paper) suggests the Cantatas, so many of which lie in the Royal Library at Berlin unheard, unpublished.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The opening concert of the fourth season took place on the 18th of last month, and is thus reported in the *Times*:

The "Lecture" on the present occasion, the 65th in London, brought, as usual, a vast crowd of amateurs to St. James's-hall, and proved as delightful as any of its predecessors. Although, shortly after the commencement of the last movement of the final quartet, "Professor Vieuxtemps" was compelled to give out a strong hint that music, and especially good music, was intended to be heard, and could only be heard properly in the absence of disturbing elements, a more attentive audience has rarely been assembled. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 12 (strings)..... Mendelssohn
Song, "Now Phoebus slinketh in the west"..... Arne
Song, "Se il padre perdel"..... Mozart
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7 (Pianoforte)..... Beethoven

PART II.

Sonata, in G major (Violin and pianoforte)..... Dussek
Song, "The Three Ages of Love"..... E. I. Loder
Song, "Zuleika"..... Mendelssohn
Quartet, in F major (strings)..... Haydn
Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Each piece in the foregoing being a *chef d'œuvre* in its way, and the whole so well balanced that one work formed an agreeable relief to the other, the selection was one of varied and continuous interest; so much so that in the course of a performance two hours and a half in duration there was not a dull moment. Perhaps among all the extraordinary achievements of Mendelssohn's early youth, the quartet in A minor, which begins and ends with the expressive little ballad, "Ist es wahr?" is the most extraordinary. The first and last movements are more than remarkable enough to have been produced by one so young; but the *adagio* and *intermezzo* (the first of the Mendelssohnian "scherzos"), viewed under the circumstances, are really prodigies. Throughout the quartet we cannot fail to observe the strong influence exercised by Beethoven's later writings on the mind of the young composer; and, perhaps, if we except Schubert's quartet in the same key, no composition on record presents (without plagiarism, be it understood) so many features in common with the so-called "Posthumous" quartets of the author of *Fidelio*, as this very work of Mendelssohn. Its first introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts was a brilliant success. The "intermezzo" was rapturously encored, and every movement applauded with enthusiasm. M. Vieuxtemps (first violin) never played more magnificently. By this one performance, which exhibited intellectual culture and executive proficiency in equal proportions, he justified all the praises that have been lavished on his talent, and stamped his reappearance among us as a legitimate artistic triumph. He was most admirably supported by Herr Ries (second violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and M. Paque (violincello). The cheerful and masterly quartet of "Papa Haydn," with which the concert terminated, was forcibly contrasted with the more passionate and soaring inspiration of Mendelssohn, was just as finely played, just as warmly received, and showed that the powdered wig of the staid sexagenarian when covering a head full of poetry could exercise as great a charm in its way as the flowing locks of the romantic youth.

M. Hallé was the pianist, in stating which we have said enough to convince our musical readers that the beautiful sonata of Beethoven (played, as usual, from memory) was given throughout with the facility of a practised master and the reading of a profound musician. The favor which this gentleman enjoys with the public was manifested in the tremendous burst of applause that awaited him on his appearance in the orchestra, and was renewed at every movement of the sonata. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the execution, by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps, of the fresh and vigorous sonata of Dussek, for the rescue of which from unmerited oblivion the director of the Monday Popular Concerts is as fully entitled to the gratitude of musicians and lovers of good music as for the same good office rendered some time since to its companion (in B flat), belonging to the same "Op. 69," which now, after half a century of silence, is probably as often heard in public as any composition for pianoforte and violin extant. Mr. Chappell may be reminded that there is a trio in F, and also a quartet in E flat, from the same pen, which have not yet been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The vocal music was capital. Mademoiselle Florence Lancia (her first appearance at these concerts) is an artist in the truest sense of the word. In the fine air of *Ilia*, from Mozart's *Idomeneo* (to which the great composer makes special allusion in one of the interesting letters to Leopold Mozart, his father), and in Mendelssohn's plaintive "Zuleika," (No. 1), she elicited, by her chaste and expressive singing, an equal measure of sympathy and applause. In the first she seemed a little nervous; but in the last she was completely mistress of her powers. Mr. Winn, one of our most talented and improving bass singers, was also deservedly successful, not only with the genial and melodious air from Dr. Arne's *Comus* (which has a touch of Handel, his giant contemporary, about it), but with the poetical ballad of Mr. Loder. The task of accompaniment at the pianoforte was, as from the first institution of the Monday Popular Concerts, undertaken by Mr. Benedict, to replace whom with advantage would be simply impossible. At the next concert (November 25th) the programme is to be exclusively selected from the works of Mozart.

LIVERPOOL.—"There was a larger attendance at the concert last evening, and particularly in the boxes and body of the hall. In addition to Mad. and Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti, as principals, there were included in that category Sig. Piatti, solo violincello, and Mr. H. Blagrove, violin. Mad. Goldschmidt sang splendidly, and we may remark, that her reception was of a more enthusiastic character than on Monday, and there was a greater evidence of appreciation of her powers. Her first essay was in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and she gave it with enchanting pathos and expression. In Mozart's rondo, "Il Re pastore," she had ample opportunity for the display of her execution, of which she availed herself to the admiration of the audience. The well-known 'Bird Song,' and the 'Swedish Echo Song,' both of which may be said to be essentially her own, were executed with brilliancy of style and peculiar effects that reminded us more than anything she sang of the palmy days of Jenny Lind. Each was rapturously applauded; and at the close of 'Echo Song,' there was almost an ovation by orchestra and audience, who rose *en masse* and cheered her, which she acknowledged by waving her adieu. One of the best features of the concert was the duet from *Lucia*, sung by her and Mr. Sims Reeves. The same remark will apply to the trio 'Fia gratia al ciel,' from *Fidelio*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang even better than he did in *The Creation*. He gave Molique's beautiful song, "When the moon is brightly shining," splendidly, and was encored, with which demand he for once condescended to comply, and was absolutely cheered as he returned to the orchestra. Sig. Belletti shared largely in the honors of the evening. His rendering of the air 'Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore,' from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was a most finished vocal effort, and the pure style in which he executed the florid passages, stamped him as an artist of the first rank. The song was re-given. Sig. Piatti's performance consisted of two fantasias, in which he displayed marvellous execution, and great purity and delicacy of tone. In Beethoven's Choral Fantasia the vocal portion was not characterized by sufficient steadiness. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's part song, "Praise of Spring," well, with the exception of the trebles being a little flat; but in Mr. Goldschmidt's 'Summer evening,' there were several hitches, and the piece is of too classical a style to be appreciated by a general audience. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Figaro* were creditably given by the band.—*L. Mercury.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our native land. A Song of Liberty.

G. W. Morris. 25

This is one of the twelve songs selected by the New York Prize Committee as the best among twelve hundred, from which it may be safely concluded that it possesses more than average merit.

Effa Gray. Ballad.

E. R. Corey. 25

One of those simple strains which are quickly caught by the ear and easily remembered. It will become popular.

A flower thou resemblest. (Du bist wie eine Blume).

F. Agathe. 25

A well-known German lyric by Heine, which has been set to music perhaps by more composers than any other in any language. This new version has the merit of simplicity as well as originality, and will doubtless make friends.

Massachusetts boys. Patriotic Song and Chorus.

J. Otis Sargent. 25

Capitally adapted for the camp. The words are fine and the air spirited. No doubt but the soldiers from the old Bay State, who are all full of music, will soon make this song resound from their tents and camp-fires.

Rockland wildwood. Song.

M. S. Pike. 80

A very pleasing production, to which the author, in his concerts, owes a great deal of his success. It was usually performed as a Quartet, with a very pretty Echo-effect, in which form it will also be shortly issued. The title-page has a lithograph of Rocklawn cottage, Pike's residence.

Instrumental Music.

Shadow Air from "Le Pardon de Plöermel."
Transcription.

Brintley Richards. 35

The famous Bravura Air, sung here so far only by Carlotta Patti, in an elegant and effective arrangement for the Piano.

Marche nationale.

G. W. Marston. 25

A very well written piece of music, of medium difficulty.

Books.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for Female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a Valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces. By Bissell.

50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimentary lessons proceed with a regularity and precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the minds of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies. The exercises are in a form to attract the attention; and the selection of music is one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational Institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 507.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1861.

VOL. XX. No. 12.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's Travelling Letters.

Rome, Nov. 16, 1830.

DEAR FANNY!

Day before yesterday no post went, and I could not talk with you; and if I thought, how the letter would have to remain by me a couple of days before it could go off, it was impossible for me to write. And so I have thought many times of you, have wished all happiness for you and us, and have rejoiced that you were born so and so many years ago; it is such a support to think what reasonable people there are in the world. But you are one of them; continue bright and clear and sound, and do not alter much; you do not need to grow much better; may your good luck be faithful to you;—these are about my birth day wishes. For that I should wish you any sort of musical ideas, is not at all to be presumed of a man of my calibre. You are really insatiable, that you complain of the want of such; *per bacco*, if you had the impulse, you would compose what you have in you; and if you have not the impulse, why take on so terribly? If I had my child to fondle, I would write no score; and since I have composed "*Non Nobis*," I cannot, unfortunately, carry my nephew round in my arms. But seriously,—the child is not yet half a year old, and you already would have other ideas, than of Sebastian,* (not Bach!). Rejoice that you have him; music only keeps away, because there is actually no room for her, and I do not wonder that you are no unnatural mother (*Rabennutter*). I wish you, though, for your birthday whatsoever your heart desires; so I will wish you also half a dozen melodies; but my wishing will be no help.

Here in Rome we have so celebrated the 14th of November, that the heavens put on their blue and festal garb, and sent us down a beautiful warm air. Then we went very comfortably to the Capitol to church, and heard a wretched sermon by Herr * * *, who may be a right good man, but who to me always preaches very grimly; and if any one can fret me in the church on such a day, on the Capitol, he must take special pains for it. Afterwards I went to Bunsen, who had just arrived. He and his wife received me full of friendliness, and there was much that was fine, and there was politics, and regret that you had not come. *Apropos*: my favorite work, which I am now studying, is "*Lili's Menagerie*" by Goethe; particularly three passages: "*Kehr ich mich um, und brumm*," then: "*eh la menotte*," &c.; and especially: "*die ganze Luft ist warm, ist blüthervoll*," where the clarinets would have to come in decidedly; I will make a scherzo for a Symphony out of it.

Yesterday noon at Bunsen's there was among others a German musician; O God, O God, I wished I were a Frenchman! The musician said to me: "One has to handle music every day." Why? answered I, and that took him all

*The child's name.

aback. Then he went on to talk of earnest striving; and how after all Spohr had no earnest striving; but how he had clearly seen an earnest striving shine through my *Tu es Petrus*. If there had been a hare on the table, I should have devoured it while he talked; as it was, I made macaroni answer. But the fellow has a little estate at Frascati, and is just now thinking of giving up music; if one had only got as far as that! After dinner came Catel, Eggers, Senf, Wolf, another painter, two more painters, and still more. I had to play the piano too, and they wanted things by Sebastian Bach; these I played them in rich measure, and had much success in it. So too I had to give a distinct description of the entire performance of the Passion music, for they seemed to me scarcely to believe in it. Bunsen possesses the piano score; he has shown it to the singers of the Papal chapel, and they have declared before witnesses, that such music is not to be executed by human voices. I believe the contrary!

Trautwein is publishing the Passion according to St. John in score; perhaps I will have made me for Paris some shirt buttons *à la Back*. To-day Bunsen is going to take me to Bains, whom he has not seen for a whole year, because Bains never goes out, except to hear confession. I rejoice in him, and I propose to myself to get as closely acquainted with him as possible, since he can solve me many a riddle. The old Santini is still always obligingness itself. If I praise a piece in the evening in company, or do not know one, the next morning he knocks very gently and brings me the piece wrapped up in his little blue pocket handkerchief; in return for which I accompany him home evenings, and we are very fond of one another. He even brought me his eight-part *Te Deum*, and begged me to correct some modulations into it; it keeps too uniformly in G major; I will see then if I can introduce a bit of A minor or E minor.

I only wish now to become acquainted with a good many Italians; for a maestro of San Giovanni Laterano, whose daughters are musical, but not pretty, and at whose house I have been introduced, will tell me nothing. If you can send me any letters, do so; for as I work in the morning, see and admire at noon, and so pass the day till sunset, I should like to move about in the evening in the Roman world. My friendly Englishmen from Venice have arrived; Lord Harrowby passes the winter here with his family; the Schadows, Bunsens, Tippleskirches receive every evening; in short I have no lack of acquaintances, only I should like also to know the Italians.

The present which I have prepared for you this time, dear Fanny, for your birthday, is a Psalm for chorus and orchestra: *Non nobis, Domine*; you know the song already. An air occurs in it, which has a good conclusion, and the last chorus will please you, I hope. Next week there will be an opportunity, I hear, and then I will send it to you along with much other new

music. Now I will finish the Overture, and then, God willing, go at the Symphony. A Piano-forte Concerto too, which I should like to write for Paris, begins to haunt my head. God grant success and happy times, and we will yet enjoy them. Farewell and prosper. FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 22, 1830.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER!

You know how much I hate, a thousand miles away, and over the interval of a fortnight, to give good advice; but for once I will do it.

The fact is I believe that you commit a mistake in your conduct, indeed the same one which I too used once to commit. I really never in my life have known father to write so out of humor, as since I have been here in Rome; and so I want to ask you, if you cannot perhaps soothe him a little by some domestic remedy? I mean somehow by humoring and conceding, by putting forward that side of things which father likes, instead of the other,—suppress entirely much that vexes him, and instead of: *shameful*, say: *unpleasant*, or instead of: *splendid*, tolerable. This helps incredibly sometimes; and I will gently ask, if it would not perhaps in this case? For, leaving the violent political events out of the account, the unpleasant humor seems to me to proceed from the same cause as then, when I commenced my musical activity in my own way, and when father was continually in the worst humor, scolding at Beethoven and all the *fantasts*, and frequently annoyed me by it, and frequently made me disrespectful. Just then there came some news, and that, I think, did not suit father, and was perhaps even painful to him. So long then as I kept on exalting and praising my Beethoven, the evil grew worse, and I—if I am not mistaken—was one day banished from the table. Now it occurred to me, that I could say a great deal of truth, and yet not precisely *that*, which father could not bear; and so it went on better and better, and at last good. Perhaps you have forgotten a bit that you must spare now and then, and not touch with a sharp point,—that father makes himself older and more out of tune perhaps, than, thank God, he is, and that it becomes us all to give in to him sometimes, even if we really have the right of it, as he has so often done to us. So praise a little what he likes, and don't find fault with what he has at heart, especially not with what is old, established. And praise the new only when it has accomplished something outwardly in the world; for until then it always comes to a question of taste. Draw me the father gracefully into your circle, and dance about him;—in short, seek to smooth all down and make all even once more, and bear in mind that I, who am a travelled man of the world, have never found a family, which, reckoning in all faults, weaknesses and peevish humors, was so happy, as we have been until now.

Do not answer this, for it would not come for four weeks, and then again there will be something new. Anyhow, if I was foolish, I want

no spiritual drubbings from you; and if I have spoken well, then follow my good precepts.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 290.)

And now begins the second chapter in the short life of this highly gifted man, in which an abundance of most glorious creations came to light; and the astonished world, scarce able to look over what was offered it to-day, was every morrow surprised by new tone-poems, as they welled forth from the exhaustless spring of this rich mind.

Looking back upon his musical activity in the years 1810-1814, when he had just stepped from boyhood into the period of youth, one is really astonished at the multitude of compositions which sprang up in so short a time.

Besides those already mentioned, with which must be reckoned many songs and attempts in string Quartets, of which he has composed 12 or 15, there falls also within that earliest period the composition of 80 Minuets or Trios,* inscribed to his brother Ignaz, in easy style for the piano; of a Violin Concerto; a Terzet for men's voices, with guitar accompaniment, for the *name-fest* of his father, to which he also composed the words; and a festival poem (words and music by himself) in honor of the fiftieth birthday of his teacher, the first court capellmeister Salieri.

To the year 1813 belong: Four String Quartets (in C, Bb, Eb and D); an Octet for brass instruments; three Minuets and Trios for orchestra; three Kyries; a Symphony in D; the third four-hand pianoforte Sonata; the Terzets and Canons à tre; † and of songs, Schiller's "Thekla, a Spirit Voice," the "Elysium" by the same, and the "Grave-digger's Song" by von Schlechta.

In the year 1814 he composed three String Quartets (in C minor, D and Bb); five Minuets and six Allemandes, with Trios, for Quartet and two French horns; the grand Mass in F already mentioned; a *Salve Regina*; the song: "*Wer ist wohl gross*," with chorus and orchestral accompaniment; and many songs, among which Schiller's "Diver" (begun in 1813) and "Emma," Klopstock's "Edone," Kosegarten's "*Erinnerung*" and "*Die Erscheinung*," and Matthiesson's "*Die Betende*."

If many of the compositions thus far mentioned fall under the category of first attempts, and can scarcely claim much interest at this day, still, on the one hand, they give evidence of the extraordinary fertility of the young composer, while, on the other, Schubert's individuality comes out in many of them quite unmistakably, and one already hears, albeit it softly, the wing-stroke of his genius, destined in a surprisingly short time to unfold to a splendor hardly dreamed of.

Here a letter may find place, from Schubert to his brother, dated November 14th, 1812, that is to say, at the time of his residence in the *Convict*. By its good-natured, downright tone it may contribute something characteristic to the picture of the youth just entered upon his 16th year. Schubert writes:

* These Minuets are lost.

† Der Schnee zerfällt. Lacrimosa. Liebe säuseln die Blätter.

"Let me come out at once with what lies on my heart; and so I shall come sooner to my point, and you will not be long detained by circumlocutions. I have reflected long now upon my position, and have found, that, taken on the whole, it is really good, but might be bettered here and there. You know from experience, that one would often like to eat a *semmel* (wheat roll) and a couple of apples, especially when, after an indifferent dinner, one may expect a wretched supper not before half past eight o'clock. This desire, which had already frequently intruded itself, now grows more and more importunate, and I have had at last, *volens volens*, to effect a change. The couple of groschen, which I got from father, are spent in the first days at T.'s; what then am I to do the rest of the time?"

"They who hope in Thee, shall not come to shame," Matthew, Chap. 2, v. 4. So I thought too. Suppose then you should let me have a couple of kreutzers monthly. You would never feel it, while I here in my cell should count myself happy and be contented. As I have said, I support myself upon the words of the apostle Matthew, who says there: "He that hath two coats, let him give one to the poor." Meanwhile I wish that you would give ear to the voice, which calls to you incessantly, to remember

Thy
loving, poor, hoping,
and yet again poor
brother Franz."

During the holidays Schubert had frequently attended the opera. Of the operas then given, he was particularly interested in Weigl's "Swiss Family," the first opera he heard, and in which those distinguished artists, Vogl and Mme. Milder, sang; then in Cherubini's "Medea," Boildieu's "John of Paris," "Cinderella" by Isouard, but most especially by Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," in which again Vogl and the Milder distinguished themselves greatly. This last opera every time transported him to rapture, and he preferred it at last, on account of its noble simplicity and sublimity, to all other operas.

These visits to the theatre possibly enticed him into trying his own hand in musico-dramatic works. In fact Schubert has composed more than a dozen operas, melodramas and musical farces, and has left several more unfinished. Of their character and success we shall speak hereafter.

Schubert had now cast off all that narrowed and confined him. Undistracted by calls of duty, he followed the bent of his genius, and in restless industry and uninterrupted production he strove to increase the talent heaven had given him, to the utmost.

The year 1815, his eighteenth year, sparkles with a stately series of tone creations of all sorts, although the songs alone have become widely known. Among these however are found already such as might belong to Schubert's most brilliant period, so ripe and so complete are they. It may suffice to mention, that "Kolma's Lament," "Loda's Ghost," Schilrick and Viavela," the "Maid of Inistore" from the Ossian songs, and then "Hector's Parting," "The Maiden's Lament," "Der Liedler und der Kampf," were already composed in this year. To these were added: "*Die Erwartung*" (expectation), "*An die Freude*" (to Joy), "*Wonne der Wehmuth*" (Bliss of Sadness), "*Geist der Liebe*" (Spirit of

Love), "Evening," "Table Song," "To the Sun," "Praise of Tokay," "*Die Spinnerin*" (the spinner); the great ballads, viz: "*Die Bürgschaft*," "The Minstrel," "Minerva von Bertrand" (also very extended), and "The Nun;" "*Unendlicher*" (infinite), "*Tröst in Thränen*" (consolation in tears) "Mother Earth," "Clärchen's Song," "First Love," "*Nähe des Geliebten*" (nearness of the loved one), "To Mignon," "Hope," "The youth at the mill stream," "Bliss disturbed," "The Stars," "Night Song," "To Rosa," "Ideo's Swan-song," "Louisa's Answer," "Evening Song," "Amphyraos" by Theo. Körner, a very comprehensive composition, "Morning Song," a four-part drinking song and the three-part song: "*Das Leben*" (Life). To the same year belong the musical farces: "The friends of Salamanca," in two acts; "*Der vierjährige Posten*," and "Fernando," each in one act. Of church music in the same year he composed a grand *Magnificat*, a *Salve Regina*, an *Offertorium*, and the second *Dona Nobis* to the Mass in F. Moreover two Symphonies (in D and Bb); three piano-forte Sonatas (in F and C); a Quartet in G minor; 12 *Allemandes* with Cudas and 10 *Variations* for piano, and the *Ecossaises* dedicated to Frau Mina Spann.

Schubert's compositions, especially his songs, had already begun to penetrate into circles of Art-loving men of noble aspirations; and in the next following years several persons distinguished by rank, culture and artistic, if not musical, achievements of their own, came forward to meet him and followed his productive career with the liveliest sympathy.

One of the most valuable acquaintances for Schubert was that of the poet Mayrhofer, who, being a great amateur himself, was in raptures with the melodies of Schubert, and by his poems gave him occasion for a series of remarkable compositions, entirely departing from the song form customary until then.

In the year 1829, one year after Schubert's death, Mayrhofer thus writes how he became acquainted with him and in what spiritual relation he stood to him:

"My relation to Schubert had its commencement in the fact, that an early friend gave him the poem 'On the lake' to compose. Led by the friend's hand, in the year 1814, Schubert entered the room, which five years later we were to occupy in common. It is in the Wipplingerstrasse; house and room have felt the power of time; ceiling rather low, the light limited by a great building opposite, a piano worn out by much playing, a small book-case; such was the room, which, with the hours spent in it, will never vanish from my memory.

"As Spring shakes the earth, to lavish her green grass and blossoms, so does the first feeling of his own productive power shake and endow man; for, as Goethe says:

Weit, hoch, herrlich der Blick
Rings ins Leben hinein
Von Gebirg zu Gebirg
Schwebet der ewige Geist
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.

"This ground feeling and the love for poetry and music made our relation more intimate; I wrote poems, he composed what I had written, much of which owes its origin, continuance and diffusion to his melodies."

Of Schubert's still growing productive power

and of the increasing value of his works, the compositions of the following year bear witness. Of larger compositions there belong to the year 1816: the *Stabat Mater* of Klopstock; a *Salve Regina* and the chorus of angels: "Christ is arisen" (in four parts); a Trio for violin, viola and 'cello; a Symphony in B \flat , and the so-called tragic one in C minor; a Quartet in F; a violin Concerto in D; a piano-forte Sonata in F, and an unfinished three-act opera, "Die Bürgschaft."

The following songs occur during the same time: "The death of Oscar," "Fragment from Æschylus," "The Constellations," the "King of Thule," "*Schwager Kronos*," "Knowst thou the Land?" "Spirit Greeting," "Little heath rose," and Hunter's Evening Song," the well-known song of "The Wanderer" by Schmidt of Lubek, "At the grave of Anselmus" by Claudius, "On the Danube," "The Mariner," "*Wie Ulfen fischet*," and "Song of a mariner to the Dioscuri" of Mayrhofer; furthermore, "Orpheus," "*Führt zum Hades*," "*Liedesend*," "The captive Minstrels," "Cradle Song," "The Nightingale," "At a Spring," "Life Melodies," "*Sprache der Liebe*," "The four Ages of the World," and the ballad "Ritter Toggenburg."

During this year he sought the position of music director in Laibach, but did not obtain it.

(To be continued.)

The Dettingen Te Deum.

FROM H. F. CHORLEY'S "HANDEL STUDIES."

(Concluded from page 291.)

Chorus (five voices).—Thine honorable, true, and only Son: also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

In verse No. 6, is doctrine, rather than emotion; and this is wrought out, doctrinally, in a brief movement of fifteen bars. In Handel's earlier "Utrecht Te Deum," it is incorporated with those former phrases of the Hymn which, in some sort, are also phrases of a creed—abstract as much as expressive. In every work of this kind, and with this object, that which is passed over and that which is expatiated on are matters well worthy of comparison.*

Solo and Chorus.—Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

In No. 7, we have, again, the trumpet put to a new use; as opening a stately and broad chorus, by a rather long duet or dialogue with a bass voice. For this mixture Handel seems to have had a predilection: feeling, perhaps, that the brightness of the instrument relieved the ponderosity of the deep male tones. Be the filling-up what it may, they rarely dialogue completely, or blend happily; and in this preliminary air, an equality of sound and a length of respiration are demanded from both parties, which in our time have never been obtained from bass singer, at least since the powers of Lablache began to fail him. The song, then, may, without disrespect, be treated as merely a somewhat mechanical preface to the Chorus, wrought on the same theme, the noble close of which, where the dialogue is repeated by the full strength of the quartet, and afterwards the descending passage of the bass voices, on the repetition of the words,

Thou art the everlasting Son,
are among the finest portions of this Hymn.

* Let any one who is willing to follow out the subject, examine the "Credo" of Beethoven's Mass in C major, with especial reference to the final binding together and working-up of that noble movement beginning with the clause—

"Et resurrexit."

of the which there are many declarations to be combined within one musical form. It is observable that Beethoven, among all men imagined to be a formalist when setting words, has set these words better to music, and has better evaded the difficulties of verses in themselves supplying no inspiration, than any contemporary or predecessor. As an example of a totally different mode of treatment, the "Credo" of Sebastian Bach's Mass in B minor may be cited, in which two of the most difficult and least inspiring clauses are dwelt on, without the slightest reference to the words—the one as a florid duet for female voices; the other, as a long pastoral for a bass singer.

Solo.—When Thou tookest upon thee to deliver man: Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

Chorus (five voices).—When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

On the long and pastoral solo, No. 8, there is no need to dwell; save to invite those who enjoy comparison to look at it in company with the Pastoral in the Mass of Bach, of which mention is made below. The next chorus (for Nos. 9 and 10 amount to one, the former being merely an introduction of four bars) is equivalent to the "Crucifixus" and "Et Resurrexit" of the Roman Catholic Mass, a part of the Latin service delighted in by all composers.† In the "Utrecht Te Deum" the words may be said to have been slighted by Handel—who indeed, throughout all that work, is more scientific than scenic—but here within a space, limited in comparison to that apportioned to it by the Mass composers, it is very fairly treated. Observe the boldness of the modulations to the words,

When thou hadst overcome, &c.;

a boldness transcended by that of no modern modulator; and recollect within how few words the whole spirit of the agony of "the Cross and Passion" had to be condensed. In a "Te Deum," or Hymn of Praise, it was more natural to dwell on the Resurrection and Ascension than on the Sepulchre: this is notably done. Observe again, that throughout this "Te Deum" Handel employs one and the same key (that of D major) for all the triumphant choruses, yet without weariness to the ear resulting. Here is another example of the beauty, purpose, and use of monotony, as a means of effect in request among the old masters—of late, utterly avoided.‡

Trio.—Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

The trio, No. 11, is again a resting-place for its composer: a careful movement for three voices—alto, tenor, and bass—calling on us to notice the sparing use which Handel has made of the solo treble throughout this Hymn. This is explicable, probably, by its having been mainly written to be executed by cathedral singers, among whom, in former times, female voices were allowed to figure but grudgingly, if at all. Here, in the midst of antiquated forms, will be found a hardly touch of novelty in the very opening phrase, in which its accidental A flat gives so much expression and tenderness to the melody.

Chorus (five voices).—We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

The chorus, Nos. 12—13, is again preluded by a flourish of inevitable trumpets, showing, as in the "*Agnus Dei*," of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, that the elder composer, as the later one, felt, that to make prayer intense, it might be as well to indicate the Battle, the event *prayed against*, (this *Dettingen* being a military "Te Deum"). In the chorus itself, grave, pathetic, supplicatory, the strong thing is the sudden breaking away, from all united effort, by the voices alone of women who end it; these leading with inexpressible pathos into the chorus, No. 14, in which, again,

Chorus (five voices).—Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting, O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thy heritage. Govern them and lift them up for ever. Day by day we magnify Thee: And we worship Thy Name, ever world without end.

the words are dry, not impassioned. In No. 15, once more in D major, and its sequel, No. 16, "And we worship thy name," we see Genius at its ease again, free to exhibit (though with always the military trumpet) a still higher tone of adoration. The second movement, in 3-2 tempo,

† Especially to be noticed in Bach's Mass in B minor, where the treatment of the "Crucifixus" cannot be exceeded; as also in both of Beethoven's *Masses*. In the "*Missa Solennis*," the latter named master seems positively unable to end so high an inspiration. But of the two writers, Bach is the happier—the more original—the more dramatic—ever.

‡ How assiduously so, can hardly be better exemplified than from the writings of Mendelssohn; who could rarely give even a *burthen* twice without some change, more or less. A remarkable instance of this will be found in the chorus of people, who repeat the Prophet's prayer for rain twice in the noble scene which closes the first act of his "*Elijah*."

begins in a somewhat antique and *alla-capella* manner; but let the student enjoy the freedom of the opening phrase, and mark how this spreads, and grows, and breathes, and burns, till, after the reiteration of the words, "world without end," on the chord of B minor, there comes a noble phrase of glory, of force, of pedal climax, and last, of utter satisfaction.

Solo.—Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us; O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

In No. 17 is to be noted another instance of over-expression, suggesting that Handel may have read the words of his "Te Deum" carelessly; or, betwixt Catholic Mass and Protestant Service, may have lost his clear view, or, his mostly admirable sense of proportion and propriety. In the words to be set, there is not repentance so much as precaution; not grief for offence past, but deprecation against sin to come. Yet, in the music, there is too much of the lacerating, macerating sorrow of the Magdalen; and hence the air has been transferred to the penitence of the words of the Latin Mass,

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Even the far-famed recitative of "Jephtha," in the oratorio, with his conflict and madness and paternal agony, is hardly more poignant than this. It may be not nature, but it is, with deference to Handel, and reference to his known modes of expression, over true; and this will be felt by those who perceive that the opening phrase is identical with that of the opening phrase of the Recitative in "The Messiah,"

All they that see him laugh him to scorn.

In the latter the desolation, however dreary, was not desperate enough. In the former it is a piece of contrast (for contrast's sake, exaggerated), rather than a rightly balanced expression. I cannot help fancying that Mendelssohn may have had it in his ears when he wrote that pathetic prayer in St. Paul, for the blind convertite, "O God, have mercy!" but in the elder movement, be it over-colored or not, Handel is more pathetic than Mendelssohn.

Solo and Chorus.—O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

The close, No. 18, of the "Te Deum," suggests a fancy from which there is no escape, that the close of our Protestant Hymn is in some sort an anti-climax: this (merely) as regards purposes of art. The Roman Catholic Mass ends with "Give us peace," the greatest earthly blessing: no anti-climax, only repose. Our "Te Deum" finishes with "Let me never be confounded." The first suggests a tranquil subsiding into the arms of Eternal Rest; the second is an ill phrase to be set by any composer who has had to deal with universal glory and triumph, and who is called on to end his work with individual prayer, not wholly supplicating, not wholly confident. Thus, though Handel "holds up" stoutly to the last, concluding his "Te Deum" in its commencing key, and with its perpetual trumpets, and thus, though he has written a stout and vigorous chorus, in one phrase, recalling a phrase from the first chorus from "The Messiah,"

And the glory of the Lord,

the "Te Deum" ends not, it must be admitted, with a brilliancy equal to that of its commencement.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC, (SEPT. 10, 1861).

In compliance with the Rules and Regulations of this Board, the Committee on Music beg leave to offer their semi-annual Report.

Under the enactments of the present Code, it is made the duty of this Committee to hold examinations of each Grammar School in music, at least once in six months. For the more convenient, and systematic carrying out of this requirement, the Committee early resolved themselves into sub-committees of one, to each of whom was allotted a certain district of the city which was considered as

coming under his more immediate supervision and care. The Girls' High and Normal School, however, remained in charge of the full Committee; and it was further made the duty of the Chairman, and the privilege and duty (if they so regarded it) of every member, to visit any or all the schools out of their respective districts, at the hour of the regular music lesson, as often as they might deem it expedient. These duties your Committee have attempted, as far as in their power, conscientiously to perform.

During the months of June and July last the whole ground was thus gone over, so far as the Grammar Schools were concerned, in the necessary preparations for the Annual School Festival, and examination of this department of our public school instruction throughout the city. It may suffice to say here, that the impressions thus gained were favorable, and in the main satisfactory,—especially when we take into consideration the short time during which music has stood upon something like a level with the other branches of study, and the necessarily imperfect working of any system of instruction designed to reach such large masses of recipients, in the first few years of its operation. There appears to have been a steady advance on the part of the pupils in the interest manifested by them for both the study and practice of music, and to some extent in knowledge and solid acquirements gained of it as an art and a science,—an advance which has been marked and decided, year by year, ever since the adoption of the orders by this Board [Secretary's Minutes, September, 1857,] which opened a new page in the record of musical instruction in our schools. Nor has this interest and advance been confined to the pupils only. It is largely shared in by the masters and teachers in all the schools, who have earnestly cooperated with every effort of the Committee, and by the devoted corps of instructors in music, whose efforts have always increased in sympathy with the increasing demands upon their time and talents.

A manifest starting-point of this accession in interest and effort, on all hands, was the introduction of an annual exhibition of the musical capabilities of the pupils, which, it will be recollected, was adopted by way of experiment, in the summer of 1858, as a part of the programme of the Annual School Festival, with so much success as to insure its continuance in that connection to the present time. Certain it is that the impetus given to music by the brilliant success of the musical offering to the Prince of Wales, by the pupils of our Public Schools, a year ago, has ever since lightened the labors of all under whose charge the interests of this department directly and indirectly have come.

A word in this place as to the character of these annual exhibitions in general, and the influence they are calculated to exert. We say nothing of their influence on the vast multitude who are so fortunate as to compose the audience on such occasions; it is the effect on the pupils themselves to which we would particularly allude.

These are not mere show performances. It has been the policy of the Committee to make their selections, in the main, from music of the highest order only,—that which ever has and will continue to have its effect on both performer and listener,—from the standard works of the great masters of choral music and oratorio,—from Handel and Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn, Martin Luther and Sebastian Bach, to know whom and their works thus intimately, is to lay up in store a never-failing fund for reminiscence and enjoyment in after years,—whose purifying influences are perennial, bearing fruit for all time. It is in the careful and long-continued study of such music, and the previous rehearsals preparatory for their public performance, more than in the successful results of the occasion itself, that substantial good is to be gained. The desirableness of some such public demonstration of the musical capacities of the pupils of the Public Schools as is afforded by these annual occasions, we assume now as a granted fact. They have become a part of our school history, and have already taken a deep hold on the pride and sympathies of the community. In regard to the appropriate time, and the manner in which these exhibitions should hereafter be conducted, we purpose to consider more fully in another part of this report.

Of the utility and healthful influences of music as a branch of popular instruction, it does not become us now to speak. This has long since become, as we believe, a recognized fact. The question then is, how can this department of study best be treated, so as most effectually and economically to insure the ends desired, with the least expenditure of time and effort in proportion to the results attained. Let us pursue this inquiry in fairness and candor,—without unduly magnifying its importance, or demanding

more than its fair share of attention. And in order to bring the whole matter understandingly before us, it becomes necessary to repeat some things already familiar, it may be, to this Board. For a *résumé* of the methods of musical instruction employed from time to time, from its first introduction into our schools up to the close of the school year ending with the first of September, 1858, we may refer to the brief historical sketch embodied in the School Committee's published Report for that year. The present provisions for this department of public education are substantially the same as those in vogue in 1858, and may be briefly summed up as follows:

Two half hours each week are devoted to the study and practice of vocal music, in the Grammar Schools; and in addition to the instruction given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music are practised twice a week by the lower classes, also, under the direction of their own teachers; and the pupils are required to undergo examinations, and are entitled to receive credits for proficiency in music, as in the other studies pursued in the schools.

In the Primary Schools, likewise, singing is made to form a part of the opening and closing exercises of every session; and such time is devoted to instruction in music, in each school, as, in the judgment of the sub-committee of said school, is deemed expedient.

In the Girls' High and Normal School the teacher of music is required, in addition, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as shall qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools.

A Standing Committee on Music, consisting of five members, is appointed each year by the President, subject to the approval of the Board. This Committee hold their office for one year ensuing. It is their duty to nominate to the Board for confirmation such persons as in their opinion are qualified for the office of teacher of music* in the schools, to make examination of each Grammar School in music, at least once in six months, and submit a written report thereupon semi-annually, at the quarterly meetings in March and September, and exercise a general supervision over this department of public instruction in all the schools.

The responsibility of the musical instruction at present is divided among four teachers of vocal music, as they are called, viz.: Mr. Zerrahn, who has charge of the pupils in the Girls' High and Normal School, and Messrs. Butler, Bruce, and Drake, those of the Grammar Schools; except that in the Mayhew School, music, in addition to his other duties, is taught by Mr. Swan, the master of the said school. A compensation of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, for each Grammar School, is allowed. Each teacher of music is permitted to use such manual or text-book as his judgment or fancy may dictate, subject to the general approval of the Standing Committee on Music; and he is required, at his own expense, to furnish and keep in tune a piano in every school under his charge.

Music takes a prominent place in the Exhibitions at the close of the school year, and, as has been before said, is now made the engrossing feature in the programme of the Annual School Festival.

Such, in brief, is the nature and *modus operandi* of the plan at present in action in this branch of our Public School instruction. Under its beneficial working much progress has been made, and important results have been obtained. The system is a good one, so far as it goes. But, in the mind of the Committee, it is susceptible of some modification and improvement. This, in the nature of things, was to be expected; we say it without disparagement of the faithful and devoted labors of those who now have the interests of this department more especially in charge. Music can be taught to the best advantage in strictly private lessons only,—each individual requiring the personal and long-continued attention of the master; and the attempt to teach it to the masses, in schools, must, in the nature of the case, be successful only in a general way. Precepts, therefore,—maxims, laws of general application, a good taste, methods and habits of study and of practice, and the general principles of the art are mainly to be inculcated. The general powers only can be developed and trained in classes, while the numberless traits and peculiarities and shades of capabilities which point to individual capacity and genius must, of necessity, be overlooked. Without due regard to these ultimate facts in the philosophy of teaching (music particularly), much labor and time will be wasted. There is every reason, then, why

* From the list of names thus presented, if approved by the Board, the sub-committees of the Grammar School Districts select for their respective schools such teachers as they may prefer.

those who are expected to teach music, in addition to the other studies of the schools, should possess the knowledge how to teach it in the best manner.

This leads us to an important consideration already brought forward in a preceding page, to which we desire especially to call the attention of the Board.

In the Code of Rules and Regulations, previously quoted, instruction in music, in addition to their other duties, is plainly enjoined on the teachers of the Primary and the lower classes in the Grammar Schools. And in this connection we would again press upon the attention of the Board the requirement in the Rules, [Chapter IV., Section 18,] by which the capacity to teach the elements of vocal music is named among the qualifications of all new candidates for the office of teacher. Until this requirement is recognized and insisted on, as one of the elements of examination whenever a new teacher is presented, the attempt to carry properly into effect the provisions above alluded to must of necessity be futile. In immediate sequence to the above named requisition, as it stands in the original orders submitted by the Committee on Inquiry, [February, 1857,] and adopted by the Board, it is wisely provided that it shall be the duty of the music teacher, for the time being, in the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as shall qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools. The remarks bearing on this subject, in the Report subsequently offered by that committee, are so much to the point that we make no apology for repeating them here.

"It must be evident to every member of this Board," says that Report, "that the Girls' High and Normal School is the principal source from whence the teachers to supply the vacancies which from time to time occur in the Grammar and Primary Schools should be obtained. Were, then, the graduates of this institution as well instructed in the art of teaching music as it is presumed they are in other branches, the difficulty under which we now labor would vanish at once. Here, in the estimation of your Committee, the foundation should be laid broad and strong. The pupils of this institution should not only be instructed in the science of music, but they should also be thoroughly trained in the art of teaching it. The importance of this cannot be too strongly urged. Experience proves that the success of the teacher is in direct ratio, not to the amount of knowledge possessed, but to the capacity he has of communicating it to others. A few have this in a great degree by nature; but by the great majority it is attained only by long and arduous experience; and hence those who connect themselves with this institution for the purpose of fitting themselves for teachers should be thoroughly and carefully trained. In this way, and in this way only, can the evils be remedied which every quarterly report made by the Superintendent of Schools informs us to exist and which, depending not on the ignorance of teachers, but on their incapacity, can otherwise never be done away with."

(To be continued.)

NEW ORGAN IN BUFFALO.—The *Commercial Advertiser*, of the 14th, describes an organ just built for St. Mary's Church in that city:

Viewed from the body of the church the organ has quite an imposing appearance, it being 34 feet high, 21 feet wide, and 17 feet deep. The front pipes are made of pure English tin, highly polished, and the design, which is very tasteful, is in accordance with the architecture of the church. The builder, Mr. Wm. Mohr has been engaged in the construction of the instrument nearly eighteen months, making it a labor of love, and finishing it in the most substantial, durable and perfect manner. The organ contains 1772 pipes, in the making of which Mr. Mohr has used 2500 lbs. of English tin, and about 1800 lbs. of lead, the proportion of tin being much greater than usual. The 1772 pipes are distributed as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.

Double Open Diapason.....	56 pipes.....	all metal.
Open Diapason.....	56 ".....	"
Double Stopped Diapason.....	56 ".....	24 wood the rest metal.
Stopped Diapason.....	56 pipes, 17 wood, the rest metal.	
Violin Open Diapason.....	56 ".....	metal.
Viol di Gamba.....	56 ".....	"
Gemshorn.....	56 ".....	"
Principal.....	56 ".....	"
Twelfth.....	56 ".....	"
Fifteenth.....	56 ".....	"
Seventeenth.....	56 ".....	"
Cornet (5 ranks).....	160 ".....	"
Mixture (5 ranks).....	280 ".....	"
Trumpet.....	56 ".....	"

1112 "

SWELL ORGAN.

Open Diapason.....	56 pipes, all metal.
Clavabella.....	56 " 12 wood, the rest metal.
Flaute a Traverser.....	56 " Cherry wood.
Chimney Flute.....	56 " 17 wood, the rest metal.
Principal.....	56 " all metal.
Spitz Flute.....	56 " "
Piccolo.....	56 " "
Mixture (3 ranks).....	168 " "

560 "

PEDAL ORGAN.

Sub-bass.....	25 pipes, wood.
Double Open Diapason.....	25 " "
Open Diapason.....	25 " "
Possauone.....	25 " "

100 " "

COUPLERS.

Great Organ and Swell.
Pedals and Great Organ.
Pedals and Swell.

The compass of the Organ is 4½ octaves, from C to G, and it will be remarked that there are no half stops in it; they all "run through." The largest pipes are 16 feet and the smallest ½ inch in length.

The Double Open Diapason in the Great Organ,
The Double " " " Pedals,
The Sub-bass " " " and
The Posaune " " " "

are each 16 feet stops. Of 8 feet stops there are 10.

This Organ has a reversed action, by means of which the performer is enabled to sit facing the body of the church, and it is supplied with wind by five air cylinders, which are filled by a most ingenious, yet simple contrivance. In Europe these air cylinders are considered to be far superior to the ordinary bellows; they supply the wind with more steadiness, and with less labor; besides which, they are not so liable to get out of order.

The Organ has been tried by a number of our best organists, and all agree in pronouncing it one of the finest instruments ever erected in this part of the country. It is remarkable for the full, rich, and powerful bass, for the sparkling brilliancy which the 5 rank Mixtures and Cornets impart to it, and for the peculiar sweetness of some of the solo stops. It is a lasting monument to the skill of the builder, to the liberality of the society for whom it was built, (at a cost of \$4,500,) and should be a source of pride to all lovers of music, and admirers of mechanical genius. To such persons an inspection of this instrument will abundantly repay them for a visit to St. Mary's church, and every facility for such an inspection will be cheerfully offered, either by Mr. Mohr, 297 Elicott street, or by the organist, Mr. Schmidt.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 18. — It is a good thing to go to the opera at Paris when you have money and can afford the orchestra stalls or boxes; but it is not so superlatively a good thing to attend the opera when you can go only to the pit or gallery, and pay about a dollar for a seat in the remote corner of a dusty parquette, getting mild glimpses of the stage between Frenchmen's shoulders. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it is something of a treat to hear Meyerbeer's "Prophete" as performed at the Grand Opera. It is usually reserved for Sunday nights and invariably draws an immense audience. Yet I have heard the work quite as well given in New York, some years ago, by La Grange, Salviani, Miss Hensler, Marini and Amodio. The *Fides* of the Paris opera is Tedesco, now a stout matronly lady, who sings well, of course, but does not give the "*Ah, mon fils*" with that exquisite pathos which marked La Grange's rendition of that matchless aria. Gueymard takes the part of John of Leyden with the most complete success; and the other characters are well represented. The great feature of the scenic effects is the rising sun in the skating scene, a bit of mechanism, it is said, invented by Meyerbeer, and costing ever so many thousand francs per night. The cathedral scene does not surpass in splendor that used at the New York Academy in the same opera; but the ballet is better.

At the Opera Comique I have recently heard Auber's charming opera "*La Sirene*," revived for the first time since 1844, when Roger made a great hit in it. The opera is a delicious work, full of graceful, ear-haunting melodies, and with a libretto more interesting than those of most operas. Roger again takes the part of the bold brigand hero, and acts with an ease and dash which would alone secure the success of the piece. And then he sings divinely, too, notwithstanding the statements that his voice is half gone. In the well known air, "*Oh! Dieu des fibustiers*" (Anglicised into "Kind fortune, aid me now") he produces a great sensation, but in my opinion, his rendition of the sentimental love song which commences the second act is his greatest triumph. Roger sings with so much sentiment, feeling, and intelligence that one can very well afford to spare the few high notes which, they say, time has stolen from him. Any way, I had rather hear Grisi, Frezzolini, Roger and Badiali, now, in their old age, than any of our fresher and less careful singers. Poor Sontag seems to have been the only one who, in her later artistic triumphs, combined the taste and finish of a long stage experience with the freshness and *miivete* of the youthful debutante. To hear that woman at fifty years of age sing *Lucia* was a blissful treat that I now recall with a melancholy pleasure.

Roger, you know, lost his arm some time ago through an accident while out hunting. But the deprivation has been so skillfully hidden by mechanical skill that the loss is scarcely noticeable. Roger's artificial arm is so admirably made, that he can move it sufficiently to make an operative gesture, though, as it is, of course, easier to use the remaining natural arm, his gestures with the latter are much more frequent, so that the spectator is likely to set him down for a left-armed man, though, without being previously informed, no one would suspect the true facts of the case.

"*La Sirene*" was given in New York some years ago, with Miss Nau as the prima donna, but the tenor part, on which falls the chief weight of the opera, was very inadequately represented, and so the work failed to make a great hit; but it is really richer in melody than several of Auber's more celebrated operas.

At *Les Italiens* I noticed that a Mlle. Fillippi — a new contralto — was announced. But it was several days before I learned that the new-comer was no other than a lady whom I have often delighted to honor — our own countrywoman, ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. She debuted in *Trovatore*, and with the most decided success. I am as glad of it as if I had a wager of a thousand dollars pending on her triumph. Here, in the most exclusive and fashionable opera of the world, is an American girl, vieing with such singers as Alboni and Borghi Mamo, and proving herself a formidable rival to them. And where on earth will you or anybody else hear a more luscious, more delicious voice than that which Miss Phillipps has so carefully and conscientiously trained and educated?

At the Grand Opera, Gluck's "*Alceste*" with Viardot Garcia; at the *Comique*, Auber's "*Circassienne*;" and the promises of new operas by Prince Poniatowski and Offenbach made me very desirous to prolong my stay in Paris; but untoward circumstances rendering this impossible, I start to-morrow on a gloomy winter Atlantic passage, leaving, for the second time, with sorrow, a continent which has afforded many musical treats to TROVATOR.

COLOGNE. — The second Gesellchafts-concert offered the overture to *Uriel Acosta*, by Schindolmeiser; Weber's *Eb* Concerto, played by J. Sciss; the "*Opferlied*," by Beethoven; an *Othello* fantasia, by Ernst; *Credo* and *Agnus Dei*, from Cherubini's Coronation Mass; and the eighth Symphony of Beethoven.

MUNICH. — In the first subscription concert were performed: Beethoven's C minor Symphony; an Aria from *Figaro*, sung by Frl. Stehle; Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, played by Herr J. Walter; a Scene from Rossini's *Otello*, and a Concert Overture by H. Stunz.

LEIPZIG. — Cherubini's *Requiem* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* have been given in aid of the "German fleet." — The last programme (Nov. 16) of the motet performance by the boys in the Thomas church contained Bach's motet: "Be not afraid," and Gabrieli's *Ego dixi, Domine* (a piece which the earnest editor of the Vienna Musical Journal strongly recommends to choirs).

Breitkopf and Härtel (publishers of the splendid editions of Bach and Handel) now propose to publish by subscription Palestrina's motets, in 3 volumes; subscription price 6 thalers. The volumes will contain 78 motets for five parts, 37 for six parts, 3 for seven parts, and 13 for eight parts. — Two thousand copies of Mendelssohn's "Travelling Letters" are already sold, and a second edition is forthcoming.

LONDON OPERAS AND PATTIGRAPHS. — The correspondent of the *Evening Post* notices, among other entertainments of London, these:

WALLACE'S "LURLINE."

One of the greatest treats offered in the whole range of London amusements is Wallace's charming opera of "*Lurline*," as given at the Covent Garden Theatre by the Payne and Harrison Troupe. The music, which has been made familiar to New York amateurs by the Mendelssohn Union, is of such a character that it bears a concert-room performance much better than most modern operas. On the stage the recital sounds heavy and pretentious, and the solos for the prima donna are anything but dramatic. Yet the opera is so beautifully mounted, and with some exceptions so charmingly sung at Covent Garden, that these defects can be easily forgiven. Louisa Payne gives the pretty songs of the water nymph with taste and elegance. Harrison, who does not sing the music of *Rudolph* (the best in the opera) half as well as young Mr. Cook, who sang it for the Mendelssohn Union, indulges too much in the wearisome falsetto, and spoils with it some of the best airs. Santley, who takes the part of the Water King, the aqueous and indignant papa of *Lurline*, is equal to many of our boasted Italian baritones, and Mr. Corri does the wild drinking song of the Gnome in a style which ensures for it a nightly encore.

To my fancy the entire opera is sung too quickly. Mr. Mellon, the leader, hurrying the *tempi* so that the effect of some of the choruses is lost, and even the songs of "*Lurline*" impaired. As the man must know his business better than I do, I would not mention this, were it not that the music of "*Lurline*," as conducted by G. W. Morgan in New York, certainly sounds to better advantage than when conducted by Mellon in London.

But the scenery of "*Lurline*" is absolutely bewitching. There is a pretty fairy cave, and divers damp haunts of the Water Kings, all aglow with stalactites and falling water, and supported by pillars of coral. Then there is a good moonlight view of the Lurie Berg on the Rhine; but best of all is the scene in which Rudolph, in the Water Nymph's cave, hears the dirge

"Peace to the memory of the brave."

sung by his companions above; and at the same time we see the funeral procession bearing the singers — boats gliding gently over the surface of the waves, far over the head of Rudolph and his damp associates of "the choral halls." This scene is most creditable to the theatre, and the whole opera a credit to Covent Garden.

ROBIN HOOD.

Macfarren's opera, "*Robin Hood*," does not allow so much opportunity for scenic display, nor is the music so popular a character. It needs to be heard more than once to be understood or fairly enjoyed. The most striking *morceaux* an unaccompanied hunting chorus for male voices and a bewitching love song for tenor, "*My own, my guiding star*," which Sims Reeves has made popular. Mr. Haigh, a lazy young gentleman with a charming voice, takes Reeve's place this season, and sings the "*Guiding Star*" nearly as well as he. The song will rival in general popularity the best known airs of Balfe, and do more towards Macfarren's reputation than his most elaborate concerted pieces.

Madame E. Guerrabella—*nee* Ward—an American lady, who has sung in concerts in Italy and Russia, has made her operatic *debut* as Marion in "Robin Hood." Her voice is good, if not powerful, and her execution fair; but the music allotted to Marion is rather ungrateful, and no singer can make a sensation in it. The London critics treated the American *debutante* very generously.

A new opera by Balfe is announced for speedy production at the Covent Garden.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

I suppose it is very wrong to include dear Mr. Spurgeon among the London amusements; but since his Gorilla lecture it can't be helped. The photograph makers have just published a little picture, entitled, "Rev. C. H. Gorilla," and representing one of those interesting animals climbing a tree, as natural as life, only the head and white neckcloth are of Spurgeon! This fascinating work of art is advertised in these words: "No Home without a Gorilla; a portrait of one from life should be in every home, as it creates so much merriment."

And talking about photographs reminds me of Adelina Patti, who is photographed in astonishing variety. Patti as "Lucia," Patti as "Amina," Patti as "Rosina." Patti standing by a big white vase; Patti seated intently looking into a book; Patti about descending a marble staircase—Patti served up in every style. Indeed, the photographer's windows are becoming a most attractive feature of London, Paris, Vienna and the other European capitals. Only it is rather confusing to see so many life-like portraits of so many and such diverse people; and after a long stare you go away somewhat dazed, wondering why Louis Napoleon was a rope-dancer; what Blondin was doing with a crown and coronation robe; what President Lincoln meant by dancing the Redowa with the late Empress Dowager of Russia; why Taglioni wore a black cloth coat and carried a scroll in her hand; why Grist and Mario were performing gymnastic feats; why the Wondrous Leotard was playing on the guitar under a lilac bush; why the Prince of Wales was performing the part of the Wandering Minstrel; and what under earth Robson the comedian was doing in company with the Prince Consort, the Queen, Count Cavour, D'Israeli, the King of Prussia, Arabella Goddard, Spurgeon, Garibaldi, Prince Alfred, Franz Joseph II., Duchess of Sutherland, Earl Russell, Count Persigny, Queen Isabella, Louisa Pyne, Sam Cowell, Jeff. Davis and the gorilla.

W. F. W.

Recollections of Beethoven.

By CIPRIANI POTTER.

Many persons have imbibed the notion, that Beethoven was by nature a morose and ill-tempered man. This opinion is perfectly erroneous. He was irritable, passionate, and of a melancholy turn of mind—all which affections arose from the deafness which, in his latter days, increased to an alarming extent. Opposed to these peculiarities in his temperament, he possessed a kind heart, and most acute feelings. Any disagreeable occurrence, resulting from his betrayal of irritability, he manifested the utmost anxiety to remove, by every possible acknowledgment of his indiscretion. The least interruption to his studies particularly when availing himself of a happy vein of ideas, would cause him to expose the peculiarities of his temper; a capriciousness not at variance with, and perfectly excusable in, professors of other arts and sciences, when placed in a similar situation.

If we may be allowed to imagine a man's native character to be exhibited in his productions, in the compositions of Beethoven we shall frequently perceive it to be perfectly delineated. For instance; his Ops. 90 and 101, two sonatas abounding in his singularity of style, containing the most amiable thoughts, intense feeling, and passion, with a decided melancholy pervading the whole. Persons not endued with a portion of these feelings, (particularly the last-named) or not possessing a very strong passion for music in the abstract, cannot sympathize with the author, or appreciate his digressions in these instances from the conventional form of sonata-writing.

Another cause for mistaking Beethoven's disposition, arose from the circumstance of foreigners visiting Vienna, who were ambitious of contemplating the greatest genius in that capital, and of hearing him perform. But when from their unmusical questions and heterodox remarks, he discovered that a mere travelling curiosity, and not musical feeling had attracted them, he was not at all disposed to accede to their selfish importunities; he would interpret their visit into an intrusion and an impertinence; and consequently, feeling highly offended, was not

scrupulous in exhibiting his displeasure, in the most pointed and abrupt manner; a reception which, as it was ill-calculated to leave an agreeable impression with those who were so unlucky as to expose themselves to the rebuke, did not also fail in prompting them to represent his deportment unfavorably to the world. He would frequently revert to these intruders when conversing with a friend, and relate many singular anecdotes, resulting from their annoying visits.

When his mind was perfectly free from his compositions, he particularly delighted in the society of one or two intimates. It sensibly comforted him, and at once dispelled the cloud of melancholy that hung over his spirit. His conversation then became highly animated, and he was extremely loquacious. The favorite medium by which he expressed his ideas, was the Italian; his pronunciation of that language being better than either his French or German; for having resided the greater part of his life in Vienna, he had imbibed the Viennese pronunciation, which is considered the worst in all Germany; and indeed, is only to be supported on the stage, and as a patois dialect; the natives considering it a vehicle for wit and humorous amusement.

It would naturally be concluded, that Beethoven's preëminence as a composer should have placed him above the envy of the profession; but this was far from being the case. No doubt the feeling died with him, although it existed during his life to a very considerable extent, particularly in Vienna. This unworthy conduct on the part of the profession, together with his own unhappy malady, doubtless increased his melancholy, and rendered him more reclusive in his social habits. In justice, however, it should here be stated, that some of his most ardent admirers, both professors and amateurs, resided in Vienna. Latterly his deafness became so aggravated and confirmed, as to oblige those who wished to communicate with him, to have recourse to writing; but being very excitable and tenacious upon the subject of his infirmity, if they were not rapid in their communication, he would endeavor to anticipate what was intended, or evade the question altogether, by changing the discourse. Some judges are of opinion, that his misfortune had considerable influence upon his writings, and that it contributed to their complexity, particularly his latter productions; but it would have required a much more extended period than was allotted to him, to have caused him to forget the powers or genius of an orchestra. Indeed, had he been spared twenty or thirty years longer, we may conceive him to have contracted a confused idea of musical sounds and combinations; but his great experience of orchestral effects, so satisfactorily exemplified in all his works—his profound knowledge of harmony, and his inexhaustible fancy, would always have assisted him in the accomplishment of any work.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — "The Hymn of Praise," is concluded with a title page and the words of the Cantata.

Music at Home.

The report, from week to week, is certainly but meagre as compared with what we collect under the head of "Music Abroad." It is naturally a poor time for Fine Arts, when war is the chief art. But music cannot die out in the free States—not till Freedom dies. Freedom is fresh and full of joy, buoyant even in her trials, with instincts all in sympathy with harmony and heaven. Freedom loves beauty and loves music, and like the bird must sing. We wonder how much music (music as an Art, we mean, as a refining influence) there is in Secession! What a field for artists! But Freedom must have music with the breath of life. While she breathes and holds her own, she never can consent to the mean and false economy of banishing the Muses. Culture and refinement are what a free State cannot afford to do without; and they will surely die with Freedom.

Boston has nothing to report for the week past in the way of concerts. But next week there will be an Amateur Orchestra to speak of; on Sunday evening after Christmas, we shall have the "Messiah" given by the Handel and Haydn Society; and then will follow orchestral and chamber concerts, what more we shall see. Art is not dead among us yet, nor voiceless in a swoon of terror. From other quarters round us the week brings reports of concerts worthy to be mentioned, as showing that music still lives, and that her standard is not lowered in the life struggle of the nation. Here is, for instance, this from Worcester, heart of the old Bay State; "Stella" writes (in the *Palladium*).

"The concert, given by the choir of the First Unitarian church on Friday evening, was excellent in regard to the music performed and the manner of its performance. Mr. Thayer, organist of the church, played a *Chorus from the Huguenots*, "God Save the King," with original variations, the *Coronation March from The Prophet*; and Bach's *Fugue in G minor*, in which he proved himself a conscientious student of his instrument. His pedal playing and management of the stops, &c., were very greatly commended. The choir sang *Et Incarnatus* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and there were solos and duets sung with taste and expression. We must particularize Miss Whiting's singing of Beethoven's *Adelaide* as being especially good. Mr. Lawrence sang the *Messiah* air—*The People that walked in Darkness*, with very good effect. Miss Metcalf sang the sadly beautiful air, "He was despised;" and Mr. Stocking gave excellent expression to the air, *Be thou faithful*. The occasion introduced a young *debutante*, Miss Lizzie Eaton, who has a voice of remarkable purity and sweetness, which was heard to good advantage in an air from Mozart and in the duet, with Miss Whiting, "O Lovely Peace." The concert was a most agreeable one, creditable alike to the performers and to the large audience, which gave undivided attention to the music gratuitously offered by Mr. Stocking and his associates."

In Philadelphia, Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas gave their first *Soirée* of classical chamber music, at the Academy Foyer, last Saturday evening. And the "Germania Rehearsals" go on regularly, although not crowded as before, giving welcome tastes of orchestral music, symphonies, overtures, and lighter things. "Mercutio" writes us from there:

"But the fact is not to be disguised, that it is much more difficult now to get an audience together, than it was a twelvemonth since. I do not know that money is so much scarcer, but the majority of people consider themselves in duty bound to consider it so;—sensible, thoughtful people, and you will find few lovers of classical music that are not of this class, entertain just doubts of the propriety of attending public amusements of any kind, in times like the present. So many have dear friends and relatives in our great army, and who can tell how soon how many households may be transformed into scenes of sadness and mourning, by the uncertain fate of war? With such melancholy anticipations ever before them, there is necessarily on their part no disposition to patronize public assemblages, and the managers of such affairs cannot reasonably complain if they suffer in their purses from this very natural state of the intelligent public mind. There is such a thing as respect for the memory of the absent, whose lives are in daily peril for our sakes."

This is well, and honorable to the music-loving people of Philadelphia. But it is not good economy, moral or material, to let the serious abstinence go too far. Even amusement, entertainment,

is as essential as fresh air to health, and the mind *fevers* in the noblest purpose without it. Besides, music is more than amusement, than mere trifling of life away. It is culture, inspiration, breath of life, in the degree that it is noble music and not low. Then as to the cost of it, retrenchment of superfluous expenses, and all that, consider: We have *never* spent much upon music; concerts, if luxuries, are the cheapest of all luxuries; dinner parties, balls and dresses—these cost money, and it is a real economy which retrenches these. But for a single bottle of champagne one can have three or four concerts of the finest music—symphonies of Beethoven, and what not. To the music lover these are necessities of life (at least until we come into the very worst strait), and he will not cut of this trifling expense, while he keeps on expending largely to keep up the mere vulgar liberality of fashion and conventionality.

To the report of Philadelphia must be added Romberg's Cantata "The Song of the Bell," which was performed on the 10th, at the Musical Fund Hall, by the Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by the Germania Orchestra; and a concert by the Pupils of the Blind institution, on Tuesday, in aid of the "Cooper Refreshment Volunteer Fund," with orchestra, chorus and solos.

BUFFALO has been comforted by a visit of the Ullman Italian Opera troupe, with Mlles. Kellogg, Hinkley, Signor Brignoli, Susini and the rest; which has even elicited a public card of thanks, signed by music-loving citizens, to the acting director, Mr. Grau, and tendering him a benefit.

The ST. LOUIS Opera House opened on the 9th, as a "monster Music Hall."

In NEW YORK, the Philharmonic Society gives, as usual, its course of Symphony Concerts and Rehearsals, with its noble orchestra; and Messrs. Mason and Thomas have already given their second Soirée of classical chamber music, with the following programme:

I. Quartet in G major: *Haydn*. 1. Allegro con spirito; 2. Adagio sostenuto; 3. Minuetto, presto; 4. Allegro ma non troppo. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner. II. Romanzen, for Piano-forte. Op. 28; *Schumann*. Mr. Wm. Mason.—III. Trio in B flat minor. Op. 5; *Volkman*. 1. Largo; 2. Allegretto; 2. Allegro con brio. Messrs. Mason, Thomas and Bergner.—IV. Quartet in E minor. No. 8; *Beethoven*. 1. Allegro; 2. Molto Adagio; 3. Allegretto, Thème Russe; 4. Finale, Presto. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, and Bergner.

The New York Harmonic Society give their tenth annual performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas night; Miss M. Brainard, Mme. Stœpel, Messrs. J. R. Thomas and G. F. Hsley will sustain the solos.

— And so we might go on telescoping over a no tempty, though unusually barren field; in the absence of greater luminaries, gleaning small stars and star dust. But this is enough to show, at least, that the interest in music is not quite dead.

In the annual performance of Handel's "Messiah," Sunday evening after Christmas, Mrs. LONG will sing the principal soprano solos. It will be the last opportunity to hear her in those noble airs, since this occasion marks her withdrawal of herself from public singing. Henceforth she will devote all her energies to teaching.

Mrs. KEMPTON will sing the contralto solos; Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY (from the Exeter Hall Oratorios, London), the tenor; Mr. J. R. THOMAS, of New York, the bass; and Miss GILSON will divide the soprano airs with Mrs. LONG. CARL ZERRAHN, of course, conducts, and Mr. LANG presides at the organ.

FACING THE MUSIC. — The war (of Union and Freedom *versus* slaveholder Rebellion) moves to the tune, it is said, of a million and a half or two millions a day. Not a small item in the vast expenditure is the sum paid to military bands, as appears by the following paragraph in the *New York Tribune*:

"The United States Government has become the great patron of music, in the belligerent days. Secretary Cameron, in his late report, spoke against the expense of so much military music, and recommended a reduction in the bands. The law allows twenty four musicians—or what newspaper reporters call "pieces" (why not call them shreds or patches, or any other unmeaning term!)—to each regimental band. If we admit the usefulness or necessity for any regimental band, twenty-four musicians instead of being too great a number, are the smallest possible force to give strains with any warlike inspiration. The bands of the French regiments number nearly fifty musicians each. Some Austrian bands number as high as eighty. It is not surprising that the Secretary may be appalled at the expense, when we take into consideration that our improvised army contains over six hundred regiments, which number multiplied by twenty-four, the number of musicians to each, gives fourteen thousand four hundred musicians, and their pay at \$15 a month each amounts to some \$2,606,000 a year, without counting subsistence. But to get good musicians in this city for army bands at this regulation pay is now next to impossible. Thrice that sum is said to be asked and freely given by officers of certain regiments."

In Prussia there is a band master general, who organizes and controls the entire music of the Prussian army. Every band in the whole kingdom must conform, in numbers, in the selection and proportion of various instruments, in the particular structure, compass, pitch, &c., of each kind of instrument, to his unitary standard. He is thoroughly master of his subject, and probably knows more of the capacities of wind instruments and the best ways of combining them, so as to obtain the most effect, for every kind of service, than any man in Europe. Wieprecht is his name. He is preparing a treatise on wind instruments, which will be invaluable. Liszt and Berlioz, whose work on "Instrumentation" is well known, have owed much to Wieprecht. We have been promised by him a schedule of the composition of the bands, larger and smaller, in each branch of the Prussian army, together with a comparative view of the instruments in use in Prussia, Austria and France. Had we dreamed of war at the time when we often saw him, we should have been more careful to secure the prize. But our only object now in mentioning it is, to suggest the obvious *economy*, as well as efficiency, that might be found by our great army in some such unitary regulation of the bands.

Lovers of Mass music, and particularly the admirers of WEBER, will be interested to know, that his Mass in G will be performed at the Catholic Cathedral in Albany Street, in this city, on Christmas day, at 10 1-2 A.M. Miss WASHBURN will sustain the principal soprano, and Mr. WILLCOX will preside at the organ.

"Spiridion," in his Paris letter to the *Evening Gazette*, exultingly reports a piece of news alarming enough to one who does not happen to rejoice in Charles Lamb-like ears—but "ears," by his account, are common among Frenchmen;

"'Tis Saint Cecilia's Day! How can I better celebrate it than by returning thanks to Heaven (her patron as well as mine) that the downfall of pianos is at hand. Henceforward who plays—pays. Everybody cannot possess the privilege of vexing the neighborhood and murdering sleep and good nature within a radius as extensive as carage, for pianos are to be classed with dogs as a nuisance, and artists cannot bay Rossini except on the condition dogs are allowed to bay the moon, they must pay for it. When civilization throws cats into the tax gatherer's wallet there may be some hope of millennium."

Mons. Fould (thank heaven there is no Ghetto for Jews in France!) is the divinity that so opportunely steps out of his machine in Saint Cecilia's aid. It is not the first time she owes obligations to bankers. You remember Mendelssohn contrived to marry the delightful chimes of resonant gold with the magic of counterpoint, and if Meyerbeer has not officiated in a "back office," his father did and his brothers do, and the altar whose horns give him immunity from creditors and fast days stands there. Mons. Fould, touched by the species of the question which every porter's daughter thinks she may inflict on our ears has determined that a tax—I hope a heavy one—is to be levied on every piano used, which measure will be beneficial in several ways; it will increase the revenues of the state, it will greatly diminish pianos, and it will solace involuntary listener's ears by allowing them to think as they hear pianos tortured. "There is a tax payer who is making my contribution to the state lighter." This is the most popular tax ever levied in France. Pianos had demoralized public morals and given music a reputation, which corrupted rapidly in consequence of the continued broils of opera singers and their managers. Its reputation had become so spoiled a serious gentleman dared define it; "The most bearable of noises," and a brilliant person ventured to reply to the query: "Do you like music?" by drawing on his gloves, buttoning close his coat and putting on his hat with a defiant *cock*, and saying; "I ain't afraid of it, sir?" Divino Cecilia, it had come to this pass!"

A further evidence that the Parisians have "ears" is, that they find Gluck's music heavy. They shed tears over it and run away from it:—so the Philadelphia *Transcript* learns:

A rival, in heaviness, to Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been produced at the Grand Opera in Paris, Gluck's *Alceste*, and, which has met with a total failure. Fiorentino the critic in speaking of it thus concludes: "Fatigue and exhaustion began to appear on every face, an Arctic spread from person to person, the audience could stand it no longer. There was too much desolation, too much sadness, too many tears! The first act was flooded with tears, the second act was drowned in tears, the third act was suffocated with tears. People applauded, they admired. They gaped, they venerated Gluck and Gluck's music, and they quitted the opera dying to hear *Don Juan*, or *William Tell*, or the *Huguenots*, or the *Secret Marriage*, or the *Barber of Seville*."

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—Two Italian operas will regale the somewhat musically *blasé* Berliners this winter, as they did the last: one at the Royal Opera House, alternating with the regular German company, and one at the beautiful Victoria Theatre, where they have

still Mlle. Artot, and have also (if our informant, a French journal, says true) won over Trebelli from the other house. Berlin was in raptures with Trebelli last year; it will go crazy about "little Patti," who was to sing this month at the Royal Opera, in the Merelli troupe. The sisters Marchisio are there too, and one of them, Barbara, has made a sensation as *Desdemona* in Rossini's "Otello." An opera by Rubinstein, *Die Landeskinder*, is to be brought out. Gluck's operas (*minus*, alas, Johanna Wagner), and Mozart's, Weber's, Cherubini's, &c., will probably "turn up" from time to time on the German nights. At the little Frederic-William theatre, Offenbach's "Orpheus in Hell" farce does not seem to run *all* the time, as it did (nearly) last winter. Another pretty French thing: "The Hermit's Bell" is now succeeding—in both senses of the word—sung by Frau Haerting and Ungar, and Herr Winckelmann.

In the second concert of the Laub and Radecke Quartet, a quartet by Richter, professor in the Leipzig conservatorium, was much applauded.

AMSTERDAM.—Four national concerts, with orchestra, have been organized for bringing out the works of native artists. At the first were given compositions by Van Bree, Caenen, Heinze, Hartog and Verhulst; at the second, a Symphony by Verhulst, an overture and a ballad by Hartog, and other works. The violinists Joachim and Vieuxtemps, the cellist Davidoff (of Leipzig), the pianist Bülow and other eminent artists, are expected.

MAYENCE.—Handel's "Belshazzar" was performed here, under Rühl's direction, on the 28th October.

COLOGNE.—The Männer-Gesangverein gave a grand vocal and instrumental concert last Tuesday, under the direction of their talented conductor, Herr Franz Weber. For the first time the programme bore the heading, "Under the Patronage of his Majesty William I. of Prussia." A part of the receipts were set aside for charitable purposes. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerrages*, were exceedingly well played by the town band. In the first part, the members of the Verein sang three songs (by Franz Otto, C. M. Von Weber, and Felix Mendelssohn) and Lenau's "Sturmesmythe" set for a chorus of male voices and a full band, and composed expressly for the late grand festival at Nuremberg, by F. Lachner, and, in the second part, Wolfgang Müller's cantata, "An das Vaterland," set to music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller.

To the great delight of all lovers of male choral singing, the Verein once more distinguished itself by the style in which it gave the various pieces set down for it. The term "precision" is far too weak to describe the perfect exactitude with which all the members, as though they were but one man, gave the most delicate touches of light and shade, and that, too, with the most faultless intonation and purity, free from anything even approaching harshness; in a word, the singing of the Verein afforded every one an artistic treat, which was the best possible proof of the zeal and earnestness with which the members devote themselves to their task. The two festival compositions had been well rehearsed, and were, consequently, executed in a most admirable manner. Lachner's work is an unusually taking composition, and testifies to the profound skill of its composer; the hand of an experienced *maestro* is visible throughout. The instrumentation is first-rate, and must mollify even those who object to a full band with male choral singing. Now, it strikes us that the employment of stringed instruments, especially violins, is exceedingly appropriate in the accompaniment of male choruses, because they tend to act as a relief to the lower male voices, and thus prevent the latter from appearing too sombre and monotonous. Ferdinand Hiller's cantata has simply an accompaniment of brass instruments, which is, undoubtedly exceedingly well adapted for large masses. Mendelssohn, for instance, had only a brass accompaniment for his work, "An die Künstler," which he composed for the grand German and Flemish Vocal Festival in Cologne. As a matter of course, this style of writing does not produce a good effect in a small room, simply because it produces—too much. The Cantata is a valuable addition to the compositions we already possess for male voices. The first and last strophes, in which the poem is naturally adapted to the requirements of

the composer, are most effective and full of dash. But the work is, as a whole, too long, a fault occasioned, despite certain highly clever thoughts, principally by the middle portion, which Herr Hiller could hardly have treated save as he has done, in a declamatory style. With regard to the words, we would simply observe that it is a difficult task to compose music to an abstract of the history of Germany.

Mlle. Amalie Bido had been invited by the committee to perform the instrumental solos, which constituted one of the chief attractions of the concert. This amiable young lady is making such rapid advances on the road to real fame, that it is rather a difficult task to follow her, in all her triumphs, through the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia. She played Vieuxtemps' violin concerto, No. 1.; the first movement before, and the last two movements after the three songs. She was at first a pupil of Mayseider, in Vienna, but, as she owes her progress in the higher branches of the art to the Belgian school, her selection of the works of Vieuxtemps, Leonard, &c., spring from a kind of reverential feeling, which we cannot help respecting, especially, as Vieuxtemps' work, already named, by its style of composition, by the extravagant length of the whole, and by the spinning out of certain enormously difficult passages, renders the achievement of success a task which is by no means easy for the artist. Mlle. Bido's play is distinguished by purity and volume of tone, by perfect power in overcoming all technical difficulties, and by a degree of vigor and endurance for which we should hardly have given one of the fair sex credit. Mlle. Bido differs most favorably from ordinary *virtuosos* by the partiality she displays for what is really serious and noble in art. The way in which she performed Beethoven's Romance, in the second part of the concert, convinced us most satisfactorily of her ability to conceive and interpret classical music of the highest kind.—*Mus. World*, Nov. 23.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Opera House the programme for the last week has included, among other pieces, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. It will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that the representation of such a work as this is anything but a triumph for the grand lyric establishment of the Hapsburg capital. Some of the characters are respectably supported, but as a whole, the performance is, as I have already intimated, far from satisfactory. In the first place, Herr Esser, although a good practical musician, is not the man to conduct Mozart's music. He is far too plodding and dry for the task. With regard to the singers, Herr Draxler is quite out of his element—a regular fish out of water—as Figaro, the joyous, the careless, light-hearted and astute. The same may safely be affirmed of Mlle. Liebhart as the page Cherubino, although it is but an act of justice to state that she sings every note set down for her. What is wanting is soul and spirit. I cannot say much in praise either of Mad. Ellinger as the Countess, or Mad. Dustmann as Susanna, a part formerly sustained by Mlle. Wildauer. The other characters were played and sung rather better. But if Mlle. Liebhart does not make a good page, she is admirable as the coquettish farmer's wife in *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*, a part in which she has made a decided hit. Mlle. Wildauer plays Rose Friquet, but her appearance is not youthful enough, and her acting wants individuality. The male personages are well represented by Herren Mayrhofer, Walter and Hölzel. I have just witnessed the *début* of a new tenor, Herr Morini by name. He selected the character of Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, for his *coup d'essai* before a Viennese public. He certainly was not a failure, but as certainly he is not the man to figure as first tenor at the Imperial Opera. He has many qualities to recommend him, but he fails in one most essential particular, which is nothing more or less than his voice itself. It is really painful to hear him attempting to "pump up" the higher notes.

MUNICH.—Herr Christian Seidel, a promising young composer, died here on the 18th September.

DRESDEN.—Gluck's *Iphigenia auf Tauris* has been revived with the most cheering results. Everyone is delighted with the manner in which it has been produced, and is loud in praise of the conductor, Herr Rietz, for the care and energy he has bestowed upon the rehearsals. Mad. Bürde-Ney, as Iphigenia; Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld, as Pylades, and Herr Mittemwurzer, as Orestes, were all that could be desired, and were frequently rewarded by the applause of a house crowded to the ceiling. Herr Degele was not, by any means, suited to the part of Thoas. The orchestra, chorus, and ballet contributed their fair share to the success of the revival.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Tear (Die Thränen). Fr. Agthe. 25

A Song of great and marked beauty, written for a Tenor voice, to the same words which Stigelli has rendered into music. The well-known version of the great Tenor should awaken no prejudicial feeling against this new setting, which, if once fairly tried, will be accorded a high place unanimously.

Oh! ye tears. Franz Abt. 25

A new Song by the popular German Songwriter, and one which seems to follow more closely in the wake of his best efforts, such as "When the swallows homeward fly" and others, than those which have lately appeared from his pen.

Glory Hallelujah, with a Guitar accompaniment. C. J. Dorn. 25

A very simple arrangement.

Our native land. A Song of Liberty. G. W. Morris. 25

This is one of the twelve songs selected by the New York Prize Committee as the best among twelve hundred, from which it may be safely concluded that it possesses more than average merit.

Effa Gray. Ballad. E. R. Corey. 25

One of those simple strains which are quickly caught by the ear and easily remembered. It will become popular.

A flower thou resemblest. (Du bist wie eine Blume). F. Agathe. 25

A well-known German lyric by Heine, which has been set to music perhaps by more composers than any other in any language. This new version has the merit of simplicity as well as originality, and will doubtless make friends.

Instrumental Music.

Sihylle. Romance. Brinley Richards. 35

A new original composition, whose captivating melody, adorned with those delicate embellishments, for which this author is distinguished, will soon make it a general favorite in the drawing-room.

Meteor Grand Galop. For four hands. H. A. Wollenhaupt. 60

An effective arrangement of a brilliant Galop which is already widely known, and one of the best things this composer has written.

Random Polka. Robt. Bell. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Books.

ORATORIO CHORUS BOOK. 75

This handsome Octavo volume of 188 pages will be found to be a most desirable acquisition to the libraries of Musical Societies, choirs and amateurs. In a neat and compact form the best choruses of the best Oratorios are certainly cheap at the price of this collection, and within the reach of all; besides this, the greater convenience of use arising from having the choruses in a single volume and thus not being obliged to handle over half a dozen or more books is a recommendation in favor of this new work which will not be overlooked by singers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 508.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1861.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's Travelling Letters.

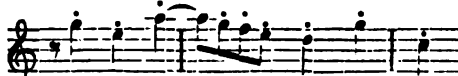
Rome, Nov. 23, 1830.

Just as I wanted to be working on the *Hebrides*, in comes Herr B., a musician from Magdeburg, plays me a whole book of songs, and an *Ave Maria*, and asks me my opinion of them by way of instruction. I fancy myself like Nestor in *Polrock* (?), and have given him a sorrowful lecture, but have lost a morning in Rome by the means, which is a pity. The choral: "*Mitten wir in Leben sind*" is finished, and is one of the best church pieces I have made. After ending the *Hebrides* I think of going at Handel's "Solomon," and arranging it for future performance, with abbreviations and all. Then I think of writing the Christmas music: "*Von Himmel hoch*" and the A minor Symphony, — perhaps some things for the piano, and a Concerto, &c., just as it may happen. In all this, I confess, I miss very much some acquaintance, to whom I can communicate new things, — who knows how to peep into the score with me, or play an accompanying base, or a flute; so, when a piece is done, I have to lay it into the chest, without anybody to enjoy it. I have become spoiled in this particular in London. Such friends as those I probably shall not find again together. Here one must always say but half, to keep the best half to himself; while there one said half, because the other half was understood of itself; the other person knew it already.

But truly it is glorious here. Lately we young folks were in Albano; we set out early in the morning in the brightest weather; under the great aqueduct, which cuts itself off sharp in dark brown from the clear sky, the road kept on as far as Frascati—from there to a cloister, *grotta ferrata*, where there are beautiful frescoes by Domenichino,—then to Marino, which lies very picturesquely on a hill; and so we came to Castel Gandolfo on the lake. All these places, like my first impression in Italy, are by no means striking, or so strangely beautiful, as one imagines he will find them; but they feel so good for one, so satisfying, all the lines so softly picturesque, and such a perfect whole, all framed and lighted, and all that. Here I must pronounce a eulogium on my monks; they always make a picture complete at once, and give it tone and color with their variegated costumes, and their devout, silent gait, and sombre mien. From Castel Gandolfo to Albano runs a beautiful and shady alley of evergreen oaks along the lake; and here now it swarms with monks of all sorts, who animate the landscape, or make it lonely too. Near the city, a pair of begging monks were walking,—further along came a whole troop of young Jesuits,—then an elegant young ecclesiastic lay in the bushes, reading,—further on stood a couple in the wood with fowling pieces, lying in wait for birds; then came a cloister, around which stood a lot of little chapels in a circle. It was quite lonely there at

first; but then a stupid, dirty capuchin came out, all laden with big bunches of flowers, and stuck them round before the images of the saints, first kneeling before each, before adorning it. We went on, and met two old prelates in eager conversation;—in the cloister before Albano the bell rang for vespers; and even on the highest mountain stands a cloister of the Passionists. There they must not speak more than an hour each day, and occupy themselves always with the history of the Passion. Very strange it was to us in Albano, in the midst of the girls with their pitchers on their heads, among the vegetable and flower dealers, in all the throng and clamor, to meet such a coal-black dumb monk on his way back to Monte Cavo. So they have taken possession of the whole glorious region, and form a strange, melancholy ground color to all that is merry, free and lively, and to the eternal cheerfulness which nature gives. It is as if mer: needed here a counterweight on that account. But that is not at all my case, as I need no contrast, to enjoy what I have.

I am often at Bunsen's, and as he likes to turn the conversation upon his liturgy, and upon the musical part of it, which I find very faulty, I hold no leaf before my mouth, but speak my opinion right out, and, as I believe, that is the only way to come nearer to men. In this way we have already had a couple of long, earnest talks, and I hope we shall learn to know each other more entirely. Yesterday there was music of Palestrina at his house, as there is every Monday, and there for the first time I have played *in corpore* before the Roman musicians. I know well enough, how I got to play at people's houses at first in a strange city. I usually feel a bit embarrassed by it, and so it was yesterday. The papal singers had sung Palestrina out, and now I had to play something. Anything brilliant was out of place, and of the serious they had had more than enough. So I asked the director Astolfi for a theme, and he picked out with one finger this:



and smiled when he had done it; the black frocked abbés placed themselves around me, and had great delight in it. That I remarked, and it cheered me up, so that I succeeded towards the end right well; they clapped as if they were crazy; Bunsen thought I had confounded the clergy,—in short the thing was fine. As to public playing or bringing out of works, there are but poor opportunities here; so one must keep to private society, and fish in troubled water.

Your

FELIX.

Rome, Nov. 30, 1830.

To come home from Bunsen's in the moonlight, with your letter in one's pocket, and then to read it over all so leisurely to oneself in the night,—that is a satisfaction, such as I wish to many or to few! In all probability I shall remain here

the whole winter, and not go to Naples until April. There is so much that is splendid to be seen, and to be appreciated, on all sides;—one has first to think himself into so much, to receive an impression from it; and then too I have so much work within myself, which demands quiet industry, that hurry just now would spoil all. And although I continue faithful to my plan, and only take up into me one new impression each day, yet I am now and then obliged to make days of rest, so as not to get bewildered.

To-day I write little, because in these days I must stick to my work as much as possible, and I cannot get the better of myself so far, as not to take, as Falstaff says, the Beautiful that lies before my feet. Moreover the weather is *brutto* and cold; such weather brings no good moods for narrative. The Pope is dying, or already dead. "So we shall soon get a new one," say the Italians very indifferently; and, since his death puts no stop to the carnival; since the church festivals go on, with their pomp, their processions, and their fine music; since in fine they get besides that the solemnities of the masses for the dead and the lying in state in St. Peter's, they are altogether contented, provided only it does not occur in February.

I am greatly pleased that Mantius likes to sing my songs and sings them often. Greet him from me and ask him too, why he does not keep his promise, and write once to me? I have already written several times to him, that is to say notes. In the *Ave Maria*, and in the choral "*Aus tiefer Noth*" are passages very expressly made for him, and he will sing them inspiringly. In the *Ave*, which is a greeting to the Virgin Mary, a tenor (I have imagined some young man for that) sings each part over first alone, before the choir. Now as the piece is in A major, and at the words "*benedicta tu*" goes somewhat high, he has only to prepare his high A—it will sound finely. Get him to sing you a song of a bad way of life, which I have sent to Devrient from Venice. The thing is so between ecstasy and despair, and he will sing it well; but do not show it further; keep it under 40 eyes. Ritz* too is silent, and I long only too much for his violin, and his deep play, which all comes before my soul when I see his dear, dainty hand,—I write now daily on the "*Hebrides*," and shall send it to him as soon as it is ready. It is a piece for him; strange altogether.

Of my life, next time; I work industriously and live very glad and happy; my looking-glass is stuck full of Italian, English and German visiting cards; every evening I visit acquaintances; there is a Babylonish confusion of tongues in my head, for English, Italian, German and French cross each other there. Day before yesterday I had to improvise again before the Papal singers. The fellows had purposely invented the oddest possible theme for me, wishing to lead me on to

* The violinist Edward Ritz—an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's.

the smooth ice; but they call me *l'insuperabile professorone*, and they are really very polite and friendly. Now I wanted to describe to you the Sunday music in the Sistine, the Soirée at Torlonia's, the Vatican, St. Onofrio, Guido's Aurora, and other little matters; but the next time. The post goes, and this sheet with it. But my wishes are with you, now as ever. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KRAUSSE.

(Continued from page 299.)

The year 1817 again was adorned by an abundance of distinguished compositions; note-worthy among which are the piano Sonatas in E♭ and A♭, in F minor and A minor; then those for four hands in A minor; a Sonata for piano and violin; two Overtures in the Italian style; a Trio for stringed instruments; a Polonaise for violin; and a Symphony in C major. Of songs there occur in this period: "Philoctetus," "Memnon," "Antigone and Oedipus," and Mayrhofer's "Hunter of the Alps;" the *Pax vobiscum* and "To Music," by Schober; the "Praise of Tears," "The Linnet's Courtship," "To the setting Sun," "The Seaman and the Horseman," the fragment: "Song of a Child," the Aria "*La pastorella*," Gretchen's Prayer, from Faust: "*Ach neige*," and "Farewell" for the album of a departing friend, of which the words also belong to Schubert. These were followed in the year 1818 by the Sonatas in C and F, and the religious songs: "The image of the Virgin," "The Sympathy of Mary," and Litany for All Souls' festival; then: "To the Moon in an Autumn Night," the "Flower Letter," and "Grave Song for a Mother."

Schubert had already made an astonishing number of important compositions; still he worked on without rest; melodies streamed in upon him; all he had to do was to fix them upon paper. Men of mark, enthusiastic for all that is beautiful, listened with wonder to his compositions; there only lacked the singer, who by fit delivery should give meaning and expression to the songs, and make them understood in wider circles. Schubert, who heretofore had mostly sung his songs himself, directed his eyes particularly to the court opera singer VOGEL, whom he much admired, but who was known to be difficult of access. The thing was first of all to furnish him an opportunity to become acquainted with Schubert's compositions; the rest, his friends thought, would come of itself.

Schober had often spoken enthusiastically to him of the young composer, and invited him to be present at a sort of rehearsal. But such was the disinclination of the singer, long since satiated with music, and so mistrustful had he become by many experiences of the word "genius," that all attempts glanced off from him at first. But finally he could not resist the repeated entreaties of Schubert's friends any longer; he agreed to call on him; and at the appointed hour Vogel one evening, not without gravity, stepped into Schubert's chamber, who received him with some awkward foot-scrappings and a few stammering, incoherent words.

Vogel turned up his nose indifferently, took up the nearest piece of music paper, containing the

song *Augenlied* (eyelid), hummed it through, found it really pretty and melodious, but not important; then sung several other songs with half voice, which seemed to please him, particularly "Ganymede" and "The Shepherd's Lament," and as he walked away, clapped Schubert on the shoulder with the words: "There's something in you, but you are too little of an actor, too little of a charlatan; you lavish your fine thoughts without hammering them out broad." And so he went off, without promising to come again.

He spoke more favorably of Schubert to third persons; indeed he indulged in expressions of admiration at the ripeness and intellectual freshness of the young man.

By degrees the impression of Schubert's songs grew on him overpoweringly; he often came unasked and studied with Schubert at his own house his compositions, waxing enthusiastic about them himself, and inspiring those who heard him with the same enthusiasm. The tie between the two artists was firmly knit, and many witnesses of their co-working, who still live, remember with delight the pleasure which it gave them.

The enthusiasm of the singer bore the best testimony to the value of the compositions, and Schubert now saw fulfilled beyond all expectation, what had scarcely lain as a wish in such completeness in his soul. Vogel no doubt exercised a beneficial influence on Schubert's artistic activity; he it was, who first by his soulful delivery introduced his songs to the world of Art; he was his faithful guide, his fatherly adviser; and certainly he was the cause of Schubert's directing his attention so much to truth of expression, just accent and faultless declamation.

Single dilettanti too, having their attention drawn to it by Vogel's excellent delivery, began to enter into the spirit of these compositions; Schubert's melodies resounded in private circles and in the halls of musical societies; and many persons of distinguished rank and culture grew partial to them.

In the summer of 1818 Schubert went to the Zeléz, the estate of Count Joseph Esterhazy in Hungary, to spend some time. He returned home laden with new compositions. The four-hand variations on a French song, dedicated to Beethoven; four hand marches; the "*Divertissement Hongrois*;" the vocal quartet, "Prayer before Battle," to words by La Motte Fouqué,—and the universally known Fantasia in F minor, owe their origin to that visit. The Fantasia, one of Schubert's finest piano works, was dedicated by him to the young Countess Esterhazy, his only pupil, whose talent caused him great joy, and to whom a personal attraction also drew him.

There too he became acquainted with Herr von Schönstein, who had a fine tenor-baritone voice, and who by this and by his admirable delivery made Schubert's songs known in high, and even in the highest circles.

In the year 1820 Schubert, through Vogel's mediation, was engaged to set to music a little opera, "The twin brothers," for the Kärnthner theatre. The text could not have pleased the composer very well; he worked at it without the necessary love and interest, and the operetta soon vanished from the repertoire. In spite of this, however, it contained, as might be expected, a couple of beautiful pieces of music: the introductory chorus and two airs, sung by Vogel, re-

ceived great applause; and the instrumentation and treatment of the whole nowhere allowed one to suspect a beginner.

More important was the music to the melodrama "*Die Zauberharfe*" (the Magic Harp), which was also brought out in 1820 in the theatre at Vienna. It was considerably applauded, and was given a dozen times. Here too the text was wholly insignificant; but it seems to have excited the composer's fancy by its fiery legend character. Through the insolvency of the management, he lost the 500 florins promised him for it.

In the year 1821 Herold's "*Zauberflöckchen*" (*les Clochettes*), also a magical opera, was proposed for performance in the Opera house, and Schubert was applied to to compose a couple of pieces to be introduced in it. These consisted in a tenor Aria, sung by Rosner, and in a comic duet for tenor and bass; both pieces, especially the duet, got great applause.

A decided turning point for Schubert occurred that same year, when Vogel sang the "Erl-King" with immense applause in a concert* ("*Académie*") got up in the Kärnthner theatre, March 7th. This song, composed already in the year 1816, and published a short time before (in February 1821) by some of Schubert's friends, at their own expense, found now a rapid sale. The edition was soon exhausted; the publishers showed themselves suddenly compliant, and an outlook into a more joyous future opened before the composer. But how little Schubert knew how to profit by such favoring circumstances, must be told hereafter.

About this time all prospects of the wished for dramatic-musical activity vanished, since the court opera regime was suspended, and the theatre was farmed out to the well known impresario Barbaja. From this time forward the stage belonged to the Italians, who composed then such an assemblage of vocal artists as has not since been seen. Before this irresistible close phalanx, which held the whole public as if spell-bound in a magic circle, even the best singers of the German opera gradually gave way. Vogel soon after left the stage, to follow up for some years his second artistic career, already entered on, as song singer.

Of the more important compositions, which fall within the years 1819, 1820 and 1821, we may here cite, especially from the first of those years: The music to the operetta "*Häuslicher Krieg*" (Family Jars) by Castelli; then that to the farce already mentioned, "The Twin Brothers," and that to the melodrama "The Magic Harp;" an Overture in E; a Cantata, and the songs: "*Abendbilder*" (Evening Pictures), "*Himmelsfunken*" (Sparks of Heaven), "*Beim Winde*" (In the wind), and the "Wanderer" of Schlegel.

Of the year 1820: A Quartet in C minor; the Oratorio "The Resurrection," by Niemayer, — of which however only the first act is composed; six Antiphonies for the feast of Psalms,

* This was the first public performance of any works by the composer still almost unknown to the public at large. Vogel sang the "Erl-King," accompanied on the piano by Anselm Hüttenbrenner; then came the vocal quartet "*Das Dörfchen*" (the little village), to Bürger's poem, which also pleased very much; and finally the "Chorus of Spirits over the Waters," from Goethe, for eight voices, one of Schubert's grandest compositions, which however fell through utterly, partly because it was not understood, and partly because it had not been thoroughly rehearsed. More recently the Vienna Männergesangsverein has restored it to honor.

of which the manuscript, written down in 30 minutes in black crayon, still exists. Then the songs: "*Abendröthe*" (blush of evening), "*Orestes in Tauris*," "*Der entführte Orest*," "*Freiwilliges Versinken*," "*Liebeslauschen*," "*Waldesnacht*," "*Der Schiffer*."

Of the year 1821: "Song of Spirits over the Waters," eight-part chorus; "*Grünen der Menschheit*," "*Suleika*," "*Sei mir gegrüßt*," and "*Der Unglückliche*" (the unfortunate).

(To be continued.)

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC, (SEPT. 10, 1861).

(Concluded from page 300.)

Another subject which has much exercised the minds of the Committee, in their discussions as to what system will be most likely to insure the realization of the expectations of this Board in the completeness and efficiency of the musical instruction in the schools, is that of its more extended introduction into the Primary Schools. The investigations of the Committee have assured them that very little if any available efforts have thus far been made, in this direction, in that most important division of our school system. The number of teachers in the primary department competent to teach music, in its most simple and elementary forms, is perhaps large. But their efforts have as yet been very little turned to this subject; and of those who have given it some attention many are still sceptical of the practicability of doing anything effectually among the children of the Primary Schools. Your Committee are of opinion that this is a mistaken notion,—that much can and ought to be done here,—that, indeed, the Primary School is, of all others, the place where instruction in music, if we would ever expect it to attain to anything like a satisfactory result as a part of our Common School instruction, ought to begin. The child of five or six years, they believe, can easily be taught the first rudiments of music, and a few plain principles in the management of the voice. More than this, a very great proportion of them can, not only be taught to sing by rote, but to understand somewhat of musical notation, so as to perform respectably the singing of the scale and the reading of simple music by note. As confirmatory of this opinion, we are happy to be able to quote the following, from the Fifth Quarterly Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools: "One of the most curious of the phenomena observed," says Mr. Philbrick, in that Report, "was the positiveness on the part of some teachers that certain things were impracticable, if not impossible; while perhaps in the next school visited the same things were found to be satisfactorily accomplished. This was the case more especially respecting the teaching of singing, writing, and the sounds of the letters. Only yesterday, in a school consisting of sixth class or alphabet scholars, of the poorest material, I witnessed the singing of Old Hundred with a good degree of spirit, if not with the understanding; and I shall take the liberty to persist, hereafter, in the belief that any school, with proper teaching, can learn to sing."

A difficulty in the way of such attempts, on anything like a common and well-defined plan, has hitherto been found in the lack of a proper text-book adapted to this early age. Your Committee have given to this subject, also, their careful attention, and have examined, from time to time, various systems and text-books that have been brought to their notice. They have not as yet found one which seems in all respects proper, but they are not without hopes of ultimate success in their investigations on this point. There is great need of some comprehensive and appropriate Manual of Music for the use of Public Schools, which shall combine all that is practicable to be learned of the principles of music as a science and art, with exercises of a progressive nature, which, by means of printed charts or the use of the black-board, could be illustrated and made available to a large class at one and the same time. Such Manual might, perhaps, be advantageously comprised in three parts, adapted respectively for Primary, Grammar, and Normal School instruction, and would, in the estimation of your Committee, be an invaluable acquisition to the list of school text-books.

The Committee would here suggest the propriety of extending the requirements of this department of study in the Girls' High and Normal School, so as to include, to some extent, the mathematics of mu-

sic, and a knowledge of harmony and the laws of musical composition; and in order to the complete working of this system, in connection with our plan of public education, it is their hope, at no distant day, to see it recognized, also, in the English High and Latin Schools, so far, at any rate, as to require in the curriculum of their academic studies some attention to thorough-bass and the principles of musical composition and counterpoint.

In the course of their examinations, among much to be commended, the Committee found some things, also, which, in their estimation, ought to be corrected.

The pianos used in the school-rooms are, in too many instances, not kept thoroughly in tune. Nor are the pianos themselves, in all cases, such as they should be. This is wrong. It needs no argument to sustain the assertion that the instrument, in its essential parts, ought to be the best of its kind. By this we do not mean it is necessarily to be the most expensive. Plain, substantial workmanship is all that is required. All superfluous ornamentation and extra finishing may be dispensed with; but its internal construction, its tone and general excellence as a musical instrument cannot be too fully considered; nor is it too much to demand, in consideration of its delicate province in forming the musical ear of the pupil, that the piano shall always be kept scrupulously in tune. Let it be borne in mind that in many instances, perhaps, this is the only standard of excellence in instrumental music the child can ever have, the memory of which, for better or worse, will cling to him in after years. Better by far dispense with the instrument altogether than not to regard the requirements above mentioned.

This brings us naturally to the inquiry as to whether a change might not advantageously be made in the existing provisions for the supply of pianos to the schools. At present, as has been stated previously, they are furnished by the music teachers, and kept in the school-houses at their own risk. This involves a considerable expense of rent and insurance, while, as we have seen, it does not always secure a suitable instrument to the city. Of course this expense comes out of the salaries of the teachers, and is borne by the city indirectly. Your Committee are confident that an improvement in this regard would be effected, and money saved to the treasury, in the end, if the city should furnish and possess and keep in tune the pianos in each school. The music teachers would, no doubt, willingly be thus relieved from the ownership and sole responsibility of the instrument. By careful estimate and inquiry the Committee have assured themselves that, at the present time, new and better instruments, from the best manufacturers, can be obtained, at a cost, the interest on which will be considerably less per annum than the sum incidentally paid by this department under the present arrangement, the city, as is customary with all its property, insuring its own risks against fire. In case such change is thought proper to be made, your Committee would recommend that the new pianos, before they are accepted, should be required to pass under their examination and approval, with the aid of such disinterested experts as they may be able to obtain. The music teachers should then, as now, be held to a reasonable extent responsible for the proper care and custody of the instruments; and it should be made the duty of the Standing Committee on Music to sufficiently often inspect the same, and see that they are kept in perfect order and tune.

The Committee desire to express their sense of the great importance of the presence and coöperation of the masters at every music lesson in their schools. They are happy to be able to say that, in almost every instance, such is now the case. A few exceptions to the general rule have been noticed, always to the manifest detriment of the class. A single hint, on this point, they feel assured, will be enough. To say nothing of the moral effect of the presence of the master on both instructor and pupil, it is work enough for the music teacher that he perform faithfully his duties of instruction, during the brief half-hour allotted him for a lesson in each school, without any extra demands upon him for the watchfulness and discipline of his class. The progress and practical results in these studies have always been most marked, when the personal attention of the master has been thus conscientiously bestowed.

Although it is enjoined, in the Rules and Regulations, that the pupils shall be examined in music, and receive credits for proficiency in that study, in like manner as in other branches pursued in the schools, it is evident that very little attention is practically paid to these points. Your Committee, without being strenuous in urging the observance of these requirements to the letter, are of opinion they ought to be regarded. It is become a very trite saying that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;

and certainly if this branch of education deserves the attention it now receives at our hands, it should also share, to a certain extent at least, in the honor and regard that is accorded to its associate studies. It is therefore recommended that hereafter a list be kept by the masters of the names of their pupils in the first and second classes, in the Grammar Schools, who may show a commendable degree of proficiency in music, with the relative rank, determined by occasional examinations, marked against each, so far as practicable; and that henceforth the number detailed from each school for duty in the great choir at the Music Hall, be selected from said list in the order of their merit; thus making it (as in the minds of the Committee it should be considered to be) a mark of distinction, in its way, to belong to this choir, and to be permitted to take part in it at the Annual Festival, or any public occasion when its services may be called into requisition. Such plan, if adopted, might perhaps be interpreted so as to answer satisfactorily the demands of the Rule in regard to examinations and credits in this department.

Among the most radical faults that have come under the notice of the Committee, in their recent examination of the music classes throughout the city, is the almost universal inattention to the proper position of the body while singing, whether standing or sitting. It is too much to expect that the music teachers, in the brief time allotted them for their lessons, can correct this great and serious evil. Only the introduction, and general operation, in the schools, of some plan of thorough, systematic physical training can be supposed to afford a remedy. Under the influence of such system, if early adopted and carried up through the lower and intermediate classes,—especially if to this were added some instruction in the art of correct vocalization and the proper management of the voice,—greater strength, a more resonant tone, purer intonation, exacter enunciation, precision, ease, fluency of delivery, everything that is improving to the singing voice, in the minds of the Committee, would finally result. It needs but a slight acquaintance with anatomy and physiology to convince the most sceptical of this. The Committee will venture the assertion that, with a proper training of this sort, the effect of a choir of singers, in respect of volume and power of tone alone, would be at least doubled.

Your Committee would again invite the attention of this Board to the expediency of providing for a separate and distinct exhibition of the musical department of the schools. Such, it will be remembered, was the original intention of the mover of the project, that this should become an institution by itself; and it was made a part of the Annual School Festival only by way of experiment. That experiment can now be said to have been fairly tried, and to have met with more than its predicted success. There are many and various reasons, known and felt more particularly by this Committee, perhaps, than by those who have not made trial of them, why the present arrangement should not be the permanent one. Coming, as it does, in the heat of summer, amid the harassments and hurry incident to the close of the school year, when the attention and time of teachers and pupils are engrossed in the medal examinations and annual exhibitions, it imposes, by its necessary preparations and rehearsals, public and private, on all hands, in addition to their other labors, an almost herculean task. The day of the Annual Exhibition itself finds the children wearied with the tasks and excitements of the morning, and but half disposed to make the necessary exertions required in the afternoon. And furthermore the regular and long-established routine of exercises, appropriated to this special occasion, being given in addition to the musical performances, unduly prolongs the session, and has proved the source of much dissatisfaction and complaint.

By the proposed alteration, it is suggested that the annual exhibition of the musical department of the schools shall take place in the latter part of the month of May, near the close of the spring session, when both masters and pupils are comparatively at leisure, and the weather is better suited for the occasion itself, as well as for the previous preparations and rehearsals. Many of our citizens, who are usually absent with their families in the summer, and who would gladly be present if they could, will then be offered an opportunity. And if at the Annual Festival a portion of these exercises are required to be repeated, to give brilliancy and eclat to the occasion (as it is earnestly hoped in some form they may ever continue to be), it will only be necessary to take from the already thoroughly disciplined and practiced choir such force as may be desired, and, with the aid of a single special rehearsal, have ready a trained and efficient chorus. The only consideration that has at all opposed itself, in the minds of the

Committee, to the urging of this measure, at the present time, is that of expense. No increase, however, will of course take place, except in the event of the reconstruction of the choir, in whole or in part, for the School Festival, in July; and even then it is believed the additional outlay required will be small, since the arrangement and publication of the music, and the majority of public rehearsals, which constitute a considerable part of the whole expense, is to be done but once; and the materials of the stage can, for so short a time, be stowed away, and reërected at a comparatively trifling cost. But those contingent objections, if such they can be called, will, it is believed, be vastly more than counterbalanced in the difficulties avoided and positive advantages gained.

It was early the feeling of the Standing Committee on Music that some change in the existing plan of instruction ought to be recommended. They say, in their first printed Report, [City Doc., No. 34, 1858,] "It has been a subject of consideration whether a more centralizing course in regard to the mode of instruction might not render our system more efficient; whether it would not be better to place the whole responsibility of the musical instruction under one person, with a salary sufficient to remunerate him for giving up his whole time to the City, as in the case of the teachers in the Primary and Grammar Schools, than to divide it, as at present is done, at an equal expense among three or four." "But with the limited experience of the past year," the Report goes on to say, "your Committee do not propose to recommend any specific action upon this point, at the present time." Three years of additional observation and experience has convinced the Committee that this suggestion, in a modified form, ought to receive the careful attention of the Board. They do not now, on the whole, recommend the substitution of a single music teacher, in place of a corps of teachers, but they do respectfully suggest the propriety of such alteration of the present provisions for instruction in music as shall provide for the appointment of a head to this department, with a sufficient corps of assistant teachers, all of whom shall be nominated, as now, by the Standing Committee on Music, subject to the ratification and approval of this Board, and amenable, as at present, to the general supervision of this Committee, such head teacher, or Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools, as he might perhaps be properly called, to exercise a similar care and responsibility over the whole musical department of our educational system to that now exercised by the master of a Grammar School over every room in the building under his charge. The tendency of such organization would be, in the estimation of your Committee, the more thoroughly to systematize this branch of popular instruction, and to carry order and uniformity, method, unity of purpose, and exactness of results into its operation, which is in music, in the very nature of things, most difficult as it is most desirable to obtain. The present may not be the time to carry this change into effect; and your Committee, having called the attention of the Board once more to the subject, are still content to leave it for the present, asking for it the serious consideration of every member, in view of the future introduction of some such plan as above set forth.

Respectfully submitted, for the Committee,
J. BAXTER UPHAM, Chairman.
September 10, 1861.

Recollections of Beethoven.

BY CIPRIANI POTTER.

(Concluded from page 302).

To an experienced musician, many effects of combination in harmony are the result of mere calculation, and which a man would retain to the last day of his life. The knowledge of the equilibrium of an orchestra; that is, the relative powers of different instruments in combination, composing an orchestra, is purely a matter of experience. Many clever musicians have an extensive knowledge of instrumentation, without possessing the least fancy, and consequently are not considered men of genius; but Beethoven exhibited his peculiar talents and genius even in this department, from his novel mode of treating instruments individually and collectively. His latter works again prove the assertion of his having retained all the requisites necessary for composition. His Mass in D and his 9th Symphony in D, are most extraordinary effects of his knowledge of orchestral effects.

Without intending to draw a parallel between the early and latter works of this illustrious musician, we cannot refrain from observing that his last compositions, though containing what are called eccentricities, extravagancies, incongruities; yet the

motivi, the melodies, are truly sublime, a convincing proof that as he advanced in years his mind became more elevated. By way of example, we would name the subject of the last movement of a sonata in E major, op. 109; the *Canzona* in the posthumous quartet in A minor, op. 127; the *motivo* of the last movement of his symphony in D, No. 9. From these considerations, they who are most anxious to understand and appreciate Beethoven, are the more induced to study these works, and the result is, that they find in them more consistency than was at first imagined. Musicians should be more careful in hazarding a hasty opinion of the works of so great a master.

Many of the peculiarities of Beethoven's style, have been ably discussed; and we are ready to acknowledge that some of his compositions are at times very complex; a circumstance we will endeavor to account for, in the following observations. From the originality and singularity of his ideas, the treatment of them becomes naturally as singular. Sometimes his subjects are not sufficiently *contrapuntal* to admit of that mode of treatment; consequently the effect is not sufficiently intelligible; since the object of the study of *Counterpoint*, is to give clearness and purity to the style, that the hearer may be enabled to distinguish each individual part. As a *contrapuntist*, Beethoven was certainly inferior to Mozart, who was without doubt the greatest in that school of writing; but Beethoven would contrast those singular effects by the boldness of the union, the variety of his accents, and the vagueness of his harmonies, omitting certain notes in chords, which produces a quaintness, and tends to destroy that monotony (occurring from always employing the complete harmony), and prevents the ear from being satiated before the conclusion of a piece. Again, the augmentation and diminution of his subjects, the dwelling upon certain harmonies, (all these effects resulting from his genius) keep up the vigor of his music; the true lover of the science remaining excited to the last note. The most prominent feature in Beethoven's music is the *originality* of his ideas, even in his mode of treating a subject, and in the conduct throughout of a composition. No author is so free from the charge of *mannerism* as Beethoven.

Other singularities remarkable in his compositions consist in the broken rhythm, (which is also a striking feature in Haydn's works, particularly in his beautiful quartets and symphonies) in the double passing notes, discords formed from the resolutions of others; the inverted *pedale* effects, which, at first hearing, are difficult to comprehend; but some of Sebastian Bach's works abound in these extraordinary combinations. Examine his Fugue in B minor, No. 24 of the celebrated set of forty-eight preludes and fugues. A prelude by the same, in Clementi's "Practical Harmony," p. 132 of vol. I. The introduction to Mozart's quartet in C major, No. 6, has puzzled many distinguished musicians; but no one of any consideration has dared to pronounce S. Bach or Mozart even inconsistent. Musicians often vary, and naturally, in their opinions of classical authors. A distinguished artist, and one of Beethoven's greatest admirers, declared that he never esteemed Mozart's Overture to the "Don Juan"—that it was too complicated, and decidedly one of his weakest productions; now, the greater part of the profession entertain a directly contrary opinion, and indeed it is almost universally admitted to be one of his happiest efforts.

Beethoven's playing was doubtless much impaired by his cruel malady. Although, from experience and a knowledge of his instrument, a musician may imagine the effect of his performance, yet he cannot himself produce that effect when wholly deprived of the sense of hearing, more especially a sensitive man like Beethoven. His infirmity precluded his ascertaining the quantity or quality of tone produced by a certain pressure of his fingers on the pianoforte; hence his playing, latterly, became very imperfect. He possessed immense powers on the instrument; great velocity of finger, united with extreme delicacy of touch, and intense feeling; but his passages were indistinct and confused. Being painfully conscious therefore of his inability to produce any certain effect, he objected to perform before any one, and latterly refused even his most intimate friends. These, however, would at times succeed in their desire to get him to the instrument, by ingeniously starting a question in counterpoint; when he would unconsciously proceed to illustrate his theory; and then branching out into a train of thought, (forgetting his affliction) he would frequently pour an extemporaneous effusion, of marvellous power and brilliancy. It is easy to imagine a purely mechanical performer, void of all feeling, previously to a stroke of deafness, who has conquered every difficulty of the instrument, playing a piece of music correctly, and to

the satisfaction of those of a reciprocal feeling; but to a conformation like that of Beethoven, where light and shade, and delicacy of expression, were either all or nothing, the full achievement of his object amounted to an almost impossibility.

The above description of the peculiarities of this illustrious man, may be thought prolix; yet, as it has resulted from an anxiety to correct misstatements, and erroneous impressions respecting him, and at the same time to exhibit his real disposition, it may be received with indulgence.

The true admirers of Beethoven can never cease to appreciate the works of Mozart and Haydn, since his early productions accord so perfectly with the compositions of those two great masters in style; all three emanating from the same school; and it is impossible to imagine what Mozart would have written, had he been permitted to have lived only to the age of Beethoven.

Even Haydn's latter works surpass his earlier to an extraordinary degree; for his early quartets and symphonies, though beautiful, are very inferior to his last. It will be acknowledged by many, that Beethoven's first productions are more perfect than the early works of the two above-named composers; a circumstance which may be attributed to the science being better understood at the period he commenced writing, together with the advantages he derived from the examples of those two great men; but his decided originality has always prevented his being charged with plagiarism.

Psalms and Psalmody.

The Scottish Presbyterian ministers have, of late, given their attention to this most important subject, and have been the means of making considerable improvements. There can be nothing more disagreeable to the ear, and more disgraceful to the house of God, than to hear a good song or paraphrase sung to an inapposite tune. As psalmody is an important part of public worship, precentors or choristers ought to be most careful in their selection of tunes, and to suit them to the words, so that the congregation may have their attention directed, while engaged in the sanctuary, and of praising God from the heart.

We can remember the day when the radical notion of singing, in most of our churches, seemed to be roise. If a man roared along with the precentor, he flattered himself that he was singing; and his private conviction was that the louder he roared, the better he sang. The consequences were appalling. Everybody shouted at the pitch of his own voice; shrill, quavering cries, howls, and deep base groans rose tumultuously together; and, over all, the precentor, with stentorian lungs, attempted either to drown the wild discord, or reduce it to something like harmony. It is well for us that He to whom such praises were sung, listens to the music of the thankful heart, rather than to the discord of the untutored voice.

There is another feature that has been undergoing rapid improvement of late; we mean the relation of the tune to the words. Fifty years ago, such a thing was never thought of. The precentor who could get through a tune without going wrong, and stick by the same tune through successive verses, and, moreover, sing loud enough to control the voices of the people, was reckoned the right man in the right place; if not, indeed, the realized ideal, the just precentor made perfect. Many churches, however, thought themselves exceedingly well off when they could secure a precentor who, if he fell out of one tune, had a knack of easily getting into another; or, if he began a long metre psalm to a short-metre tune, contrived to cram the lines into the short metre without having to stop and begin over again. Such a thing as harmony between the tune and the psalm does not seem to have entered into the heart even of a precentor to conceive. Different tunes were expected for the sake of variety; but the performance of one on the ground of its consonance with the sense of the psalm was never thought of. If a precentor had picked up a lively tune, he would use it once for a paraphrase like,

"Few are thy days, and full of woe," etc.

without any preception of incongruity; while he would sing other verses, like,

"Hark! the glad sound!"

to some tune as mournful as the wail of a coronach. There are now in circulation several admirable books classifying the tunes according to the special emotions they are fitted to express or excite, and indicating the tunes that are most suitable to each psalm, paraphrase, or hymn. We suppose no city precentor is now without such books; and we strongly recommend those in the country who may still be with-

out them, to avail themselves of the valuable direction they afford.

Even when the tune harmonizes with the sentiment, there are sometimes ludicrous effects produced by repetitions and suspensions of the voice. These can be avoided by little attention, but this little attention is not always given. We once heard a hymn sung, the second verse beginning with :

"He careth for the fatherless :
He feeds the hungry poor,
And in the pious he delights," etc.

The tune ("Transport") was one that repeated part of the third line. The consequence was that after "He feeds the hungry poor," there came :

"And in the pious—
And in the pious he delights," etc.

We have heard of a case where the fourth line had to be sung in part by the bass voices, and then repeated and sung by the whole choir. The result was that the cry went up from all the bass singers,

"Send down mal—
Send down mal !"

And this singular petition was only explained when the choir took it up and finished the line :

"Send down mal—vation."

As a counterpart of that, the story is told of a stranger who was startled to hear all the women in one of our churches breaking out at the end of the third line, with an earnest cry of,

"O for a man—
O for a man !"

And his surprise only abated when the choir chimed in, and converted this amorous song into the more spiritual prayer of :

"O for a man—sion in the skies !"

A few Sundays ago, we were amazed to hear the choir of a church proclaim that they were about to engage in an entomological pursuit as expressed in the following line of a hymn :

"And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee
And we'll catch the flee—ting hour !"

We have heard a precentor, whom nature had gifted with a bass voice, start the first line as a tenor, fall into bass the second line, make a dash at soprano in the third line, and come in at the death with what we were told was a first-rate counter, but which sounded more like a solo by the pig and the whistles. One of the two objections have been stated against choirs—first, that being *paid singers*, they degenerated into mere performers, and sometimes may be very good singers, but very bad singers.—This objection can be remedied by all except the instructor or conductor being volunteers and connected with the congregation. The best-sung churches we ever heard were led by unpaid choirs—the choir itself, besides, being led by a soprano voice, not by a male. The other objection is that choirs sometimes do all the singing, the congregation being mere listeners. This, however, is more the sin of the congregation than of the choir : and when one begins to encroach on the province of the other, a rebuke from the clergyman should put all to rights.

A Western paper reads a severe lecture to a certain church chorister ; and we copy part of the castigation for the benefit of the "waw-waw"-ing gentry the world over :

"MY DEAR SIR—You are a chorister. Your share of worship of the sanctuary is no slight one, and would that you appreciated it more fully ! Let us illustrate the point by calling to mind, and placing before the eye, what you actually did last Sunday. The hymn had been given out. It was a familiar and beautiful one, that saints, long in glory, loved to sing while on earth, and whose spirit they did not exchange in the songs they sing now. With those words before you, this is what you sang ; for our short-hand reporter, whom we had detailed for this express service in the loft, took it down *verbatim* :

"Waw-kaw, swaw, daw aw waw,
Thaw aw, thaw law aw waw.
Waw-kaw, law thaw raw-waw-waw waw
Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw aw."

"Now, that is what to the eye looks like pious Pot-tawattomie, and might be a translation for the sacred edification of that lost tribe. But to the ear, of what advantage was it ? Not the most careful listening could detect the faintest approach to articulate intelligible sound. And dear chorister, what you really ought to have sung were words that did not need to be thus cloaked. They were full of the spirit of the Sabbath, a very ointment box of psalmody. These were the words you travestied :

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

"Well, what did you gain in giving the version which, as stated, has a startling resemblance to Pot-tawattomie ? Was devotion heightened by your efforts ? Why should you do this ? Music should be the vehicle of the sentiment. Dear chorister, does not your vehicle greatly resemble one of those conveyances known to the travelling caravan, and useful only in defeating the purpose of surreptitious inspection of the animal enclosed ? Don't you remember how painfully futile were your own juvenile exertions to see the kangaroo or some other hairy exotic, through a crevice ? You knew the animal was there ; you were none the wiser for what you saw ; and the managerie man was the most delighted party to the transaction. Now, yesterday, the poor hymn (poor only because exposed to your murderously-musical assaults) was similarly shut up, and enclosed from all the senses ; and for the life of us, we could not have told by any process of listening, whether you were vocalizing in English, Italian, or native Indian. Chorister, don't do it any more. Call your choir together during the week, ask the clergyman to give you the hymns to practice upon, and then devote time enough to the rehearsal, if time be all that is wanted, to give the sentiment and pious fervor of the hymn as clearly as from the desk itself, while your rendering of the music shall bear it higher and nearer the throne than the reader can, be his intonations the best the pulpit can produce."—*Scottish American*.

Musical Correspondence.

LEIPZIG, NOV. 25. — The past week has been rich in musical treats. The second quartet concert was given on Saturday in the Gewandhaus, where we heard Cherubini's quartet, (Eb major), a most lovely composition, too seldom heard. The performers were David, Röntgen, Herrmann and Davidoff. The history of the latter ('cellist) is peculiar and interesting. He was bred to the profession of engineer, though always playing the 'cello for his own amusement, and had the reputation of a first-rate dilettante. At last, in Moscow, I believe, he took lessons of a celebrated 'cello player, who was astonished at the rapid progress his pupil made. Davidoff was constantly saying : "Bring me something harder to play ; these things don't give me any more pleasure ; I want something more difficult." "But, my dear Davidoff, these are difficult, these are classical ; I don't know of anything better written. It is nonsense for you to wish anything harder ; I tell you, there is nothing harder." "Ei, then, I must write something myself," said Davidoff, whereupon he went to work, and produced, as my German friend expressed it, "hair-splitting things." He came to Leipzig, played, and astonished everybody. In truth, he "woke up of a morning, and found himself an artist." Loving music as he did, it was no difficult matter for him to decide to relinquish his profession of engineer, and devote himself entirely to the art in which he so excelled. Grützmacher's leaving for Dresden made the situation of first 'celloist vacant. He immediately took it, and more than fills his predecessor's place.

In the same quartet concert of which I have spoken, were performed the variations of Mendelssohn for piano and 'cello, by Kappelmester Reinecke and Davidoff. Reinecke is a fine pianist, of the classical school, though possessing technic enough to give him the reputation of virtuoso, if he wished it. That would, perhaps, be hardly consistent with his position as direction of the Gewandhaus orchestra. The third piece on the programme was Schumann's A major quartet ; and the last, Schubert's Rondo (B minor) for piano and violin.

On Tuesday evening the Euterpe audience wended their way to the Hall in a state of expectancy, not unmixed with anxiety. Would it succeed ? asked every one of himself. Herr von Bronsart, the director of the Euterpe, showed himself a man of enterprise in undertaking such a programme, and a man of

genius in carrying it out successfully ; for nothing less than genius could have wrought out of the heterogeneous mass comprising this orchestra, a *whole* massive enough to produce in all its colossal proportions Beethoven's ninth symphony. Whoever remembers the unsatisfactory performances of this society two winters ago, and contrasts them with this of last Tuesday evening, must admit the fact that a wonderful change for the better has taken place. The truth is, a man of genius is at the helm, a director, who is in a fair way of placing his orchestra in no unfavorable light, even by the side of its great rival, the Gewandhaus. To say that the symphony was faultlessly done, would be going too far ; but that it was, on the whole, an exceedingly fine performance, every one must admit. Herr v. Bronsart, a pupil, by the way, of Liszt, adheres strictly to the opinions of Richard Wagner in regard to the *tempi* of the different movements. The first he takes slower, and the Scherzo considerably faster, than the traditional *tempi*. The choruses of the Osian and other Vereins gave the "Hymn to Joy" in a fine manner. The basso, Herr Sabbath, from Berlin, opened with the "O Freunde, nicht diese Töne !" singing the not very singable recitative in a masterly style. So many soloists get wrecked upon this rock, that it is a relief to hear one who can bear himself clear of the breakers. But who (save a thoroughly dyed-in-the-wool, professional critic) can cold-bloodedly pick to pieces any performance, even the poorest, of the Ninth Symphony. The glorious music makes its way always to the heart, through the poorest interpretations. How much more powerful is it, when produced by orchestra, chorus and soloists who are equal to the task assigned them !

The remainder of the evening in the Euterpe was occupied with Schumann, the music to the four ballads of Geibel, "Vom Pagen und der Königstochter" being performed. This work, brought out here for the first time to my knowledge, must be reckoned among the finest from Schumann's later period. It is for chorus, orchestra and soli, and enchanting on a first hearing. In the first ballad, a Hunter's chorus is the most striking feature, in the third the wierd, wild dances of the water spirits, and the music of the Merman's Harp, at which "the wind listened, the waters grew calm, enchanted and spell-bound," as the verses tell us. Then in the fourth ballad the pompous and festive bridal music contrasts strangely with the mournful, mysterious end, when the Merman's Harp, made from the dead body of the murdered Page lover, comes and tears the bride away from the stranger Prince whom her hard-hearted father was just compelling her to marry. There is throughout the composition what the Germans call a "Schwang"—no long, tedious unintelligible passages, no tiresome repetitions of the same idea—all is living, bounding, ever new, and replete with beauty. We are hoping to hear this in the Gewandhaus in the course of the winter ; two performances of such a fine thing, cannot surely be too much.

The usual Thursday evening concert was omitted on account of Friday's being Fast-day. To make up for it, a grand performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* took place in the Thomas Kirche, and on Sunday there were three concerts—two in the forenoon, one from the dilettante orchestra, who played a Symphony from Haydn, and Quintet from Mozart ; and a miscellaneous concert in the evening, when Frau von Bronsart, the pianist, played Liszt's *Tannhäuser* and a gavotte from Bach.

How the good things crowd upon each other ! Since writing the above, three concerts more have taken place. In the Euterpe Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtung*, "Festklänge" was brought out for the first time. In the Gewandhaus, Schumann's Bb Symphony, and in the third Quartet Concert, Mendelssohn's quartet (E minor), Mozart's Quintet (D minor) and Beethoven's quartet, (C major, with the fugue) were performed. L.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DEC. 20.—The second concert of the Philharmonic society took place Saturday, Dec. 14th. I enclose the programme:

Symphony—Heroica, No. 3, Op. 55..... Beethoven
1. Allegro con brio. 3. Scherzo allegro vivace.
2. Adagio assai. 4. Allegro molto.
Aria, "Perfidio Speriuro"..... Beethoven
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Madame de Lussan
Grand Concerto, in E (first part) for violin.... Vieuxtemps
Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt.
Concert Overture, (first time)..... E. C. Phelps
Dedicated to Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn.
Aria de Ernani, "Ernani Invola mi!"..... Verdi
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Madame de Lussan.
Fantasia, for Violin..... B. Wollenhaupt
Mr. B. Wollenhaupt.
Aria de La Juive. Il va venir..... Halevy
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Madame de Lussan.
Overture. Les Francs Juges, (first time)..... A. Berlioz

These concerts are very well attended, for the Brooklyn people are proud of them; but one cannot avoid remarking, that dilettantism has the upper hand in the programmes; the excellent and the insignificant are mingled. It is a pity that this society cannot hold to the interests of the highest in art. But the directors are men of business; they understand their public better than they understand music, and the concerts must be made to pay. Where the conductor's choice is free, works of consequence and interest are sure to be brought forward. No doubt the selection of the "Eroica" and "Les Francs Juges" was his.

The *Eroica* was, on the whole, well performed. Conductor and orchestra went to work *con amore*, and the hearers felt convinced that the society was doing its best to render justice to the great master's work. And this is no light task, before a public that does not always listen with the attention such a composition deserves, and the greater part of which is not possessed of sufficient cultivation to appreciate it properly. But as this public is a plastic one, much may be yet accomplished. The first movement of the symphony—one of Beethoven's finest conceptions—did not produce the effect that it should have done, owing to an absurd arrangement in regard to the seats. People were allowed to secure seats without paying an extra price; this did away with the necessity of being there at 8 precisely (the hour of commencement); loiterers came noisily in, strong in their reserved seats, utterly disregarding the feelings of others, and rendering it impossible for any one to enter fully into the meaning of the first movement of the symphony. So stupid an arrangement should be done away with.

We were sorry to hear Beethoven's fine aria spoiled by Madame de Lussan, a mediocre singer. In the inevitable Verdi aria, the lady's effort obtained an encore. Oh, classic Brooklyn! how wast thou then enraptured. But Mad. de Lussan displayed herself on many sides; she monopolized three numbers of the programme. We respect good intentions, but her voice and cultivation were not enough for what she attempted.

It is singular, that in the Philharmonic societies of New York and Brooklyn, indifferent singers are usually engaged. Are no better to be had? Then, at least, pieces should be selected for the singers that are not beyond their powers, and that harmonize somewhat with the noble works on the programme. To judge from the style of vocalism we are usually favored (?) with, one is almost led to the false conclusion that instrumental music stands higher than vocal. But does it require less talent to write for the human organ, the most sympathetic and soulful of instruments, than for those of wood and metal? How we long to hear the fine instrumental works that the society executes for us, relieved by the glorious songs of Gluck, Schumann, Bach, Franz, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, sung worthily with understanding and feeling! We trust that the directors of the society will treat this noble side of art with a little less indifference in future.

Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt is an industrious artist;

his technical ability is good—yet he left us cold. It is rather his aim to overcome difficulties, somewhat to the neglect of the poetical side. Mr. Wollenhaupt also played a fantasia of his own. This is not an original work, but one in the sentimental style of virtuoso music, and having many brothers and sisters in the musical market.

Another novelty was a concert overture by E. C. Phelps. The composer was "smart" enough to introduce his work, accompanied by a letter of introduction: "dedicated to the Philharmonic society of Brooklyn;" how could it fail to succeed? Mr. Phelps has shown, in this, that he has an aim, and therefore we respect him; but he must yet dedicate many an *opus* to this society, before he will be able to produce one original in idea, finished in form, interesting in the contrapuntal employment of themes, and properly colored by instrumental means. The overture struck us as the description of "travels compiled from various sources." Now we pay a visit to Amadeus; then we make a voyage of discovery towards Mendelssohnia, (where we make rather a long stay); then we step into a church, and listen to a choral; and at last we double cape Wagner. The Cape of Good Hope? Mr. Phelps must not lose courage, but continue on his path of composition; he has already learned much, and, as Schumann says, "there is no end of learning!"

According to the polite and peculiar custom here, the greater part of the audience left, before the performance of Berlioz's overture, and thus the orchestra almost had the pleasure of playing the genial Frenchman's work for themselves—and very well they played it, too. But the Brooklynites are so satisfied with, and proud of their Philharmonicists, that they like to give them an occasional private pleasure.

CALORO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1881.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—The commencement of Chopin's *Mazurkas and Waltzes*.

Our Music Pages—Chopin's Mazurkas—Handel's Messiah.

With the present number of the *Journal* we commence the publication of CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS, intending, during the coming year, to give our piano-playing or piano-loving readers the entire series of them in their order. The collection from which we print (Ditson & Co.'s beautiful edition) is the most complete ever published, containing an entire set not found in the London edition, as well as one or two smaller Mazurkas taken from private albums, and that extremely dreamy, delicate, poetic, sad one, or fragment of one, which is said to have been his last composition, and which he was too weak to finish.

Dreamy, delicate, poetic they all are. Sad, too, even with their festive rhythm and their whirl of gaiety. Nothing more finely individual, more thoroughly poetic and imaginative, more full of tender feeling and of sweet, sad longing, ever was written, in such small forms, for the piano. It is essentially piano music, and yet right from the soul, warm and palpitating. There are fifty-one of these Mazurkas, in twelve sets; all based on essentially the same theme, which lies in the rhythm, the peculiar rhythm of his national Polish songs and dances. Yet no two are alike except in rhythm and genius. The editor of the London edition, Mr. Davison, says of them:

"Chopin produced, in all, about seventy works, including two grand concertos for piano with orches-

tral accompaniments, two grand sonatas for piano solo, a sonata for piano and violoncello, other pieces with orchestral accompaniments, several books of studies and preludes, together with a large number of nocturnes, polonaises, ballads, scherzos, mazurkas, variations, &c. These do not include his posthumous works, two volumes of which have appeared, the last consisting of sixteen Polish songs, and published not long since, with the original Polish words, and German versions, by Gumbert. That Chopin, however, excelled less in works of "longue haleine" than in those of smaller pretensions, will hardly be denied. His *Etudes*, his *Preludes*, his *Valses*, his *Nocturnes*, and above all his *Mazurkas*, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which in the *Mazurkas* he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly *inventive*. The best of the *Mazurkas* are without question those that smell least strongly of the lamp, those which, harmonized in the least affected manner, are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echos of) the national dance-music of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded; others, more evidently labored, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity."

LISZT, who has paid a most generous and glowing tribute to Chopin in a long and beautiful analysis of his character and genius, speaks of the *Mazurkas* out of a full sympathy with their nationality. Contrasting them with the more fiery and chivalrous *Polonaises*, in which you fancy that you hear "the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate," he says:

"The celebrated *Mazurkas* of Chopin wear an entirely different character from the *Polonaises*. Upon a wholly different ground play tender, pale and opaline nuances, instead of the juicy and strong coloring. The feminine—and even effeminate—element is no longer placed in a certain mysterious twilight, but advances into the foreground with such decided significance, that the other elements vanish before it or are banished into its train. Woman here appears the queen of life; Man, to be sure, is still spirited and proud, but lost in the dizziness of pleasure. In spite of this, there is a sad vein running through it. The national songs, in their melody and in their words, strike both these tones, and both bring out the singularly effective contrast, which results in real life from that necessity of cheering sorrow and which finds a magical narcotic in the grace and stolen charm of the *Mazurkas*. The words, sung in Poland to these melodies, give them moreover the right to cling closer to the life of memory than any other dance music.

"Chopin has happily appropriated to himself the popular melodies and transferred into them the whole merit of his labor and his style. In polishing these diamonds to a thousand facets, he discovered all their hidden fire, and, even gathering up their dust, he set them in a pearly ornament. Could there be a better frame, in which to enclose his personal recollections, poetry of all sorts, attractive scenes, episodes and romances? These now owe to him a circulation far outreaching their own native soil, and they belong at present to the ideal types, which Art surrounds with the glory of its sanction.

"Chopin has set free from its bondage the secret essence of Poetry, which is only indicated in the original themes of the Polish mazurkas. While he has adhered to their rhythm, he has ennobled their melody, enlarged their outline, and magically introduced into many passages a harmonic *chiaroscuro*, which gives back that world of excitements and emotions, wherewith hearts are moved in the dance of the mazurka. Coquetry, vanity, fantastical humors, inclination, sadness, passion, the outgush of feelings, all are in it. To comprehend how admirably this frame suits these soul-pictures, which Chopin executes within it as with a pencil dipped in the colors of the rainbow, one must have seen the *Mazurka* danced in Poland; there only can one learn the whole that lies in this national dance.

"Indeed one must perhaps have been in Chopin's Fatherland, fully to understand and appreciate the character not only of his *Mazurkas*, but also of many of his other compositions. They almost all breathe that aroma of love and longing, which surrounds his *Preludes*, his *Nocturnes*, his *Impromptus*, like an

atmosphere, in which all the phases of passion move by in succession."

"Amongst the great number of his Mazurkas, too, there reigns a striking diversity of subjects and of the impressions they call forth. In many you hear the clink of spurs, but in the most, above all the scarcely distinguishable rustling of crape and gauze in the light breeze of the dance, amid the flutter of fans and the jingling of gold and diamonds. Some seem to describe the lively enjoyment of a ball, which on the eve of a storming of the castle is as it were undermined with heaviness: you hear the sighs throughout the dance-rhythm, and the dying away of the farewell, whose tears it veils. Through others glimmers the anguish, the secret sorrow, which one has carried with him to the festival, whose stir cannot drown the voice of the heart. There it is, a murmuring whirlwind, a delirium, through which a breathless and spasmodic melody is hurrying to and fro, like the impetuous beating of a heart, that breaks and perishes in love and passion. There again resound from afar bold *fanfara*, like distant reminiscences of glory and of victory. Some there are, whose rhythm is as vague and evanescent, as the feeling, with which too lovers contemplate the rising of a star in the firmament."

To-day we offer the first two of the Mazurkas. In alternation with them we shall give, from time to time, for those who desire vocal music, and especially for those who belong to choral societies and singing clubs, the whole of the noblest of Oratorios, *HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"* with organ or piano forte accompaniment. Thus each subscriber, who is careful to preserve the four pages of music which he gets every week, will possess himself, in the course of the year, of both the above named valuable works, either one of which alone is more than an equivalent to the subscription price of the paper. It will be seen, we do not mean that the war shall stint us.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The members of the amateur orchestra, who re-organized themselves a year ago under the above name, are treating their associates and honorary members—members who "assist" with ears, and willing ones—to a second season of those pleasant "social orchestral entertainments" which drew their friends around them last year. The first was given at Mercantile Hall, last Monday evening—a very stormy night, which kept away and disappointed many of the invited; but so satisfactory was the entertainment to those who did assist in the way just indicated; and so encouraging to the amateurs who bore active part, that a repetition, for the benefit of the absent, was announced amid general applause. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
First Symphony in C major.....Beethoven
Adagio molto; Allegro con brio—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Adagio; Allegro molto.
PART II.
1. Overture. "La Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart
2. Concert Waltz. "Sophien-Walzer".....Strauss
3. Divertissement with Solos from Verdi's *Trovatore*.....Streny
4. Overture. "Italiana in Algieri".....Rossini

A Symphony of Beethoven, even the first and easiest of them, is no small undertaking for a band of amateurs, not "gentlemen of leisure," but all engaged in active business of some sort. Yet the degree to which they had mastered it, must have surprised many persons. The *tempi*, the intention, the expression of the work they had clearly made their own; under the experienced and hearty lead of *CARL ZERRAHN*, whom they employ for teacher and director, they could scarcely go wrong. Some special blemishes and shortcomings there necessarily were in the nature of the case. They were not always quite in tune, especially in passages where wind instruments enter as the chief ingredients. Perfection in this point would be the last thing to expect of

amateurs. Then again amateurs do not solace themselves now-a-days with hautboys, however it may have been in more pastoral and piping times; that pair, so individual and essential in an orchestra, had to be represented by an extra pair of flutes, to the great loss of contrast. Good-natured, droning, pastoral bassoons, too, quite as seldom stand up in the corner of a private gentleman's library or parlor; where Beethoven needed their service, a couple of violoncellos had to be detached for it. The string band was really creditable. It numbered four first and four second violins, two double basses, cello, and, we believe, three violas. Generally the Symphony was played with spirit and precision, and good light and shade; and the flutes, horns, &c., warmed into better tune as it went on, the Trio of the Minuet suffering the most.

The overtures, too, sounded quite well—quite orchestra-like. The best played piece, perhaps, was the graceful set of Strauss waltzes. They seemed to have caught the witching waltz accent. Hardly so successful were they in the *Trovatore* line, which one would think went wide of the line of a Mozart club. But no doubt *Trovatore* had its admirers and was called for; and if any stuff is not too good to be cut up into parade passages and solos, why not this? Several of the solos on this occasion showed a good degree of amateur virtuosity.

In truth we can congratulate the Mozart Club on both the spirit and the talent manifested in their enterprise. It is one of the best things which music-loving gentlemen can do, whether for musical improvement, or for a genial and beautiful resource in leisure hours. The society, without the routine business labor, of an orchestra; the social coöperation in such music, just for music and for friendship's sake, must be something very charming, and we envy any one the privilege of taking part in it. We wish that amateur orchestras may become common in all our cities.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Christmas would not be complete without the usual performance of the oratorio "*The Messiah*;" for Handel has embodied all its texts and meanings in tones of a kindred inspiration, which year by year become more deeply and indissolubly associated with them. Let us all go, then, to the Music Hall to-morrow (Sunday evening, and once more fill our souls with the grand harmonies of those choruses, and the heavenly haunting voices of those melodies, as they will be given by our old Society. The choruses have been zealously and thoroughly rehearsed; not one will be omitted; the orchestra will be the best that Boston can furnish; and the solos are entrusted to the best available talent, which we have already named. Mrs. Long, of course, will be heard with peculiar interest, seeing that it is understood to be the last time that she will sing in public. All will exceedingly regret the loss, and no one will willingly miss the opportunity of hearing her sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" once more.

GOOD NEWS.—The proposed "Philharmonic Concerts" of *CARL ZERRAHN* have not fallen through this time, as they did in the anxious and dark days of last winter. On the contrary, the subscription is encouraging, the public seems to be in the right temper for it, and the first concert will actually be given in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening, January 11th. Beethoven's "*Pastoral Symphony*" will be the main feature of the programme.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the third Gewandhaus Concert (Oct. 17) contained a new overture (to *Mateo*) by Bargiel, which the critics characterize as rather a laborious effort to appear original in the wake of Mendelssohn and Schumann; a Symphony in C minor by Spohr; overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn; violoncello solos by Davidoff (concert Allegro of his own, and Fantasia on the *Sehnsucht* waltz by Servais); Beethoven's "*Ala, perfido*" and Cavatina from *Sonnambula*, sung by Mlle. Antonini, from London, her first appearance in public. For the 4th Concert (Oct. 24): Schumann's Overture to "*Genoëva*"; Concert aria, "*Min speranza adorata*," by Mozart, and aria from "*Les Noces de Jeannette*," sung by Mlle. Biondini, "from Paris"; piano Concerto (MS.) composed and played by Carl Reinecke, the capellmeister; the 7th Symphony of Beethoven. Herr Reinecke was most warmly applauded, as he always is.—The 5th concert (Oct. 31) consisted of a performance of Handel's "*Joshua*," as prepared by Julius Rietz; the solos sung by Mlle. Biondini, Fr. Lessiak, Herren Otto and Sabbath from the royal choir in Berlin, and Herr Wiedemann of Leipzig.

The "*Euterpe*," which aims to represent somewhat "the Future" and "young Germany" in its programmes, opened its season in the great hall of the Booksellers' Exchange, as usual, on the 29th of October. It is to give eight orchestral and three chamber concerts. The programme contained: Symphony in C minor by Mozart; overture, "*Fingal's Cave*," by Mendelssohn; overture to the "*Flying Dutchman*" by Wagner; Scene and aria of *Dejanira* from Handel's "*Hercules*"; two Persian songs, with piano accompaniment by A. Rubinstein, sung by Fr. Laura Lessiak; piano Concerto in E minor by Chopin, Notturmo by the same, and *Tarantella (di bravura)* by Liszt, played by Frau von Bronsart (née Starck); the orchestra, as last year, under the intelligent direction of Herr v. Bronsart.

The operas during the month of October at the wretched little old theatre here—the only one—were: *Don Juan, Ernani, Gounod's "Faust and Margaret," "Tell," La Juive, La Sonnambula, Lucrezia Borgia,* and the *Zauberflöte*: eight operas in ten performances.

BERLIN.—Stern's Gesangverein celebrated the memory of Mendelssohn on the 4th of November, in Arnim's hall, by a selection of his compositions.—The Singacademie commenced its *cycilus* of subscription concerts in its fine hall and building, Nov. 2, with Sebastian Bach's great Mass in B minor. Haydn's "*Creation*," sub-director Blumner's oratorio of "*Abraham*," and Handel's "*Solomon*" are to follow.

The Italian Opera season at the Victoria Theatre was to open with Rossini's "*Tell*." All the preparations had been made; day after day rehearsals for three weeks; Herr Wachtel had modulated his German tongue to an Italian accent; the chorus was "up" and precise in its important part; the scenes on the lake of the Four Cantons were magically painted, and the day approached; when on the day before in came an agent of the police to say that the performance of "*Wm Tell*" was interdicted! The reason given was, that the Royal Theatre claimed the exclusive privilege of all tragic opera performances. Perhaps "*Tell*" was too tragic and too true for a Royal theatre after the Königsberg "*Um Gottes Gnaden*" coronation stamp.

On the 28th November, a concert was to be given in the hall of the Singakademie, at which the kapellmeister Taubert would produce the music he has composed to Shakespeare's "*Tempest*." Raddecke has given his first subscription concert for this year; the works performed were: Beethoven's Festival Overture, op. 124; fragments from Mendelssohn's "*Christus*"; Beethoven's piano Concerto in Eb (played by the concert-giver); and Schumann's Bb major Symphony.—In the second "*Soirée* for classical orchestra music" a Herr Albert Werkenuthin played Henselt's F minor Concerto.

Verdi's "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" has been given on one of the Italian nights at the Royal Opera; Carlotta Marchisio sustaining the chief part, Mlle. Brunetti that of the page, and Trebelli that of the sorceress.—Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek was to take her leave of the stage on the 5th December, in a benefit performance of "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," in which she has for years sung the part of Susanna with success.

At a grand serenade given to the king, Herr Wieprecht, the general director of band music, was summoned to the palace by his majesty and charged to bear his thanks and compliments to the musicians of the *gardes-de-corps*. The king also expressed his desire to hear Meyerbeer's Coronation March (written for the late Königsberg ceremony) performed in a concert of military music on a grand scale, which Wieprecht is to organize.

WIESBADEN.—Ferdinand Hiller's opera, "The Catacombs," libretto by Moritz Hartmann, will be produced during the season; also a new opera by Prince Peter von Oldenburg, entitled "*Küchen von Heilbronn*."

HAMBURG.—Mme. Clara Schumann gave a concert on the 15th November, in which she played a new piano Quartet by Brahms.

VIENNA.—The programme of the second Philharmonic concert contained Spohr's "Consecration of Tones" Symphony; a bass air from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, sung by Mayerhofer; C. Reinecke's Overture to "Dame Kobold," and Mozart's G minor Symphony.

On Sunday, December 1st, three concerts. At noon in the Redoutensaal, the first extraordinary concert of the Society of Friends of Music: Symphony in D by Phil. Em. Bach; "Loreley" by Ferd. Hiller; "*Gondelfahrt*" by Rubinstein; chorus by Mendelssohn; the entire music to Weber's *Preziosa*. At 5 P.M., second Quartet production of Hellmesberger and Co. Programme: F. Schubert, Octet, and piano Trio; Schumann, Quartet in F major. At 5 P.M., also, chamber concert of Herr Hoffmann. (Programme: Mozart, Quartet in C; Goldmark, piano Quartet (MS.); Mendelssohn, Quartet in Eb major).

Ander, who had been kept from the stage six months by severe illness, has just made his reappearance as *Pylades* in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; he had the warmest reception.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The promised Mozart-selection was given on Monday night, and how great was its attraction may be gathered from the fact that the shilling places were occupied by upwards of 1,000 persons, while the stalls and "reserved seats" were crowded. The programme was one of the richest that could be devised. It began with the string quartet in C major, the last of the famous set dedicated to Haydn, a passage in the opening *adagio* of which elicited from the celebrated Italian composer, Sarti, the oft-quoted interrogatory,—"Si può far di più per suonare gli professori?" Long after the death of Sarti, however, Beethoven, in his quartets, showed that even more daring harmony might be used by a real inventor, without the slightest danger of putting the performers "out of tune." The quartet of Mozart, a masterpiece in every sense, was played to perfection by M. Vieuxtemps and his associates—MM. Ries, Webb and Paque. The first part terminated with the solo sonata in D major (1798)—No. 108 in the "Thematic catalogue," of works written between February, 1782, and November, 1791 (the year of Mozart's death), which the author of *Don Giovanni* has left in his own handwriting, and which reveals a fertility almost unparalleled in art production. This was simply, naturally, and irreproachably rendered by M. Hallé, who was none the less in his element, and none the less at his ease for having the printed music before him. Like the quartet, the sonata was applauded whenever a pause in the performance allowed of the audience giving expression to their delight, and the great German pianist was recalled to the platform at the end of the "finale." The next instrumental piece—that which ushered in the second part of the concert—was the justly renowned quintet in A, for clarinet (principal) and quartet of string instruments (1787), a work over the composition of which the Genius of Melody would seem continually to have presided. The performers were the same as before mentioned, with the addition of Mr. Lazarus. The execution of the quintet was in all respects first-rate, as might have been guessed from the names of the executants;

but what chiefly demands acknowledgment, and is, indeed, the principal reason on the present occasion for noticing the second of the Monday Popular Concerts, was the performance of Mr. Lazarus, not only the ablest professor of the clarinet this country can boast, but possibly the best to be found in Europe. Avoiding details, we may single out the second movement ("*largo*") of the quintet for special praise. In this a lengthened and exquisitely wrought-out melody is allotted to the clarinet, which, though here and there interspersed with graceful phrases in "dialogue" for the first fiddle (M. Vieuxtemps, of course), makes of that beautiful instrument, as it were, the "familiar spirit" of the movement. It has been urged by competent authorities that no musical instrument so nearly approaches the human voice in wealth and purity of tone as the clarinet, and certainly Mr. Lazarus, by his use of it, would lead any poetical theorist to become obstinately prejudiced on that point. His phrasing is as refined as that of any singer, his tone as satisfactory as it is artfully graduated, his mechanism beyond the reach of criticism; while the extensive compass of the instrument enables him to exhibit such variety as would appear to comprehend all the registers and qualities that endow contraltos and tenors, barytones and basses with their distinctive appellations, the only "timbre" denied it being that of the soprano, which essentially belongs, in one sense, to the flute, and in another to the oboe.

A more faultless performance than the slow movement was never listened to; but in awarding to Mr. Lazarus the praise which is his fair prerogative, we must add, that M. Vieuxtemps, as "first fiddle," was, without hyperbole, "a Juliet to his Romeo;" and that the subordinate parts, for second violin, viola, violoncello, were rendered by Herr Ries, Mr. Webb and M. Paque with a softness and delicacy that brought out the melody of the most conspicuous instruments so prominently, and at the same time so unobtrusively, as may be said to have realized the *beau idéal* of accompaniment. The restoration of the "mutes" (Mozart has written "*con sordini*" in his score) to the "strings" the omission of which was reprehended, on the occasion of the first performance of this Quintet at the Monday Popular Concerts, was an immense advantage to the light and shade ("*chiar'oscuro*," as musicians prefer to term it), and indeed to the general sentiment and expression of the *largo*, which was listened to with breathless attention and encoored with rapture. The last instrumental work was the genial and vigorous sonata in D major (No. 10), for piano and violin, superbly played by MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps—a composition which, though not in the "Thematic Catalogue" triumphantly proves (in the last movement especially) that Mozart could compose just as finely before 1784 as after it. The attention with which this was heard, from first to last, may in some measure be attributed to a notice now added to the premonitory paragraph alluded to in our report of a recent concert:

"Between the last vocal piece and the sonata for pianoforte and violin an interval of five minutes will be allowed."

This afforded ample time for those who were compelled to leave early, and permitted the large majority (who happily had more leisure at command) to enjoy the performance of the entire sonata without disturbance.

Nothing could be better in its way than the vocal music. Mr. Winn, who had already so favorably impressed the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts, confirmed the good opinion he had elicited by his unaffected and sensible reading of a spirited and capital air from Handel's *Scipione*, No. 16 of the Italian operas composed by the immortal author of *The Messiah*; and also in Mr. Loder's thoroughly English ballad "The Three Ages of Love," which he repeated by desire. Mlle. Florence Lancia, on the other hand, changed (wisely we think) both her songs. Her first was now a graceful and genuine ballad by Mr. Frank Mori: "Where art thou wandering, little child?" her second, Spohr's delicious canonet "The Bird and the Maiden," clarinet *obligato* Mr. Lazarus, both of which she gave with an artistic feeling and a perfection of style that enchanted all her hearers and obtained for her the honor of a "recall." Mr. Benedict presided with his accustomed talent as accompanist at the pianoforte.

For the next concert, among other interesting things, the whole of Beethoven's celebrated *Septet* for wind and string instruments is announced, together with a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven and a quartet of Haydn, both for the first time. The plan now adopted of having two new pieces (that is, pieces hitherto unheard at the Monday Popular Concerts) in every programme, cannot fail to meet with unanimous approval.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O leave me not, my darling one. E. G. B. Holder 25

A fine ballad for a Tenor voice.

A voice from the old church bell. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 13

Suggested to the author, who is Bandmaster in a Maine regiment on the Fairfax Road in Virginia, now a deserted, and dilapidated ruin. The music is simple, but very appropriate.

Little Clarence. Song and chorus. E. G. B. Holder. 25

In the popular style.

Rocklawn summer wildwood. Quartet. M. S. Pike. 30

A fresh, cheerful Quartet with taking Echo-effects which will everywhere call forth the plaudits of an audience.

Oh! ye tears. Franz Abt. 25

A new Song by the popular German Songwriter, and one which seems to follow more closely in the wake of his best efforts, such as "When the swallows homeward fly" and others, than those which have lately appeared from his pen.

Instrumental Music.

Alpenglöckchen (Alpine bells) Tyrolienne. T. Osten. 30

A very pretty new composition—not difficult—from the author of *Gondellied*, *Sounds of love*, and numerous other pieces, original and arrangements, which are in every player's hands.

Chime Waltz. J. H. Eberman. 25

A pleasing trifle.

Grand Etude. F. Agthe. 25

Rather difficult. Good practice in reading accidentals.

Sibylle. Romance. Brinley Richards. 35

A new original composition, whose captivating melody, adorned with those delicate embellishments, for which this author is distinguished, will soon make it a general favorite in the drawing-room.

Meteor Grand Galop. For four hands. H. A. Wollenhaupt. 60

An effective arrangement of a brilliant Galop which is already widely known, and one of the best things this composer has written.

Random Polka. Robt. Bell. 25

Simple and pleasing.

Books.

ORATORIO CHORUS BOOK. 75

This handsome Octavo volume of 188 pages will be found to be a most desirable acquisition to the libraries of Musical Societies, choirs and amateurs. In a neat and compact form the best choruses of the best Oratorios are certainly cheap at the price of this collection, and within the reach of all; besides this, the greater convenience of use arising from having the choruses in a single volume and thus not being obliged to handle over half a dozen or more books is a recommendation in favor of this new work which will not be overlooked by singers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 509.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1862.

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[For the Transcript.]

Chimes.

ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH.

Ring out, soft bells, in upper air,
Nearest the stars, our pleading prayer!

Our fluttering prayers, our hymns of praise,
Above us far, in beauty raise!

Above the city's heat and din,
Above its putrid breath of sin,

Above each feeble human tone,
That here and there praise God alone,

Ye plead for all! While all unseen,
The listening angels earthward lean,

Harkening the music far and dim,
That echoes their sweet praise to Him!

Ring loud—ring soft—ye chiming bells!
No lesson now your own excels,

That bids us hear your music flow,
Yet think—"some one works hard below!"

Above, such sweetness on the breeze—
Below, some hand must strike the keys!"

We build our lives so like to this—
Above the Starry Field of Bliss,

The waiting Angels and the Light—
Below, the Darkness and the Night;

We groping dimly, the right note
To strike, whose music tone shall float

Above us to the Master's ear,
That He may know we serve Him here!

So we below work day by day—
Thank God, if He hears far away,

Above us all, some music flow,
From us, who strike the keys below!

Dec. 17th, 1861.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 306).

Rome, Dec. 7, 1830.

To-day again I do not come to the full letter which I meant to write. God knows how the time flies here. This week I have made the acquaintance of several very amiable English families, who promise me again delightful winter evenings; I am with Bunsen a great deal; I mean too to get a true taste of Bains. I believe he regards me as a "*bruttissimo Tedesco*," so that I can learn to know him splendidly. With his compositions, to be sure, one has not a great way to go; and so in fact it is with all the music here. There may be plenty of will perhaps; but the means are lacking utterly. The orchestras are below all conception; Mlle. Carl* is engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for the season at both of the principal theatres; she has already arrived and begins to make *la pluie et le beau temps*. The papal singers are really getting old; they are almost wholly unmusical, hit even the most tradi-

* Formerly singer in the Royal Theatre at Berlin.

tional pieces incorrectly, and the whole choir consists of 32 singers, who are never together though. Concerts are given in the Philharmonic Society so-called, but only with a piano; orchestra there is none; and lately when they wanted to try to give Haydn's "Creation," the instruments thought it impossible to play it. How the wind instruments sound, nowhere in Germany has one the least conception.

Now since the Pope is dead, and the conclave commences on the 14th, and so what with the ceremonies of the burial and what with those of the elevation of the new Pope a great part of the winter passes, and is lost for all music and all larger assemblages, I almost doubt if I shall come to any regular public undertaking here; but I am not sorry for it, because inwardly I enjoy so much here and of such various kinds, that there is little harm done if I carry it round with me a while and try to work.

The performance of Graun's *Passion* in Naples, and especially the translation of Sebastian Bach only show, how the right must finally prevail. They will not seize hold of, and will not enkindle the living sense of the people; but therein it is not worse, than with their sense for all the other arts, but rather better; for when you see a part of the Loggia of Raphael scratched away by an unspeakable and incomprehensible barbarism, to make room for scribbings with lead pencil; when the entire beginning of the ascending arabesques is quite annihilated, because Italians with penknives, and God knows how, have inscribed their miserable names there; when somebody paints below the Apollo Belvidere, with great emphasis and still greater letters: Christus!; when right before Michael Angelo's Last Judgment an altar is erected, so large, that it exactly hides the middle of the picture, and so disturbs the whole; when cattle are driven through the majestic halls of the Villa Madam, where Giulio Romano has painted the walls, and vegetables are stored there, out of sheer indifference to the Beautiful,—then indeed we have something much worse than a bad orchestra; something that must annoy a painter much more, than wretched music does me. The people are indeed inwardly diseased and dissipated. They have a religion, and believe not in it; a Pope and superiors, and laugh at them; they have a clear brilliant Past, and it stands far from them; no wonder that they do not enjoy Art—if they are so indifferent to all that is earnest. The indifference about the death of the Pope, the unseemly merriment at the ceremonies is positively shocking. I have seen the corpse on the bed of state, and the priests who stood about it were continually whispering to one another, and then laughing. At this moment in the church where masses are read for his soul, there are carpenters at work continually on the scaffolding of the catafalque, so that with the ringing blows of the axe, and the noise of the workmen, one can hear nothing of the religious service. As soon as the cardinals are in conclave, out come the satires

upon them, in which for example they parody the litany, and, instead of the evils for the end of which they pray, they always name the peculiarities of well-known Cardinals. Or they have a whole opera performed by Cardinals; one being the *primo amoroso*, another *tiranno assoluto*, a third lamplighter, and so on. This could not be where people were inspired by Art. Formerly it was not better, but then they believed in it, and that makes the difference.

But Nature, and the warm December air, and the line from the Alban hills along down to the sea,—all that remains just so; then there can cut no names and write no inscriptions—every one can enjoy that fresh, all by himself, and that is what I hold to! A man is wanting to me here, to whom I might impart all very openly; who could read my music as it originates and make it doubly dear to me; with whom I could rest and refresh myself completely, and learn from him right candidly (he need not be a very wise man for that). But since the trees were not meant to grow up into the sky, as they say, so probably the man will not be found here; and a good fortune, which I have had everywhere else in very rich measure, will just here fail me. Here then I must hum to myself, and it will be all right.

FELIX.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 307.)

It was a consequence of Schubert's acquaintance with Vogl, that these two brothers in spirit, lovers of beautiful nature, whose sight probably inspired the former with many a beautiful song, in the fair season of the year shook off the dust of the residence from their feet, and, like wandering bards, traversed the blooming districts of Upper Austria and Salzburg, to refresh themselves in God's free world, and now in rare old cloisters, now in the cities of the charming land, set their glorious, now everywhere famous strains resounding. Everywhere they were welcome; they were joyfully received as worthy guests into the religious establishments; and the cities of Linz, Gmunden and Steyer did not fail to celebrate their presence each time as an extremely desirable event for the friends of German song.

These wanderings were repeated several times and commonly reached their goal in Salzburg or in Gastein. With the exception of these and a couple of excursions to Hungary (Zeléz and Eisenstadt), Schubert never in his whole life went beyond the immediate neighborhood of his paternal city; its charming environs were enticing enough, for that matter, to draw him out after the labor of the day, in the company of friends, and let him find refreshment and impulse for new creations in the free sense of Nature.

In the house of Matthäus von Collin (tutor of the Duke of Reichstadt) Schubert became ac-

quainted with Counsellor Mosel, well known as a composer and musical literateur, with the Orientalist von Hammer-Purgstall, the Count Moritz Dietrichstein, the authoress Caroline Pichler, and the Patriarch Ladislaus Pyrker, also esteemed as poet, who all took a lively interest in his achievements. Especially did the Patriarch delight in Schubert's songs, as appears from the following letter, dated Venice, May 18, 1821, which Pyrker addressed to Schubert, when the latter had begged him to accept the dedication of that book of songs, in which "The Wanderer" is found.

"Highly esteemed Sir!

"Your kind proposal, to dedicate to me the fourth book of your incomparable songs, I accept with all the greater satisfaction, that it will often now recall to me that evening, when I was so much impressed by the depth of your soul—particularly as expressed in the tones of your 'Wanderer'! I am proud to belong to one and the same Fatherland with you, and I remain with the highest regard

"Your most devoted,
"Johann L. Pyrker, m|p
"Patriarch."

Some years later (1825) he met these patrons at the baths of Gastein, to which he had undertaken a pleasure excursion in company with Vogl. His stay there was particularly quickening to him through his intercourse with Pyrker and other men attached to him, and he used to count the days spent there among the finest of his life. In the year 1822 he composed to a text by Schober his first larger opera: "Alfonso and Estrella." Probably on account of the circumstances of the theatre at that time being unfavorable to German music; or from some other of the many causes which, as experience shows, prevent a work destined for the stage from coming to performance; then too because it did not lie in Schubert's character to push such a business energetically, even though it was for his own interest; this opera never was performed in the composer's native city; and even when a prospect opened for it, it proved vain at last.

In the year 1823 Carl Maria von Weber came to Vienna, to superintend in person the bringing out of his opera "Euryanthe," composed for the Kärnthner-theatre. This followed on the 25th of October, 1823. The Viennese had expected a music which, like that of the "Frey-schütz," would hit the black at once. These expectations, however, were deceived; for instead of the captivating arias, duets and choruses, which had soon become so popular, here were long extended recitatives, leading into songs also recitative-like in their style, and borne upon a heavy, often not easily comprehended orchestral accompaniment, sometimes overpowered by it, so that they sounded strange to the ear of the general public accustomed to the rounded form of the aria. Weber had broken with the past traditions of the opera, and, leaning to Gluck's manner, but far outstripping him in the romantic flight of his imagination and in his most developed art of orchestration, he had come forward with a work, which may be regarded as the beginning and foretype of the musical drama of our day. In its lofty beauty it is unreachd, not to say unsurpassed, by other works which follow the same principle.

Schubert, just then a child of his age, and yet a king in the realm of melodies, could not find much to his taste in this austere, ascetic music, as

it seemed to him; and, frank as he was, he expressed himself in this sense against the composer. There is too little melody in it he thought; the *Frey-schütz* is indeed quite another thing.*

Weber had met Schubert soon after his arrival in Vienna, and several times afterwards, and was greatly interested in him. He had promised him to bring out the opera "Alfonso and Estrella" in Berlin. The score travelled thither; but the opera remained unperformed; and it is possible, indeed, as has been oftentimes asserted, that the author of *Frey-schütz* and *Euryanthe*, mortified by the failure of the latter opera† and by Schubert's judgment on it, did not have the production of Schubert's work so much at heart, as might have been expected from his promise.‡

Within the same year falls the composition of a *Tantum ergo* in D, and, as a matter of course, many songs, among which: "Willkommen und Abschied" (welcome and farewell), "Frühlingsglaube" (Spring faith), "Einsamkeit" (Loneliness) "Der Wachtelschlag," "The Rose," "The Son of the Muses" and "Sister's Greeting."

The following year is marked by the composition of "Fierabras," a heroic-romantic opera in three acts, the text by Kupelwieser. In that year he composed a Piano Sonata in A minor; a Sonata for Piano and *Arpeggione* in A minor; and for songs: "Pilgerweise" (Pilgrim strains), "Der zürnende Barde" (the enraged minstrel), "Der Zwerg" (the dwarf), "Forget me not," "Du bist die Ruh" (Thou art therest), *Drang in die Ferne* (Impatience to go abroad), to be sung on the water, "Viola," and, finally, the alike popular and famous "Miller Songs," a cycle of twenty songs, out and out compositions, which bear the most eloquent testimony to the perfected ripeness of the young man of twenty-six. About the same time, too, the music to the play of "Rosamund," by Helmine Chezy, was brought out at the theatre *an der Wien* with great applause.

(To be continued.)

* It is well known that Weber turned to Beethoven and asked his opinion of the opera, which had been received with little favor. Beethoven said, "The thing is good," and while he advised him not to regard the general voice, he showed him some *critiques*, in which he (Beethoven) had been advised to study music diligently, accustom himself to a better style, &c., &c.

† Since then the times have changed, and with them the musical understanding also. *Euryanthe*, a superb work of the first rank, is now recognized and appreciated at its full value even in Vienna.

‡ Quite recently Franz Liszt has had *Alfonso and Estrella* brought out in Weimar, but only with moderate success; Schubert himself considered this and *Fierabras* his most successful operas, and the best adapted for performance.

Royal English Opera.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

The new opera produced on Saturday last, under the title of the *Puritan's Daughter*, created more than usual interest, inasmuch as it was rumored that Mr. Balfe had at last procured a librettist worthy of his talent. A new book by a rational hand for Mr. Balfe was, indeed, a godsend, and a masterpiece was anticipated—need we add, has been realized? Now that Mr. Balfe has shown himself eager to collaborate with an experienced writer and a scholar, we may look forward even to more brilliant achievements than the *Puritan's Daughter*.

The libretto is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, a gentleman well known in literary circles for his scholastic attainments, and also as a contributor to the stage in various departments of the dramatic art. The story is ingenious and simple, and not taken from any source with which we are acquainted. The period is that of Charles II. Wolf (Mr. H. Corri), formerly colonel of Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides," and some Puritans bound in the same cause, have

received information that King Charles, accompanied by a small escort, intends making a journey from London to Dover. They conspire to fall upon the escort and carry off the King. A ship is required to convey Charles abroad when taken, to obtain which Wolf promises the hand of his daughter Mary (Miss Louisa Pyne) to Seymour (Mr. St. Albyn), a buccaneer. Seymour has a lieutenant Drake (Mr. Wallworth), who, under the cloak of obedience, waits to requite his captain for having formerly carried off his betrothed. The Puritans meet in a ruined chapel attached to Middleton Hall, where Colonel Wolf resides with his daughter and Clifford (Mr. Santley), his secretary. Mary Wolf and Clifford are attached to each other. Wolf has chosen Clifford for his secretary, though a Royalist, as his father and himself were friends in boyhood. At the meeting of the conspirators there are two unsuspected listeners—Mary Wolf, who has strayed to the secret door, and Ralph (Mr. George Honey), the comic character of the piece, who, having overheard Seymour observe he would find treasure in the chapel, meaning Mary Wolf, comes in search of concealed gold. The Puritans having sworn their oath of vengeance, hear a noise at the door. Seymour rushes off and brings in Mary. The Roundheads are furious at being discovered, and Seymour making known to them the attachment between Mary and Clifford, they swear that Clifford shall die unless the girl marries Seymour. Mary, to save her lover's life, consents, and takes an oath never to speak of what she has witnessed. Clifford is distracted at learning from Mary that she is about to become the wife of another. Not being able to obtain any clue to this change in her feelings, he is maddened by jealousy.

In the second act King Charles (Mr. Patey) and Rochester (Mr. W. Harrison) seek shelter from a tempest in Middleton Hall, and are received by Clifford. When Colonel Wolf comes in, he perceives, to his surprise and delight, that the King is in his power. The hall is surrounded, and all chance of escape prevented. Clifford alone has leave to quit the mansion unquestioned. The Merry Monarch, who pays court to Mary, in consequence of a wager with Rochester that he would carry her off without discovering his rank, learns from her how unjust he has been towards Clifford, whose father lost life and fortune in his cause. Stung with remorse, he promises that Clifford shall be restored to his estate, and declares himself to be the King. Mary remembers the oath of the Puritans, and determines to save the King's life. She attempts to lead him off by a secret passage, but every outlet is guarded. She conceals Charles on the approach of Clifford, and when the young cavalier is about to take leave of her forever, the King stands before them and endeavors to reconcile matters. Clifford, at first incensed, is ultimately assured of the innocence of Mary, and determines to effect the King's escape at the risk of his own life. Charles and Clifford change cloaks and hats, and the King passes through the guards.

In the last act, on the discovery of the King's escape, Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph are about to be shot, when the Royal troops, headed by the King, break into the hall; Seymour is shot by Drake, and the Puritans are led off to meet their deserved fate. All things are satisfactorily explained, and Clifford is united to Mary.

The opera commences with an overture as remarkable for the brilliancy of the instrumentation as for the felicity of the ideas. The horn movement, above all, with which it opens, is striking and melodious. The introductory choros, "Here's to wine!" is extremely attractive, and pleased the audience on the threshold. The overture, by the way, was loudly applauded and repeated. The comic duet, "I would ask a question," for Ralph and Jessie (Miss Susan Pyne), is written in the composer's most fluent manner, and in his peculiar humorous vein. The ballad of Wolf, "My own sweet child," is after the sentimental pattern, with a florid *caballetta* for Mr. H. Corri. The comic song for Ralph, "What glorious news is that I've heard," is one of the most original things in the opera. The opening phrase is suggestive of one of the Irish inclosures, but all the rest is as new as it is attractive. The accompaniments are racy and full of variety, and the whole song is characteristic and replete with interest. The manner in which the popular air, "The power of love," is hinted at rather than brought in at the end is exceedingly happy. The scene where the Puritans take the oath of freedom, if wanting in grandeur and elevation, is grave and solemn, and towards the conclusion is particularly impressive. In the concerted morceau after the oath there are some happy and telling hits. Mary's appeal, "Wouldst thou see me perish?" is beautifully plaintive, the oboe being employed in the accompaniment with striking effect. So also Mary's response to the oath, "I swear by all

I love," in which a wonderful and fine effect is obtained by one note sustained pianissimo by the choir, while the soprano voice is singing. The ballad for Mary, "Pretty, lowly, modest flower," is one of the gems of the opera. The leading phrase is beautiful, and the florid passage at the termination brilliant and effective. The duet for Mary and Clifford, which constitutes the finale, "Yes, thou must cease to love me," has many felicitous points. The opening movement is extremely melodious, while the Italian grace and flow of the *ensemble*, "Oh! dared I speak," is not likely to escape the least observant listener. Clifford's ballad, "Oh! would that I had died ere now," which follows, created, perhaps, the greatest sensation of the evening. Although a real Balfe-sentimental tune, it is new and beautiful, and will be heard all over Europe. With infinite tact and corresponding effect, the composer has made Mary repeat the air in form of a prayer, after Clifford has sunk stupified into a seat.

The second act commences with a recitative and air of a bold character, "How peal on peal of thunder," for Clifford. The trio for Charles, Rochester, and Clifford, "By the tempest overtaken," is characteristic of the situation. The concluding motive is very sprightly. The terzetto, "My welcome also to this roof," allotted to Charles, Rochester and Wolf, is a genuine inspiration. It is succeeded by a vigorous strain for Wolf, "Can it be, do I dream?" which is worked into a turbulent invocation. The duet, "Let the loud timbrel and the tramp," would require another Tamburini and Lablache to give it full effect. The song for Rochester, "Though we fond men all beauties woo," is gay and spirited. The long duet between the King and Mary has many points of interest, but it is uselessly elongated. The gratitude of the young girl would have been better expressed in two than two-and-thirty lines. Miss Pyne, whose singing was superlative here, never proved herself a more consummate mistress of the vocal art. Rochester's bacchanalian song, "Let others sing the praise of wine," given with great animation by Mr. Harrison, was one of the hits of the performance. The air is not merely catching, but haunting; the burden is irresistibly quaint; and the very essence of comedy is attained. The ballad, "How well I recollect the night," which Mary addresses to Clifford, is original and beautiful, and is sure to win its way to the highest favor. The duet which follows wants condensation. A charming terzetto follows, "What man worthy of the name," but its effect is dissipated by the long concerted piece which follows. The quintet, "Ere long death perhaps shall lay me low," is noble and brief, as it should be in the situation. The close of the second act is solemn and striking. Mary, believing Clifford to be the King, laments over his fate; Clifford, aside, calls upon Heaven to give Mary strength to endure the coming blow; while Rochester, under the influence of Bacchus, in snatches of the drinking song, celebrates the good qualities of punch. This scene is conceived and developed with the highest art and skill.

The music of the third act is hardly of equal interest with the other two. The song of Rochester, "Hail, gentle sleep," is smooth and flowing. The scene involving the treachery of Seymour, the discovery of the King's flight, the baffled rage of the Puritans, the confession of Ralph, the examination of Mary, the doom of Rochester, Clifford, and Ralph, and the distraction of Mary, although interesting from a dramatic point of view, is not well adapted for musical purposes. It is too long, and, being all of one tone of sentiment, somewhat monotonous. Certain union passages given to the conspirators have a powerful effect, and the by-scene between Wolf and Mary, where the daughter pleads to her father for Clifford, is touching and beautiful. Up-robious applause is obtained nightly by Miss Louisa Pyne in the ballad, "My father dear, though years roll by," in which the splendid singing and unusual energy of the lady completely electrify the audience. The finale is a rondo given to the soprano, brilliant and showy and well calculated to exhibit the perfection of Miss Louisa Pyne's mechanism.

A more triumphant success than that achieved by the *Puritan's Daughter*, we do not remember at the Royal English Opera. To this success almost every artist in the performance more or less contributes. To Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Santley, the chief honors of the execution are due. We never heard Miss Pyne sing more superbly.—Mr. Balfe, indeed, seems to have written instinctively to set off her voice to the greatest advantage. Mr. Santley, too, never sang more nobly or with greater effect. Mr. Harrison was exceedingly humorous as Rochester, and makes great fun in the drinking scenes, and is altogether admirable. Mr. George Honey has an important part in Ralph, and contrives to amuse the audience with his whimsicalities. Miss

Susan Pyne must be complimented for undertaking a subordinate character like that of Jessie, which, however, she imparts, by her mirth and sprightliness, no ordinary significance.

The band, under the zealous conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon, we need not say, is thoroughly up to the mark, and the chorus are excellent.—*London Musical World*.

Bach as Organist.

Among composers for the organ, Bach, by unanimous consent, stands the highest; and of all his many contributions to the "King of instruments," the most universally admired are his pedal fugues. J. N. Forkel,* Bach's biographer, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Charles Philip Emanuel, the "Patriarch's" second son, although a diligent seeker after Bach's MSS. does not seem to have been acquainted with more than a dozen of the pedal fugues. In alluding to the "grand preludes and fugues with *obligato* pedal,"† Forkel remarks, "the number of these cannot be ascertained; but I believe that it does not exceed a dozen; at least, with all my inquiries for many years, at the best sources, I have not been able to collect more than twelve, the themes of which I will here set down. To these I may add a very artificially composed *Passacaglia*; which, however, is rather for two clavichords and pedal than for the organ."

Subsequent explorers have been more fortunate—adding to the treasures amassed by the industry and research of Forkel almost three times as much as he himself procured—and, among other things, some of the finest of the organ pieces. Kittel, a pupil of Bach, and organist of Erfurt—who had accumulated a very extensive assortment of the unpublished works, which was unfortunately distributed after his death—owned, together with other compositions for the organ, thirteen fugues, with pedal *obligato*, among which we find the grand fugue in G minor, without prelude. The twelve of which Forkel has given a thematic catalogue, are in C minor, A minor, G major, E minor, B minor, C major, D minor, C major, D minor, F major, G minor (not the one so frequently performed by Mr. Best), and the prelude and fugue in E minor, known to every organist. The Set of Six Preludes and Fugues (*Sechs Præliuden und sechs Fugen mit Pedal*), published at Vienna as far back as 1801, were most probably selected from the Forkel and Kittel MSS. How many compositions of the kind Bach really produced it is impossible to guess; but, in all probability, the best of them are printed in the most recent German editions of Griesenkerl and others.

If any proof were wanting to show that Bach was one of the greatest organ players that ever lived, these "pedal fugues" would suffice. "His great genius," observes Forkel, "which comprehended every thing, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible of arts, brought organ playing to a height of excellence it had never attained before his time, and will hardly reach again." "The admirable John Sebastian Bach," says another writer,‡ has, at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection; and it is only to be wished that after his death it may not decline, or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who will bestow any pains upon it."

"When John Sebastian Bach," says Forkel, "seated himself at the organ, which, when there was no divine service, he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First, he used this theme for a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards, followed Psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was attained by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or, according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinken, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection."

* Author of the "Complete History of Music," and other works.

† Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, page 10.

‡ Quans, or Quantz—a celebrated player on the flute, who added a key, and other mechanical improvements to the instrument. Quans was a friend of Handel, and, besides his musical talents, wrote several treatises, which had great reputation in their day.

The foregoing is only a paragraph selected from a long and interesting account of Bach's excellent qualities as a performer on an instrument he loved as much as the clavichord itself; and for which he wrote so many masterpieces. Although the organ fugues are more than a century and a quarter old, they possess all the charm of novelty. Nothing can possibly be more unlike our mighty Handel than his no less mighty contemporary, "the giant of Thuringia." Both the material and the machinery of the two men differ essentially: there is more variety in Handel, but there is more unity in Bach; a freer flow of rhythmic tune in the former, but greater depth of harmony and greater ingenuity of contrivance in the latter.—*London Mus. World*.

Spohr in London.

One morning, Spohr received a missive which was conveyed to him by his servant, Johanning, in much such terms as these: "M. Spohr is requested to be present at four o'clock to-morrow evening in the closet of the undersigned." Not being acquainted with the signature which followed, and the footman who had brought the letter being unable to inform him on what account his master desired to see him, the extremely susceptible artist replied, in the same laconical style, that he should not be disengaged at the hour appointed. Thereupon a second letter succeeded, couched in less imperative terms than the first. This time it was—"M. Spohr is begged to be good enough to honor the undersigned with a visit, to appoint any hour that may be convenient."

On the day following, Spohr stood face to face with an old man with silvery locks, whose countenance beamed with a friendly smile, and who had stepped out to the head of the staircase to receive him, but could speak no word of either German or French, while Spohr was equally unable to speak to him in English. After standing and looking at each other for some time with mutual embarrassment, the Doctor, that is to say the old man, settled it by taking the composer by the arm and conducting him into a large apartment, the walls of which were, so to speak, tapestried with violins; others, which had been taken out of their cases, were scattered about on the chairs and tables. The Doctor hereupon handing Spohr a bow, and pointing to one of these instruments, the celebrated violinist came to the conclusion that what was wanted of him was that he should give his opinion as to the value of all these fiddles. He had the patience to try them all, one after the other, and after having selected six, he again took them up, one by one, in order to pick out the best. It was by no means a light task, for there were an enormous number of them, and the Doctor handed them every one to Spohr in succession, without letting him off in a single instance. He had observed that our fiddle-fancier had cast the tenderest glances towards one in particular of these instruments, and that his countenance lighted up with the extremest joy every time the master's fiddle-stick was drawn across its strings; and to this very one he assigned the palm of superiority. The Doctor, enchanted with the verdict, not only treated the judge with an improvisation on the *viol d'amore*, but when Spohr bade him farewell presented him with a five-pound note, which the musician laid upon the table, again shaking his head in token of refusal. But the Doctor did not let slip the occasion which soon after presented itself of being equal with him, and paid ten pounds shortly after for a ticket to his concert.

This concert was the most profitable which Spohr had ever given. Almost all the persons to whom he had had letters of introduction, and among them the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Clarence, took stalls, for which some of those wealthy noblemen paid in the most liberal manner. A large proportion of the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts kept their tickets, and as the worst places cost as much as half-a-guinea, and the room, capable of containing about a thousand persons, was crammed, the receipts were magnificent. Add to that, the performers in the orchestra resigned their emoluments, in admiration for the talents of the concert-giver—"out of friendship for me," modestly says the latter. The event thus ushered in under such brilliant auspices was, however, marred by incidents of an alarming nature, and which had a calamitous effect on the health of Dorette, Spohr's cherished companion.

Here let the author of the memoirs speak in his own unaffected language:—"My concert took place on the 20th of June, the day on which Queen Caroline made her entry into London on her return from Italy, to appear before Parliament to answer the charge of adultery. London was divided into two camps; the most numerous, which embraced the middle classes down to the lowest rabble, declared for the Queen. The city was in a state of violent

commotion. The bills of my concert, pasted up at the corners of the streets, had disappeared under immense placards, commanding in the name of the people a general illumination of the city. Johanning came in with the intelligence, that any windows not illuminated would be smashed. My wife, who was, moreover, anxious about her first appearance, trembled at the scenes which were about to be enacted. I endeavored as best I could to reassure her, and I succeeded. My new symphony was executed in a masterly manner, and was even more successful than when it was played for the first time. During the air of Handel which followed, 'Revenge, Timotheous, revenge,' I was in an adjoining apartment, tuning my wife's harp, and afterwards led her into the concert-room. Our duo was about commencing, the audience was subsiding into silence of expectation and listening to the first chords of our performance, when on a sudden, a fearful riot occurred, followed by a cannonade of paving stones against the panes in the windows of the adjoining room, which was not illuminated. The gas with which this apartment was lighted was quickly turned on. The mob, satisfied with the victory which had crowned this demonstration, moved onwards, vociferating cries of delight. All at last resumed their places, and tranquility was sufficiently restored to permit us once more to begin. I was afraid lest emotion should have an injurious effect on Dorette's playing, and awaited her first chords with anxiety, but they sounded full and vigorous. Our success increased after each part of the duo, and at the end the applause seemed never likely to cease. As we descended from the platform, delighted with our triumph, neither of us had any suspicion that it was our last in common. —*London Musical World.*

CHRISTMAS-EVE SERVICES AT TRINITY CHURCH.—A large attendance testified to the interest of the public in this ancient temple of worship. Its Christmas decorations are perfect successes and well suited to the massive proportions of the edifice they adorn. Above the altar an evergreen cross is erected, lit with tapers; on both sides of the chorister's stall stand two imposing pine trees, while the entire chancel is adorned with laurel and evergreens. Suspended from the back of the dove is a handsome star and cross, while the columns and each entrance to the aisles are embowered in all the emblematical shrubbery of Christmas.

The church was thrown open at 2½ o'clock, at which hour the Christmas Festival of the school children was celebrated. Mr. James Ayliffe rang out upon the musical chimes of eight bells, the ensuing programme:

Evening Hymn; a Concerto in rondo form, with various modifications in major and minor keys; Portugal Hymn; Evening Bells; Christmas Carol; Vesper Hymn.

At the conclusion of the bell-ringing the children, numbering about three hundred and fifty, entered and were seated near the chancel. Mr. Cutler performed a stirring voluntary upon the organ as the clergy and choristers entered from the robing room to their usual seats. The services commenced with a Christmas carol, a species of choral exercise only too rare in this country. The choir solo was sung by Master Hopkins, and the chorus by the choir and the Sunday School children. When it ceased, the organ pealed forth the air in lordly volume, and as its tones died away, the chimes took up the theme and flung out upon the busy city the glad notes of "Hosanna to King David's Son."

Among the clergy who officiated in the service were the Rev. Dr. Vinton, the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy, the Rev. Mr. Farrington, and the Rev. Mr. Greenleaf of Cincinnati.

Evening prayer with full choral service was performed, and an address delivered to the children by the Rev. Dr. Ogilvy. At its conclusion the Christmas Tree Carol was sung, and the clergy and choristers proceeded to examine the tree; the doors of the larger porch were rolled back, to disclose a tree fifty feet in height, bearing wonderful fruit in the shape of varied gifts, and sparkling with tapers. A large table was laden with presents also, which were distributed to choristers and children, something for each and all.

To-day, at 11, there will be a full choral service, the one chosen being Kempton in B flat, and the anthem comprising selections from the Messiah. Chimes will be rung at half-past ten, in this order:

Ringling changes on eight bells; Samson, from Handel's chorus; "Then round about the starry Heavens"; Sicilian Mariner's Hymn; Pleyel's Hymn; Christmas Carol; Ringling the Chimes; Old Hundred.

At the conclusion of morning service, the poor of the parish will be served with poultry and other substantial gifts for their Christmas Feast.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 22, a concert was given in the new and very beautiful Catholic Church, St. Michael's, by Mr. J. H. WILLCOX, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, and his admirable choir. The programme was well chosen, and the performance, as a whole, was very fine.

PART FIRST.

1. Introduction, Organ. Mr. J. H. Willcox
2. Chorus, Magnificat. Emerig
3. Song, Ave Maria. Cherubini
4. Bass Solo and Chorus of Male voices. Mozart
Solo by Mr. Jansen.
5. Quartet, Benedictus. Von Weber
Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Langmaid and Mr. Powers.
6. Christmas Song. Adolphe Adam
Mr. S. Tuckerman.
7. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Kyrie Eleison. Haydn
Solo by Miss Washburn.

PART SECOND.

1. Organ Solo. Mr. J. H. Willcox
2. Song, Ave verum. Stradella
3. Christmas Hymn, Adagio. Arranged by Novello
Soli. Miss Washburn, Miss Flynn, Mr. Gardham, Mr. Mooney
4. Song, Gratias agimus tibi. Guglielmi
Miss Washburn.
5. Soprano Solo and Chorus, Credo. Von Weber
Solo by Miss Washburn.
6. Song, If with all your hearts. Mendelssohn
Mr. Langmaid.
7. Recitative and Chorus, from the Messiah. Handel
Miss Washburn and Chorus.

An intelligent audience of about 2,000 persons, representing all classes in Springfield, was in attendance and enjoyed the music highly. Mr. Willcox showed his usual skill in exhibiting the instrument and in his accompaniments. He was obliged frequently to make long delays on single pedal notes to gain time for arranging his stops, as the organ (costing \$3,000 and having 31 stops and 1427 pipes, large scale,) has only two banks of keys.

The singing was unequal. Miss WASHBURN, a well cultivated Soprano, sang finely in all her pieces, with greater mechanical skill than expression, however, we thought. In the "Gratias agimus tibi" she completely enraptured her audience. Mr. POWERS, who has a rich bass voice, sang the "Ave verum" of Stradella artistically, and the accompanying *viol d'amour* stop of the organ was so managed as to produce really new and striking effects. Mr. JANSEN, too, exhibited a rich bass voice, and sang well in the piece by Mozart: but the chorus of male voices was less satisfactory. The whole Chorus was small, but good, their best performance being the *Kyrie* by Haydn. The *Benedictus*, by Von Weber, is a very beautiful composition, quite *sui generis*, and was charmingly done.

The performance closed with the Pastoral Symphony and following pieces from "The Messiah": Miss Washburn sang "There were Shepherds," &c. beautifully; but before she finished she allowed ambition to carry her too far, and by altering the music for the worse, marred the effect. The Chorus "Glory to God" was well done.

Mr. Willcox tried to "play out" the audience with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but though the music seemed out of place, and was poorly played, for him, it failed of its purpose, for the people remained and listened to the last note. Mr. W. and his choir would be welcomed if they should again visit Springfield. SCHMIDT.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DEC. 27.—We are having a week of concerts. Sunday evening, Mr. J. L. Willcox of Boston exhibited the organ recently erected in the new Catholic church, and with his choir (from the church of the Immaculate Conception), gave a sacred concert. We were unable to attend, but have no doubt that Mr. Willcox fully sustained his reputation as a brilliant organist. The organ was built at the factory of the Messrs. Hook at a cost of \$3,000, and is a noble instrument, in every respect up to the standard of their house. It

has two manuals from C C to G in alt, and two octaves of pedals from C C C to C. We append a specification of stops.

Great Organ. Open Diapason, Melodia and Stop Diapason Bass, Dulciana treble, Dulciana bass, Bourdon, Viol d'amour, Flute a cheminee, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtra (4 ranks), Trumpet.

Swell Organ. Open Diapason, St. Diapason treble, St. Diapason bass, Keraulophon, Bourdon, Flute Harmonique, Principal, Flageolet, Cornet, Oboe, Trumpet treble, Trumpet bass.

Pedal Organ. Double Open Diapason, Double Dulciana, Violoncello.

Couplers &c. Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Swell to Great.—Tremulant, Bellows Signal, Pedal Check.

The whole number of registers, thirty-three. The exhibition of this organ was followed Monday evening by a concert by Dodge.

The event of the week of most interest to a Springfield audience, however, was the concert of Wednesday evening, given for the benefit of the volunteers, by a club composed of the best of our resident talent, both professional and amateur, with Mr. L. G. CASAREAS as director. The programme was a long one—too long, in fact. Just think of twenty-one pieces, with a liberal sprinkling of patriotic songs, every one of which the audience seemed to have conscientious scruples against allowing to pass without encores! Had the old word-master, who wrote—

—"If music be the food of love,
Then give me surfeit,"

been present, his wish would have been so fully gratified and he so overfed that he never would have "asked for more." The number of pieces was not only large, but many of them were uncommonly lengthy, abounding in interminable repetitions. This was noticeably the case with one song, "composed expressly for this occasion," in which the words:

—"Hush! soldier, 'twas heaven's decree,
We must bury him there by the light of the moon!"

were iterated and reiterated—to make a cautious estimate—twenty times. It seemed as if the "soldier" would never comprehend his orders. At first they were given out in moderate time, but this was after a while changed to very slow time, as if in endeavors to impress the idea upon his benighted understanding. This still proving unavailing, "double quick" was substituted and the desirable consummation at last reached, much to the relief of the audience. One young lady expressed the utmost solicitude, lest the moon should go down before the order could be executed!

The programme contained an unusual number of solos and duets,—so many that it would be impossible to notice any but the most commendable. We shall, of course, consider amateurs without the pale of criticism, and speak only of professional musicians. Mrs. Wells was queen among the soloists, and sang the soprano of the first movement of the duet from Verdi's "Mnasadieri" splendidly. She was in excellent voice and we never heard her sing better. With the last movement of the duet, as well as the Allegro of "Ernani Involami" we were not quite as well pleased, the distinctness so necessary to the rendering of rapid passages being sometimes wanting. She sang the latter as if fatigued, but fully redeemed herself by her heart-stirring singing of the "Marseillaise." This glorious old war song rang out with such an inspiring effect, the chorus responding, as it should, in solid unison, that we could easily understand how the impulsive French were fired by it to dethrone kings and reconstruct empires. Mrs. Wells has the soul of a true artist, and does not consider the mere correct singing of notes the only essential to a proper rendering of music. Music is emotional, and in order to affect others, it is manifestly indispensable that the singer should herself be deep-

ly affected. Very commendable also was the singing of Miss Crossett in "*Qui la voce*" from "*Puritana*:" and here again, too, more especially in the first movement. She has a voice of singular freshness, vocalizes with ease and evidently sings *con amore*. Among other ladies who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening, we may mention Mrs. Tiffany and Miss Mann. The former sang Mendelssohn's beautiful arioso, "*But the Lord is mindful*" very sweetly, and it would have been among the most agreeable pieces of the evening if the accompaniment had been played with proper care. It would seem not a difficult thing to understand that the accompaniment to so delicate and charming an air should be played delicately, and not accented (*thumped* is the word) in the manner one frequently hears the melodies in Thalberg's variations. But the ladies were not the only soloists. Few songs were given with more vigor and energy than Mr. C. R. Laid's "*Viva L' America*," but in these times the piece ought to be considered objectionable. Millard's music is well enough, but the sentiment "*United we stand, divided we fall*," is not a very comfortable one to contemplate when we are practically divided—and, besides, threatened with a foreign war. Other gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. C. O. Chapin and J. C. Spooner, sang very acceptably.

Mr. Cassares played the only pianoforte solo of the evening admirably. It was an arrangement (his own, we believe) in which the airs "*God save the king*" and "*Auld lang syne*" were transcribed and fantasied—or, as some would say, varied—in the modern style. It deserved and received a hearty encore. His playing is remarkably clean, distinct and precise, and only after he had played enough to have more than fatigued any pianist, did we detect a single false note. His piano—an ordinary square—would have been wholly inadequate to the true rendering of classic music, even if such music were not considered out of place in a popular concert; still we are not alone in wishing that our concert programmes might sometimes contain music, the requisites for the playing of which are something more than mere agility of finger, and the object something above a desire to tickle the ears of listeners. Do not understand us to blame Mr. Cassares for not playing classical music in public; he knows very well how to cater to the popular taste, as his selections, plainly show, and their unbounded success confirms. We only plead that a "respectable minority" ought occasionally to have their taste regarded.

The chorus showed excellent training and reflected high credit upon the conductor. Nearly every thing sung—but especially Bishop's ever-welcome "*Tramp Chorus*"—was given by one voice, and in excellent style. The *Gloria* from Mozart's 12th Mass may be mentioned as an exception, there being an unchecked tendency to hurry; but we have been informed that this had only a hasty rehearsal. Three of Mendelssohn's Part Songs ("*Three National Songs*") were sung finely, but, contrary to the original intention, with accompaniment. Meyerbeer's graceful "*Pour out your sparkling treasure*" was also nicely done, although in this, as well as some of the other choruses, the parts were not well balanced, the soprano and tenor being predominant. The accompaniments to the choruses were elegantly played by Mrs. Hart. We have never seen a more graceful performer upon the pianoforte.

In conducting, Mr. Cassares does not excel as in playing; the strength and decision of beat with which a good conductor controls his chorus, and which makes every movement of the baton eloquent, were lacking. The singers were so much an unit, that little or no conducting was necessary; still, it must not be forgotten that they are to a great extent indebted to Mr. Cassares for this unity. And no less are we all indebted to him for the musical enthusiasm which has been aroused among us, and for his patriotic labors which have resulted in netting a handsome sum for a good cause.

R.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 2. — The third of our series of Philharmonic Concerts was given on Thursday evening last. As usual, the hall, which will seat about 2,000, was literally packed — standing places, as well as seats. These concerts are the rage just now; and, were the Society willing, the tickets could be disposed of at enormous rates. The affairs of the Society are in a very flourishing condition, coming out of the first season with some \$2,000 in the treasury, and having every ticket sold for the series of the second season. Not the least interesting part is the delightful Soirées given semi-monthly by the various members. We claim for St. Louis more first-rate amateur talent than there is in any city of its size in the country. Violinists, flutists, pianists and vocalists without number. The last Soirée was equal, and in many respects, far superior to, nine-tenths of the "Grand Concerts" given here by the celebrated, talented, handsome Signoras, Signors, Fraus and Herra So-and-So, from all parts of the world "and the rest of mankind."

The programme of the last concert was as follows:

PART I.

1. Overture. Ries
2. Chorus, "Then round about the stony throne," from Oratorio, *Samson*. Handel
3. Piano Solo, "Jerusalem," (I Lombardi). Fantasia Tri-omphale. Gottschalk
4. Andante, "From G minor Symphony." Mozart
5. Recitative and Air, "Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze," from *Lurline*. Wallace
6. Trio and Chorus, "Finale from Norma." Bellini

PART II.

The First Walpurgis Night, or the eve of the first of May. Mendelssohn

The soloists selected for this occasion were Mr. Barrill, who rendered the air from "*Lurline*" charmingly, with taste, precision, and feeling, giving evidence of study and improvement; and Mr. S. M. Brown, who gave us that immensely difficult arrangement of Gottschalk's in his usual style.

The main feature of the programme, however, was the "*Walpurgis Night*" of Mendelssohn. Fears were entertained lest the calibre of this piece was heavier than our Society was able to manage; but they proved groundless, as, under the able management of the conductor, SOBOLLEWSKI, who has been indefatigable in his endeavors to bring it out well, having rehearsal after rehearsal, it was magnificently rendered. The orchestra, laboring under their difficult parts, did themselves infinite justice, infusing a life, vigor, and spirit into their performances rarely excelled. Great credit is due the Society for striking at such high game, and attempting a work of this kind; especially as it has achieved a brilliant success. Were I to speak in detail of the various parts, I fear I should be too prosy and tedious, and where all did so well, it would be invidious to mention a few.

PRESTO.

Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of CHOPIN'S "*MAZURKAS*."

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

Theodor Goerge von Karajan, second in rank of the Officials in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and one of the most distinguished of Austria's living scholars, has recently published a paper in the *Jahrbuch für vaterländische Geschichte*, entitled "*J. Haydn in London*." It is made up mostly from the well-known authorities, Dies and Griesinger. But not entirely; for several letters, hitherto unknown, written by Haydn from London, have afforded him some new materials, and give us new insight into their writer's personal characteristics. The correspondence

begins, however, two years before Haydn's visit to London and affords a valuable addition to our knowledge of his position and condition during those last of his thirty years of service as Prince Esterhazy's Chapelmaster.

As the prince advanced in years, his annual visit to Vienna appears to have become shorter and shorter, until at length a few weeks in winter was all the opportunity which Haydn had, of moving in that musical circle to which Gluck, Mozart, Salieri, and so many other great men belonged, who had been or still were making Vienna the musical capital of Europe — a circle in which Haydn could move as loftily and worthily as the best.

It is true that for many years Haydn could have found in all Europe no position more to his taste or more to his advantage, in so far as his artistic development was concerned, than that which he held as Prince Esterhazy's chapelmaster in Eisenstadt and Esterhaz (or Estoras, as Haydn writes it). He said many years afterwards to Griesinger: "My Prince was satisfied with all my compositions. I received applause as chief of the orchestra; I could try experiments; observe what increased and what weakened the effect; could therefore correct, add to, leave out, weigh. I was cut off from the world; nobody was at hand to lead me to doubt my own judgment and plague me with advice; so I had to become original." "On the other hand," says Karajan, "one can easily perceive that such a life extending over a period of thirty years, in a small town, and part of the time in a solitary chateau, must at last become insupportable to a man of Haydn's talents." Yes, indeed, after a lapse of twenty-five years, during which the peasant wagonmaker's son had quietly but surely elevated himself to the foremost position in all the world as composer of instrumental music; — when his "sound had gone out into all lands;" when the multifarious duties of his office, a pleasure to the young man, had become a burden to the man of nearly sixty years; when he had already begun to long for rest and leisure to work out still grander ideas than those on which his fame was formed; when the feeling of exile at Esterhaz was made doubly painful by the thought of Mozart and a new generation of musicians in Vienna, and by the sudden and glorious development of operatic, chamber and orchestral music there, from all which he was cut off; then, indeed the spirit of Haydn began to pant for freedom from the thralldom of his official routine; and this finds expression (for the first time in any published documents) in these letters. It must not, however, be thought that Haydn's condition was in any, even the smallest degree, that of a dependent upon a hard or tyrannical master. It was love for his old prince that enchained him — gratitude for long years of kindness — it was hard that he must so rarely and for such short periods be in Vienna; but to desert his old master that was impossible! Death at length separated them, and gave Haydn his freedom — nought else could have done it.

Karajan's article, which has also been printed separately, begins with a short description of the large building, hard by the Schottenthor (Scotch gate) on the north side of the city proper, known as the "*Schottenhof*," as it appeared 70 years ago. In this building, in the second story, lived, at that time, a famous physician, a Dr. Geuzin-

ger. "Here was a place," says Karajan, "where of a Sunday men like Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Albrechtsberger, were always welcome to the hospitable table of the doctor—where they played their newest compositions upon the pianoforte to a company of friendly critics—now getting together a quartet, and now producing a Symphony—in short affording enjoyment to a cultivated circle of citizens, which, occasional public performances excepted, as a rule was only to be found in the palaces of the nobles."

Geuzinger had, earlier in life, been physician to Field marshal, the Prince Nicolaus Joseph von Esterhazy, had in this capacity been much in Eisenstadt, and had therefore become acquainted with Haydn—an acquaintance which ripened into strong and lively friendship. Hence, in latter years, whenever Haydn was in Vienna—that is, so long as he continued in the active service of Esterhazy—he was expected to dine every Sunday at Geuzinger's.

The Doctor's wife, a von Kayser by birth, was at the time this correspondence begins near her fortieth year (born Nov. 6, 1750) and had been married about seventeen years. They had five children; Josepha (the Peppi of the correspondence) 16 years of age, and Salvina, 4, and three sons, Franz, Peter and Joseph, of 15, 9 and 7 years. Madame Geuzinger, a woman of fine culture, was eminently so in music. She read full scores with ease, and arranged them for the pianoforte. That these arrangements were of real value is proved by the request of Haydn, in one of the letters, that she should send him a complete Symphony thus arranged for publication in Leipzig.

The letters of Haydn are printed by Karajan from the originals; those of Mad. Geuzinger from the first drafts, presented by her with Haydn's. To convey, in an English translation, the queer quaintness of the Austrian German, which makes many passages in these letters very amusing, is not possible; but in other respects—save that the high flying complimentary terms in the addresses and signatures are usually omitted, together with the compliments to the Doctor and others—our translation is as literal as may well be.

The customary "*Euer Gnaden*"—still almost as common as in Haydn's day, especially among the lower classes to all of higher social position, is necessarily translated "Your Grace," although it has not the technical value of the English expression. What are we to do in English with such an address as this?

"Hoch und wohlgebohrne,

"Hochschätzbarste, allerbeste Frau v. Geuzinger!"

Literally,

"High and well-born

Most-highly-treasured, all-best Frau von Geuzinger."

The reader will then be pleased to imagine each letter of Haydn beginning thus or in similar terms, and usually closing with a postscript to this effect: "My most devoted respects to high your Herr Spouse and entire family and the Pater Professor." And now to

THE LETTERS.

1.—Madame Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated VIENNA, JUNE 10, 1780.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!

With your kind permission, I take the liberty of

transmitting to you a pianoforte arrangement of the beautiful Andante of your composition, which is such a favorite with me. I have made this arrangement entirely myself, without the least assistance of my master, and I beg you to do me the kindness to correct anything in it which may not meet your approbation. I hope that you find yourself in the best condition, and have no stronger desire than to see you soon in Vienna, that I may give you new proofs of the respect which I cherish for you.

I remain, with sincere friendship,

Your most obedient servant,

Maria Anna Edle von Geuzinger,

born Edle von Kaiser.

2.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, JUNE 14, 1780.

High and well born

Gracious Frau!

In all my correspondence up to this time the surprise of having such a beautiful letter and such kind expressions to read is the most delightful, and still more do I admire that which came with it—the capitally transcribed Adagio, which is so correct that any publisher might put it to press. I should only like to know whether your Grace has arranged it from a score or whether you have been at the astonishing pains of first scoring it yourself from the parts before making the pianoforte arrangement; for in the latter case the compliment is really too flattering, and one that verily I have not deserved.

Most excellent and worthy Frau v. Geuzinger! I await but a hint as to how I can do your Grace some sort of service. Mean time I send the Adagio back, and confidently hope from your Grace some commands to which my small talents may be adequate, and am, with extraordinary and most distinguished respect, &c., &c.

3.—Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.

Dated Oct. 29, 1780.

* * * *

I hope you will have duly received my letter of Sept. 15, together with the first movement of the Symphony (of which I sent you the Andante some months since); and herewith follows also the last movement of the same, which I have arranged for the pianoforte to the best of my ability—wishing only that it may please you and most humbly praying you, in case I have made any mistakes, to make at your leisure all needful corrections, which, most estimable Herr von Haydn, I shall at all times receive with heartiest thanks. I pray you have the goodness to inform me whether you received my letter of Sept. 15th, with the piece which accompanied it, and whether it was to your taste, which would be a great satisfaction to me, since I am very anxious and restless about your having received it and not being dissatisfied with it. Hoping the best for your health and prosperity, the assurance of which from you would afford me extraordinary pleasure, I beg the continuance of your friendship and a place in your thoughts, remaining &c. &c.

My husband also sends his respects, &c.

4.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated ESTORAS, NOV. 7, 1780.

* * * *

I pray your Grace's forgiveness a million times for my long delay in returning your so laborious as excellent work. The last time my dwelling underwent the cleansing process, which took place immediately after the arrival of the first movement, the manuscript was mislaid by my copyists under such a mass of music that not until within a few days past, did I have the pleasure of finding it again—tucked away in an old opera score.

Dearest and most excellent Frau von Geuzinger! Be not angry with a man, who values you above everything. I shall be inconsolable if, owing to this

delay I shall lose anything of your favor (of which I am so proud).

These two movements are just as carefully transcribed as the first was. I wonder only at the pains and patience which your Grace thus expends upon the fruits of my small talents; on the other hand, I assure you, that in my frequent turns of low spirits, nothing so refreshes and enlivens me as the flattering consciousness of your Grace's kind remembrance; for which kindness I kiss your hand a thousand times and in unfeigned respect, remain ever,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Christmas Performance of the Messiah.

The zeal of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY was well met by the great crowd of attentive listeners that filled every seat in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. But for the undeniable fact that the poor old music Hall has got to looking very shabby—its delicate sunset-tinted walls and ceiling being about as badly smoked and smutched as Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel—it would have seemed quite like the good old times of half a dozen years ago, when music, to say the least, was far more thought about than war, and civilization was of more account than "cotton." But so soon as the times allow a safe and peaceful passage of our Great Organ over here, which is already finished, its putting up will be a signal for the renovating of those walls, whose blackened aspect now is in keeping with such black and troubled times.

The chorus seats were not quite as full, we thought, as in some oratorio occasions of past years; but this was the result of the good rule, which excludes "dummies" and does not allow any to "assist" in public, who have not borne their part in the rehearsals. There was a goodly number, though, and uncommonly well balanced; and perhaps as prompt, true and effective a mass of voices as the Society has let us hear since our Handel Festival. The arrangement of the forces on the stage was better than it has often been, the orchestra being placed more in the middle of the singers and in part surrounded by them. It will, we are glad to hear, be still further improved, by ranging the soprani in the front line across the stage, contralti behind them, and so on, with the first and second violins, tenors, 'cello's, &c., in line with the voices to which they severally correspond, throwing the wind instruments quite behind all. Thus each class of voices will feel the support of its corresponding part in the accompaniment. This is far better than our old way of placing the orchestra before the singers, obliging them to shout to their audience over a solid wall of instrumental tone. In Berlin, Leipzig, &c., the entire orchestra is placed behind the singers. The orchestra was larger and better than we had dared to hope in these times, when the war makes such draughts upon our musicians. We were reduced, to be sure, to one fagotto, and that of a somewhat uncertain sound; but this could not be said of the trumpet, which sang out admirably in its *obligato* accompaniment to the air: "The trumpet shall sound;" and there was a most efficient row of first violins, including Schultze, Eichberg, Suck, and others. The rehearsals had been thorough, and the whole thing went generally well, although there is much room for improvement; our chorus singers, impatient of that "old world" drill, which cultivates a sensitive ear to what at first seem smallest blemishes, are naturally too apt to think that they

have mastered that with which they have only become familiar. Familiarity is not always knowledge.

One mark of conscientious thoroughness, one not too common here in times past, is certainly to be commended in this getting up of the "Messiah." Not a chorus was omitted; not a concerted piece; nothing in fact, but a piece or two of solo, which is a less important sacrifice to brevity and good hours. This time we heard not only the *Hallelujah*, the "Wonderful" chorus, and the other popular and stirring ones, but also such profoundly beautiful and tender ones as "And with his stripes," the mystical Quartet and Chorus: "Since by man came death," and the exquisite Duet: "O Death, where is thy sting?" (soprano and tenor):—pieces in which Handel betrays a certain affinity for the time being with Bach; pieces, which one grows to love, as his experience of life grows deeper and more serious. Those, too, were among the best rendered pieces of the evening: The great choruses were quite successful, especially the *Hallelujah*; and we were glad that Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN did not, in the "Wonderful" chorus, resort to Costa's cheap expedient for effect at Birmingham, of contrasting whispered *pianissimos* with sudden stunning outbursts on the great words.

In the soprano arias Mrs. LONG was uncommonly happy; in voice, in style, in feeling, her efforts of that night were among her very best; there was sweetness, purity and dignity in all; and she will be much missed in oratorio hereafter, if she adheres to her resolution of retiring from the stage. The airs "Come unto him," "But thou didst not leave," and "How beautiful" were sung by Miss GILSON, a fresh young voice, of silvery sweetness and purity, and with an execution that promises well, albeit a little cold. The "celebrated English tenor," Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY, does not lack voice, robust and rich and resonant, but he does lack naturalness in his over-refined struggles for expression, — which is peculiarly unfortunate in so pathetic a recitative and air as "Thy rebuke," &c., whose beauty and pathos are nothing, worse than nothing, save as they are simple and unaffected. The bass, Mr. THOMAS, executed his pieces well, with a voice of manly substance, although somewhat hard and dry in quality. Mrs. KEMPTON appeared to labor under a cold; her upper notes were feeble, husky and tremulous, but her deep contralto as rich and warm as ever. In spite of these drawbacks there was much true style and pathos in her singing, especially of "He was despised."

Great applause greeted the announcement by Dr. UPHAM, the President of the Society, that all the performers had volunteered their services for a repetition of the "Messiah," on New Year's afternoon, for the benefit of the "Sanitary Commission." We have not yet heard the result of this patriotic offering.

CONCERTS COMING.—The new year starts with fair promise; for the week to come we are to have two good things at least.

1. Wednesday evening, the third Chamber Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB; when that wonderful Quartet in B flat, of Beethoven's last period, will be repeated, to the great joy, no doubt, of many who enjoyed it before better than they understood it. The programme also contains a Quintet, with *contrabasso*, by Onslow, a Duo Concertante by

Spohr, and two vocal pieces: one from a Psalm by Mendelssohn, the other, Mozart's *Dove sono*, to be sung by Miss PEARSON.

2. CARL ZERRAHN's first of four Philharmonic Concerts is definitively announced for next Saturday evening (Jan. 11), at the Boston Music Hall. The orchestra includes all the best resident musicians. The programme offers first of all, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which will be soothing and refreshing in these wintry war times. The *Tannhäuser* overture is not yet voted dangerous to healthy nerves, and if any should be seriously disturbed by it in their sweet dreams of the Past, they will surely find relief in the Finale (orchestral arrangement) of the 1st act of *Don Giovanni*. For further variety, Miss MARY FAY, the brilliant young pianist, will play Mendelssohn's *Cupriccio* in B, with orchestral accompaniment, and Thalberg's Introduction and Variations to the Barcarole in *L'Elisir d'amore*.

ORGAN EXHIBITION.—We quite forgot, in the hurry of last week, to speak of the exhibition of the new organ in the beautiful new church in Arlington Street (Rev. Dr. Gannett's), which took place on the evening of Dec. 18th. The organ was built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, and is one of the finest specimens of their well known skill and taste. It has plenty of power, a great variety of stops, which are remarkably beautiful singly and blend very richly in the full organ; and the mechanical arrangements work, so far as the hearer could judge, to a charm. We have nowhere heard flutes of more liquid sweetness, or reeds of a more fine and racy flavor. The organ seemed all that one could desire; but why shall an "organ exhibition" always consist of making the organ do all sorts of things except just that which it is designed to do? These endless, aimless wanderings among solo stops, these *potpourris* of operas, popular airs, bits of secular and bits of sacred, strung together upon idle fancies of the moment, may be very well to show the fine qualities of all the stops as well as the skill of the exhibitor,—neither of which do we call in question—but they fatigue and dissipate the mind just when it seeks to be edified and strengthened by the grandest of all instruments voicing the great thoughts of Eternity. If you would show the virtues of an organ, why not play organ music? Give these exceptional things their place, but do not let them usurp all. We do not object to the queer scrolls and monsters carved here and there about a Gothic cathedral; but not to show them, nor to give them shelter, except incidentally, were the sublime proportions of the Cathedral reared.

Reports from Various Quarters.

NEW YORK.—Respecting the Christmas performance of the "Messiah" we quote from the *Tribune*, if only for the originality of the criticism.

"At Irving Hall on Christmas night. 'The Messiah' of Handel was performed. As but so few of the pieces suit the public taste, being antiquated and devoid of interest either in music or words, it would be better to give extracts from this work, associated with airs and choruses from the oratorios of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and some newer names—Costa, for example. Why the public should be drugged with the tooty-tooty violinism of Handel, and the meanest and stupidest form for vocal music, the fugue, by the hour, is not clear. In England, where the worship of old bones is part of the rubric, it does answer—but for a young country with genius—the antique opiate is an overdose.

On the occasion in question, the ladies of the Society presented the conductor, Mr. Bristow, with a medal, and a speech was made reciting his long services to the Harmonic Society. The room was crowded. This Association presents the charm of

young, fresh voices, giving their utterances with enthusiasm."

"Tooty tooty! Mr. Critic (to use your own felicitous expression), how did these 'enthusiastic utterances' accord with stuff so 'antiquated and devoid of interest?'"

WORCESTER, MASS.—Christmas week brought not only higher musical flights than usual in plain Protestant churches (a *Gloria* of Mozart, for instance, in the Latin (!), and extracts from the "Messiah,") but also one of those occasions which "Stella" delights always to record—Mr. B. D. ALLEN's musical soirées.

* * * * It took place Saturday afternoon, at Washburn Hall, which was nearly filled with an appreciative audience. The programme was excellent; so, too, its performance. It opened with Haydn's *Trio*, for piano, violin and violoncello, No. 9; a work as full of hopeful aspiration as youth itself; and rendered by Messrs. Allen, Burt, and Stearns with due taste and skill. The Beethoven *Sonata*, for piano and violin, op. 30, No. 3, was a leading feature. It is a work purely Beethoven's own, full of rich and brilliant fancies, finely brought out by Mr. Catlin's violin and Mr. Allen's piano-playing. Miss Whiting sang the *Cradle Song* from the *Christmas Oratorio*, one of the quaintly beautiful "airs for an alto voice" which are introducing "glorious old Bach" to our better acquaintance. The song is a gem; its accompaniment a worthy setting. Miss Whiting sang it well; also the charming little songs of Mr. Allen's composition, "When the twilight weeps"—which has a soft, subdued tone of twilight beauty such as breathes through Turner's evening skies; and "There sits a bird on every tree," a glad burst of song fresh and pleasing. Perhaps the finest performance was Mr. Allen's playing of the *Polonaise* of Chopin, op. 44. He gave it in all its stern, uncompromising grandeur, and with an effect that must have sent a thrill through the heart of his listeners. Truly indeed we heard, as Liszt says, "the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate." Such music as this of the gifted young Pole comes home to us now in these our days of peril. The Mendelssohn Choral Society sang Miriam's "Song of Triumph," a fine work, full of Schubert's impassioned earnestness and dramatic force. In the large upper Hall the choruses would have told with fine effect, particularly the fugue at the close. We hope to hear it again. The programme closed with Mozart's *Trio* for piano, violin and viola, a work celebrated for the matchless originality and beauty of its *minuetto* movement. It formed a fitting close for a musical feast refreshing at any time; doubly, trebly so now. STELLA.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The third musical entertainment by the Choral Union, at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, Dec. 26, consisted of the first two parts of "The Creation"—a good idea that, of leaving off the sentimental sweetish Adam and Eve part! Mr. A. T. THORPE conducted. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston), with a pianist, formed the orchestra. Mr. A. B. Winch, of Taunton, assisted. The performance was spirited, we are told, and the audience the largest of the season.

MEXICO.—The Philadelphia friends of the sisters Fanny and Agnes Heron will be glad to learn that the report of their capture by the reactionists in Mexico, is incorrect. Recent letters from them report that are singing with immense success at Guanajuato, with an opera company, of which Albert Maretzek is the manager, his brother Max having divided his forces and taken the other artists to Vera Cruz. During their Mexican tour, the sisters Natali, and Signor Testa, the husband of Fanny, have sung in twenty-seven different operas, including, besides those they formerly appeared in, *Murtha*, *La Traviata*, *Le Prophète*, *Stradella*, *Marco Visconti* and *William Tell*. They have engagements which will probably prolong their stay in Mexico through the whole of the coming winter.—*Evening Bulletin*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opéra, during the first week in December, "*L'Etoile de Messine*" was twice played. Gluck's *Alceste* again drew a crowd. For an "extraordinary" entertainment, the *Huguenots* was given. A piece by Alary, "*La Voix humaine*," was on the carpet.—At the Opéra Comique, Mme. Ugalde made her reappearance as Virginia in "*Le Caid*." The *Postillon de Longjumeau* seems disposed to keep the stage all winter; and Auber's *Sirène* and *Haydée* have taken their turns twice in successive weeks. Two new comic operas, by Lefébure-Wely and by Delphin Balleyguier, are in preparation.—At the Italiens, Mme. Marietta Guerra made her debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*; and during the same week *Ama Bolena* was sung three times; Mlle. Battu and Mme. Alboni were warmly received.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, *Jaguarita* had its one hundredth representation. A two-act opera by M. Jules Beer was to be put in rehearsal.

In the sixth "Popular Concert of Classical Music" Haydn shared the honors with Beethoven. The Scherzo of Beethoven's Symphony in F, and the Largo of Haydn's in D were redemanded. The programme of the 7th concert (Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 P. M., in the Cirque Napoléon) contained: Symphony in E♭ by Mozart; flute fantasia on *Oberon*; overture to *Melusina*, Mendelssohn; Andante (Hymn) and variations from Quartet, op. 76, by Haydn, executed by all the strings of the orchestra; Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. A new series of 8 concerts, still under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, is announced.—On the 8th a grand Mass, by Gounod, was to be sung in the church St. Eustache by 400 Orphéonists; and on Monday, the next day, at the Madeleine, the annual Mass of the Philanthropic Association of artists of the Imperial Academy of Music; a Mass by M. Dietsch, under his own direction, and an unpublished *Benedictus* and *O Subltaris* by Auber, were to be performed by the orchestra and choruses of the Academy, numbering 300 artists; the soli by MM. Faure, Michot, Casaux, Marié, Mlle. Sax, and a child belonging to the choir, endowed, it is said, with a remarkable voice. The grand organ to be played by M. St. Saens.

BERLIN.—Adelina Patti made her debut at the Royal Opera in the first week of December, in the *Sonnambula*, with the most brilliant success.—Prof. Wilhelm Hensel, painter to the Court since 1828, who married Fanny, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, is dead; he was 68 years old.—The Dom Chor has given its first concert of the season, the programme being composed, as usual, of sacred pieces by old Italian and German masters, sung *a capella*, without the aid of instruments. A chorus by Vittoria made a profound sensation by the elevation of its style; German art was represented by a motet for eight voices by Sebastian Bach; they sang also a *Qui tollis* by Caldera, and compositions of Gumpelsheimer and Eccard.

LEIPZIG.—In the 7th Gewandhaus Concert an unpublished violin Concerto by Rubenstein was played acceptably by Becker of Mannheim. In the same concert an ensemble piece from *Uthal*, an opera, by Méhul, was given. In this opera the French composer makes no use of the violin, but restricts himself to the bass and alto.

COLOGNE.—The principal feature of the third concert in the Gürzenich hall was the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn. Two ms. works were played the same evening, viz: Gade's *Hamlet* overture, and an *Ave verum* by Brahms, which obtained a success d'estime.

VIENNA.—George Hellmesberger, professor of music in the Conservatoire of Vienna, director of the orchestra in the Court Opera, and leader of the famous Quartet party, has been decorated with the golden cross of merit, &c., &c.—Joachim will not come to Vienna this winter; he will wait, says the *Musik. Zeitung*, for more "peaceable international relations."

HANNOVER.—In the second subscription concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto.

BREMEN.—On the 20th November the "Artists' Union" performed some of Handel's compositions for stringed instruments, flute, oboe and bassoon (composed in 1716-1720), under the direction of Reinthaler.—Aimé Maillart's operetta, *La Clochette de l'Ernite*, has been played here eight times.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—The Liederkranz has given a concert for the benefit of the Mozart institution, founded and endowed by it.—In the second concert of the Museum, Marie Cruvelli and Hans von Bülow, the Berlin pianist, took part; the latter played a Concerto of Beethoven and a Tarantella by his father-in-law, Liszt.

DRESDEN.—Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* has proved so successful, that it is to be followed up by the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and the *Alceste*.—Mme. Maria Theresa Rietz, wife of the Capellmeister, died on the 13th November.

MILAN.—The principal artists engaged at La Scala for the Carnival of 1861-62, are: *Prime donne*: Mmes. Cziliag, Colson, Talvo; *tenors*: Graziani and Negrini; *baritones*: Beneventano and Morelli-Ponti. For novelties will be given: Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, not yet heard in Milan; *Mornile*, an opera written expressly for the Scala by Sig. Braga; *Uscocco*, by Petroccini; *Ione e Morosina*, by Petrella; and *Don Sebastian*, by Donizetti.

TURIN.—The Carnival season at the Teatro Regio will be inaugurated by Meyerbeer's *Il Profeta*. The singers so far engaged are Mmes. Borghi Mamo, Carozzi-Zucchi, and Casimir Ney, for *prime donne*; MM. Alboni, Bianchi, Cantoni and Iligelli, tenors; Morelli and Saccomano, baritones.

BOLOGNA.—*Gli Ugonotti* is still in great favor. Mme. Barbot and the tenor Bartolini are remarkable in the parts of Valentine and Raoul.

ROME.—A new opera by Pedrotti, *Isabella d'Aragona*, has been well received. The principal interpreters, MM. Sarti and Storti, as well as Mme. Giuli are highly praised.

PALMA DI MAJORCA.—Flotow's *Marta* has met with complete success here.

MADRID.—La Grange has already sung in six different operas. Bettini is singing on the same stage in the *Ballo in Maschera*.

HAVANA.—There is quite an operatic carnival at present at the Tacon Theatre, the Volpin troupe have given *Nabuco* with a new *prima donna*, Bassegio, who met with a great success. Eliza Kennet, the English girl who has for several years been highly popular in Italy, has appeared in *Lucia*, and Madame Masson in *Trovatore*, Muzio acts as conductor. The Ghioni and Maccaferri company have also been singing at Havana in the *Due Foscari*, in *Ernani* and in *Norma*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Maggie Gray. Song and Chorus. G. A. Cargill. 25
A pleasing trifle, written in the popular style.

Flag of our heroes. Song. C. E. Kimball. 25
A stirring patriotic Song.

Only for thee. Ballad. Geo. Linley. 25
Evidently written in imitation of the popular "Ever of thee," to which ballad Linley wrote the words, and hardly less beautiful.

The Patriot's Chorus. J. W. Morris. 25
An energetic, stirring Chorus, to eloquent words.

Somebody is waiting for me. S. J. St. Leger. 25
One of those pleasant, semi-comic ballads, rarely met with, which the nicest taste can find no fault with. It is a ladies' Song.

O leave me not, my darling one. E. G. B. Holder. 25
A fine ballad for a Tenor voice.

A voice from the old church bell. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 15

Suggested to the author, who is Bandmaster in a Maine regiment by the sight of an old church on the Fairfax Road in Virginia, now a deserted, and dilapidated ruin. The music is simple, but very appropriate.

Instrumental Music.

Donna Julia. Valse romantique. H. Laurent. 25

One of the best of the English school of Waltzes, highly popular abroad. The piece has a handsome illustrated title-page.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 314.)

We have yet to mention various distinctions which Schubert received during the last named years, and which, if they did not better his material condition, must have flattered his self-esteem. In the year 1821 the court capellmeisters Salieri and Weigl, the counsellor Mosel and Count Moritz Dietrichstein bore testimonies to his musical talent, such as have seldom fallen to the lot of artists. In 1822 he received from the bishop of St. Pölten, to whom he had dedicated the "Harper's Songs" from "Willhelm Meister," the following note:

"Well-born Sir! You have done me a really unmerited and quite especial honor in dedicating to me the twelfth work of your universally prized and favorite musical art productions. Accept, as well for this distinction and attention, as for the copy sent me of this excellent work, with your kind inscription, my much obliged thanks and the confession, that I acknowledge myself greatly your debtor. I have at the same time given a copy to my secretary, Herr Giessrigl, and one to Herr Prof. Kastl. Both were highly delighted with it.

"God, from whom cometh every good gift, has signally endowed you with so rare, so exalted a musical talent, that by its further development and exercise you can found for yourself a steadfast fortune. Heartily wishing this, I assure you that I am with distinguished consideration, your much obliged, and

Most devoted Servant,

Johann Nep. ^{m/p}, Bishop.

In 1823 he was made an honorary member by the musical societies of Linz and Graz.

In the years 1824 and 1825 we find him still engaged in restless production. To the first of these years belong: the composition of the Octet, for two violins, viola, clarinet, fagotto, horn, violon and 'cello, in D; the *Salve Regina* for four men's voices in C; the Introduction with the seven Variations on an original theme for pianoforte and flute; and the songs: "The Victory," "Evening Star," "*Auflösung und Sehnsucht*" (all by Mayrhofer), "In the evening red" by Lappe, and of course many others.

In 1825 he composed: A Sonata in C, and the following songs: "Fullness of Love," "Gravedigger's homesickness," the songs in Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," the "*Heimweh*" and "*Die Allmacht*" (by Pyrker), "Evening song to the distant loved one," "In the wood and on the bridge," the "Blind Boy," and two songs from Schlegel's play "*Lacrimas*," all compositions of high worth. In the same year he travelled with Vogl through upper Austria and part of the Salzburg region. We have already alluded to his stay in Gastein and his meeting with L. Pyrker. In Gastein he composed a Symphony in C, and the well-known Sonata in A minor, op. 42, dedicated to the Arch-duke Rudolf.

The following letters, written by Schubert in

1824 and 1825, are characteristic of him and may not be uninteresting. The first is from Zeléz, dated July 18, 1824, and addressed to his brother Ferdinand. It reads:

"About your quartet party I wonder all the more, that you were able to move Ignaz to it. But it will be better if you stick to other Quartets than mine; for there is nothing in it, except that they please you perhaps, as every thing pleases you that comes from me. The recollection of me is the dearest thing to me in it. Was it merely pain at my absence, that drew from you tears, which you did not trust yourself to write? Or did you, at the thought of me, oppressed with a mysterious eternal longing, feel your dark veil wrapped also around you? Or did all the tears, which you have seen me weep, come into your memory? Be that as it may, I feel it more distinctly at this moment, you or no one are my inmost friend, bound in with every fibre of my soul! — But lest these lines mislead you into thinking, that I am not well, or not in cheerful spirits, I hasten to assure you of the contrary. To be sure, it is no more that happy time, when every object seems to us surrounded with a youthful glory; but that fatal recognition of a miserable reality, which I seek through my imagination (thank God) to make as beautiful to me as possible. People think that happiness adheres to the spot where one once was happy, while it is only in ourselves; and so I experienced indeed an unpleasant illusion, and saw here renewed an experience which I had already had in Steyer; but I am now better able to find happiness and repose in myself, than I was then. As a proof of it, I send you a grand Sonata and variations on a theme of my own invention, both for four hands, which I have already composed. The Variations enjoy signal favor. About the songs handed over to — I console myself, since only some of them appear to me good, as: '*Wanderers Nachtlid*' and the '*Entsühnte*,' but not the '*Entführte Orest*,' at which mistake I was obliged to laugh much. Try, at least, to get these back as soon as possible. I am the more glad, that you find yourself so well, because I hope that I myself this coming winter shall enjoy the sense of feeling well *most vigorously*. Greet our parents, brothers and sisters, and friends most heartily from me. For you a thousand kisses. Write as soon as possible and fare you well, right well. With love forever,

"Your brother Franz."

A second letter, written to his parents on the 25th of July, from Steyer, reads:

"Dearest Parents!

"I fairly deserve your reproach for my long silence; but as I do not like to write empty words, and our present times offer little that is interesting, you will forgive me that I begin with speaking of your affectionate letter. I was very glad to hear of the health of all, to which, the Almighty be praised, my own health may be added. I am now again in Steyer, but was six

weeks in Gmunden, whose surroundings are really heavenly; these, as well as their inhabitants, especially the good Traweger, moved me deeply and did me a great deal of good. At Traweger's I felt at home, entirely unrestrained. Afterwards when the Hofrath Schiller came, who is the monarch of the whole Salzkammergut, we dined every day (Vogl and I) at his house, and we made music a great deal both there and at Traweger's. Especially did my new songs out of Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' prove a great success to me. Also they wondered greatly at my piety, which I have expressed in a hymn to the holy Virgin, which, it seems, takes hold of all souls and attunes them to devotion. I believe that comes from the fact that I never force myself to devotion, and, except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, I never compose such hymns or prayers; but then it is commonly the right and true devotion. From Gmunden we went by way of Pruberg, where we met some acquaintances and stopped some days, to Linz, where we tarried eight days, which we spent alternately in Linz itself and in Steyeruck. In Steyeruck we staid at the Countess Weissenwolf's, who is a great adorer of my littleness, possesses all my things and sings many of them quite finely. The Walter Scott songs made such an extremely favorable impression on her, that it was evident the dedication of them would be anything but unpleasant to her.* In the publication of these songs, however, I think of making a different *manipulation* from the usual one, in which there is so little eye to the main chance; these bear the honored name of Scott upon their front; in this way they may excite more curiosity, and by the addition of the English text might make me also known in England. If only something decent could be made out of these dealers in Art! but the wise and beneficent regulation of the State has already taken care that the artist shall remain the slave of every wretched tradesman.

"As to the Milder's† letter, I am very glad of the favorable reception of "*Suleika*," although I could wish the *critique* had come to my own eyes, in order to see if something were not to be learned from it; for, favorable as the judgment may be, it may also be ridiculous sometimes, if the critic lacks the proper understanding, which not seldom is the case.

"In upper Austria I find my compositions on all sides, especially in the cloisters Florian and Kremsmünster, where, with the help of a brave piano-player, I produced my four-hand variations and marches with favorable success. They were pleased especially with the variations from my new Sonata for two hands (Op. 42), which I performed alone and not without success, some assuring me that the keys under my hands became singing voices, of which, if it is true, I am very glad, since I cannot endure the accursed hacking, which is peculiar even to distinguished

* They were dedicated to the Countess.

† The singer, Mme. Milder-Hauptmann.

players; it neither gratifies the ear nor the soul. At present I find myself again in Steyer, and if you will soon make me happy with a letter, it will still reach me here, since we tarry only ten or fourteen days, and then set out for Gastein, one of the most celebrated bathing places, about five days' distance from Steyer. I enjoy myself to an extraordinary degree upon this journey, since it makes me acquainted with the loveliest regions, and on our return we shall visit Salzburg, celebrated for its splendid situation and environments. The weather here during the whole of June and half of July was very unsteady, and then for fourteen days very hot, so that I grew really lean from perspiration, and now it rains nearly four days at a time. To Ferdinand and his wife and children my best greetings. I dare say he still creeps always to the Cross† and cannot get rid of D: and I am sure he has been sick again seventy-seven times and has believed himself nine times on the point of dying, as if dying were the worst thing that could befall us mortals. If he could only see for once these divine mountains and lakes, the sight of which threatens to crush us or to swallow us up, he would not love this petty human life so much, as not to deem it a great good fortune to be recommended to the incomprehensible power of the earth for a new life.

"What is Carl§ about? He has very likely much to do now; for a married artist is pledged to produce both art and nature pieces, and if both kinds turn out well, he is doubly to be praised, for that is no small thing. I renounce that. The Schneider|| (tailor) and his Schneidcrein (tailoress) must have a care to the coming little Schneider, or little Schneiderin, for the Schneiders are as numberless as the sands of the seashore, [here follows a string of puns on the word *Schneider*, which are untranslatable]. And now at last I must make an end to this prattle; I thought I was bound to make up for my long silence by a letter that should be *ditto*. Marie and Peppi¶ and the little Probst I kiss a thousand times. For the rest, pray greet most heartily all that is greet-able. In expectation of a speedy answer, I remain with all love,

Your most faithful son,
Franz.

(To be continued.)

‡ A tavern, where the Schubert family used to come together. Franz disliked to go there, because the host adulterated the wine, so that it gave him the headache.

§ His brother, the landscape painter.

|| Schubert's brother-in-law, a school-teacher.

¶ His sisters.

Translated for this Journal.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 317.)

5.—*Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.*

Dated Vienna, Nov. 12, 1789.

I am unable adequately to express the pleasure, which I felt in reading your treasure of a letter of the 9th inst., or how completely I am repaid for my pains by your satisfaction with the result; I desire nothing more anxiously than to have more leisure (from my very many domestic duties)—for then I should certainly devote many hours to music, which is my most beloved and delightful occupation. Be not displeased, most worthy Herr von Haydn, that I intrude upon you again with a letter (for I would not let this

good opportunity pass without informing you of the due receipt of yours). With longing desire I look forward to the happy day, when we shall see you again here in Vienna. I commend myself anew to your friendship and kind remembrance, and remain unchanged,

Your most truly devoted, &c., &c.

My husband and children commend themselves also most heartily to you. The bearer of this is a jeweller of this city—named Seibert—an upright man.

6.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated Estoras, Nov. 18, 1789.

The letter, which I have received by the hand of Herr jeweller Seibert, gives me another proof of your excellent heart, in that, instead of chiding me for my recent fault, you express so much friendship toward me that it—in addition to so much forbearance, kindness and special attention—has fairly astonished me; for which, however, I kiss your Grace's hand a 1000 times. Should my small talents be such as to enable me to make any return for so much that is flattering,—I venture to send your Grace a small vase of musical flowers. True, I do not find much that is fragrant in this Potpourri—but perhaps the publisher will make amends in future numbers. If the symphony contained in the work should happen to be one of your arrangements—ah, then I am more than satisfied with the publisher; if not, then I venture to pray your Grace to have one of your Grace's arrangements copied, no matter which, and I will send it at once to the publisher in Leipzig.

I am happy thus to have hit upon an occasion, which gives me the hope again of a few beautiful lines from your hand. Meantime I am with particular respect,

Your Grace's lifelong, &c., &c.

7.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated at his house in Vienna,

January 23, 1790.

I give your Grace notice that all the arrangements have been made for the proposed small quartet party next Friday. Herr von Häring thinks himself lucky to serve me on that occasion—all the more because I described to him your kindness and all the various claims your Grace has upon me.

And now all I ask is some small applause. Your Grace must not forget to invite the Pater Professor. Meantime I kiss your hand and am

Your Grace's &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

Musical Devotions. — Vespers.

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

Vespers mean an evening service, as *matins* mean a morning service. The word is derived from *vespera*, the Latin for the evening star.

The Jews had "an evening sacrifice." "At even was the Lord's passover." Hence Christ observed the Last Supper at that hour. There is much in the evening, as the morning hour, naturally to prompt us to devotion. The duties of the day done, its sun set, we spontaneously turn to the sheltering, calming Providence, to the soothing Spirit, and, like Isaac of old, go forth "to meditate at eventide."

The idea of a Vesper Service in Unitarian churches was first carried into practical effect by Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn, December 19th, 1858. His devotional and æsthetic

genius fitted him to be a leader in such a reform. But for two or three years, though the experiment succeeded admirably in his own church, little fruit seemed to come of it in the way of extension to other societies. Mr. Longfellow published his Book of Vesper Chants and Hymns in 1859. A new work, probably, in some respect, better fitted for our present use, is about to be issued by Rev. Dr. Osgood.

Vespers have been introduced within the last year or two, with various modifications upon the original idea, in Rev. Dr. OSGOOD's Church of the Messiah, New York; Rev. Dr. FARLEY's Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. HALL's Church, Providence, R. I.; Rev. E. E. HALE's Church of the Unity, Boston; Rev. Mr. POTTER's Church, New Bedford; and probably in some others, of which we have not heard. In Hope Church, Yonkers, they were introduced soon after the entrance of the Society into their new house of worship, Nov. 17th, 1861; and it has been unanimously voted by the Society to have the service on every Sunday evening.

Some of the advantages of Vespers are these—the introduction of more music; more reading of the Scriptures; a shorter and more spirited service; a greater participation of the congregation in the act of praise and worship; the explanation of the Bible as a part of the service; and more reliance upon the affectional and devotional and less upon the mere intellectual influences of the service.

One of the effects of the Reformation was to strip the service of the church, in a measure, of its music, as well as the church itself of ornaments. The chants were discarded. The good old hymns, fragrant with the piety of generations long past, were put away. To be sure, Luther and others wrote grand lyrics of their own, and Protestant hymnology has accumulated rare treasures. But music was suspected of Romish leanings, and instruments were put under ban. Many a hard battle has been fought in parishes to introduce the organ, the violin, and the violoncello. They were branded as the tools of the devil. But the descendants of the Puritans have been slowly coming round to appreciate music more highly, and the other æsthetics as well as ethics of religion. The new and more beautiful churches of our faith stand as one of the ripest and richest fruits of the spirit of a new age in this particular. The Vesper Service is its fitting accompaniment.

The churches of all times have all laid much stress on music. The Psalms of David are full of appeals to the music of devotions. They were lyrics sung by the Jews. The variety of instruments employed was greater than in any modern church, and comprised a full orchestra. We believe much improvement is yet to be made in this direction in our churches. It may be questioned whether the organ is quite enough for the highest results of sacred music. It is too solemn, heavy, and monotonous as a sole instrumental reliance. Its exclusive employment in sacred music would be paralleled by using the drum only in the army.

The best expression of many of the deeper and subtler feelings of our nature is in music. A song expresses more sentiment than a sermon. It is, in its nature, lyrical, spontaneous, and infinite. It is the language of the heart. It is, especially, suited to express the vast, the high, the immortal sentiments of religion. Words are too tame and precise. Creeds are too rigid. The wondrous magic of music must be invoked to raise the highest feelings of devotion. The effect of music is seen every day. A band cannot pass along the street without calling together a crowd. A surgeon on the Upper Potomac testified to the curative influence of the regimental bands in the recovery of the wounded soldiers.

All the great churches—the Jewish, Catholic, Greek, Methodist—have made much account of sacred song. Our Saviour and his apostles employed devotional strains of music. Wesley remarked that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. He adapted many to the use of the church. Nothing soothes, soothes, arouses, and transports the soul like mu-

sic. Tired soldiers on a march, fainting and falling, have been known to rally their strength, and spring forward with fresh energy, under the inspiring effect of a stirring patriotic air. How could a war be carried on without music? As little can a church make good its work without it. Make melody in your hearts when you sing, and you awaken a thousand echoes in the hearts of all around you.

As a modern writer has said, "what a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as it were a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours! It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O that the churches knew how to sing—making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!"

Singing is described as one of the occupations of heaven. If we sung more, and complained less, we should be better fitted to enter the celestial choir. In the symphony of heaven, devotion may be quite as necessary to make a good singer as time or tune. It is well to practise here on that mode.

Balfe's New Opera "The Puritan's Daughter."

(From the London Athenæum.)

It would be idle to expect that, after so many years of practice and popularity, Mr. Balfe will now remake himself; therefore it would be lost time to point out again what is wanting to his style, which separates him from those complete masters of their craft, the Rossinis, Meyerbeers, Aubers of modern opera, whose choicest works not only attract during the period in which they are born, but also return, after the lapse of years, with new individuality, if not freshness, given to them by contrast. One thing, however, may be insisted on, for the sake of those who are to come, by Nature as liberally endowed with genius as the Irish boy whose setting of poor Haynes Bayly's "Lover's Mistake" was his start in popularity—and in reference and deference to that improvement of taste which is so remarkable in England—Mr. Balfe has too easily allowed himself to be controlled in places where he should have held his ground. Every one has laughed at the anecdote of Astley, who informed the orchestral player, counting his bars, that he was not there to rest. Every one has held up classical eyes and hands at the paltry managerial taste which, some thirty years ago, insisted on the removal of all serious constructed music from every new opera in English, and allowed the translated masterpieces of the German and Italian age to be patched and weakened by interpolations. But abuses as great remain untouched; the folly of which will, so long as it is endured, preclude the establishment of a real English school of opera in conformity with the requirements of this time. The notion that every tale, whether it be serious or comic, pastoral or fantastic, Chaldean or belonging to Cornwall, must contain a certain number of ballads; and the resolution to poke these in somehow, no matter what be the passion, no matter how heavy the crowd on the stage, is entirely destructive of unity, character or color in opera, save it be a ballad opera. No treason is intended against that form of entertainment, which is susceptible of a charm and an artistic color of its own, let the words be only poetical and reasonable, such as Gay and Carey, and Bickerstaffe, and Sheridan, and Dibden wrote, and if the melodies have the freshness of those by Arne, Shield, Storace, and Bishop. No objection is hinted against the introduction of "couplets," (to use the French term), in what may be called the level spaces of grave stories, when it is done with taste and discretion. But the apparition of a harp brought by a clodhopper into a corn-field, and with it a milking-stool, in order that the *Rosetta* of "Love in a Village" may sit down and sing "Oh, no, we never mention her," (which we have seen) is not more utterly at variance with every principle of drama, of music, of hope that our singers shall conceive their duties in dramatic spirit, than that fatal compliance with "the shops," and that fatal appetite for *encores*, which has forced "My mother's smile," and "My father's home," and "My sister's tear," and "My brother's heart," (not to speak of the ballads of the "dear cottage" and "the

sweet church bell," so prized by the *Mrs. Fugglestons and Mrs. Micaubers*), into positions so monstrous, that the experienced opera-goer naturally begins to wince and be afraid whenever a sentiment is expressed, or a season of the year mentioned. In the "Puritan's Daughter," an agony duet, which is to bring on the situation closing the first act, is brought to a full stop just ere its crisis, that Mr. Santley may express his feelings and exhibit his beautiful baritone notes on the subject of sad memories. In the third act, a character of genteel comedy, fairly placed by the dramatist and exceedingly well acted, (as we shall have to say), is turned upside down, in order that Mr. Harrison, who went to bed drunk, as *Lord Rochester*, when he wakes sober may have something very sentimental, if not very new, to deliver concerning the blessings of sleep. In the final scene, when death, conspiracy, terror, madness, are all in the fray, in place of the few frantic appeals of which the situation admitted, there must be a sweet tune about "a daughter's heart" for the heroine. The melody is meritorious, we admit, for the piano-fortes of *Miss Pinkerton's* establishment, but as much misplaced as would be a "Pas de Melancolie" with a muffled tamboourine, executed by the pantomimist or the first *danscuse* of the theatre.

So clearly at variance with all common sense—so vicious, and destructive of progress, are these cut-and-dry requisitions, (no matter from whom they originate,) that we have small scruples in re-stating the absurdity—and the less because, in Mr. Bridgman's share of this new drama for music there is much to praise, much of promise for the future. The story is welcome, because an English one—of the Cavalier and Puritan strife, which yielded a "Peveril" and a "Woodstock." It includes the contrast (always a musical desideratum) of the gay, frivolous, profligate courtier with the rigid, conscientious *Ironsides*—and the intermediate element of intrigue and hypocrisy on both sides. The heroine, *Mary Wolf*, (Miss Pyne) is a Puritan's daughter; (but how came a Puritan's daughter by her satins and pearls?) The lover, *Clifford*, (Mr. Santley—a welcome variety is a baritone lover), is a Cavalier. By accidentally becoming cognizant of a Puritan movement, Mary is placed in the gripe of a wicked hypocrite, one *Seymour*, (Mr. St. Albyn), who claims her hand, and binds her by an oath of secrecy as the price of her lover's security. As if all this was not bad enough, *Charles the Second* (Mr. Patey) and *Rochester*, (Mr. Harrison) when disguised, out-roving and in need of shelter from a storm, get enmeshed in this nest of conspiracy and distress. The King, of course, makes love to the beauty on the strength of a wager with his rakish familiar. In the ardor of the encounter betwixt his pursuit and her indignation, the secrets of the two come out. The Monarch undertakes to see Mary righted, and the Puritan's daughter connives at the escape of the Cavalier King from his self-commissioned judges and executioners, by the agency of the now disabused Clifford, who loyally takes his sovereign's place. The reader will see in this a strong but thoroughly warrantable reminiscence of the duel scene in the park of "Woodstock." The third act is devoted to the solution of the difficulty—how, we need not detail. Enough to add that, among the other principal characters, is a cowardly serving man, *Ralph* (Mr. Honey) who is, by "right divine," enamored of a serving-maid, *Jessie*, (Miss Susan Pyne.)

There is, we repeat, in the above story excellent material for an opera-book. Mr. Bridgman has, however, not sufficiently studied variety in its arrangement. Both the first and the second acts end with what may be called situations of suppressed emotion—in which anything like the effect of the great musical *finale* is impossible. Act the Third, of course, must close with the inevitable canary-bird felicity of the *prima donna*, who, but two or three minutes before, had been trembling on the verge of madness and the grave.—Then, his scenes are two lengthy everywhere. The comical man, who "means well," becomes mournfully tiresome; the second encounter of misunderstanding between the jealous lover and his misunderstood lady would bear concentration; and *Lord Rochester's* tipsey sayings and doings become perilous, not because of their coarseness, so much as because of their quantity. All these, however, may be faults arising from inexperience. On the other hand, the book has many effective situations, and, what is rarer, the verse given to the musician to set is lyrically "well cut" for music—generally neat, without formality—the words, for the most part, familiar, without undue vulgarity, and sentimental (if not poetical), without involution or vagueness. Mr. Bridgman may become a valuable assistant—let us rather say, a creative suggester—to future composers of English opera—and, as such, is an object of interest to all its well-wishers.

Of Mr. Balfe's share in the "Puritan's Daughter," there is no need to speak in detail. The concerted music is the most to our liking,—that given to the Puritans being often spirited and effective, and the business of the scenes is often led on and linked together by the animated use of some orchestral phrase, with a skill which belongs to the good school of writing. The ballads are clever, and some of them will become popular, it may be expected. There is life in the comic music—and if the "hiccup" in the drunken song is found too literal, the composer would have a right to appeal for precedent to the cough in "La Traviata," and the snuff-music in M. Halévy's "Nabab." As in his later operas, Mr. Balfe has shown increased solicitude and finish in the treatment of his orchestra. The overture, however, barring its brief introduction in triple time, is not good—the subjects are not fresh, and the modulations are somewhat of the crudest.

"The Puritan's Daughter" was generally well performed; every one on the stage being steady in her and his part.

The work was received with every sign of enthusiastic approval. Composers, singers, publishers, managers could not desire an audience more eager to *encore*, more willing to enjoy, more patient with what is tedious. But thus also were received "Bianca" and "Ruy Blas,"—and this the managers of the Royal English Opera would do well to recollect, in conjunction with another fact, derived by experience of the Paris theatres. It is impossible to feed a repertory of grand opera rapidly. There have not been eight remunerating new successes during the past twenty years at the Grand Opera,—a theatre supported by the State, which has only to pick and choose among the authors and the composers of Europe! Thus, we must insist, no ordinary discretion in choice and effort is required in a country like ours, which, as regards its musical stage, is, to make the best of matters, but in a state of transition. The gambols and triumphs of Mr. Bunn ended, for him, not brilliantly, while they threw back the steady and progressive course of English opera for something like twice the number of years that his *mismanagement* held out.

On the Pretended Love for Classical Music.

[The following letter, written by a musical American, who seems much afraid of being humbugged by the "Classics," appeared last summer in the *New York Times*. We copy it to please the writer and amuse our readers.]

THROUGH CENTRAL EUROPE.

Dresden, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1860.

I spoke, in a former letter, of certain resemblances between the North-German race and our own. One of the most striking of these is, if not a love of humbug, at least a facility in self-delusion. I was led to remark this more particularly the other evening, on the occasion of the first of the Winter series of classical concerts given in the hall of the Hotel de Saxe. Here assembles the *élite* of Dresden society throughout the Winter, paying very high prices, suffering the inconveniences of uncomfortable seats, bad air, and a very short performance with little or no interval admitting of circulation and social intercourse—on the other hand, gaining classic instrumental music most admirably performed. How many of the large assemblage of, to all appearance, earnest worshippers receive their *quid pro quo*, must probably ever remain a secret. The application of the confessional, or even the rack would be vain; for it might not lie in the power of the sufferer to give such an account of his own feelings as would settle the question.

In Hans Andersen's tale of the King, who affected to dress himself in the robes which the *soi-disant* manufacturers assured him were only invisible to those unworthy of office and to the hopelessly stupid, but who, in point of fact, walked out naked into the streets,—when the crowd professed admiration for the beauty of the dress, the humbug was too transparent to last long, and it required but the voice of one independent person to end it and force the rest to admit it. It was a simple question of fact: is the King naked or is he not? All pretending to admire his dress were arrant liars.

Far be it from me to lay such a charge at the door of that large body of respectable, conscientious Germans and Anglo-Saxons who profess admiration for the classics and refuse all merit to others. That there are among them those who understand and really enjoy such music, it would be idle to deny. That there are also very many who honestly and conscientiously believe that they enjoy it, will be readily admitted. Whether they really do take an intelligent and truly artistic pleasure is another question. Pleasure there doubtless is. It would be a

gross slander to imply that, of the multitudes who attend the performance of such music, the mass is actuated by the base desire of cheating others into the belief that they enjoy what they go to hear, when they are simply bored. No. If an artistic temperament is not a commonly diffused gift—if art-education is not so universal as to make it possible to collect more than a very few capable of appreciating the ingenuity and artifice in the development of themes, which constitute much of the merit of the classic musical writers—there are in our race other qualities, and those of a high order in the moral scale. We have a love of progress, a conscientious ardor to learn, and learn the right thing. If we cannot judge what is good and worthy of admiration in art by ourselves, we do our best to find out what is, and hunt it down with the instinct of a bloodhound. We are not to be cheated out of our course by wayside flowers. What really is capable of giving us pleasure and is within our grasp we pass by unheeded. Military bands, popular melodies, even the brilliant lights of the Italian operatic school, we scorn to touch. *Excelsior* is our motto: *Aut Caesar aut nihil* our cry. The result is, few get any higher, and the majority, grasping at the Imperial shadow, are forced to put up with the alternative, and lose the meat that God and nature intended for them.

The conscientious pursuit of naught but the greatest and best is excellent in morals, but the rule does not hold good in artistic any more than intellectual education. Aim the shafts of your benevolence, your fortitude, your self-denial, at the sun; but, in all else, let your progress be slow enough to be sure. It is not usual to put Aristotle into the hands of infants, nor do we offer the *Mecanique Celeste* to boys about to begin mathematics. We go from the known to the unknown.

So in art. We must start from what is really felt and enjoyed, if we are to improve the taste and elevate the feelings. We must go low enough for our foundations.

It will not do to thwart nature. The hearing music in which one feels no real pleasure other than the conscientious thrill that one is hearing what others say is the true thing, will not create a love for it, any more than one substance will combine chemically with another, for which it has no affinity, by constant juxtaposition. If your soul is stirred by the martial strain of a brass band, follow it. Own to it. Be not ashamed of your nature, and deny what you feel, because some one says it is a low taste. If the sparkling muse of Rossini attract you—if the deep sparks of Bellini move you—if the grand characteristic *finales* of Verdi bring your heart to your mouth—feel no shame for it. If you can only take pleasure in a simple melody with sentimental words and an accompaniment that never goes beyond the two simplest chords—buy it and make the most of it. It is an honest pleasure at least, and may be an entering wedge for something higher in time. Those who saw in the immense sale in England and America of such music as Old Dog Tray, reason for despair, should have hailed it as a germ of hope. Here at least then is something genuine. Some love of music there must be—a fact not necessarily proved by fashionable throngs at Beethoven concerts.

The course pursued by the musical leaders of our public resembles that of a certain schoolmaster who, every Saturday afternoon, had two tables set; the one covered with books, the other with gingerbread. The first he called the table of reason; the last the table of sense. The boys soon found out what they ought to like best, and when called on to make choice, always declared for the table of reason, and were rewarded accordingly, with a piece of gingerbread from the other table. One little fellow, however, not knowing the secret, said honestly that he preferred the table of sense, and so, not only forfeited his gingerbread, but got a good whipping for confessing to such bad taste.

We should not be above taking a lesson from the French and Italians in these matters. Whatever their faults, they do not generally deceive themselves as to their likes and dislikes, and never care to appear to like what they do not. With them a name goes for little. They believe in their own taste and judgment, and would as soon object to hear music because the composer had not a known name, as any of us would object to testing a pudding without a certificate of the qualification and notion of the cook. We know well enough what pleases our palate—we know what is good, as the saying is—and probably all the professors in the world could not induce us to make a meal of horse-flesh.

A few seasons since, Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" had been performed a great many evenings at the Paris Academy of Music. On a certain evening a change was announced. "Don Giovanni" was promised, with a new tenor. But, at the last moment,

the manager came forward and announced that, from unfavorable circumstances, Mozart's opera could not be produced that evening, and the only attraction was "Rigoletto" once more. A storm of applause greeted this announcement, and the "table of sense" (for thus we are taught to consider Verdi) was eagerly devoured, and that of reason turned over to us children of the light.

Anglo-Saxons go so far in the other extreme as sometimes to be satisfied with Mozart's name alone. That Mass which, under the name of "Mozart's Twelfth," is the one, perhaps, in highest repute in England and America, was, a few years ago, offered to a Committee of the highest authority in Germany to decide on its merits. The verdict was, for various reasons stated at length in the report, that it had no claim to be considered one of Mozart's compositions. This report, with its attendant circumstances, can be found in one of our leading musical journals, making a part of a letter from an intelligent correspondent in Germany. About the same time, a copy of this Mass was put into the hands of a distinguished Italian contrapuntist, a great admirer of Mozart and all the shining lights of the German school. He had no knowledge either of the Mass, or of the high reputation it held in England and America, and with no interest or feeling to bias his judgment, it might be supposed to be as fair as it is possible to obtain by human means. His report was to this effect: that, whilst it must be admitted that Mozart, like "the good Homer, sometimes naps," yet in all his works there is something which shows his stamp. In this work he found *nothing at all*, and pronounced it unhesitatingly wholly unworthy of his pen.

One such fact should make us of the many very cautious about putting ourselves into the hands of leaders as blind as ourselves. Following our own tastes, such as they are, (and one must be very sincere with himself not to know what he really does like), we may, it is true, incur the charge of bad taste. But is not this better than trusting wholly to another's guidance, to get to cheat ourselves and others into the belief that we really are following our own tastes—hugging ourselves the while for our discrimination—and at last find out that, after all, we are worshipping a false god? Have not those hundred thousand purchasers of honest Old Dog Tray a right to laugh at us? And would it not have been better to follow his point, though it led but to sparrows, than, hunting for eagles, to run the risk of being lured by some treacherous *ignis fatuus* to the edge of a precipice, where there is no escape but by a plunge into bathos?

While on the subject of classical music, a word may be allowed on the exclusive claim set up by Philo-Teutonists to being sole possessors and patentees of the genuine article. With many things seem to have got to such a pass that the adjective *German* represents the good, and *Italian* the evil—the Ormuzd and Arimanes of the Persians. This simple and easy rule for the neophyte, and one knows at once what to praise and what to avoid. I think, nevertheless that something may be said for the cradle of the arts—the land from whence have come some of the finest of human creations.

No good judge doubts the science of the old Italian musicians. Palestrina, Leo, Scarlatti, Jomelli—indeed, an endless list of celebrated writers, form too strong a phalanx to be overthrown. It is claimed, indeed, by the Italians, that their countrymen carried the art on by greater strides than their German contemporaries. Marcello, flourishing at the same time with Sebastian Bach—dying, indeed seven years before him—has in his psalms all modern effects and harmonies. We find here the extreme sharp sixth, the diminished seventh, the seventh of the seventh, the flat fifth with seventh—also enharmonic changes, and withal a beautiful melody, which, though by some of the modern German school it might seem to be thought out of place, cannot by the majority of artists be so judged when combined, as it is, with learning and taste.

Later, Fenaroli, the head of the Neapolitan Academy, immortalized himself, at least in Italy, by his Partimenti, or studies in Thorough Bass, which the French school of the day was not capable even of understanding, and required a key to be published by one of Fenaroli's scholars. They were known in Germany, and it is said that Beethoven shows proof of having studied them. Cherubini is admitted by the German side, on the plea that he resided abroad. But he grounded himself in Italy, and rather imparted his science to those among whom he lived than received it at their hands. In modern times, who can go beyond Raimondi, of Palermo, called to Rome a few years ago to assume the baton of Chapel-master at St. Peter's? His climax was an Oratorio, or rather, a trinity of Oratorios, capable of being performed separately or together—a perfect

miracle of contrapuntal ingenuity. Who, too, that knows Picchianti, Professor of Counterpoint at the Florence Academy of Fine Arts, can doubt that it is only his modesty and willingness to blow his own trumpet, that have deprived him of a European fame?

Whatever may be thought elsewhere, the Germans themselves by no means hold the Italian school in contempt. Mozart studied in Bologna; Handel wrote for the Italian theatres. So did Meyerbeer. I had the pleasure of meeting in Rome, some years ago, with two students of music from Northern Germany. One talked of going to Palermo to study fugues with Raimondi; the other, Rheinthal, has since become known as the author of the oratorio "Jephtha," which, according to the *Athenaeum*, falls but little short of being a first-class work. I mention him that I may call him into court to testify in the present question. Having heard a composition of a Florentine student, he was with difficulty made to believe that the author had not studied in Germany. He may be considered a good judge, for those who have read Hiller's conversations with Rossini, may remember that, in answer to an inquiry who were the best teachers in Germany, Hiller only gives the name of Rheinthal.

As the partisans of what may be called the transcendental school of music in Germany are very severe in their attacks on Verdi, who, to say nothing of his success in Italy, is now the most popular composer in Paris, London and Vienna, one is naturally desirous of seeing specimens of these living masters whom they hold in high regard. Of these, the name of Robert Franz has, of late years, been most frequently heard among them. He is not known in Europe except by a few in Germany. It was, therefore, only lately that an opportunity offered of seeing his works. I had the pleasure of laying a large collection of his songs before some eminent Italian professors of composition. Italians are by no means exclusively wedded to their own great names. They are too cosmopolitan not to recognize merit wherever it exists. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, are all authorities in their schools, and a professor is thought unworthy of his place, who is not familiar with these authors, and whose library cannot afford the student an opportunity of examining them. But on the occasion of the introduction to them of Franz, truth compels me to say that he was welcomed with roars of laughter. The highest praise vouchsafed was that all was not hopelessly bad (*non è tutto cattivo, cattivo*.) The voice part, they said, was entirely sacrificed, and though the author showed no lack of learning, that was his only claim to notice. The same was said of his "Kyrie Eleison," which an American critic has characterized as *poetic*.

The feeling that some of the followers of this new apostle in music evince, is of such a nature as to bar the door against all discussion. It partakes of the nature of a religious sentiment, that will not allow the question of its idol's merit to be mooted. The few songs which, to common ears, appear the most intelligible, are by them considered the least meritorious. There seems to be in this something of that paradoxical spirit of our nature, which delights in what promises the least pleasure. As the French exquisite, in the time of tight trousers, told his tailor when he was taking his measure, *si j'y entre j'e ne les prend pas*, so whatever these enthusiasts suspect themselves of liking they put on one side. The bitterer the dose, the quicker the cure; the more painful the operation, the surer its success. These musical Fakirs would not only hang themselves on hooks, but assure us it is a pleasurable sensation.

But let our composer speak for himself. Look at the first song, I believe, that he published, "Zwei schöne Augen." Could not two beautiful eyes suggest anything more poetic than this? The "Lotosblume" is one of those most frequently sung. It ends on the seventh, a half note below the key note! Is this poetry? or simply license? And for what purpose? I think, too, I remember a "Frühling's Lied," at least I recollect a certain dreariness of effect which might impel a listener to apostrophize the author in the lines of Goethe:

"Frühling ist es. Hebes Fräulein?
Aber, leider. Herbst für mich!"

But there are other differences among musicians; not only the champions of Germany and Italy, but the partisans of the old and new meet hostilely in this field, as in every other. The radical party in art must be small, for there are few who do not recognize the excellence of the old masters. We are nearly all, to a certain degree, *laudatores temporis acti*. But this proper appreciation should not degenerate into prejudice. The world is not at a standstill. What man has done, man may do. Whatever may be said of art and literature, all must admit sci-

ence to be essentially progressive. Newton and Davy, great discoverers though they might be, could learn something now from a tyro; and Fulton would not be held at present the highest authority in steam. May it not be so in music? Have we not, at least, as large an armory as Bach and Handel? Whether future artists shall arise who will wield the weapons to as good purpose, depends on other circumstances beside the date of birth.

A few years since, a gentleman, believing that there was much prejudice enlisted in both the subjects of dispute alluded to, proposed an *experimentum crucis* as a double test. He gave the top line or melody of an old Lutheran choral, which had been harmonized in two manners by Bach, to a distinguished Italian professor, requesting him to harmonize it. This was done in three different manners. Again, two other arrangements under the same circumstances were made by one who had only studied in Italy. The whole seven were sent to a strenuous advocate of the German school, with a proposal to submit them to a Committee. It is not known whether this was done, as no answer was received. Chance, however, subsequently brought into the neighborhood of the originator of the plan a learned professor who devoted his life to old church music, was familiar with Bach, and a great admirer of him. This fact must be borne in mind. The seven arrangements were given to him, without any explanation, and with the sole request that he would place them according to his estimate of their merit. At the end of several weeks a report was made, and the harmonies of Bach headed the list. The report gave evidence of a very thorough and conscientious study. In answer to an inquiry whether there was any internal evidence to prove that they could not all be by the same hand, an addition was made to the report to this effect, that there was not. "But in that case the writer must be familiar with the German style of part-writing, as displayed in the two he had placed first, which also struck him as resembling Bach." Here was a triumph for the judge at least, whatever may be said of the parties to the suit. These chorals were also submitted to a German amateur of taste and knowledge. He judged them rather by their effect than by a minute study. According to his verdict, the Bachs had the second and third place.

From all this enough appears to prove that the difference between Germany and Italy, between old and new, is not so very marked but that a majority of listeners might confound them on a single hearing; at least could have no cause to see all evil in one and all good in the other. I might say more. I might speak of an ardent Germanian attributing a composition of Verdi's to Beethoven. But enough. There is such a thing as having too good a cause.

In conclusion I would venture an opinion, that each age should, in a certain degree, act up to its own lights, being at the same time not unmindful of the beacons of former times. There is always a large conservative class ready to deny everything new; but what is good, will probably, in spite of them, be recognized at last. Even Mozart and Beethoven were scouted as reformers; Rossini's "Barber" was voted a failure, and he would be a bold man who would venture a wager that Verdi will not be held a classic, after his death, by a majority of judges; or even Franz himself, certainly no common master of harmony, provided he would only agree to end on some one of the intervals of the common chord, and would vouchsafe something like a melody for the voice part that plain people can appreciate, without being obliged to accept it on the authority of an acolyte, and live on faith a year or two before the holy of holies is opened to them. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, but did not get her then. And the most conscientious student of Franz may be pardoned, if sometimes he faint under his task, and think with Mr. Weller, that it is not worth while going through so much to get so little. X.

MUSIC WITHOUT NOISE.—A Great Musician, as everybody knows, composed certain "Songs without Words," but Mendelssohn, in producing those apparently impossible works, accomplished a difficulty less arduous than that which has been surmounted by the inventor of an instrument advertised by Mr. Chappell of Regent Street, as—"Azémar's Silent Practice Drum."

The handbill headed as above informs us that:—

"For the purposes of practice, the Silent Drum possesses all the advantages of a real one: it offers the same resistance and rebound to the sticks, and admits of an equal degree of force and action in beating, unaccompanied, however, by the excessive noise which precludes the possibility of a drum being practiced in-doors."

We would say that not only does the Silent Drum possess all the advantages of a real one for purposes of practice, but is also free from all the disadvantages of a drum which, when beaten, makes a noise. A solo on the drum is a musical performance to which few persons would like to listen under any circumstances; but when executed as a piece of practice, especially in doors, it must be extremely far from agreeable to anybody within hearing.

Well, but some one will say, what is the use of a Silent Drum? Might not the drummer, for purposes of practice, as well beat the air? This question is provided with an answer in the subjoined statement:

"The degree of correctness in the beating is accurately ascertained by a slight sound, as well as by the vibration on the leg, to which the Silent Drum is strapped; this position of the drum on the leg also corrects the fault, common to beginners, of allowing the sticks to drop towards the right. The small circumference of this instrument compels the drummer to concentrate the blows, and its rim ensures the sticks being kept at a proper height. The Silent Drum is very portable, six of them occupying less space than one ordinary side drum."

The fact that the small circumference of the instrument compels the drummer to concentrate his blows, will be apparent from the following:

"Directions how to use the Silent Drum.—Strap it on the left leg, a little above the knee, the iron tongue resting against the inside of the same; when standing, the left leg must rest on some slight elevation; when sitting, the left leg to be bent under, and the right one stretched out, with the right side of the drum resting on it."

When sitting, at least, the drummer, if he missed the drum, would very likely hit the leg against which it would rest, and give himself an unpleasant whack on the knee, which would forcibly remind him of the necessity of concentration in aiming his drumstick at its mark.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in many of his humorous writings, takes frequent occasion to impress upon his readers the great value of the Silences. Among the Silences there are few more valuable, especially for purposes of practice, than the Silent Drum. M. Azémar would confer a great boon upon society, and particularly the studious part of it, if he could contrive to invent some other Silences of the musical kind. A silent piano in the next house would be a real blessing to many a person whose auditory nerves are sensitive; so would a silent flute, a silent fiddle, or a silent cornopeon. Let M. Azémar consult Mr. Babbage, who made the calculating machine, and abhors street-music; let them lay their heads together, and try if, between them, they cannot invent a silent grinding organ, a silent brass band, and a silent bagpipe; to the use of which itinerant Italians, Germans, pseudo-Scotchmen, and other creators of public discord, should be restricted by Act of Parliament.—Punch.

Adelaide or Alice?

(From the London Musical World, November 2.)

Sir,—Having read in your *Musical World* of today another portion of a letter from an American, in which he classes various singers that might have been heard lately in London, he mentions amongst the contraltos, "Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung)"—of course, he means in London. It is evidently an error. He means, no doubt, my daughter, Miss Alice Phillips, who has appeared in the North, and in Birmingham, Oxford, &c., but not yet in London, being in my estimation too young, only seventeen, yet still possessing a remarkably fine and deep contralto, and I hope sufficient talent to perpetuate my name in the musical world—I mean in its literal sense—as well as deserving the good opinion of your valuable columns whenever she may venture to bring forth your notice. I am, &c.

Edgbaston, Oct. 19, 1861. HENRY PHILLIPS.

(From the London Musical World, Dec. 7.)

Sir,—Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, U. S., and not Miss Alice P., daughter of H. P., Esq., is the lady whom the correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* regretted not to have heard in London. Miss Adelaide P. is a favorite in the American cities in such parts as Azucena in the *Trovatore* and Madelina in *Rigoletto*, and the best New England singer of "Ho was despised," and songs of that class in Handel's oratorios. She was indebted in part to the generosity of Madame Goldschmidt for the pecuniary means of completing her musical education in France and Italy. I am not a critic of vocalists, and there-

fore it is of little importance that few songstresses give me so much pleasure as Miss Ada. Phillips.

A. W. T.

(From the London Musical World, Dec. 21.)

Sir,—A few further particulars respecting a young lady destined, if I mistake not, to take a high position among the professors of the lyric art, will, perhaps, be acceptable. Miss Adelaide Phillips is an Englishwoman, having been born in Bristol, where her father was a chemist and druggist, and her mother a professor of dancing. When his daughter was about six years of age, Mr. Phillips hoping, like many before him, to better his position in life, emigrated with his family to America, and settled in Boston. The young Adelaide at a very early age displayed great aptitude for the stage, and gave unmistakable signs of possessing a fine contralto voice. Her father obtained engagements for her at the Museum, Boston, at Philadelphia, and other towns, and she played a variety of characters from "Little Pickle" (as she grew older and her vocal powers developed themselves) up to Lacy's English version of "La Cenerentola." Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt upon her visit to the United States, being much struck with the voice and talent of Miss Phillips, strongly recommended her father to send her to Europe for instruction. He candidly confessed his inability to meet so heavy an expense; upon which Mad. Goldschmidt suggested the getting up a benefit for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. In addition to the profits arising from this source, several merchants and gentlemen of Boston sent handsome subscriptions, and Mad. Goldschmidt generously added 250 dollars to the amount. Thus armed, Miss Phillips, with her father, started for Europe, and arrived in London in March 1852. She immediately placed herself, according to Mad. Goldschmidt's recommendation, under the able tuition of Signor E. Garcia, and I had the pleasure of being her instructor for the piano and harmony. After remaining a year and a half in London, Miss Phillips left for Italy, and sung at Brescia and other small towns; but upon her arrival at Milan she found great difficulty in obtaining engagements, owing to the number of artists, from various countries, who were waiting to pay the managers of the opera for the privilege of singing. She played Arsace one night with great success, when Mr. Phillips, tired of being so long away from the country of his adoption, and anxious to rejoin his family, left Italy with his daughter, and passing through London in August 1855, reached Boston, where a sad blow awaited them—Mrs. Phillips dying almost immediately after their arrival. Since that time Miss Phillips has continued an uninterrupted career of success; and in various tours through the States has sung with the late lamented Mad. Bosio, Mlle. Patti, Ronconi (playing Rosina to his Figaro), Formes and the Gassiers, &c. The theatrical interest being the first to suffer from the effects of the unhappy civil war in America, Miss Phillips determined to take the opportunity of re-visiting Europe, and arrived, with her eldest brother, in London in June. After spending a few weeks here, she left for Paris, where she made the successful debut in Azucena already announced in the journals. I am, Sir, yours obediently.

Dec. 9th.

W. CHALMERS MASTERS.

Music Abroad.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of the *Messiah*, (the third in four consecutive days), by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday evening, the 13th inst., was one of the very best we remember, the choruses "going" with a spirit and energy rarely equaled. True, we have one objection to make, and that not for the first time; we refer to the peculiar reading of "For unto us a child is born." In order to heighten the effect upon the words, "Wonderful Counsellor," Mr. Costa takes the opening *piuissimo*, and thus for the sake of a startling contrast, the sense is completely sacrificed, for we can hardly imagine people whispering to each other, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called," and then suddenly bursting into the strongest shout, "Wonderful," &c. The absurdity of this is self-evident, and we can only express our surprise that the gentleman who so ably and energetically wields the *bâton*, should persist in continuing an innovation so opposite to the sense of the text. Mad. Guerrabella, on whom fell the entire weight of the soprano music, had already proved herself a thorough mistress of art, by her performance in Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION brought its third season to a termination on Saturday last, before an audience which more than filled the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall. A steadily increasing taste for this description of music has long been perceptible, and that the admirable performances of this well selected little company of singers has done much to foster and improve that taste, there can be but little question. The party, consisting of Miss J. Wells, Miss Fyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cumming, Lawler, and Land (under the direction of the latter gentleman), sing with a degree of precision, and an attention to the delicacies of light and shade, which it would be difficult to equal, and impossible to surpass, while the judiciously selected programme has afforded an opportunity of giving some of the most favorable specimens from the earliest to the latest writers.—*Musical World*, Dec. 21.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The fourth concert by the students took place on the 14th inst., before an audience which filled to overflowing the far too limited space at the command of the institution. The first part comprised Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata of *Holyrood*, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Robertine Henderson (Mary, Queen of Scots), Miss E. B. Hall (Mary Beaton), Mr. Wallace Wells (Rizzio), Mr. Rudkin (John Knox), all fairly and honorably exerting themselves, the first-named lady particularly merited the applause which greeted her. The chorus was open to exception on the score of occasional unsteadiness, and the band invariably too loud for so small a room, the effect being anything but pleasant to those in its immediate vicinity. A manuscript overture, by Mr. G. H. Thomas, student (and King's scholar, if we remember rightly), displayed a considerable amount of cleverness for so young a hand, being, on the whole, a meritorious composition, and one which would be more effective in a larger area. Mr. Henry Davies gave an intelligent reading of Weber's *Concert-Stück*, and Mr. Walstein appeared with much credit in the C minor concerto of Beethoven. A selection of vocal music from the Italian masters, and Romberg's overture in D, completed the programme of this decidedly successful concert.—*Ibid.*

COLOGNE.—The managers of the Conservatory of Music have determined on giving, during the winter, a series of so-called Musical Evenings in the large room of the establishment. At these Musical Evenings, the audience will consist of subscribers to the institution, and other patrons and lovers of art, and the students will gradually learn to face a more numerous public, and give proof of the progress they may have made. The first concert of the series took place on the 2nd inst., when the young aspirants for artistic fame acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The programme consisted of compositions by Rode and Beethoven for the violin; Capriccio in E major by Mendelssohn; concerto in A flat major, by Hummel; sonata, with violin, in E flat by Beethoven, and suite by J. S. Bach, for piano; soprano aria in F from *Don Juan*; female chorus, by Cherubini; alto aria from *Hercules*, by Handel, and a couple of two part-songs, new, by Ferdinand Hiller.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 14.

BREMEN.—The Künstler-Verein have commenced operations for the winter season. At the first meeting, Professor Gravenhorst recited fragments from a new poetical version of the *Odyssey*, in which he treats the songs of Homer, as he formerly treated the Greek tragic writers, although with greater freedom and more in accordance with modern forms. After his recital, three members of the musical department of the Association, Herren Streudner, C. Schmidt, and Cabisius, jun., performed a trio by Anton Rubinstein. The next meeting, on the 20th ult., was dedicated to the memory of Handel, when the musical members availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of performing a work of that master, which has scarcely ever been heard here. This was one, or, to speak more correctly, two of the Oboe-Concertos, or *concertante* orchestral works, composed by Handel in the years 1716, 1720, inclusive, when he was musical director of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. There is every reason to believe that these compositions were never played in Germany during the last century, while, during the present one, they have only been performed once in Dresden, namely, last winter. On the present occasion Dr. F. Chrysander, Handel's biographer, had the kindness to place the score in his possession at the disposal of the Association. Those compositions had been most carefully rehearsed, and were admirably performed under the direction of Herr Rheinthal. They are most interesting, not only as specimens of the mode of thought and instrumentation of the period at which they were written, as well as of the master's style, but they are conceived

in a grand and comprehensive spirit, and betoken the mind of their creator, which was subsequently so powerfully developed. They are shortly to be published in conjunction with other pieces, such as the Organ-Concertos, the Water-Music, etc., with which they bear an affinity. They were preceded by some of Handel's finest bass arias, the performance having been previously inaugurated by a biographical introduction, giving a short account of the great master's labors, divided into three principal periods,—his years of study and travel, up to 1720; the years he devoted to the composition of operas, from that date up to 1740; and those he dedicated to oratorios, from the conception of *The Messiah* to his death in 1759.—The second Private Concert, on the 19th ult., proved by the performance of Mad. Clara Schumann, a worthy pendant to the first of the series, when Joachim delighted the audience. Mad. Schumann played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and *The Carnival*, one of her husband's earliest compositions, whose second symphony in C major was afterwards executed by the orchestra, as a mark of their respect for this gifted lady. The orchestra executed, also, Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, and Beethoven's to *Leonore* (No. 3, C. major). Mlle. Mathilde Enquist Biondini, of Paris, sang Mendelssohn's Concert-Aria and an elegant *bravura* piece, with violin accompaniment, by Victor Massé. The opera is going on very well, and every praise is due to the management for the manner in which it is conducted.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 11, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MAZURKAS."

"De Gustibus."

To prove that we have not lost any of our old hospitality to views differing from our own, and to oblige the author, to whom we stand in cordial relations, and whose earnestness and self-truth we respect, however we may disagree in musical opinions, we have reprinted in another column a very curious letter re-opening the hopeless feud between German and Italian, classical and modern. With all deference to our anti-classical friend, who certainly makes some bright hits in the way of special pleading, we must say that his protest strikes us as an over-ingenious piece of self-tormenting scepticism. Scepticism in itself is a good thing, no doubt. It denotes a disposition to be honest with oneself, to see and examine for oneself and believe only upon evidence. It is better than passive credulity, which weakens the mind until it loses all capacity of anything like real, practical conviction. But scepticism, from being such a safeguard to intellectual integrity, may degenerate into morbid suspicion and distrust, and so rob us of much light that is wholesome to all eyes. We think our friend in this case shows himself rather a victim of a sceptical turn of mind. For see to what an argument he is reduced, in order to upset the idol worship, as he deems it, of the lovers of classical German music:

He leaves his favorite Italy for a few weeks' tour of observation in Central Europe. He makes some stay in Dresden, where he hears classical music "most admirably performed," and where the *élite* of society crowd the hall and listen with evident devotion. The scene puzzles him, since he cannot enter into it entirely; he cannot see why Strauss and Verdi would not be quite as good. Ingenious scepticism, or the sceptical genius, is quick to suggest a solution of the problem, cutting the knot in this wise: They don't enjoy it; they only *think* they do; they are taught that it is their duty to enjoy Symphonies, Sonatas, &c., and find Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven divine; and so they flatter their consciences and imagine that the pleasant "thrill" is in their senses. This is the logic of it: "They seem to like it, but they certainly *can't* like it, because (as I and some others have found) it is impossible to like it!" Of course there is no argument to be held with one who takes that ground. If we cannot have credit for enjoying what we do enjoy, we can only pocket the insult as good-humoredly as possible, and be content with the enjoyment. We cannot afford of course to falsify our own experience for the sake of chiming in with your taste. If we find more delight in Bach or Beethoven, than we do in Verdi, shall we not "own to it?" Is not the rule as good in our case, as in that of the lovers of brass bands, Verdi, and "Old Dog Tray?" We do not insult *you* by questioning the sincerity of your love of those things; we claim on our part to be equally sincere, and just as little likely to be self-deceived.

It is quite possible, nay certain, that there are some persons in almost all audiences of classical music, who try to persuade themselves and the world that they enjoy because others do, because it is understood to be the thing sanctioned by the chief authorities in taste. But this, we apprehend, is quite as true of the Italian side of the house, as of the German; and fashion mingles with the musical attraction quite as much on *Rigoletto* nights, as on those dedicated to Mozart. Our sceptic reasons from particular exceptions, which should prove the rule, against the rule itself. Depend upon it, human nature is not half so self-denying as to persist in punishing itself, as you suggest, by listening to what only bores it. Call us knaves, but don't call us fools. What right have you to tell us that our love for Beethoven is not as "genuine," as any boy's love of the burnt cork "minstrelsy?"

Your case of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" proves nothing—only another bit of special pleading. Admitting (what we never knew before) that some "Committee" (our friend is great on "Committees") has pronounced it not authentic, that does not prove the fact; nor does the fact, if proved, amount to more than this: that it is quite possible for non-expert lovers of the great masters to be deceived sometimes, and take a Mass or a Madonna by a third-rate hand to be a genuine Mozart or Raphael. Many are real lovers of high Art, who are by no means critics. And for such criticism, one needs to be musician as well as music-lover.

The other "Committee" experiment referred to, that of the Lutheran chorale, as harmonized by Bach and by modern Italian professors and students, is no less unsatisfactory. For who is to select the Committee? And who will rest in any verdict so obtained? Or, supposing that for once, in this given instance, the obscure Italian chances to do as well as Bach—does it prove that Bach's great fame, and all the reverence felt for him, is suddenly left tottering with its foundations knocked away? Shall I love Bach the less, because another harmonizes a few bars as well as he? Have I been loving only a name then, and not the musical live thing itself? Rather a broad conclusion from one slender fact!

And what if some people are peculiar—"transcendental," if you please, though what you mean by it we hardly know—in their partiality to the songs of Robert Franz, who, as you truly say, is

not very widely known even in Germany? Perhaps it is a very whimsical and false liking. We, for one, "own to it;" we know many an earnest lover of Beethoven and Bach and German music generally, who does not, who cannot abide Franz more than he can Verdi, or the Wagner heresy. Franz must simply wait his time, like other men of genius, as we think him. But it is begging the question, to appeal to those Italian "roars of laughter." To some of us it only proves that the Italians have a *conventional* respect for great established names like Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, (just as you say the poor bored Germans have), while they have not a quick perception and appreciation of genius in a new man, when it comes to them in any other than an Italian garb. You may have fallen in with a fanatical admirer: but is your scepticism any less fanatical? As to the special criticisms on the songs adduced, it is enough to say that tastes differ, and we find melody where you do not—or at least something quite as interesting and expressive. Talk of "learning!" It is you, who would tie us down to rules this time, and not let us trust our feeling, our sense of what is beautiful. We trust Franz himself will see, for no doubt he will be amused by, the apt citation of the couplet from Goethe. The endearing diminutive "Fränzchen" is certainly happy; but we fear the "Spring song" was found dreary as an after-thought to justify the sly citation.

And now for some more logic. It is nonsense and self-delusion, forsooth, for so many of us to think that we enjoy Bach and the great German masters, because the simple fact is they are learned, dry and scientific, not half so juicy and enjoyable as the Italians. But now you tell us what great masters of fugue and counterpoint the Italian school has furnished and is furnishing to-day. You speak of the miraculous trinity of Raimondi's oratorio. There was science in the old Italian masters; there is science in the new. You claim for them the very merit which you think it so absurd to reverence when found in Germans. Is not the truth, however, just this: than no composer ever did, or ever can, win a lasting admiration by virtue of mere science, the mere technics of his art, unless he have also genius? Our scientific "armory" is of course as large now as that in Bach and Handel's time; but does it only take an armory to make a Bach? We are bound, you think, to believe in progress, and not imagine that the old masters are not everyday surpassed. What do you say of Shakespeare?

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The third concert, on Wednesday evening, was one of uncommon interest. The repetition of the Quartet of Beethoven's latest period did not diminish the attraction, for the hall was fuller than ever before. This was the programme:

- 1.—14th Quintet in F, (with Contra-basso) Moderato Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegretto. First time. Onslow
- 2.—Air—"Caro cibus" from the "Praise Jehovah" Miss Pearson
- 3.—Concertante for two Violins, op. 48. Mendelssohn Messrs. Schultz and Meisel.
- 4.—Scene and Air, "Dove Sono" from *Le Nozze de Figaro* Miss Pearson
- 5.—13th Quartet in B flat, op. 130. Adagio and Allegro—Presto—Andante con moto—Allegretto—Cavatina, Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro (Second time). Beethoven

We have hardly ever listened to a more interesting and lifesome work of Onslow's (a composer, whom, with all his cleverness, we oftentimes find tedious) than this Quintet with contra-basso. A happy humor runs through all its movements; the ideas are fresh and natural; the treatment clear and satisfactory,

and within limits of becoming brevity. The contra-basso adds much to the euphony of the whole, and brings the other instruments forward into a more vivid light. The piece was remarkably well played; the neatness and elegance of Mr. SCHULTZ's principal violin was particularly noticeable.

The Concertante by Spohr showed the executive abilities of the two artists to excellent advantage; the difference in the quality of their instruments was greater than that in their playing. The accompanying pianist, too, Herr Meyer, did his part artist-like.

Of the Beethoven Quartet we can only now say that it became both clearer and more interesting on a second hearing; there was every evidence that it made a deep impression on the most part of the audience. Indeed it has popular elements in it, three of its six movements (the 2nd, Presto, the 4th, in old German dance rhythm, quaint and witching, and the Finale, being light and readily appreciable. While in the remarkably difficult and elaborate *Adagio and Allegro* (first movement), the themes are so marked and decided, one of them almost suggesting words, that they take you irresistibly along with them. In the *Andante con moto*, still more complicated and individual in each phrase of its four parts, yet each phrase is so characteristic as to make all clear; and how wonderfully full of beauty and deep soul it is! The Cavatina (*Adagio molto*) is altogether heavenly. We are not prepared for an analysis, but there is no denying the magical charm of the whole work. Shall we not hear it yet again?

Miss PEARSON is an interesting singer, with a clear and telling mezzo soprano voice, which she seems to produce, however, too much from the throat, in a way wearing to itself. Her style is large and simple, suited to such noble music as she had to sing: though better suited to the piece from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, than to *Dove sono*, for which she has hardly schooled her organ to sufficient delicacy, although showing good conception.

TO-NIGHT.—No one will forget the first PHILHARMONIC CONCERT at the Music Hall. The "Pastoral Symphony" and the fine overtures will sound the better, since they were denied to us last winter. Mr. ZERRAHN is unavoidably deprived of Miss Fay's services; but no one will regret the opportunity to hear the "Orpheus" singers, as a substitute. We look for a well filled hall; the subscription list looks like a revival of the old "Germania" times.

Reports from Various Quarters.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Germania orchestra (Senz conductor) gave their regular public rehearsal at the Musical Fund Hall, Saturday afternoon, with the following programme:

1. Overture. Le Roi d'Yvetot. Adam
2. Song, In the distance. Buchner
3. Waltz, Sophien Dances. Strauss
4. Andante, Symphony No. 4. Gade
5. Overture, Hebeides (by request). Mendelssohn
6. Cavatina, Prophet. Meyerbeer
7. 1st Finale, Martha. Flotow
8. Galop. Martha. Boettger

A charming feature in these Germania "Rehearsals," not without precedent as far off from "Secesia" as our own Boston, is thus related to us by a correspondent:

"See! there's Mr. Jones!—Oh! what a pretty Christmas box Arthur sent me!—What order do you take on Mason & Slidell?—Why! how've you been?—Where's Mary?—A yard and a nail.—Don't Harry look well in his military overcoat?"

"Had I given you the above relatively incoherent phrases without further comment, you would have abundant reason to believe me 'very much so' or even worse. The fact is, they are not imaginary. I really heard them. When? Last Saturday afternoon. Where? In the Musical Fund Hall. Well, what of that? Only this, while I heard them, the Germania was performing Mendelssohn's 'Hebriden'

overture, and I felt considerably annoyed at my inability to hear the music that drew me there, on account of the chirping and chattering of those who came to converse.

"The talkers almost outvoiced the orchestra. I do not object to those in the audience who read the *Evening Bulletin* while listening to the music of the masters, great and little. It must be pleasant to read in that way.

"It is an undeniable and unpleasant fact that the 'talking nuisance' I complain of has nowhere attained greater development than among 'Germania' audiences. If it continue to increase as it has done, it were well to advertise *Conversations* instead of *rehearsals*. Purely out of self-defence have I taken a seat on the last bench of the hall, where, instead of hearing noise from four sides, I need hear it from but three—a gain of twenty-five per cent.

"CHANTERELLE."

PARIS.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Dec. 15, we glean the following items:

At the Imperial Opera the week was occupied with *Alceste* by Gluck, and (as usual, one might say) with the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*, besides a new ballet, "The Star of Messina," at which the Emperor was present.

The first new work to be given at the Opera Comique was the "Jeweller of St. James," music by Grisar.—At the Italians, the baritone Bartolini was to debut in the *Trovatore*, Mme. Guerra in *Rigoletto*, and the tenor Brini in *Norma*. Saffo was in rehearsal.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, Méhul's "Joseph" was to be revived, the parts being distributed to M. Buzin, another *tenor débutant*, Petit, Legrand, and Mlle. Faivre.

The receipts of all the theatres, concerts, balls and spectacles for the month of November exceeded a million and a half of francs.

The programme of the eighth popular concert of classical music in the Cirque Napoleon was as follows: Overture to *Il Matrimonio segreto*, Cimarosa; Symphony in A, Beethoven; Viotti's 24th violin Concerto, executed by M. Lancien; Adagio and Minuet from a Symphony in Eb, Haydn; Overture to *Zampa*, Herold.

BERLIN.—*Le Prophète* has been performed to excellent houses at the Royal Opera lately. The role of Fides, the disconsolate, heart-broken mother, is entrusted to Mlle. de Ahna, who acquits herself bravely of her arduous task, as far at least, as the music is concerned. She has evidently studied the part profoundly and conscientiously, and succeeds in doing justice to the intentions of the composer. I am sorry to say that I cannot, with truth, speak as favorably of the dramatic portion of her performance, which is deficient in intensity, and fails to move the audience as Mad. Wagner-Jachmann was accustomed to do. However, it is "never too late to mend," as the proverb and Mr. Charles Reade inform us, and I have no doubt that with time Mlle. de Ahna will become a far superior actress to what she is now. Mlle. Lucca was greatly applauded as Bertha. She was especially successful in the duet of the fourth act, which she gave in a magnificent manner. Altogether her conception and rendering of the part, both in a musical and dramatic sense, were entitled to high praise, and rewarded by the tumultuous plaudits of a delighted audience. The band, under the guidance of their Capellmeister, Herr Dorn, played with remarkable spirit and precision.

The farewell performance of Signora Brunetti and the Sisters Marchisio, previous to the departure of the latter for London, consisted of an *olla podrida*, part of which was new and part old. Among the novelties was a waltz by Alary, sung by Signora Trebelli.

Herr Adolph L'Arronge's new comic opera, *Das Gespenst* (*The Ghost*), has been produced with success, at the Wilhelmsstädtisches Theatre. The young composer has been fortunate enough to obtain an unpretending but good *libretto*,—rather a rarity, as things go,—and has treated it in a manner which promises well for the future. After a spirited overture, in which the "ghostly" element is admirably marked, the first act commences with a fresh hunting chorus in C major, which was highly effective. In the following trio in D minor, the clarinets and bassoons are very cleverly introduced. A *cantilena* of the heroine Gretchen, is full of charming melody, while the little movement a *capella*: "Ach, so ängstlich klopft mein Herz," comes in a charming episode. The second

act is even better than the first. It opens with a lively duet in D major, most artistically rendered by Mlle. Härtling and Herr Herrmann. This is followed by Gretchen's grand air, a beautiful, well-treated *morceau*, full of feeling, and far superior to the ordinary compositions of this description. The opera concludes with a brilliant *bravura* waltz in E flat, in no way inferior to some of Balfe's most "Balfey" hits. The principal characters were sustained by Mesdames Ungar, Härtling, Herren Abich, Winkelmann, Schindler and Hermann, with credit to themselves and to the composer, who, in *propria persona*, conducted the orchestra on the night of the first performance, and had every reason to be gratified with the reception of his work.

Herrn Zimmermann and Stahlknecht have commenced their annual series of Soirées for Chamber Music. The programme of the first Soirée opened with a quartet by Haydn (G major, cahier 14, No. 1,) the dashing joyousness of which produced a corresponding effect upon the audience. The quartet was performed as only real artists could perform it, the two concert-givers being assisted by Herren Rammelsberg and Richter. The next piece on the list was Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, with Herr G. Schumann at the piano. Then came Beethoven's quintet in C major, Herr Kahle playing the second violin part. Mendelssohn's trio went off with decided *éclat*, a result to which the correct and delicately graduated playing of Herr G. Schumann contributed in no slight degree; but the performance of the quintet was, for such artists as those I have mentioned, cold and unsatisfactory.

The programme of the second Soirée of the Herren Papendick, Spohr and Koch was as follows:—Adagio, variations and rondo, by Beethoven; "Reisebilder," for piano and violoncello, by F. Kiel; and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. Beethoven's work is one that is but rarely heard here, and, consequently, the fact of its being included in the programme on this occasion, acted like a potent spell, charming the admirers of the mighty *maestro* to the concert room. The work was on the whole, performed in an intelligent and expressive manner. Kiel's "Reisebilder" are a series of characteristic compositions, from the pen of a talented and experienced musician; they are eight in number. Those entitled, "Rest," "Intermezzo," and "At the Waterfall," are the most important. The others are either too short, as, for instance, "The Romance;" or dry and uninteresting. These said "Reisebilder" were performed with a fair amount of taste and technical skill by the pianist, but his colleague, the violoncellist, was somewhat deficient in spirit, although, to give him his due, his tone was good. The execution of Mendelssohn's trio was by far the best thing of the evening. Full of that youthful fire and dash, which are absolutely indispensable if the work is to produce its proper effect, the concert-givers played *con amore*, and quite deserved the plaudits with which their efforts were rewarded.

Herr Hans von Bülow's second Soirée was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Is not Herr von Bülow "Hofpianist"—pianist to his Majesty? Is he not, also, a "Von?" He was the "he-all and the end-all," the alpha and omega, the dinner and the dessert, in his own person. He suffered no rival near his music-stool. "L'état, c'est moi," said the Grand Monarque. "La Soirée c'est moi," cries Herr Hans von Bülow. He, and he alone, disdaining aid from any one else, was the sole performer. The programme was intended to be a sort of historical sketch of three destined periods, commencing with Bach, and then taking Beethoven on its way, bringing us down to the works of the most modern masters. Among the pieces selected were a *Suite* by Bach, Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110, Waltzes, by Ehlert and Raff, Liszt's Polonaise, in C minor, Schumann's "Novellettes," a "réverie fantastique," by the concert-giver himself, and Liszt's "Soirée de Vienne" and "Carneval von Pesth"—*Pesth soit du Carnaval!* said I, who had to listen to it!

At a morning concert given by Signora Brunetti, the sisters Marchionni were, as usual, the great attraction. They were tremendously applauded in the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which duet was encored. In addition to this mark of the delight of the audience, they achieved the honor of being called forward three different times. Verily, the fair Sisters are great favorites in the city of Berlin. The best piece in the Italian programme was the "letter air" from *Don Giovanni*, transposed into G major, and divinely warbled by Barbara Marchisio. Mad. Riederer distinguished herself by the manner in which she sang a number of *bravura* trifles excellently, well adapted for the display of her extraordinary volubility, and—for nothing else.

I have not yet finished my list of concerts. I have

still to mention two or three more, and will begin with that given for the benefit of the Gustavo-Adolph Stiftung. The audience was very select, and the bill of fare worthy, on the whole, of being set before them. The stars of the evening were Signora Trobelli, Herr Woworski, and Herr Bendel, who were, one and all, applauded.

The next concert to which I come, is particularly worthy of commemoration, since in it Charity and Music were united. It was the first of a series which will be given in the course of the winter by the Concert Union for Charitable Purposes. It took place under the direction of Herr Albert Hahn, in the concert room of the Theatre Royal. The only actually professional element on the occasion was the co-operation of Herr G. Schumann, who played the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Grand Fantasia, with orchestra and chorus, in the most creditable and artistic fashion. Among the other executants, I must mention, as worthy of special praise, the newly organized amateur orchestra. The chorus gave a really beautiful piece by Ferdinand Hiller: "O. weint um sie," and a vocal quartet by W. Rust, "Waldvöglein," with an amount of freshness and precision which would not have been creditable to the best of our English Choral Societies. In the course of the week, I had occasion to hear a flutist, ye!e!pt Herr Foltz, at a concert given by himself, of course for the purpose of rendering the public acquainted with his own talent, which is far from inconsiderable. Although not a Pratten, he is by no means to be sneezed at. He overcomes all the technical difficulties of his instrument with pleasing facility, entirely free from anything like effort, and displays undoubted good taste, and deep feeling. Another aspirant for fame is Herr Pazschkeff, whose bow—in whatever sense you choose to take the word—I first saw at a concert for Charitable Purposes given in the Wilhelmstädtsche Theatre. He has yet much to learn, but his tone is already full and rich, and his bowing (pronounce this time, bowing) capital. The most important event of the week, however, in a "concert sense," I have reserved for the last. It was the performance of Herr Taubert's music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It went off brilliantly.

On the 2nd inst., I was present at a very imposing ceremony in the Royal Opera House. I allude to the tenth performance of marches for a prize offered by Herr G. Bock, the eminent musical publisher. The audience was a most brilliant one. First and foremost came their Royal Highnesses Prince Carl of Prussia and August von Wurtemberg, Prince Radziwill, their Excellencies General Field Marshall von Wrangol, the ministers of state, Herren von d. Heydt and von Bernuth, and a great many officers of high rank with their ladies, as well as several members of *corps diplomatique* with theirs. The pit was occupied exclusively by officers, while the ladies filled the boxes. On the stage, which the Intendant General, Herr von Hülsenhael, had decorated in a very tasty manner, were drawn up the bands of the Königl. Kaiser Alexander, Garde Grenadier regiment, the Garde Fusilier regiment, the 1st and 2nd Garde Dragoner regiment, and the Garde Schützen Bataillon, supported by the Pioneers, all in grand uniform.

The programme consisted of the following twelve marches, selected by the committee from all those sent in: 1. "Des Pronssen Muth," defiling march (infantry); 2. "Der verwegene Reiter," parade march (cavalry); 3. "Der preussische Grenadier," grenadier march (infantry); 4. "Auf und dran Spannt den! Hahn," (riflemen); 5. "Lasst die Trompeten erschallen" (infantry); 6. "Hoch wehen im Kampf der Preussen Fahnen" (cavalry); 7. "Vorwärts frisch auf, den Degen zur Hand" (infantry); 8. Preussen, vorwärts! (riflemen); 9. "Für den König ins Feld" (infantry); 10. "Kameraden, auf, zu Pferd!" parade march (cavalry); 11. "Unter Deinen Fittich, Preussens Aar, ruht's sich sicher!" (infantry); 12. "Gott mit uns" (riflemen). After the above marches had been performed, the officers gave their votes. The cavalry march, No. 10, obtained 158; the infantry march, No. 5, 5; and the rifle march, No. 12, 107. On opening the sealed envelopes containing the names of the composers, Herr Lorenz of the Berlin Fire Brigade; Herr Zikoff, of the Posen regiment of the line, stationed at Juben; and Herr Schreiber, of the Rhenish Jäger-Bataillon in Wetzlar, were found to be the composers of No. 10, No. 5, and No. 12, respectively. These performances of the prize marches have now existed for ten years, and have become an established institution of great importance to military music. By their means a great many talented young men, from all points of the kingdom, are introduced to the favorable notice of the public, while the army is supplied with marches of undoubted merit. The next performance will, according to report, take place next summer at Potsdam.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 511.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 16.

Translated for this Journal. From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling- Letters."

(Continued from page 313).

Rome, Dec. 10, 1830.

Dear Father! By the date it is to-day a year since we celebrated your birthday at Hensel's; and let me do as if it were again so now, and let me tell you something from Rome, as I did then from London. As a present I think of writing out to-morrow my old overture to the solitary island,* and when I put Dec. 11th at the bottom, and take the book into my hands, it seems to me as if I were about to give it to you at once. Then you would say, to be sure, you could not read it, but still I had brought you the best that I could make, and if I have the feeling every day as if I ought to do that, yet it is somewhat peculiar with a birthday; — I would I were there. Of how much joy I wish you let me be silent. You know it already, and you know how I and all of us are bound up in your prosperity, your cheerfulness, and that I can wish you nothing, in which we should not all doubly partake.

To-day is feast-day. I enjoy myself when I think how glad it must look with you there at home. And while I tell you how joyfully I live here, I feel as if I wished you joy. Really for me a time like this, in which the earnest and the pleasant are united, is very quickening and beneficial. Every time that I enter my room, I rejoice anew, that I have not to go on further the next day, — that I may quietly put off so many things until the morrow — that I am in Rome! Before, whatever a day brought into my head, was instantly crowded out again by another day, and the impressions chased each other; whereas here all can spread itself out orderly. I believe I never yet have worked with so much zest, and were I to execute all that I propose, I should have to stay by it the whole winter. To be sure, I am deprived of the great pleasure of imparting what I finish to some one who can enjoy and enter into it; but that impels me on again to new work, since everything pleases me best myself, so long as I am in the midst of it. And then this connects itself with the many solemnities and festivals of all sorts, which for a couple of days crowd out work now and then; and since I have made it my purpose to see and enjoy all I can, I do not allow work to hinder me, and so come back to it so much the fresher. It is really a glorious life. As to my health I get along quite well: only the warm air, that is to say the *Scirocco*, affects my nerves very much, and I must be careful how I play the piano much and late of evenings. But just now it comes easy to me to omit that for a day or two, since in the past weeks I have had to play almost every evening. Bunsen, who always cautions me not to play when it is not good for me, gave yesterday a great party, and I had to go. I liked it too, because I made several agreeable acquaintances

* Afterwards published under the name "Overture to the Hebrides."

by the means, and because Thorwaldsen especially expressed himself in such a friendly way towards me, that I am quite proud of it, since I reverence him and have always admired him as one of the greatest men. He is a man like a lion, and it refreshes me only to see his face; you know at once that he must be a glorious artist; he looks so clear out of his eyes, as if everything must shape itself to form and image in him. Moreover, he is altogether gentle, and friendly and mild, because he stands so very high; and yet I believe that he can find delight in smallest things. It is a real enjoyment to me to see a great man, and to think that the original creator of things which are to last forever, stands, in his life, and with all his individuality, before me, and is a man, just as much as others.

Morning of the 11th. — Now is the proper birthday; a few notes apropos to it have just occurred to me; and even if they are not good for anything, there never used to be much in my congratulations. Fanny may make the second part to it; I only write what came into my mind, as I entered the room, where the sun shone again, and it was your birthday.

Andante Maestoso.



Bunsen was just now here, and sends his greetings, wishing you all joy. To me he is friendliness and attention itself, and I think, since you ask me, we shall get on very well together. You have called P. up to my mind in all his unamiableness with a couple of words; indeed the Abbate Santini is an obscure man compared to him, for he does not, by his ungraciousness and arrogance, make himself more important than he is. But just as P. is one of those collectors, who give one an aversion to learnedness and libraries through their narrow-heartedness, so Santini is a genuine collector in the best sense of the word. Whether his things have a great money value, is all the same to him; — so he gives everything away, without distinction, gladly, and only seeks all the time to get something new; for his chief concern is the diffusion and general knowledge of his old music. I have not seen him since then, because now every morning he must figure *ex officio* in his violet robe in St. Peter's; — but if he has availed himself of an old text, he will say so without hesitation, since he takes no credit to himself for being the first. He is, properly speaking, a limited man, and that I hold in a certain sense a great praise; for as he is no luminary, musical or of any sort, and has, moreover, much resemblance with the lay-brother who would penetrate the mysteries, he knows how to confine himself strictly to his sphere. Music does not interest him much, when it only stands in his bookcase; and he is, and holds himself to be nothing but a quiet and industrious laborer. That he is tedious, and also at times not without sharpness, one must freely admit; but when a man has and pursues a definite direction, and develops it according to his powers, in order to benefit other men by it, and carry the thing onward, I like him, and believe that everybody ought to respect him, all the same, whether he be tedious or agreeable. I should like to have you read that before P.

It always makes me inwardly wrathful, when men, who have no direction at all, presume to judge of others, who pursue some object, though it be the smallest; and for that reason I have lately served a musician in a social party here to the best of my abilities. He undertook to speak of Mozart, and since Bunsen and his sister love Palestrina, he sought to ingratiate himself with them by asking me, for instance: What I thought then of the good Mozart with his sins? But I answered: I for my part would instantly give up my virtues, and take Mozart's sins instead; how virtuous he is, though, I cannot determine. The people began to laugh, and had their pleasure in it. That such folks should feel no modesty before great names! It is a consolation, though, that it is the same thing in all the arts; the painters do no better here. They are frightful people, when you see them sitting in their *Café Greco*. I almost never go there, I have such a horror of them and their favorite place. It is a little, dark room, some eight paces wide, and on one side of the room one may smoke to-

bacco, on the other not. There they sit round on the benches, with their broad hats on, big butcher dogs beside them, throat, cheeks, the whole face covered with hair, make a horrible stench (only on one side of the room), and say coarse things to one another; the dogs take care for the dissemination of vermin; a neck-tie, a frock would be innovations—what the beard leaves free of the face, is hidden by the spectacles; and so they drink coffee, and talk of Titian and Pordenone, as if they sat beside them, and also wore beards and wide-awake hats! And then they make such sick Madonnas, such feeble saints, such milksops of heroes, that one feels a desire to smash into them right and left.

These infernal judges do not shrink even from the picture by Titian in the Vatican, about which you ask me. It has no object and no meaning, say they; and that a master, who occupies himself a long time full of love and devotion with a picture, must probably have seen as far as they with their motley spectacles, never occurs to any of them. And if I never can do more my whole life long, I mean to say the rudest things, and from my heart, to all those who have no respect before their masters; in that I shall have done one good work at least. But here they stand, and see these splendid revelations, of which they have no sort of conception, and then dare to judge them. On the picture there are three degrees or *stadia*, or whatever you may choose to call them, represented, (as there are also in the *Transfiguration*). Below stand martyrs and saints, represented as suffering, enduring and oppressed; on every face dejection, almost impatience; one, in a rich bishop's garb, looks with the liveliest, most painful yearning upward, as if he wept, and yet he cannot see what already floats above them all, and what we know, who stand before the picture. Above them, namely, in a cloud sits the Madonna with the child, full of serenity, and surrounded by angels, who have wound many wreaths; and the Christ child holds one of them, and seems to want to crown the saints below immediately, but the mother for the moment holds him back. The contrast of the pain and sufferings below, where St. Sebastian looks so darkly and almost indifferently out of the picture, with the high, untroubled serenity in the clouds, where the wreaths are all ready for them, is altogether splendid. High over the Madonna group again hovers the Holy Spirit, from which a clear, beautiful light diffuses itself, and so it forms the keystone of the whole. It just now occurs to me, that Goethe, in the beginning of his first stay in Rome, describes the picture and admires it; but I have not the book here, and so cannot read it over to see how far it agrees with my account. He speaks at length of it; it was then in the Quirinal, and did not come until later to the Vatican. Now whether it was made to order, as these people maintain, or for whatever other reason, it is all the same. He has put his own feeling, his own poetry into it, and so it has become his own. Schadow, with whom I have pleasant and frequent intercourse, since he generally, and in his own department especially, judges very mildly, clearly and calmly, recognizing all true greatness, lately thought, that Titian never had painted an indifferent and tedious picture, and I believe he is right; for life and inspiration and the healthiest power speak out of all that he has represented; and where

these are, it is good to be. But this now is the fine, the unique thing here: that one sees only things that have been written about, talked about, painted, judged, for better or for worse, a thousand times; by the greatest masters, by the smallest scholars, now praised and now found fault with; yet still the things make such a fresh and quickening impression on one, that they excite each differently according to his idiosyncrasy. Here you can always refresh yourself from men by turning to the surroundings, which is frequently reversed in Berlin.

I have just received your letter of the 27th, and I am heartily rejoiced that I have already answered many things which you ask in it. There is no hurry about the letters which I asked for; I have in the meantime made almost more acquaintances than I like to have, because late sitting up and making music does not agree with me at all in Rome, and so I can wait for them with patience. Formerly it was not so, and therefore I asked so pressingly. Only I do not quite understand what you say to me of the *coterie*, which I have now outgrown; for I know that I, and all of us, have always from our hearts hated and dreaded that which commonly goes by that name, to-wit: an exclusive, narrow, empty companionship, which cleaves to mere externals. But it is almost natural, that among men who see each other daily, without their interest changing; who must, too, lack participation in public things (as is indeed the case in Berlin, the theatre excepted),—that with them a humorous, lively, unique way of speaking about things should easily form itself, and that so a peculiar, perhaps even uniform language should spring up; but that can form no *coterie*. I certainly believe that I shall never belong to a *coterie*, whether I be in Rome or Wittemberg. I am glad that the last word I wrote, before your letter came, was, that in Berlin one must seek relief from the surroundings in men; and that shows, that I have no word to say for the *coterie* spirit, since that only separates men from one another. I should be sorry, if you should remark such a thing, except momentarily, of me or of any one of us. Pardon me, dear father, that I defend myself so earnestly against that intimation; but I have already the deepest aversion to that word, and you write me in this very letter, that I must always speak right out, just as I feel; so do not take it ill of me.

To-day I was in St. Peter's, where the great solemnities, called Absolutions, for the Pope have commenced, and will last until Tuesday, when the Cardinals go into conclave. The building is beyond all representation. To me it seems like a great work of Nature,—a forest, masses of rocks or the like; for I always lose the idea of a human work in it. One looks up at the ceiling, as little as at the sky. One loses himself in it, goes to walk in it, and walks himself soon very weary. Divine service is held and sung in it; but you only notice it when you come near to it. The baptismal angels are uncouth giants; the doves colossal birds of prey; one loses all idea of measure and proportion; and yet one feels his heart wide open, when he stands beneath the cupola, and sees clear to the top in one look. To-day a monstrous catafalque is erected in the nave, which has about this form.† In the mid-

dle under the pillars stands the coffin; the thing is tasteless, and yet it makes a strange effect. The upper round is thickly set with candlesticks; so, too, the ornaments upon it; the lower round likewise, and over the coffin hangs a burning lamp. Beneath the statues burn innumerable candles; moreover the whole is over 100 feet high, and stands directly against you, when you enter. And now the guard of honor and the Swiss march round in a quadrangle; in every corner sits a Cardinal in deep mourning with his servants, holding great burning torches, and then begins the chant with the *Responsoria*, monotonous and simple, as you know it. It is the only time they ever sing in the middle of the church, and it makes a wonderful effect. Only to stand in the midst of the singers (I may do that), and to look at them, gives one a splendid impression. For there they all stand around their colossal book, out of which they sing, and the book again is lighted with a colossal torch, that burns before it; and the way they all crowd one another in their robes, in order to see and sing well, and Bainsi with his monkish face beats time with his hand, and now and then scolds violently in the midst of it, and then to observe all the various Italian faces, is a pleasure. And as one always here has only to hasten from one enjoyment to another, so it is also in their churches, particularly in St. Peter's, where a couple of steps change the whole scene instantly. I went to the extreme end, and there was a wonderful spectacle. Through the wound columns of the high altar, which you know is as high as the Schloss in Berlin, and away over the space of the cupola, you saw, in diminishing perspective, the whole catafalque with its rows of lights, and the many little men who crowded round it. When the music begins, the tones come much later back there, and die away and vanish in the immeasurable space, so that one hears the strangest, most indefinite harmonies. Change your position again, and place yourself in front of the catafalque, and instantly you have, behind the glow of the many lights, and all the shining splendor, the twilight cupola full of blue vapor, and that is altogether indescribable.—In short, it is Rome!

The letter has grown long; I will close it; it will arrive just at Christmas. A joyous festival then to you all! But I send gifts also; they will set out day after to-morrow, and arrive on the day of the silver wedding. Many glad festal days come close together here, and I do not exactly know, whether I shall think myself away to you to-day, and wish you joy, dear father, or whether to think with the letter, and arrive on Christmas eve and not be admitted by mother through the room in which the tree is building. But I must take it out in thinking. May you all fare well and be happy. Felix.

I have just got your letter, bringing me the news of Goethe's sickness. How I was personally affected by it, is not to be told. All the evening his last words: "We will see to it to keep ourselves on our feet till your return," rang continually in my ears, and allowed no other thoughts to come up; and, if he is gone, Germany assumes another form for artists. I have never thought of Germany as a country without rejoicing from my heart, and feeling proud that Goethe lives in it; and the after-growth looks,

† Here follows in the letter a little drawing of the catafalque.

for the most part, so weak and sickly, that one's heart is heavy. He is the last, and closes a bright, happy period before us! The year ends terribly serious.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 322.)

To the letters just cited may be added these, addressed to his brother (probably Ferdinand) from Gmunden:

Sept. 12, 1825.

"DEAR BROTHER!

I should really like, as you desire, to make a full description of our journey to Salzburg and Gastein; but you know how little fitted I am to narration and description. But since I should have in any case to tell it upon my return to Vienna, I will rather venture now in writing, than then orally, to sketch a feeble picture of all these extraordinary beauties; in this way I may hope to hit it, better than in the other.

"We set out on our journey about the middle of August from Steyer, and went by the way of Kremsmünster, which in fact I had often seen before, but which, on account of its beautiful situation, I cannot pass by. You overlook a very lovely valley, interrupted by some gentle little hills; on the right side rises a not inconsiderable mountain, on whose summit the far-stretching convent offers already from the carriage way, which leads down over an opposing brook, a most splendid sight, particularly heightened by the mathematical tower. Here, where we have for sometime past been known, especially Herr von Vogl, who has studied here, we were very friendly received, but, without tarrying, kept on our way, which afforded nothing worthy of especial mention, until we came to Vöklabrunn, where we arrived in the evening; a dreary nest.

"The next morning we came, by Strasswalchen and Frankenmarkt, to Neumarkt, where we dined. These places, which already lie within the Salzburg region, are distinguished by a peculiar style of building of the houses. Nearly everything is of wood. The wooden kitchen utensils are arranged on wooden stands, set against the houses on the outside, around which run wooden walks. Everywhere too on the houses hang old riddled targets; which have been preserved as trophies from times long passed away; for frequently we find the date 1600 and 1500. Here too begins the Bavarian money. From Neumarkt, which is the last post before Salzburg, you already see the mountain peaks, just covered with snow, look out from the Salzburg valley. About five (English) miles from Neumarkt the country becomes wonderfully beautiful. The Waller-See, which spreads out its clear bluish green water on the right of the road, enlivens this graceful landscape in the most glorious manner. The situation is very high, and from this point it descends continually to Salzburg. The mountains rise higher and higher; especially the fabulous Untersberg looms up magically as it were above the rest. The villages show traces of former opulence. On the commonest peasants' houses you find everywhere marble window and door posts, also frequently doorsteps of red marble. The sun veils itself

and the heavy clouds pass over the black mountains like misty spectres; but they do not touch the crown of the Untersberg; they creep by him, as if they feared his dreadful import. The wide valley, sown with single castles, churches and farm-houses, grows more and more visible to the enraptured eye. Towers and palaces show themselves by degrees; at length you pass the Capuchin mountain, whose huge rock-wall, close by the roadside, soars up perpendicularly and looks fearfully down upon the traveller. The Untersberg with his attendants grows gigantic; his greatness will almost crush us.

"And now we enter, through some stately alleys, into the city itself. Fortifications, wholly of free-stone blocks, surround this once celebrated seat of the Electors. The gates of the city with their inscriptions announce the vanished might of the priesthood. Mere houses of four or five stories fill the rather broad streets; and passing the oddly ornamented house of Theophrastus Paracelsus, we go over the bridge of the Salzach, which roars by strong and dark and turbid. The city itself made a rather gloomy impression on me, while the cloudy weather darkened the old houses still more; and besides this, the fortress, which lies on the highest summit of the Mönchberg, winks its spirit greeting down into all streets of the city. But as unfortunately it began to rain immediately on our arrival—a very common case here—we could not manage to see much, except the many palaces of splendid churches visible in passing. By Herr Pauernfeind, a merchant of Herr v. Vogl's acquaintance, we were introduced at the house of Count von Platz, President of the *Landrecht*, by whose family, already acquainted with us by name, we were most friendly received. Vogl sang some songs by me, whereupon we were invited for the following evening and asked to produce our bag and baggage before a select circle, which proved much to the taste of all, the *Ave Maria*,* mentioned in my first letter, meeting with especial favor.

"The way in which Vogl sings and I accompany, the way we seem in such a moment to be one, is something wholly new, unheard of to these people. After we had ascended the Mönchberg the next morning, from which one overlooks a large part of the city, I could not but be astonished at the multitude of splendid buildings, palaces and churches. But there are few inhabitants here, many houses stand empty, many are only occupied by one, or at the most two or three families. On the squares, of which there are many and beautiful ones, grass grows between the flag-stones, so little are they trodden. The Cathedral is a heavenly building after the model of St. Peter's church in Rome, of course on a smaller scale. The length of the church has the form of a cross, and is surrounded by four immense courts, each one of which forms a great square. Before the entrance stand the apostles in gigantic size hewn out of stone. The interior of the church is supported by many marble columns, is adorned with the figures of the Electors, and in all its parts is indeed perfectly beautiful. The light, falling in through the cupola, lights up every corner. This extraordinary brightness makes a divine effect, and might be commended to all churches. On the four squares,

* The well-known hymn among the songs from Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

which surround the church, are found great fountains, which are ornamented with the boldest and most splendid figures.

"From here we went into the cloister of St. Peter's, where Michael Haydn has resided. This church too is wonderfully beautiful. Here, as you know, is found the monument of M. Haydn. It is really fine, but in an out-of-the-way corner. There is something childish also in these little billets lying round; the urn contains his head. May thy clear, tranquil spirit hover over me, thou good Haydn, thought I to myself; and even if I cannot be so clear and tranquil, yet surely no one on earth reverences thee so inwardly as I. (A heavy tear fell from my eyes, and we passed on). We dined at Herr Pauernfeind's, and when the weather in the afternoon allowed us to go out, we ascended the Nonnenberg, which, although not high, affords the most beautiful prospect. It overlooks the hinder valley of Salzburg. It is almost impossible to describe to you the loveliness of this valley. Imagine a garden, covering many miles, and in it countless palaces and estates, which look out of or through the trees; imagine a river, winding through the most variegated meadow; imagine meadows and fields, like so many carpets of the finest colors; then the splendid masses which wind like ribbands round them, and finally alleys, miles long, of immense trees, all surrounded by an immeasurable row of highest mountains, standing like watchmen over this heavenly valley; imagine this, and still you have but a feeble idea of its inexpressible beauty. The rest of the notabilities of Salzburg, which I only saw on our return journey, I will leave till then, and follow up my description chronologically."

Sept. 21. Steyer.

"You see by the date, that several days have flown between this and my former line, and we from Gmunden have settled down upon Steyer. To continue my description then (of which I already repent, because it lasts too long for me), here follows the following as follows: The following morning was the finest day of the world and in the world. The Untersberg (Under-hill), or properly the Uppermost, shone and glittered with his squadron and the common rabble of the rest of the mountains splendidly in, or rather near, the sun. We rode through the vale above described, as through Elysium; the valley, though, has this advantage over that Paradise, that we sat in a charming coach, which convenience Adam and Eve had not. Instead of the wild beasts, we met many sorts of the most darling maidens. It is not right, that I make such miserable jokes in so beautiful a country, but to-day for once I cannot be serious. And so sunk in rapture, we steered on composedly over the lovely day and over the yet more lovely country, meeting with nothing striking, except in a dainty building, which is called *Monat-Schlösschen*, because an Elector had it built for his sweetheart in a single month. That everybody knows here, but no one is shocked at it. A tolerance most delightful. This little building also seeks to glorify the valley by its charms.

After a few hours we arrived in the remarkable but exceedingly dirty and gloomy city Hallein. The inhabitants all look like spectres, pale, hollow-eyed and lean enough for kindlings. This frightful contrast, which this view of the Ratzenstadt, &c., upon that valley produces, made an

extremeful fatal impression on me. It is as if one fell from the sky upon a dung-heap, or after Mozart's music heard a piece by the immortal A. Vogl was not to be moved to visit the salt mine and works; his great soul, goaded by his gout, strove towards Gastein, as does the traveller in a dark night to a light point. So we rode on past Golling, where the first high, insurmountable mountains showed themselves, through whose fearful gorges the pass Lueg leads. After we had climbed slowly up over one great mountain, terrible mountains before our nose, as well as on both sides, so that one could believe the world was nailed up here with boards, suddenly we looked, on reaching the highest point of the mountain, down into a frightful gorge, and one felt his heart fluttered somewhat for a moment. But recovering from the first fright, you see these wild high walls of rock, which seem to shut us in at a little distance, like a blind alley, and you study in vain to find the exit. In the midst of this dreadful nature, man too has sought to immortalize his yet more dreadful bestiality. For here it was, where the Bavarians on the one side and the Tyroleans on the other side of the Salzach, which roaring paves its way deep, deep below, committed that horrible murder, when the Tyroleans, hidden in the hollows of the rocks, fired down with hellish cries of exultation upon the Bavarians, who sought to gain the pass, and who, being hit, plunged down into the abyss, unable to see whence the shots came. This most shameful beginning, which was continued several days and weeks, they have sought partly to indicate and partly to expiate (through such holy signs) by a chapel on the Bavarian side and by a red cross in the rocks on the Tyrolean side. O glorious Christ, to how many shameful deeds thou hast to lend thine image. Thyself the ghastliest monument of human depravity, they set thine image up as if they would say: 'See! with rude feet we have trampled the most perfect creation of almighty God; shall it cost us any pains with light hearts to annihilate the remaining vermin, called men?'

"But let us avert our eyes from such humiliating reflections, and see to it rather, that we come out of this hole. After descending for a good while, the two rock walls advancing nearer and nearer together, and the road with the stream becoming narrowed to four yards breadth, suddenly, where one least suspects it, under an overhanging rock, where the pent up Salzach rages furiously, the road turns, to the agreeable surprise of the traveller. For now we go ahead upon a broader way, and level, although still shut in by mountains heaven-high. At noon we arrived in Werffen. A market, with an important fortification, built by the Salzburg Electors, is now being renovated by the Emperor. On our return we ascended it; it commands a splendid prospect of the valley, which is bounded on one side by the huge Werffner mountains, which you see as far as Gastein. Heaven! Devil! what a frightful thing is a description of a journey! I can go no further. As I shall come in the first days of October to Vienna, I will hand you this scribbling myself and tell you the rest by word of mouth."

(To be continued.)

Johanna Wagner.

To the Editor of the Musical World, (London).
"Why"—asks the *Recensionen* of Vienna—"has

Johanna Wagner (Mad. Jachmann) appeared in the drama?"

If we consider this lady's career—extending over more than twenty years—as a singer, the final result of her professional exertions does not strike us as occupying quite so prominent a place in the history of the modern stage as a number of German musical critics have taken upon themselves to represent. Her vocal efforts were deficient in the *creative element*, properly so speaking, for all that was most brilliant in them was founded upon the genial impersonations of Mad. Schröder-Devrient. In Berlin, Mad. Wagner's imposing figure exercised a special power of attraction, and her Orpheus gained for her the undivided approbation of the lovers of classical music. Although not of great compass, her voice possessed strength, and, in the lower register, rich volume. But, without pity for herself, she speedily ruined these advantages, by singing such parts as *Valentino*, *Fidelio*, &c., which required of her voice what was almost an impossibility. The friendly warning of criticism was allowed to pass by unheeded. Accustomed to lay on her colors thickly, what she principally aimed at, in her impersonations, were startling effects, which, as her voice, by being continually forced upwards and downwards, had become dull and flat, she was at last unable to produce. That a lady who has sung for ten years in one place, should have found a circle of admirers and enthusiasts, is something perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the applause lavished on her by these persons was no longer able to fire, lightning like, the masses, and, despite all exertions in other quarters as well, Mad. Wagner was compelled to think of retiring from the Opera. In order that this step might not involve her retirement from the stage altogether, an expedient was hit upon; it was agreed that her claim for a pension should be bought for a respectable sum, and, in addition, that her expressed wish to be allowed to appear in spoken drama should be granted. In this way was the appearance of Mad. Wagner, the singer, in Goethe's *Ifigenie* brought about, after due endeavors, by means of puffing, to gain over the sympathy of the public for this "first attempt."

"How"—continues the *Recensionen*—"did Mad. Wagner make her appearance in the drama?"

On the occasion of the festivities accompanying royal birthdays, people here, as a general rule, were not in the habit of seeing the theatre very crowded, and custom required that the audience should refrain from loud applause. The "dramatic attempt" of Mad. Wagner, the singer, drew a house crammed to the ceiling, and, with that want of tact, which usually distinguishes over-zealous friends, Mad. Wagner, in defiance of all precedent, was received with applause which seemed as though it would never cease, and honored, in the course of the evening, with bouquets, just as if she had been an actress already crowned with fame. People, however, soon became aware that the "attempt" was not successful. The tumultuous abuse of applause, unfortunately now naturalized in ballet and opera, was transplanted into the more modest area of the theatre, and it is almost beyond dispute that a "higher" claque than the ordinary one intended to surprise the public, the critics, and the Intendant-General. A number of the Berlin critics were, it is true, bewildered by such a hubbub, and saved themselves from pronouncing an opinion by indulging in cheap enthusiasm; the more prudent ones, however, although speaking with evident mildness and indulgence, were but little edified by Mad. Wagner's *Ifigenie*. Herr Röcher, for instance, wrote as follows:—"Subsequent performances will enable us to say what share respect for the dramatic singer had in these ovations. That the lady should, immediately on her appearance, be greeted by uproarious applause, was not a mark of much tact, since Mad. Wagner was appearing for the first time in this branch of art. Indeed she will do well, as a rule, to seek protection against blundering friends, who, to judge by this first sample, can only injure her. The present criticisms ought to be addressed exclusively to the aspirant in this new field for her exertions. If we were to mention everything with which we disagreed, we should be obliged to extend our notice into a regular treatise." We are, therefore, not alone in our tolerably candid criticism, and it was to be feared that the public, as in so many other instances, would suffer from a terrible reaction, after their fit of frenzy was over. When personal sympathy has cooled down a little, people will at length endeavor to determine in what consists the difference between, and the merit of, the peculiar mental task of a singer and actress, for a part like Goethe's *Ifigenie* is far from being properly represented by any one possessing only a majestic form without a large amount of deep feeling.

Even the second performance of *Ifigenie* was moderately attended, and the applause trifling. But the

second part, Maria Stuart, quite sobered the public. Mad. Wagner's action was moderate, but unmeaning. Her best scene was that with Burleigh, though here again we heard nothing save hollow and monotonous declamation, overlarded with ponderous false accentuation. We perceived no sign of anything like soul or intensity of feeling. The grand scene in the third act, stripped of all declamatory spirit, was dull and colorless, the actress anxiously avoiding the exhibition of aught approaching passion.

On the 2nd November, Mad. Wagner appeared as Orsina, in *Emilia Galotti*, and, although nearly ashamed of so much blame, we confess we never before heard the Prince's deserted mistress represented with greater roughness and coarseness of tone, while the unfavorable impression thus produced, was increased by an unbecoming dress. Where was the proud Italian woman, the fiery and passionate Orsina, whose exasperated soul, filled with the desire of revenge, is meditating the death of the faithless Prince? Lessing's dialogue brought out, on this occasion, no fiery excitement, no feverish emotion: the actress had not the slightest conception of the part. The vision in which a "*Himmliche Fantasie*" should dawn, "as though in a trance," upon the hapless Orsina, now almost mad, was spoken by Mad. Wagner close to the prompter's box, while Odoardo (Herr Kaiser), was walking up and down, immersed in thought, at the back of the stage. Indeed, as a rule, the other actors and actresses did not appear to exist for the *débutante*—provided only the cue was given at the right time. As we left the theatre, an admirer of the lady, on our observing the fourth act of *Emilia Galotti* was absolutely nothing, unless the representative of Orsina exhibited intense passion, said to us, "Ja, ja, das ist nich ihr Genre!" "Oh! yes. That is not her line!"

If we consider the three parts, *Ifigenie*, Maria Stuart, and Orsina, selected by Mad. Wagner for her *débuts*, it is self-evident that such a selection implies no ordinary aspiration, for, had the fair and respected vocalist succeeded in dramatically carrying out these three grand but heterogeneous female conceptions, she would have encircled her brow with a crown of artistic excellence such as had never before existed. But she was deficient in the soul and voice necessary for so lofty a flight. Up to the present time, the Berlin public have, with admirable forbearance, watched the dramatic essay of a fair singer, greatly respected by them, and have spoken only in "silent circles" of the absolute inefficiency of their favorite. Had a strange actress played the above characters as Mad. Wagner played them, we very much doubt that the critics and the public would have preserved such exemplary silence. For the gratification of certain individuals, or as a stroke of policy intended to work upon the curiosity of those who pay their money, such an experiment on the part of a dramatic singer, hitherto the object of popular applause, may be all very well for a short period; but the engagement of Mad. Wagner as *prima donna assoluta* in drama, might, perhaps, be productive of bitter regret, at some future period, and is, therefore, not advisable. Every one capable of forming an opinion will agree on this point. A. A.

* The equivalent, in the Berlin *patois* of "Ja, ja, das ist nicht ihr Genre."—TRANSLATOR.

Anecdote of Prince Albert.

We borrow (says the *Albion*) from a London correspondent of an English provincial paper the subjoined gossip that has now a melancholy interest.

One of the pleasantest operatic reminiscences is of a performance, not long ago, of Beethoven's grand opera of "*Fidelio*," at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The king of the Belgians and the Count of Flanders had accompanied the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice to the opera. The massive harmonies, the contending passions which sweep through the opera like a tempest, the magnificent choruses, a performance faultless from the first note to the last, the finest orchestra in Europe and the best conductor, made the representation of "*Fidelio*" on this particular night a consummate treat for the musician. I never saw a party enjoy an opera more thoroughly than that in the royal box. They all knew the music. His Majesty King Leopold beat time through whole bars, and you might have thought you were looking at the music master in the "*Barber of Seville*." It was not a simple motion of finger and wrist. The fore-arm of majesty described large triangles like the pictures in the music books, and always in true anticipation of Costa's rapid baton. But the true *fanatico per la musica* was the Prince Consort. Every note of the music, it was clear, was as familiar to him as "God save the Queen" to an Englishman. His unimpassioned and unimpassioned manner vanished in the dim recesses of the royal box,

where he might suppose himself unobserved. He beat time for Costa a note in advance. In the absence of that inimitable *chef*, it is clear he could have stepped into his seat, and carried the orchestra through with *éclat*. It was not alone with the air or *motif* (you will please to observe) that he indicated this perfect familiarity, but in the sub-action of the orchestra, the independent "setting" of the accompaniment, and the intricacy of the fugue. His enthusiasm, indeed, accidentally noticed by the Queen, quite upset her gravity. Beethoven wrote two or three overtures for "Fidelio." One was played before the curtain rose, and the other, the splendid composition known as "Leonora," between the first and second acts.

The musician will recollect that in the latter are some *crecendo* passages for stringed instruments, which at length burst like a storm into elementary war. The Prince was so carried away by the fire and energy of the overtures under Costa's impetuous baton, that he sprang from his seat, and seemed to be calling up the music with his right hand from the depths of sound. Her Majesty happened at this instant to look round, and was so tickled at seeing the Prince on his legs and turning an imaginary barrel organ, that her mirth became irrepressible. The royal cambric was at frequent intervals brought to the royal lips, and very red in the face did the Majesty of England become before the risibility, thus unexpectedly awakened, could be restrained and sobered down to a decent gravity. The Prince, I will venture to say, rose at once in the estimation of every one who chanced to notice this little touch of nature. Somebody has said, "we meet our friends in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb." Thus the King and Prince looked at each other as Beethoven chronicled "all the sobs, the heart-heavings and god-like Promethean thefts of the earth spirit," and thus they gave answering waves of the hand in token of musical sympathy and appreciation. If, indeed, I wanted an illustration of the refined pleasure which musical genius is capable of giving to the cultivated connoisseur, I should cite the exquisite and unaffected enjoyment by this royal party of an opera which three Englishmen out of four consider to be heavy. But gone, alas! are all those pleasant nights with the great composers, which he so thoroughly relished, and in their stead remain saddened remembrances, tender regrets, and chastened sorrow. The Poet Laureate has said—

Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still.

The Jarves Collection of Old Masters.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1862.

To the Editors of the Salem Register:

Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the remarkable exhibition of pictures now at Williams & Everett's, No. 234 Washington street, Boston. Certainly never before in this city has such a genuine collection of old masters, and of such a rare stamp, been placed before the public. It is a fair representation of the criticism of the age. One may recognize here the sources of Ruskin's enthusiasm for the mediæval art, of Lord Lindsay's, of Rio's, and the other able expositors of the true merit and deep pious feeling of the early religious painters—the pre-Raphaelites; and not to be forgotten among those writers, the owner of those pictures himself, who has furnished in the elegant publication called "Art Studies," some very judicious and delicate criticisms, highly instructive upon the attractions in the genius of those times.

Nor are pictures wanting to prove the undeniable merit of later schools. We have specimens of the Carracci, a *Mater Dolorosa*, probably by Ludovico, Domenichino and Guido, and Murillo, that school which Sir Joshua Reynolds held up as the best model of study and imitation, as well as Fra Angelico, Sano di Pietro, his rival in purity, Giotto, the delightful Gentile da Fabriano, and no less pleasing Lorenzo di Credi, Masaccio, and a perfect example of the incomparable color and solemn poetry of Giorgione, which glows in the room like a bandeau of jewels.

Not to particularize too carefully amid such a little heap and casket of gems, we cannot refrain from a few words upon the excellence of some of these noble works. On first entering the little hall where these old world treasures are deposited, one cannot but be arrested by the cool, diaphanous, deep, glowing color which meets the eye on the opposite wall. Harmony and richness itself, gem-like, glaucous light, radiance and splendor, and perfect sentiment in form and expression, subdued and harmonized to a delicious accord by an ever pervading taste and mastery of treatment. Nothing hot, dusty, hasty, opaque, dauby and crude; but everywhere lumin-

ousness, inwardness, honest finish and careful labor; humidity and dewiness of nature, as in the exquisite Murillo, which faces you. The very Zephyr is here playing his finest note on the "organ pipe of nature," if it shall not rather be called an Æolian harp. Nothing can surpass the freshness and brilliance of this picture. In delicacy, feeling and treatment felicitous beyond conception. Like strains of music upon the ear, the color and bloom from fruit, flower and foliage, and the form of the lovely girl, her robes easily escaping, tintured and died as with grapes, and redolent of sunny wines, Claret and Burgundy.

Dance and Provencal song and sun-burnt mirth strikes upon the sense, and kindles the imagination like some exquisite idol, some impassioned verse. It is perhaps as fine a bit of nature, of poetry and romance, as one will meet with in any gallery.

The Spanish painters were forbidden by the Inquisition to paint the nude, and this was the limit of Murillo's daring. It is a most uncommon subject for the painter, who, besides his religious pictures, revelled in the picturesque and the artistic to be detected in common life, peasant boys and beggars on the ground. The same *pose* however, and suggestions of a similar composition, occur in several works of the painter, in Europe; enough to show what his genius might have accomplished with this happy, innocent loveliness, this sensuous and romantic vein, sweet and flowing, airy as summer, luscious as vintage; and how his genius, loving all things in nature, took delight in the beauty of the world around him.

Besides the Murillo, which cannot but captivate every one, and remain in the memory like some loved poem—(we have heard it said that our poet's lamented wife spoke of this picture with enthusiasm, a few days before her sad death, which all the country mourns)—the large Guido, just arrived, is sure to please every lover of the beautiful. A composition like a rhythm in poetry, two lovely heads bent the same way, like the recurrence of a refrain harmonizing verse. Like lilies upon two neighboring stalks, they incline gracefully, they droop and hang the head gently; the hair looped and allowed to stray escapes in beautiful festoons, with ravishing lines, elegant as the head it adorns. Everything is married to grace and harmony; beauty and pensiveness like a flower. Their eyes are full of tenderness and sentiment. Indeed we remember no instance in Guido's greatest works where the eyes are softer, or so melting in expression as here. The eyes in the Beatrice Cenci at Rome are wonderfully expressive, gentle and lustrous, but swollen with grief and weeping. The subject is the disarming of Cupid. Besides the two lovely figures just spoken of, which are so beautifully handled, a third appears in contrast, placed in profile, and habited in an ideal close-fitting tunic or vest, a costume we are taught to believe in the ancient art the goddesses wore. Cupid remonstrates vigorously, seated in the lap of the central figure; a fine vigorous infant very *pigment*, and touched naturally. With some neglect of drawing in the lower parts of the composition, and a shadow of excess in one of the heads, this is one of the best preserved and most interesting of Guido's minor works. The sinking in and disappearance of the green drapery which formed the back ground, and which can now be dimly discerned in certain lights, has caused the figures to have a startling, bright and vivid look, too much for harmony and keeping. The accessories are finely done. There is lustrous orange and gold; and the drapery is in parts beautifully felt, tender, and exquisitely disposed. The crimson in this master are never good, but red, hot and brickv. The flesh tints and rosy coloring are delightful. The texture of the most soft and delicate skin and pinky bloom, with the vesture lying on it and colored by it, are beautifully given, but in this respect the Bolognese painters never equalled Titian and Rubens. This picture gave the name to one of the rooms of a fine old palace at Sienna, on the road from Florence to Rome, which was called the Guido Chamber. The late owner, Lord Fleetwood, purchased it for £900.

The Domenichino, by its side, is a fine example of this master. Refined, to the highest degree, and beautiful, with excellent harmony of parts, and a certain breadth and dignity of style. The color rich and luminous. The story is something badly told, perhaps. Artemisia prepares to drink the ashes of her husband with a sort of elegant unconcern; but the whole is a very lovely picture, and the highest type of the ornate and eclectic school which has reigned in the drawing-room for several generations back. Notice the exquisite painting of the vase, and the noble drapery; and the perfect oval (a narrower face than Guido, in his Niobe head, commonly gives, more *petite* and delicate) which the outline of the face forms, and in which this master delighted.

It would be too long a story to attempt to do justice to this collection. It is but a selection, and by no means too flattering a one, of the main portion now in the building of the Historical Society at New York. Taken together, it is by far the most authentic, reliable and valuable gallery of old masters ever amassed by one collector in this country, and would be very highly valued in any part of Europe. The Bryan gallery in New York contained a few early, archaic works of much interest, but abounded in very indifferent copies, and was far from having any choiceness or selection. Its principal value was in some early northern works, some early copies and one or two originals of that delicate and exquisite master, Hans Memling, who is seen in such perfection at Ghent and Bruges.

Certainly the average of the older masters in Mr. Jarves's collection, not taking into account one or two Peruginos and Francias, and some other large compositions of the first order as to importance and cost, is quite equal, if it be not superior to the additions lately made to the National Gallery, London, under the supervision of Sir Charles Eastlake; and a choicer gallery than that, though small, does not exist in Europe.

The works now here, have, in some instances, been very delicately and beautifully engraved in outline for Mr. Jarves's Art Studios, by a rare hand, the pupil of Raphael Morghen. One has but to compare them with the outlines which disfigure, for the most part, Mrs. Jameson's works, to mark the difference. One may read in the above named work some very discriminating and judicious criticism on the merit and peculiar characteristics of these old men, of whom here we have examples.

We have not touched upon the treasure of the collection, an unfinished work by Leonardo da Vinci, which was valued in Europe at \$20,000. We leave this to make its own impression. It has that grace, depth, and modelling, and the characteristic blue, rocky landscape, which are peculiar to this great painter. Any one who saw *La Vierge aux Rochers* in the British Institution a few years since, by the same hand, and of which there is a copy or *replica* in the Louvre, will recognize the resemblance. Nor have we described the *Mater Dolorosa* which fastens everybody by its power, nor the Giorgione, or Luca Signorelli; but we would urge every one who would see Art in its greatest periods and most illustrious names; who would appreciate the force of Ruskin's criticisms, and the best literature and *connoisseurship* of the age relating to this subject, to visit this small but precious chamber of ancient works.

The whole impression upon one is as if a piece of Europe—Florence, Dresden or Paris—had been cut out and brought over here to be set up in Washington street. So far away are you there among the mighty Past; so breathing is it all "of the still air of delightful studies," under the shadow of the Portico of Saint Marks or the gorgeous halls of the Pitti and the Vatican. Nor need it be feared that the works may not be genuine. They speak for themselves, to every educated eye, and to every natural sensibility. They need no other passport, though the Catalogue gives an ample one, and it must be considered that all noblest things are not to be appreciated at a glance. Who doubts that Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher are great poets, and yet it is in proportion as one's taste is cultivated, catholic, refined, that one enters into the merits of these old writers. But here we have the opportunity of study of various ages, and the works we have principally pointed out are of the most finished and developed periods, and are to art what (as a whole), Milton, Gray, Collins, Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, are to literature, geniuses which appeal to all time and to various idiosyncracies and capacities.

AMATEUR.

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 13.—The faithful chronicler of concerts who should write from Springfield would be kept busy this winter. No previous season has brought with it so many and so good musical entertainments, and we hear of several more on the tapis. Last Monday evening, Mrs. PRESTON of Hartford, with Miss BARTON, mezzo soprano, and OSCAR MAYO, pianist, gave a concert to an audience which was as enthusiastic as the temperature of the hall would allow. We have read of liquid notes, but we rejoice that nothing of the kind was heard on the evening in question, for the inevitable anomaly of frozen notes might not have been agree-

able. Under the circumstances, it would of course be out of the way to criticize closely, much more to find fault—which many seem to consider synonymous with the former much-abused word. Mrs. Preston sang well and showed that she could sing better. She and her accompanist did not appear familiar with each other, and if this was the case no inexcusable blunders were apparent. Bulfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" was perhaps the most faulty in this respect, the tempo being sometimes painfully unsteady. Miss Barton, who sang three or four solos and a duet with Mrs. Preston, has a pleasant voice, and one it would be worth her while to cultivate, in order to gain the finish, which experience and a good teacher would give her, and which she now lacks. She should avoid singing light songs in too strict time, and remember that even Verdi's music should be sung as Verdi wrote it. A similar remark would apply with equal force to Mr. Mayo, who played an exceedingly tame and common-place accompaniment instead of the one written to "Our good ship sails to-night." His piano solos did not present great technical difficulties, but he played them as well as any man could with cold fingers.

On Thursday evening Mr. EDWARD HOFFMAN (a younger brother of Richard) gave a pianoforte soirée, which was attended by a "select few" of our musicians. Although the programme was composed of modern and not classical music, the occasion was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Hoffman plays with great correctness and nicety of expression pieces of the grade of Thalberg's fantasia on *Musumello*, Satter's *Traviata* fantasia, &c. Jaell's fantasia on *Norma*, with which the soirée began, was hardly as perfectly executed as most of the following pieces, and the "Last hope" was played fuster—at least the "working up"—and with less delicacy than Gottschalk would have played it. In all other respects there was little to criticize. But there was considerable to laugh at in "Dixiana." The antiquated melody of "Dixie," in this caprice of Richard Hoffmann's, is made to rave with a perfect looseness. Think of making a fugue of "Dixie!" "Glory, hallelujah!" will come next. R.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 18, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's "Mazurkas."

First Philharmonic Concert.

The sound of an orchestra, of a Beethoven Symphony, was something for which ear and soul had thirsted so long in these times, that no one was disposed to listen very critically. It was well to make the best of our diminished means, and if our orchestra is thinned out by the war, to find a satisfaction in the thought that this too is contributing all that it can spare to swell the inspiring sound and rhythm of the army that shall save our country, and bring back peace and unity and Art and music under more glorious auspices than ever before. In such a time could not a patriotic ear hear the absent instruments almost as clearly as those present, coöperating sympathetically as it were these thinned harmonies to make them rich with nobler meaning and intention? So we have all to thank CARL ZERRAHN for gathering up such forces as were left, and organizing them to such good purpose, so that we still may not altogether lack the refreshment of orchestral music, nor forget the sound of Beethoven and Mozart.

The Music Hall was so well filled, on floor and

balconies, as to look like old times, and show a real general interest in the occasion. And it soon appeared that our conductor had collected not so bad an orchestra after all. It numbered thirty-five or forty instruments; with six first and six second violins—the seconds, however, by no means relatively so efficient as the first. There was but one bassoon, and he a new one, with a violoncello for his mate. The other wind parts were reasonably well filled; some of them very well. And so the "Pastoral Symphony" commenced, and sounded very natural, winning one to its summer mood, almost persuading him that he breathed the warm, blithe, breezy, fragrant air of grassy fields in the long days of June. How wonderfully Beethoven has caught the whispered, evanescent tune of it in that little motive of the first Allegro! And to what a life-some, stimulating quality he blends his instruments! Nothing dull or heavy in the mingling of those tone-colors; they "hit the sense," as Shakespeare has it, and set every nerve alive and tingling with enjoyment. That first movement, considering its difficulty, the delicate rendering of little mingling phrases and melodic fragments required, and considering the reduced size and of course somewhat make-shift composition of the orchestra, went very satisfactorily. And so did the next movement, which is also the next best, the Andante "by the brookside," flowing rich and cool and mellow, with bright gleams of sunshine and brighter flashes of bird notes ever and anon crossing the shadows. One forgives the good Beethoven those imitations of nightingale, &c., to which we pause and listen at the end; for he was happy then; it as if he smiled when it was done, and done so beautifully. The rollicking dance of the peasants, the rumbling of the coming storm, the cooled atmosphere, the pattering rain drops and the bursting of the thunder and the lightning in full fury, and the subsiding and clearing up again, were made quite effective. The last part, suggesting shepherd's songs with their returning flocks, and hymns of gratitude, was a little confused; the stammering of a horn, here and in earlier parts, disturbed one's equanimity sometimes. But on the whole the "Pastoral Symphony" was much enjoyed. You felt Beethoven in it; he is unmistakable, even without a splendid orchestra; you touch him and his strong genius magnetizes you, his deep, tender, human spirit glows through you, and lifts you into your freer, larger, nobler self.

The Orpheus Glee Club followed, closing the first part. The indefatigable KREISSMANN, with preliminary wave of arm, winds them up, and off they go, as one man, with mechanical precision, careful light and shade (not so exaggerated as sometimes formerly), and Teutonic fervor, in one of Mendelssohn's part-songs, called "Love and Wine." A very good one, but unfortunately not the best suited to some of the most prominent voices called in play; those high tenors struggling rather desperately with notes too high for them. Yet there was such life about it, that it pleased and was most eagerly encored; the Club returned and sang another piece, less difficult and more successful. Their pieces in the second part were better chosen. Lachner's "Hymn to Music" (written for the recent Männergesang-verein festival at Nuremberg?) is an interesting composition, of some variety and dignity; it brought out the strong basses of the Or-

pheus roundly, and did not expose the weak points, as above. It was finely sung, and made an excellent effect, as did also "The Forest" by Haeser. The introduction of *Liedertafel* songs into a Symphony concert would be rather questionable, as a general rule, in a fully furnished musical community. In Germany we never heard it, except where something of a nobler character, like Mendelssohn's "Antigone," was sung. The true place and the true charm of these pieces is in the Club rooms, round the social tables with the beer and wine, lending a refined sentiment, a genial enthusiasm to convivial expansion. They sound better there than they can sound in a concert room. Yet it is a very genuine element in music, and really artistic; and in our circumstances, there are few things which could be employed so happily to give variety to a Symphony concert, as these well-trained and hearty part-song singings of the "Orpheus." We would only suggest that in such concerts their nobler and manlier choruses, such as *Antigone* and *Edipus* afford, should take precedence of the more commonplace convivial and sentimental.

The *Tannhäuser* overture has become a favorite here, and there was probably a call for it, as much as there was for any special work. It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as many do, that in it we are listening to the so-called "music of the future," or that from it we can gather an idea either of the genius or of the peculiar principles of Richard Wagner: inasmuch as those principles justify no overture at all, any more than they do a symphony, or any other composition purely instrumental; the Wagner notion being, that the Tone is naught without the Word. The opera *Tannhäuser* only hints the way, in parts, towards his Opera or "Art-work" of the "Future," to which he henceforth devotes himself, and in which recitative dialogue takes the place of melody, while the orchestra supplies only background. This overture, therefore, stands upon its own independent merits as an instrumental work, although of course it is better understood after an acquaintance with the opera, from which it takes its leading motives. It is imposing, startling in its effects, contrasting solemn religious tranquility and triumph with delirious, despairing rapture of the senses, in a vividly suggestive manner. We own that it took hold of us more when it was new, than it does now; though it has not wholly lost its charm. But that it is a charm to last and grow more and more inwardly satisfying, like that of some of the perfect older masterpieces, such as the *Zauberflöte*, the *Iphigenia*, the *Leonora*, the *Freyshütz* overtures, we may well doubt. On this occasion, too, we felt that too much of its peculiar power is lost without a much larger orchestra; with three or four times as many violins, and a richer body of middle strings and bass, that thin, squealing effect of certain passages becomes relieved and tolerable; but, while not doubting that the work was enjoyed by many of the audience, the result of the experiment was to our mind not favorable to the selection of *Tannhäuser* for such an orchestra, in its more important concerts.

The Finale to the first act of *Don Giovanni*, as an orchestral piece, recalled the wonderful wealth and beauty of Mozart's music in a delightful manner. The instruments warmed to their pleasing work.

On the whole, the concert was successful, and we desire again to express our thanks to Mr. Zerrahn and to the members of the orchestra for the good service which they have done us and are prepared to do us in these musically barren times. We hope Mr. Zerrahn will see the expediency of continuing such concerts, once in every week or two, throughout the larger portion of the year, until they shall become an institution, something always to be counted on as a resource. We are sure it will be easier to educate the public to that, than it is to get the whole thing up anew, for a few concerts only, each year after very long intervals. In such continued frequency of concerts, there would be opportunities enough to introduce lighter works, to please a variety of tastes; and many things, which are questionable in the four or five only feasts we have of classical and noble music, would find their fit occasions, leaving the others unalloyed.

CONCERTS COMING.—There are some good things at hand. For instance:

This evening, at Chickering's rooms, Miss MARY FAY, the young pianist, gives the first of a series of four concerts, chiefly, we presume, of pianoforte music, with the assistance of Messrs. F. SUCK, H. SUCK and WULF FRIES, to make up a Quartet of piano and strings.

Next Wednesday evening comes the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB again, who have secured the assistance of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER as pianist. He will play with them a Trio by Hummel in E flat, and Variations (with cello) by Mendelssohn. There will be a Quartet by Mendelssohn in E flat, and Mr. MEISEL will play the Andante of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Really our London critics will admit that the Club justifies its name this time.

Next Saturday evening, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give an *Organ Concert* in the Tremont Temple. Then we shall hear *real* organ music, the noblest ever written,—some of the finest specimens of the Preludes and Fugues, the Toccatas, the Sonatas, &c. of Sebastian Bach, the master and the genius *par excellence* of the Organ, into whose works Mr. Paine has studied more deeply and more successfully than any American. In a second part he will give other composers by way of variety; but the entire programme is not yet determined.

On the following Saturday, Feb. 1, Mr. ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic Concert. He proposes to give us the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, Wagner's "Faust" overture, and what other good things we are not yet informed.

Odds and Ends.

The N. Y. *Tribune* man returns to his attack on Handel, thus:

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with the editor of *Dwight's Musical Journal* respecting Handel's *Messiah*. With the exception of the Hallelujah Chorus, and "He was Despised," pretty much every other piece, we take it, must be a mouldy bore to ears educated to the refinements of logical musical form, of pure and grand statement, of vocal method, of vocal declamatory style, of musical rhythm integrated with and born of regular and flexible poetical measures, and not dreary prose, taken higgledy-piggledy, without connection, progress, climax, and culmination; the whole drowned in drearier fugues, the fossils of an early age, when Apollo's rays had not produced the higher forms of grace and beauty.

NEW YORK.—Two operatic performances were announced for this week at the Academy of Music; on Wednesday, Miss Kellogg in the *Traviata*; on Friday, Miss Hinckley in "The Barber of Seville;" Brignoli being the tenor, and Mancusi the baritone; Susini, we suppose, the bass. *Ditto* at the Brooklyn Academy on Tuesday and Thursday.

A Glee and Madrigal soirée, complimentary to Henri Appy, the violinist, was given at Dodworth's Saloon, by a number of his friends, both professional and amateur, on Thursday evening, Jan 9. The programme included:

1. Piano Quartet—Triumphal March, 5th Symphony... Beethoven
 2. Madrigal—Now is the month of Maying... T. Morley. A. D. 1595
 3. A Glee—While the Moon shines bright... Bishop
 4. Song—Ah! Maiden, cease those pearly tears... H. Rodwell
 5. Madrigal—There is a Lady, Sweete and Kind... Thomas Ford. A. D. 1607
 6. Violin Solo—Concerto in E minor... Mendelssohn
- Andante Finale... Henri Appy

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Academy of Music was held in the Directors' Room of the Academy, last evening. The attendance was numerous. Mr. Gordon F. Ford was called to the chair, and Mr. John Winslow acted as Secretary. Mr. I. H. Frothingham, the Treasurer, submitted the annual statement of receipts and expenditures, showing the receipts of the year, from all sources, to have been \$56,227 55; expenditures, \$51,290 98; leaving a balance of \$1,936 17. The total cost of the building up to date has been \$206,750. The income during the past year amounted to 15,502, and the estimated ordinary expenses of the ensuing year are put down at \$10,000. The Board then proceeded to ballot for five Directors, in the place of those whose terms have expired. The following were chosen, being the same as last year, with the exception of Mr. Massey, who replaces Mr. Thurston, deceased; Luther B. Wyman, Henry E. Pierpont, Samuel Sloan, Isaac H. Frothingham, Marcellus Massey.—*Tribune*, 11th.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Harmonia Musical Society announce their first concert at Musical Fund Hall for Jan. 23d.—Mr. Simon Hassler gave a concert at the same place on Thursday, assisted by several artists and Carl Senz with his orchestra.—The Junior Harmonia Musical Society gave their second annual concert in Handel and Haydn Hall on Tuesday.—The programme of last Saturday's Germania Rehearsal was thus:

1. Prize March—In Union is strength... Winter
2. Song—Das Schwabe Maedle... Proch
3. Waltz—Spirals... Strauss
4. Andante—Symphony in C... Schubert
5. Overture—Dinorah... Meyerbeer
6. Aria—Faust (1st time)... Spohr
7. Finale—Don Giovanni... Mozart

This evening the Kellogg-Hinckley troupe, on their way to Washington, treat the Philadelphians to the "Barber."

We cannot resist copying "Stella" (of the Worcester *Palladium*). This week she says:

Within a few years no one with the slightest pretension to a "musical ear," could pass by our school-houses during the time that singing formed a part of the exercises, without a wish that suitable musical instruction might be given in our public schools. The screeching, the discord, the undue prominence of a few rough voices, recalled the lines,

"This must be music," said he, "of the spars;
For I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one."

A large proportion of the scholars probably obtain their ideas of music from what they learn at school. How important, then, that they should be well taught! We argued something better for the future of young Worcester, last Wednesday evening, when Mr. Whiting's class, of a thousand or more children from the public schools, sang, at Mechanics' Hall, the national songs, choral music, &c. There was no screaming upon the high notes—which were given with the proper voice—and the children evidently understood what they were about, singing melodiously and in time. Mr. Whiting has made a decided change in the singing of the public schools, and we shall probably hear no more parental injunctions against children's singing at school lest they acquire the dreaded "school tone." It is also a matter of no small importance *what* children sing; whether they follow the lead of an intelligent teacher, or sing "what they know"—the usual alternative—and disgrace the school-room with plantation melodies, street songs, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music announces that it will publish in its pages this year, *Chopin's Mazurkas* and *Handel's Messiah*. As the terms of the *Journal* are two dollars a year, it is evident that a subscription for the paper—high-toned and excellent as it is—is the cheapest musical "investment" that can be made. This is not a "puff," but our unasked opinion.

It is observed by *The Athenæum* that the knowledge of the Prince Consort was very great, and it lay in many unexpected nooks and corners. Of music he knew far more than an average man, played on more than one instrument, sang well, and wrote down his thoughts in musical works of some length, if not with high creative power, yet with a steadiness and sensibility not to be found in the works of ordinary gentlemen who write. It is known to the public that he was a very good etcher. "We have heard an engineer declare that the Prince knew more of fortification than any non-professional person he had ever met; and the Secretary of the Photographic Society assures us he was a very admirable photographer."

"Spiridion," in Paris, writes to the *Evening Gazette*:

I mentioned to you Rossini's visit to the Grand Opera at the general rehearsal of 'L'Etoile de Messine' and the ovation given him. Do you remember that the orchestra played to honor him the overture to 'William Tell'? The next day Rossini sent for the scores of the overture and corrected a *very important mistake* which existed in the score and had existed there since 1829. Nobody's ears had detected it. Rossini's ear discovered it the other night for the first time. Isn't it rather odd? Speaking of music, let me mention that Boieldieu's piano, the instrument on which he composed his last opera, 'Les Deux Nuits,' was sold at Havre recently for forty francs. The present owner would not sell it for ten thousand francs.

Col. John Cochrane (says the *Tribune*) has introduced singing into his regiment, in which all the men and officers are expected to take part, and has established daily religious services through the regimental chaplain. "John Brown's soul is marching on," chorused by a thousand men at evening parade, gives a Cromwellian earnestness to this war, in at least one camp.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From Herr Bagge's *Musik-Zeitung* of Dec. 21, we glean the following:

Hellmesberger and party in their recent "Quartet productions" have been playing several of the last Quartets of Beethoven, in which, while generally praised for their artistic rendering, they are criticized on two points: first, that the leading violin inclines to make itself too prominent, while the others yield too timidly; and secondly, that they are not sufficiently attentive to Beethoven's meaning as indicated by his *forte* and *crescendo* marks. (So we see, even the best do not escape criticism). Beethoven's G major Trio, and Mendelssohn's piano Quartet in B minor formed part of the last programme.

The orchestral society "Euterpe" gave Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Haydn's E♭ Symphony with the Variations in C minor, a piano piece with orchestra, by Schumann, played by Herr Dunkel, and some "empty" songs by their director, Herr Langwara.

At the second Gesellschafts-Concert, Mozart's E♭ Symphony and Beethoven's *Egmont* music were produced. Frau Dustmann sang the songs of Clä'tchen, and Herr Lewinsky recited the connecting poem.—Piano concerts were given during the week by Alexander Dreyschok, Wilhelm Treiber, and Fräulein Wiswe.

HANOVER.—HEINRICH MARSCHNER, the well-known composer of the "Templar and the Jewess," the "Vampyre," "Hans Heiling," and other operas, died here of apoplexy, after a long and severe illness, on the 14th of December.

Wagner's *Rienzi* has been given several times at the opera. Herr Niemann, the tenor, and Fran Cag-gianti sustained the chief parts admirably.

London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The selection on Monday night was again, in the instrumental department, exclusively dedicated to Mozart. One composition alone was drawn from the former programme, viz., the Quintet in A for clarinet and stringed instruments, the enthusiastic reception of which at the

first Mozart concert fully justified its early reputation. Mr. Lazarus was, of course, the clarinet, M. Vieuxtemps, and his associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque—forming the string quartet.

The pianist (her first appearance this season) was Miss Arabella Goddard, who met with such a welcome as is only accorded to artists standing highest in public favor. . . . Mozart with her has always been an especial favorite, the unaffected purity of his music being thoroughly congenial to her own unaffectedly expressive style of playing. A more graceful example of his genius than the sonata in B flat major (the third of four sonatas in the same key) could not possibly have been chosen. The slow movement (passing over the numberless beauties of the *allegro* and *rondo*) is an inspiration. The audience, which crowded St. James's hall in area, balconies, gallery, and orchestra, listened to the whole with rapt attention, applauded movement after movement, and at the conclusion unanimously recalled the pianist. Miss Goddard's other performance was in the celebrated sonata for pianoforte and violin, written expressly for Mlle. Strinasacchi, a famous "virtuosa" in her day, whose execution on the fiddle, when Mozart reigned "King of Harmony" at Vienna, astonished and delighted the amateurs of that gay capital, and most especially the Imperial connoisseur, Joseph II. This is the sonata which was written in such haste, that, at the public performance—the violinist being Mlle. Strinasacchi, the pianist Mozart himself—one of the players (it is easy to guess which," says M. Oulibicheff) had nothing on his desk to read from but a blank sheet of music paper. Mozart (as usual) having been unable to find time for noting down his own part, the sonata was given without rehearsal, and the great composer had to improvise, or trust to memory, for his share of the duet. . . . In the admirable quartet in E flat (No. 4 of the renowned "six" inscribed to Haydn) the accomplished Belgian violinist—who is, if possible, playing better this year than last—surpassed himself; and thus the concert both commenced and terminated with *éclat*. . . . The singers were Miss Banks and Mme. Louisa Vinning, both deserving favorites of the public, and for both of whom were set down pieces attractive in themselves and happily contrasted with each other. Haydn's canzonet "Sympathy," and Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's poem, "Auf flügeln des Gesanges" (*Anglice*, "On the Pinions of Song"), were allotted to Mme. Vinning, who in each was successful, more especially in the canzonet of Haydn, after which she was complimented with a "recall." Miss Banks, in a florid air from Handel's *Rinaldo* (the first of the 29 Italian operas composed for London), exhibited the results of her St. Martin's Hall training, under Mr. Hullah, to eminent advantage, and, later in the evening, proved herself a thorough mistress of the homelier English school, obtaining a well-merited encore in a new and very expressive ballad, entitled "Never forget," one of the most recent compositions of Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with his accustomed masterly skill.

At the 69th of the Monday Popular Concerts, postponed in consequence of the lamented death of the Prince consort, from Monday the 17th to Tuesday the 18th inst. Miss Arabella Goddard performed with triumphant success, and this for the third time, the last and greatest of Beethoven's sonatas. The programme was selected from the writing of various masters, and commenced with a quartet by Krommer, a composer doubtless new to the majority of the audience, and, judging from the specimen produced, not likely to become familiar, although this same "Moravian" (born at Kammenitz in 1759) composed no less than sixty-nine quartets for stringed instruments, besides a vast quantity of music for the church. The remainder of the instrumental selection, however, made amends for the diluted character of the "Krommer" music, as it comprised the sonata in C minor, op. 111, of Beethoven, the trio in D minor (No. 1) of Mendelssohn and Beethoven's septet, the latter repeated by general desire. . . . That Miss Goddard played the sonata throughout *con amore* will be readily understood, and never has she exceeded the grace and brilliancy infused on this occasion; the warmth and enthusiastic unanimity of the "recall" at the conclusion showing how completely her efforts had been appreciated. In the ever welcome D minor trio of Mendelssohn, Miss Goddard enjoyed the coöperation of Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Paque, and a finer performance of this masterpiece has probably never been listened to. The speed at which Miss Goddard led off the irresistible *scherzo*, maintaining it unabated to the very end, was astounding. But, as Mozart said to the Emperor Joseph II., "not a note was missing." . . . The septet, although coming last in the pro-

gramme, again gave unqualified satisfaction, as was shown by the larger part of the audience remaining for the final note, and applauding with as much vigor and freshness as if they had only just begun the evening. The vocal music was shared between Mad. Florence Lancia and Mr. Winn, the lady introducing a new and graceful song composed expressly for her by Mr. Frank Mori, which she sang to perfection, and repeating Schubert's "Junge Nonne," with even more effect than at a former concert; Mr. Winn winning new favor with Wallace's popular "Bell-ringer" and "Se vuol ballare," from Mozart's *Figaro*.—*London Musical World*.

MANCHESTER.—Two more of the Hallé concerts have been given in Free Trade Hall, both to crowded audiences. Of the first (Dec. 5), *The Manchester Guardian* writes:

"The programme presented several noticeable features. For the band, in addition to the two brilliant overtures of Spontini and Auber (*Olympia* and *Le Domino Noir*), there were Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony,' exhibiting throughout his serene and joyous temperament: the *allegretto scherzando*, from Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8) which Hector Berlioz declares must have fallen from the skies entire; and Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' arranged for full orchestra, all of which were played with admirable precision, force, and light and shade, the *scherzando* having the usual compliment paid to it, viz., a demand for a repetition, with which, as the movement is provokingly short, Mr. Hallé did not hesitate to comply. The concerto was the No. 5 by M. Vieuxtemps, a genuine composition, put together with the constructive power of a true musician, and played with the skill of a *virtuoso* to whom the word difficult is unknown. The cadence was especially remarkable for originality and brilliancy. The whole performance was indeed admirable, and richly merited the great applause bestowed upon it, A *rêverie* and *tarantella* by the same composer, were both excellent specimens of their class—the first grave and expressive, the second tricky, fanciful, humorous, and quite in character. Mozart's sonata for pianoforte and violin (in D), the same which Mr. Hallé and M. Vieuxtemps recently performed with so much success at the Monday Popular Concerts in London, is a perfect gem in its way, full of charming grace and *naïveté*, the execution being beyond all praise. It is hardly necessary to say anything of Mr. Hallé's performance of Weber's Rondo in C major (the last movement in his solo sonata, Op. 24), hit off with such brilliancy and force as to call forth the warmest demonstrations, which the great pianist acknowledged by a performance, also in his best style, of a well-known walse of Chopin's. Miss Palmer, the vocalist of the evening, acquitted herself in every way satisfactorily. The selection was good. Mercadante's air 'Il sogno' with violoncello accompaniment (admirably played by M. E. Vieuxtemps), is in the pure Italian school, expressive, broad, refined, and Mr. Davison's setting of Shelley's 'Lament,' quite true to the desolate feeling that runs through the poem. The accomplished critic of the *Times* has here shown that he can compose as well as criticize. Two canzonets by Sordizvani (?), both interesting compositions, were rendered by the same fair vocalist with taste as well as feeling."

At the next Concert (Dec. 12) the whole of Gluck's *Orfeo* was given. The following is extracted from the interesting report of *The Manchester Guardian*:

"The contralto voice was that of Mad. Sainton-Dolby, as Orpheus; the sopranos were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, as Eurydice, and Miss Armstrong as Love. In estimating the merits of each performance, it must be carefully borne in mind that this was only a recital of the music of the opera, and not an operatic performance. This remark is especially applicable to the part of Orpheus. It must be recollected that, in the case of a recital, the intense emotions that agitate the heart of Orpheus throughout have to be expressed by the voice alone; and, this considered, the task undertaken by Mad. Sainton-Dolby was no ordinary one, and she no doubt felt it to be so. But she addressed herself to it with great courage, and, we think, most successfully. Mad. Sherrington, as Eurydice, is less heavily taxed. Her singing, as it always is, was admirable; and in the great scene with Orpheus, in the third act, nothing could be finer in the way of expression. Miss Armstrong acquitted herself admirably in the beautiful music allotted to the part of Love, exactly suited as it is to her known classical predilections. Nothing was wanting in the chorus; a fact that reflects great credit upon them, considering that it was a first performance, and consisted of music demanding much intelligence to render it effectual. The band was most excellent throughout."

Special Notices.

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Mr. Richardt, who is now concertizing in the Provinces, together with Ole Bull and Formes, is eliciting the highest encomiums from the press there, for his ballads "Thou art so far," and "The golden stars." The latter is new. It is very similar in style to the other and will become quite as popular.

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A re-issue—carefully revised and corrected—of a stirring concert Fantasia, which ranks among the best works of its kind.

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What amateur Pianoplayer has not played or at least heard and admired that charming trifle, to which the composer, Brinley Richards, has prefixed the fanciful title of "Warbling at eve?" Here is a companion to it, and not lacking any of the prettiness which has made the other such a favorite. There are no real difficulties in the piece.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 512.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 17.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 381).

Rome, Dec. 20, 1830.

In my last letter I have spoken to you of the serious Roman life; but as I like in my letters to write how I live, I must tell this time of the gay life; for that has reigned this week. To-day is warmest sunshine, blue sky, clear air, and on such days I have my own way of life, am busy until eleven, and from then till twilight I do nothing, but breathe the air. Yesterday the weather was quite bright again for the first time for several days; so after working a piece of the morning upon *Solomon*, I went upon the *Monte Pincio* and walked up and down there all day long. It is an incredible impression which this air, this brightness makes; and when I got up to-day, and saw the clear sunshine again, I rejoiced at the do-nothing day that was to commence again. All the world goes hither and thither, and enjoys Spring in December. Every moment you meet acquaintances, loiter about with them, remain alone, and can dream well. The place swarms with the sweetest faces; as the sun advances, the whole landscape and all colors change; when the time comes for *Ave Maria*, we go to the church of *Trinità de' Monti*; there the French nuns sing, and it is wondrous lovely. Upon my soul, I grow quite tolerant, and listen with edification to bad music. But what is to be done? The composition is ridiculous; the organ playing still more stupid; but now it is twilight, and the little motley colored church is all full of kneeling men, who are shone upon by the setting sun whenever the door opens; the two singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, touchingly tender; and especially when one with her soft tone sings the *Responsorium*, which you are accustomed to hear so hoarse and stiff and monotonous from the priests, it gives you a strange feeling. One knows moreover, that he is not to see the singers;—so I have formed a singular resolution: I will compose something for their voices, which I have marked very closely, and will send it to them, for which several ways stand at my command. Then they will sing it, that I know; and that will be fine now, when I hear my piece sung by people whom I have never seen, and when they have to sing it before the *barbaro Tedesco*, whom they also do not know. I enjoy the thing very much; the text is Latin; a prayer to the Madonna. Does not the idea please you?*

After church we go to walk again upon the hill, until it is dark. For there Mme. Vernet and her daughter, also the pretty Mme. V., for whose acquaintance I am very grateful to Rose, play great parts among us Germans, as we stand in groups, or follow after them, or walk beside them. Pale painters, with

hideous beards, form the background; they smoke tobacco on the *Monte Pincio*, whistle to their dogs, and in their way enjoy the sunset. As I happen to be frivolous to-day, I must particularly inform you, my dear sisters, that I was lately at a great ball, and danced with such a relish as I never did before. I had said a good word to the *maitre de danse* (for here such a person must stand in the middle and order all), and so the man let the *Galop* last more than half an hour. There I was in my element, and very distinctly conscious that I was dancing in the Palazzo Albani in Rome, and, what is more, with the handsomest maidens in Rome, according to the opinion of competent judges (Thorwaldsen, Vernet and others). The way I made their acquaintance, is again a Roman story. I stood at Torlonia's, at the first ball, knowing not a single lady, and therefore not dancing, and looked at the people. Suddenly some one taps me on the shoulder: "And you too admire the beautiful English lady?" "I am altogether astonished." That was the Herr Counsellor Thorwaldsen, who stood in the doorway, and could not satiate himself with looking. But scarcely had he said that, when a whirlwind of words rang out behind us: "*Mais ou est-elle donc, cette petite Anglaise? Ma femme m'a envoyé pour la regarder, per bacco*," and it was clear enough that the thin little Frenchman, with the gray, bristly hair, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, must be Horace Vernet. He went on to talk quite earnestly and learnedly with Thorwaldsen about this beauty, and I rejoiced in my soul at such a young maiden, as the two old masters stood there and were forced to admire, while she danced on entirely unconscious. Then they got themselves presented to the parents; so I fell back and could not talk with them. A couple of days afterwards I was at the house of my acquaintances from Venice, the Attwoods, who wanted to present me, as they said, to some of their friends; these were the friends, and so your son and brother was satisfied.

My piano playing gives me here especial pleasure. You know how Thorwaldsen loves music; sometimes I play to him in the morning, while he works. He has a right good instrument standing by him, and when I look at the old gentleman, and see how he kneads his brown clay, and smooths out an arm or a dress so finely,—in short when he creates that which we must all afterwards admire as finished and enduring, I feel very glad, that I can afford him a satisfaction. But with all this I get behindhand in my work. The "*Hebrides*" is at last finished, and has become a singular thing. I have the nun piece in my head; for Christmas I think to compose the Lutheran Choral, for this time I shall have to spend it all by myself. That is to be sure more serious, as well as the anniversary of the silver wedding, when I shall light many candles, sing over the vaudeville, and look at my English conductor's baton. After New Year I

will apply myself again to instrumental music; write several things for the piano, and perhaps another, or the other Symphony; for two haunt my head.

I have got acquainted with a glorious spot: the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Sabine mountains had snow upon them,—it was heavenly sunshine,—the Alban range lay before one like an apparition in a dream. Distance there is not here in Italy; but all the houses on the mountains may be counted, with their windows and roofs. Thus have I sucked the air to satiety, and tomorrow the serious life will have to begin again for the sky is overcast, and it rains hard. But what a spring this will be!

The 21st.—The shortest day is dull, as was to be foreseen; to-day therefore I must think of fugues chorals, balls and the like. I will add however a few words about Guido's Aurora, which I visit very often, and which is a picture to run through the walls; for such a hurry, such a pressing forward till all rattles and rings again, has no man ever conceived. The painters maintain that it is lighted from two sides; for my part, they may light their pictures from three sides, if it will help them; but it lies elsewhere! Dear, Rebecca,—I can make no regular song here; who shall sing it to me? But I make a great Fugue: "*Wir glauben alle*," and sing it myself, until my captain, frightened, comes down stairs, looks in and asks, if I want anything. Then I answer: a countertheme. But what don't I want! And what have I not got! So life goes on.

FELIX.

Rome, Dec. 23, 1830.

Nothing can be more disagreeable and uncomfortable [than Rome in rainy weather. We have had now for several days continuously storm, and cold, and torrents from heaven, and I hardly comprehend how I could write a week ago a letter full of walks, orange-trees and everything beautiful; in such weather everything becomes hateful. Yet I must tell of it, else my former letter would have no counterpart, and that must never be left out. If in Germany we have no idea of winter days as clear ones, neither have we any of a wet winter day; everything is arranged for fine weather, and so we endure the bad, as a public scourge, and wait for a better time. There is no protection anywhere; in my chamber, which is otherwise one of the most comfortable, the water runs in richly through the windows, which will not come to; the stone floor is cold in spite of double carpets, and the smoke is driven from the chimney into the room, because the fire will not burn: the foreigners shiver and shrivel up with cold, like tailors. But this is golden in comparison to the streets, and I consider it a calamity, if I have to go out. Rome, you know, is built on seven great hills; but there is also a multitude of smaller ones, and all the streets run sloping; there the water streams against one violently; nowhere raised sidewalks, or trottoirs; down the steps of the Piazza di

* The piece afterwards appeared as Opus 39.

Spagna it pours, as from the great water works on the Wilhelmshöhe; the Tiber has risen and deluges the neighboring streets: that is the water from below. From above it comes in torrents of rain, but that is the least part of it. The houses have no roof gutters, but the prolonged roofs slope downwards, of different lengths however, and water the streets on both sides furiously, so that, go where you will, close to the houses, or in the middle, you are shower-bathed from a palace or a barber's shop; and before you know it, you stand under such a dripping, where the water rattles down on your umbrella, and you have a stream before you, not to be leaped over, and must retrace your way. That is the water from above. And then come the carriages driving close to the houses in the greatest speed, so that you must stand in the doorways until they get by; for they spatter men, houses, and each other; and if two meet, in a narrow street, so that one has to go into the gutter, swollen to a stream, the inconvenience is great. Lately I saw an Abbé in his haste pull a peasant's broad hat from his head with his umbrella, and the hat fell bottom upward under such a cataract; the peasant turned round the wrong way to seek it, and when he found it, it was already filled with water. Scusi, said the Abbé, — *Padrone*, answered the peasant. Moreover the *fiacres* only run till five, and so if one is in company it costs a *scudo*; *fiat justitia et pereat mundus*. Rome in rainy weather is incredibly cheerless.

By a letter from Devrient I see, that my letter to him, which I carried to the post office myself in Venice on the 17th of October, had not yet arrived on the 19th of November. Just so another letter, which I sent on the same day to Munich, had gone astray; both letters contained notes, and therein lies the reason. For in Venice at that time they took all my manuscripts away from me at the custom house, when they examined my things in the night just before the departure of the post, and I have only just now, after much annoyance, and writing back and forth, got them all back again. I have been assured here generally, the reason was, because they suspected a secret cypher correspondence in the notes. I could not believe such a miserable stupidity; but since precisely these two letters from Venice with music have not reached their destination, and only these, it is clear enough. I shall enter a complaint about it here at the Austrian embassy; but it will not help me, and the letters, for which I am very sorry, are lost. And so farewell.

FELIX.

Rome, Jan. 17, 1831.

We have had for a week past the mildest and most glorious spring weather; the young girls carry bouquets of violets and anemones, which they have picked themselves in the morning in the villa Pamfili; the streets and the square swarm with promenaders in motley dresses; the *Ave Maria* comes already 20 minutes later,—but what has become of the winter? This has reminded me again in these last days of work, to which I mean now to apply myself earnestly, since actually the merry social life of the past weeks has somewhat torn me away. For although I am already nearly done with the arrangement of "Solomon," and with my Christmas-song, which consists of five numbers, I have still before me the two Symphonies, which shape themselves to

me more and more livingly, and which I should be too glad to finish here. I hope too, in the Fast time, when the parties cease (I mean the balls particularly), and when the spring begins, to have time and inclination enough, and then there will be again a considerable stock of new things on hand.

A public performance is not to be thought of here. The orchestras are worse than one could believe; there is a want of real musicians, and of the true feeling. The handful of fiddlers go at it each in his own way; each comes in differently; the wind instruments are tuned too high, or too low; their middle parts make ornaments, such as we hear in the streets, and hardly as good; the whole forms a regular cat music,—and such compositions as they know! The question is then, whether one will and can reform that altogether, bring other people into the orchestra, teach the musicians how to keep time, form them beforehand; and then there is no doubt that the people would themselves find satisfaction in it. But so long as that is not done, it grows no better, and they are all so difficult, that there is no prospect of improvement. I have heard a flute solo, where the flute stood more than a quarter of a tone too high; it gave me the toothache; but nobody remarked it, and when a trill came at the end, they applauded mechanically. And if it were only better as it regards singing! The great singers have left the land; Lablache, David, the Lalande, Pisanoni, &c., sing in Paris, and now the little ones copy their high moments, and make an intolerable caricature of it. We may will to carry through something that is false, or impossible—it still remains *another thing*, and as a *cicisbeo* will be to me to all eternity something low and vulgar, so will also the Italian music. I may be too dull to understand either of them; but that is not my affair, and when lately in the *Filarmonica*, after all the Pacini and Bellini, the chevalier Ricci asked me to accompany him in *Non piu andrai*, and when the first notes began, and were so essentially different and removed so heaven-wide from all the rest, then the thing was clear to me, and they never will be reconciled so long as there is such blue sky, such lovely winter here as this. Just so the Swiss can paint no beautiful landscapes for the very reason that they have them all day long before their eyes. "*Les Allemands traitent la musique comme une affaire d'état*," says Spontini, and I accept the omen. The other day several musicians here were talking about their composers, and I listened in silence. One of them cited Sig. * * *, but the others took it up and said, that he was not to be reckoned as an Italian, since the German school still clove to him, and he never had been fairly able to shake it off; consequently he never had been at home in Italy. We Germans now say the reverse of him, and it must be disagreeable to find oneself *so entre deux* without a country. As for me, I stand by my flag; that is honorable enough.

The evening before last a theatre, undertaken and managed by Torlonia, was opened with a new opera by Pacini. The crowd was great; in every box the handsomest and best dressed people; the young Torlonia appeared in the proscenium box, and was, with his old duchess mother, much applauded. They cried: *Bravo Torlonia, grazie, grazie!* Opposite him Jerome

with his court-state, and many orders; in the adjoining box a countess Samoilow, &c. Over the orchestra is a figure of Time, pointing with his finger at a dial, which moves slowly forward, and might make one melancholy. And now Pacini appeared at the piano and was received. He had not made an overture; the opera began with a chorus, to which a tuned anvil was struck in time. The Corsair appeared, sang his aria, and was applauded, whereat the corsair above, and the maestro below, howed. (The sea-robber sings contralto and is named Madame Mariani). Then followed many pieces, and the thing grew tedious. The public also found it so, and when Pacini's great finale began, the parterre stood up, began to talk aloud together, and to laugh, and turned their backs round to the stage. Mme. Samoilow fainted in her box, and had to be carried out. Pacini vanished from the piano and the curtain fell at the end of the act amid much tumult.

Now came the grand ballet "*barba bleu*," and then the last act of the opera. Once in the humor of it, they whistled the whole ballet through, and accompanied the second act of the opera also with hisses and laughter. At the conclusion Torlonia was called, but did not come. That is the plain prose of a first representation and theatre opening in Rome. I had imagined it who knows how lively, and I came off out of tune. If the music had made a *furore*, it would have vexed me, for it is below all criticism wretched. But that they should all at once turn their backs upon their darling Pacini, whom they wanted to crown upon the Capitol, that they should ape his melodies and sing then in caricature,—that vexes me again, and it proves to me how low such a musician stands in the general opinion. Another time they will bear him home upon their shoulders,—that is no compensation. They would not do so in France with Boieldieu,—to say nothing of their artistic feeling, merely from the sense of decency. But enough of this; it is disagreeable. Why should Italy to-day be also by force a land of Art, while it is the land of Nature, and thereby gladdens all!

I have described to you the promenades upon the *Monte Pincio*. They still continue daily. Lately I was with Bollards on the *Ponte Nomentano*. That is a lonesome, fallen bridge in the wide-lined, green Campagna. Many ruins from the Roman times, many watch-towers of the middle ages stand around there on the long rows of meadow. On the horizon all the mountains lift themselves, now covered partially with shining snow, fantastically changed in form and color by the shadows of the celestial airy apparition of the Alban hills, which transforms itself like a chameleon while you look at it,—where for miles wide you see the little white chapels gleaming on the dark mountain background, clear to the cloister of the Passionists upon the summit; and where one can follow with his eye, how there the road winds through the bushes, there the mountain falls off to the Alban lake, there a hermit's dwelling peeps out from the trees,—it is as far as Potsdam from Berlin, say I as a good Berliner; but it is like a very lovely dream picture, say I seriously. There lurks the music; there it sounds and rings on all sides, not in the empty, senseless playhouses. And so we went back and forth, and chased one another over the Campagna, and clambered over the hedges; and after

sunset we drove home; then one feels as much fatigued, as much contented with himself and well, as if he had done a great deal. And so he has, if he has truly *felt* it! I have taken strongly to drawing again, and am beginning even to paint with water colors, because I should like to be able to recall a few plays of color; and one sees better too, the more that he has practised.

I must tell you, dear mother, a great, very great pleasure, which I lately had, because, you will enjoy it with me. I was day before yesterday for the first time in a little party at Horace Vernet's, and had to play there. Now he had told me beforehand how *Don Juan* was his only, real favorite music, especially the *duello* and the *Commendatore* at the end; and as that really pleased me in him. I set out to prelude to the *concert-stück* of Weber, and fell imperceptibly more deeply into improvising,—thought I should give him a pleasure, if I should come upon these themes, and work them wildly through a while. It delighted him to a degree that I have seldom seen any one delighted by my music, and we were at once well acquainted with each other. Afterwards he came suddenly and whispered into my ear, that we must make an exchange,—that he too could improvise. And when I naturally was very curious, he intimated that that was a mystery. But he is like a little child, and could not contain himself a quarter of an hour. Then he came again, and took me into the other chamber, and asked, if I had time to lose: he had a canvas all stretched and prepared, and wanted to paint my portrait on it, which I should keep as a remembrance of to-day, and roll it up and send to you, or take it with me, as I chose. To be sure, he had got to collect himself for his improvisation, but he would make it at once. I eagerly said yes, and I cannot describe to you what a satisfaction it gave me, that he had really had so much interest and pleasure in my playing. It was decidedly a satisfactory evening. When I came up the hill, all was so tranquil, still, and in the great dark villa* only one window clearly lighted; and then music sounded down to me in single chords, and the sound was really too sweet there in the dark night, by the fountain. In the ante-chamber too young Academicians were practising; a third acted as lieutenant and commanded ably. In the other room my friend Montfort, who had won the musical prize in the Conservatorium, sat at the piano, and the others stood around and sang a chorus. But it went very bad. They asked one person, and when he said, he could not sing, the other said: "*Qu'est ce que ça fait, c'est toujours une voix de plus.*" I helped too according to my powers, and so we amused ourselves quite well. Later there was dancing, and then you should have seen for once how Louise Vernet danced the Saltarella with her father. When she had to stop a moment, and instantly took the great tambourine, and beat away upon it, and set us who could no longer touch hands, free, I should have liked to be a painter,—that would have been a splendid picture! Her mother is the friendliest lady in the world; and the grandfather, Charles Vernet, (who paints the fine horses) danced that evening a contra-dance with so much agility, cut so many capers, and varied his steps so well, that it was only a pity he was 72 years old. He rides two

* Vernet lived in the villa Medici.

horses tired every day, then paints and draws a little, and in the evening he must be in company!

Next time I must tell you of my acquaintance with Robert, who has just finished a splendid painting, "The Harvest," and I must describe the call I lately made with Bunsen on Cornelius, Koch, Overbeck, &c., in their ateliers. Both hands are full of what to do, and what to see; unfortunately time will not be elastic, however much I try to stretch it. And I have not yet said anything of Raphael's child portrait, and of Titian's bathing ladies, which here pass piquantly enough for "Heavenly and earthly Love," because one is already dressed and in full gala, and the other undressed; * and of my heavenly *Madonna di Foligno*; and of Mr. Francesco Francia, who was the most innocent and pious painter in the world; and of poor Guido Reni, whom the present beard-painters overlook so, and who has painted a certain *Aurora*; and nothing of so many other splendid things. But what need of its being always described! Well for me, that I can find inspiration in it. When I see you again, I shall perhaps be able to impart it to you too.

Your

FELIX.

* The picture in the Borghese gallery.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLER.

(Continued from page 332.)

Schubert also tried his hand occasionally as poet, and composed the words to several of his songs. His verses, while they betray want of practice, give evidence of the poetic gift and of that peculiar tone of feeling which his associates have frequently remarked in him. * * *

The year 1826 had arrived, and Schubert had scarcely three years more to live. His activity seemed to grow more intense, as if he had a presentiment of his approaching end. He went on restlessly creating, making incursions into all forms of musical art, now busied with the composition of songs, and then again with choruses, masses, chamber-music, symphonies, &c.

Besides a series of distinguished songs, which date from this last period of his life, he composed also at this time his most valuable instrumental pieces, such as the great Symphony in C, his most important orchestral work, which was finished in March 1828, a few months before his death.

In June 1826 we find him again in Zeléz, where he composed the Sonata in C. Besides this he wrote in this and the following year: A German Mass for male chorus with organ accompaniment; the Battle Song of Klopstock for eight men's voices, and the splendid chorus "*Nachtheile*," also for men's voices with piano accompaniment. Of songs may be mentioned: "To Sylvia," "Fishermen's melodies," "Song of Hippolytus," "Grave-digger's melody," "Serenade" (by Schikh), "The Wanderer to the Moon," "In the Open Air," "*Zügelglocken*," "At Midnight," "The romance of Richard the lion-hearted," "*Über Wildemann*," "*Lebensmuth*," "In the Spring," "At the window," "*Sohnsucht*" (by Seidl), and the first part of the "*Winterreise*" (winter journey).

To the year 1827 belong, besides many other, the following compositions:

An Allegretto for piano-forte, in remembrance of Herr Walcher (April 26), and the *Impromptus* for piano, Nos. 3 to 8. Of songs: "Sailor's parting song;" "The Crusade;" "The foot-soldier of Wal-

enstein;" "*Fischers Liebesglück*;" "The father with the child;" the three Italian songs dedicated to Lablache, the singer; "Anna Lyle" from Walter Scott's "Montrose;" "The Stars;" "The song in the green;" "Hunter's Love Song;" the "Serenade" (by Grillparzer), for Alto solo, with vocal accompaniment, of which we shall speak hereafter; and finally the second part of the "*Winterreise*," which he completed before the song "The Crow" in October 1827. The composition of this last named cycle of 24 songs, of altogether melancholy character, seems to have made a deeper impression upon Schubert than one could wish. Persons, who stood near to him at that time, relate that he, having been for some time given over to a gloomy mood, said one day to his friends: "You will soon learn the reason of my melancholy nature; I will sing you at Schober's songs to make you shudder; they have affected me too very deeply." Soon afterwards the friends heard those songs, in which Schubert found great pleasure, but which, although thoroughly Schubertish, sounded so strangely to the listeners, that they seemed at first more puzzled than delighted by them. But their great value came to light, when Vogl had made himself fully master of them; the "*Winterreise*" found in him as unsurpassable a singer, as the "*Müllerbieler*" had in Schönstein. Whether, as many have maintained, the composition of the "*Winterreise*" had a serious influence upon Schubert's health, may remain undecided; it is probable and natural, that he was predisposed to the composition of that work, inasmuch as outward and inward circumstances, including the failure of so many hopes, had already operated to put him out of tune, and he felt the impulse in himself to give musical expression in the most touching manner to the dark view of the world, which had suddenly taken possession of him.

In the year 1826 he had applied for the place of vice-chapellmaster to the Court, which would have given him a sure subsistence and an appropriate sphere of labor, without claiming too much of his powers. But the Court theatre director Weigl got it. When Schubert heard of it, he said: "I should have been glad of the place; but since it has been given to so worthy a man as Weigl, I must be contented."

In the same year he received from the committee of the Society of Friends of Music in Vienna the following letter of thanks, with an enclosure of 100 florins:

"You have given to the Society of Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire repeated proofs of your sympathy, and you have exerted your distinguished talent as a composer for the benefit of the same, and especially for that of the Conservatorium.

"While the Society knows how to appreciate your decided and distinguished worth as a composer, it wishes to give you a suitable proof of its gratitude and respect, and begs you to accept the enclosed not as an *Anerkennung*, but as a proof that the Society feels under obligations to you, and gratefully acknowledges the interest you have shown in it.

"From the committee of direction of the &c., &c.

Vienna, Oct. 12, 1826.

KIESEWETTER, m. p."

We come now to the year 1828, the thirty-second year of Schubert's life, and also the year of his death. He had never yet given a concert for himself. At suggestions from many quarters, and because the publishers, owing to the voluminous increase of his songs within a short time, were rather backward with their orders, he consented finally to arrange a private concert in the hall of the Austrian Musical Union. It took place on the 26th of March, 1828, and only compositions by Schubert were performed. The programme was as follows; 1.) 1st movement of a new Quartet, played by Herren Böhm, Holz, Weiss and Linke; 2. a) "The Crusade," by Leitner; b) "The Stars," by the same; c) "The Wanderer to the Moon," by Seidl; d) Fragment from *Æschylus*; all songs with piano accompaniment, sung by Herr Vogl, imperial royal pensioned court-opera singer; 3. Serenade, by Grillparzer, soprano solo and chorus,

sung by Mlle. Josephine Fröhlich and the female pupils of the Conservatorium; 4. New Trio for piano, violin and violoncello; 5. "On the stream," Rellstab, song with horn and piano accompaniment; 6. "Die Allmacht," by Ladislans Pyrker, sung by Vogl; 7. Battle Song, by Klopstock, double chorus for men's voices. The hall was full to overflowing, and the success so brilliant, that a repetition was intended. But it was otherwise decreed in higher counsels. This concert was destined to be both his first and his last, and the two following Schubert concerts had only for their end, to cover the expenses for his tombstone.

Even in this year his productivity was astonishing. As already mentioned, he completed in March, 1823, his greatest orchestral work, the Symphony in C, and labored incessantly upon a grand Mass in E♭, one of his best church compositions. He composed moreover a Quintet (op. 163) for two violins, viola and two cellos: three grand piano-forte Sonatas, which he wished to dedicate to Hummel, but which were afterwards inscribed by the publishers to Robert Schumann, the enthusiastic admirer of Schubert's muse; also the grand Duo in A minor (op. 140), dedicated by the publishers to Clara Wieck; a piano Sonata for four hands; a four-hand Fugue; a *Tantum ergo*, and a church aria for tenor solo with chorus; the Hymn to the Holy Spirit for 8 men's voices with brass accompaniment *ad libitum*; and for songs: "At the Stream," by Rellstab, with 'cello accompaniment; "The Shepherd on the rocks," with piano and *obbligato* clarinet or 'cello accompaniment; finally "Miriam's Song of Victory," by Grillparzer, for solo and chorus, one of his grandest compositions; "Lebensstürme," for piano, 4 hands, (composed in May); and the 14 songs, issued by the publishers under the name of "Swan-Song," including his last song: "Die Taubenpost" (the carrier pigeon), composed in October 1828, a few weeks before his death.

(To be continued.)

Weber and the Harmonichord.

We learn from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* that Peters & Co., the well-known publishers at Leipzig and Berlin, have just given out a work highly interesting both on account of its author and of the instrument for which it was written. Its title is subjoined:

"*Adagio and Rondo for the Harmonichord* (or Harmonium), with *Orchestral Accompaniment, etc.*, by C. M. VON WEBER. A Posthumous Work."

"Weber composed this most charming concertino at Munich, on the 31st May, 1811"—as we are informed by a notice prefixed to the score—"for Friedrich Kauffmann," whom he met, probably, on one of his professional tours, at the before-named city. The work consists of an *adagio molto* in F, two-four (nine pages), and an *allegretto* also in F, six eight, "two very attractive movements, with graceful melodies, and some genuine Weber-effects." The orchestra comprises the string quartet, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, trumpets and kettle-drums.

But what—it may be asked—is the Harmonichord? An instrument with a keyboard, resembling in form an upright grand piano. The strings, however, are made to sound, not by means of hammers, but by the action of a cylinder, covered with leather and worked up with colophony. It was invented by the celebrated mechanician and professor of acoustics, Friedrich Kauffmann,* born at Dresden in 1785, and first submitted by him to the public, together with other acoustic and mechanical contrivances, in the years 1811 and 1812. It was for him that the concertino just exhumed was written. In writing this work, he kept in view the peculiar character of the instrument, and succeeded in making its tones agree and contrast with the instruments of the orchestra (except the clarinets, which are similar). Our present harmonium, which has been greatly improved in construction, and which sprang from the physarmonica, or aeoline, as it is also termed, differs, it is true, from the original harmonichord, although as well adapted as the former, by its sound

* Whose father, Johann Gottfried Kauffmann (born, in 1762, at a village near Chemnitz, died, in 1818, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine), was the founder of this family, so distinguished for mechanical talent.

and power of sustaining the notes, for the performance of the concertino.

After the death of his father, in 1818, Friedrich Kauffmann received an offer from the Grand Duke of Darmstadt of the post of harmonichord player in the latter's orchestra. He declined the honor, nevertheless, because the King of Saxony had promised him a yearly salary for life, on condition of his returning to Dresden. Happy in his domestic relations, he lived in that pleasant capital nearly twenty years, improving himself in his art. In 1839 he completed a new grand self-acting instrument, which he designated a symphonion, and which combined a pianoforte, clarinets, a piccolo, "Schallstäbe," and kettle-drum. Speaking of this, Professor Schafflützel, of Munich, said:

"The effect is really enchanting—as varied as it is brilliant. Even the touch of the piano is so fresh and full that, involuntarily, we look for the performer and the hands, which, at one moment, energetically sweep the strings, while, at the next, accompanying tenderly and softly, they conjure up the bright and mellow sounds of clarinet or flute."

Accompanied by his son, Friedrich Theodor Kauffmann, born at Dresden in 1823, and whose particular talent found in this branch of art an advantageous field for display, Friedrich Kauffmann, taking with him a Symphonion, a Chordaulodion, a Harmonichord, and an Automaton Trumpeter, set out upon a lengthened professional tour through Germany, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. In St. Petersburg, more especially, the two artists met with a warm reception. Unfortunately, on the return sea voyage from Copenhagen, in 1843, their instruments, the fruit of the exertions and labor of years, were lost. After their return to Dresden, Kauffmann and his son set about building new instruments in the place of those which had been lost. While doing so they not only applied all their former inventions, but introduced new contrivances and ameliorations, and turned out a materially-improved Harmonichord, Chordaulodion, Symphonion, and Belloneon, while even the place of the Automaton Trumpeter was filled up. When all this work was finished, the younger artist set about constructing a complete self-playing, orchestra-like instrument, of his own conception. After five years' unwearying exertions, he finished it in 1851. It comprised in itself clarinets, flutes, flageolets, horns, cornets, trumpets, tuba, kettle-drums, drums, triangles and cymbals. It was called an Orchestrion, and among other entertaining monstrosities was exhibited in London and elsewhere during the year of the Great Exhibition (1851). On their return, father and son established a permanent depot for their inventions, under the title of "The Acoustic Cabinet," with which they have combined a manufactory of musical instruments.

ROSSINI'S "TITANS."—"Bearing in mind," writes a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, "that you desired me to write to you about Signor Rossini's 'Chant des Titans,' I seize the five minutes that remain between the conclusion of the performance and the departure of the post, to tell you my impression—shared, I believe, by the party of artists with whom I was—which is one of disappointment. The effect was not great. The four basses were quite insufficient to give the only effect of which the piece is susceptible—that of imposing sonority. *Motif suivi* there is none. It is a large rugged strain of rather uncouth defiance, and in the Crystal Palace, with fifty or a hundred bass voices, and a proportionate orchestra, would, no doubt, be imposing; but in the *Salle du Conservatoire*, sung by four voices, it was like a colossal statue in a greenhouse. Of course, the hand of the master is perceptible, and there are reminiscences of the second finale of 'Guillaume Tell' and of the 'Inflammatus' of the 'Stabat Mater'; but it can add nothing to the reputation of the author, and I believe few will in their hearts think it quite worthy of him. I am sorry he has broken his long silence by such a composition. It is as though a great orator, for whom all ears were open, rose up and said, 'Good night, ladies and gentlemen.' Of course the piece was well received and *encored*—but believe me, it was not effective."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Chimes.

A full chime of bells is almost a new thing in this country. Our ideas of the pleasure which it may afford are gathered from foreign lands and from books; but, in our reading community, there are few who have not associations and impressions which are as a sort of halo around "the chimes." They

unquestionably have some connection with "aspire;" and this is perhaps the reason why they are so universally associated in men's minds with holy uses. Prose has vied with poetry to invest their tones with sentiments of reverence.

The striking by machinery of the quarter hours on two or three bells is, to our notion of "chimes," as the side of a white painted house is to a picture. Memory, association and imagination combine to give effect to "those evening bells" which, coming from one or many spires in a calm summer evening, seem to waft down to earth peace to and among all men. The cares and pressures of the day are for the while forgotten, and the listener finds himself in a state of quiet receptivity, which is easily exchanged for one of reflection and aspiration. The broad sunlight does not seem to be in harmony with the music of chimes. They are out of place in the thronged marts where haste and care have impressed themselves upon every one. Their charm will work only in willing ears. Their music would be as effectual at the head of a column of troops as would be a mother's lullaby, and yet it might start a tear in the eye of a soldier, in which one had not before glinted since he parted from his mother. Chimes will not work "in season and out of season." Some occasion must give them efficacy. Let the simple notes of "Watchman, tell us of the night" reach the ear from the distant spire on Christmas eve, and there is an almost irresistible impulse to stop and raise your hat if you are in the street, or to think a prayer if you are at your fireside.

These remarks have been induced by the (mis?) management of the excellent new chime in the Arlington Street Church. When the birthday of our nationality comes, "Hail Columbia" may well rise, when the sun rises, from every spire and every hamlet in the land; but "Yankee Doodle" would not be as well! A joyous peal may announce the wedding taking place in the church below, and solemn tones may increase the impressiveness of a funeral ceremony, but chimes must be "in season." Never let "Rosa Lee" be heard from the spire of a church! Appropriateness is a requisite in all music, but in that of the chimes it is an absolute essential. Imagine the effect on a still Sunday evening of Beethoven's "Now night in silent grandeur reigns," or Haydn's "Softly the shades of evening fall,"* coming trembling into your chamber. Would not a holy quiet drive earthly cares away? Calm and solemn should be the music of the chimes, stealing into men's hearts and persuading them, not driving them as a trumpet might. Let every occasion be availed of, but let none be created. Let children be reminded, as they go to sleep on Saturday night, that the next day will be the Sabbath, by some simple air, which, when heard in after years, will recall hours of innocence and peace. Don't let the chimes usurp the place of the "church-going bell," but let them on Sunday set our souls at peace. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*." Let chimes act well their part, and not attempt to take the place of organ, trumpet or hurdy-gurdy.

* The writer seems to allude to certain psalm-tunes in some of our old collections, which are mere adaptations, made (if we mistake not) by Gardiner, of England, from passages in some of the string Quartets, or other instrumental works, of the masters referred to. At all events, it is very certain that neither Haydn nor Beethoven ever wrote a psalm-tune.—ED.

MODERN MUSIC.—The London *Athenæum* thus notices a new work by one of the most earnest and enthusiastic laborers in the cause of popular musical education in England:

The History of Modern Music. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Hullah. (Parker, Son & Bourn.) These Lectures are far above average merit, having been combined by one who possesses general cultivation as well as sufficient musical science. Thus they escape from that aridity and tameness which too often

impair the interest of discourses on like subjects. The field is a wide one, too wide, perhaps, to admit of more than outline work; hence, especially, in proportion as modern times are approached, omissions are to be noted, such, for instance, as the forgetfulness of the merits of Weber, whose "Der Freischütz" marked a period in the history of German opera, with as deep a point as ever was made by any new work in the world of music. There is some want of precision, too, in Mr. Hullah's appreciation of Handel, Bach, Gluck and Beethoven; arising, it appears, from incomplete acquaintance with their works, especially of the second and third named writers. The old Cantor of Leipzig is less soulless and adust than he is here represented. The great poet of "Armida," "Alceste" and "Orphée" had more science than he is here credited with, witness his admirable writing for the voice and the many points in his instrumentation, which Mozart had obviously studied closely. But it is easier to admire without limit, as Mr. Hullah admires Mozart, than to touch with an acute and discriminating finger on the special higher excellencies of an artist less universally perfect. More, too, should have been made of Beethoven, whose Mass in C is, we think, undervalued; and with many of whose latest works the lecturer professes himself unfamiliar. But, laying together omissions and commissions, we find no reason to qualify the good opinion expressed of this work, as one containing much information, neatly arranged, and if not marked by any original thoughts or passages of rivetting eloquence, meritoriously clear of commonplace.

Dr. Heinrich Marschner.

(From the Athenæum, Dec. 28.)

Dr. Marschner's death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of worthy second-rate German artists. He was born at Zittau, in 1790, during the great period of music; and early showed remarkable dispositions. Family circumstances did not admit of his receiving a very general or complete education; but he soon distinguished himself as a pianoforte-player, and as the owner of a lovely boy's *soprano* voice;—he began to write in every form of composition ere he had mastered the rules of writing. About 1816, he had gathered skill enough to produce a small opera, "Der Kiffhäuser Berg," which opened the theatres to him: and from that time forth, was heard of in Germany as one pouring out musical dramas without stint, the fame of some among which (such as "Der Vampyr" and "Der Templer") led to his installation at Hanover as Chapel-master in the year 1830. A third opera, "Hans Heiling," produced a year or two later, bade fair to continue its writer's successes, but from that time forward Marschner's name may be said to have begun to perish; nor—left at a considerable interval behind Spohr's—is there anything in the voluminous mass of his music which will keep it alive. There is no "style" in his operas or his pianoforte music. "Der Vampyr" was a second-hand emulation of Weber's fantastic manner, but Weber's melody (so justly called "flattering" by Mendelssohn) was wanting to it.—Though Marschner is said to have tried hard to mould his fancies so as to make them vocal,—and, in particular, to have studied Signor Rossini's music with this view,—there hardly exists any opera music more crabbéd than his, the impurity in his part-writing for voices making remembrance so difficult as to be next to impossible. The first *finale* to his "Falkner's Braut" is a miracle of difficulty hardly to be mastered save by machines. Life went on with him something drowsily as regarded his acceptance in German favor—and of late days he made attempts in London and Paris to ascertain if no chance was to be found in those livelier capitals for some recognition of his efforts. It may be feared that these ended merely in disappointment, and that the busy life of a diligent worker did not produce to him that result of satisfaction which ought (did one not know the lot to be unequal) to attend all honest labor.

(From Moore's Encyclopedia.)

Marschner, Heinrich, a dramatic composer, was born at Zittau, on the 16th of August, 1795. In his earliest youth he displayed remarkable musical talents, so that he soon exhausted the learning of the teachers to whom he was committed. He subsequently entered the choir of the children of the Gymnasium, then under the direction of the celebrated Schneider, where he attracted the attention of the organist of Bautzen, who offered him a situation in the choir of his church; but Bergt (the *cantor* at Bautzen,) teaching him only Greek and Latin, instead of harmony, Marschner abruptly returned to Zittau, and devoted himself to developing, without assistance, the taste for musical composition which had tormen-

ted him from early childhood; here, in his leisure hours, he wrote every thing that came into his head—songs, motets, piano music; he attacked every thing, instructing himself only by his own mistakes. At this time he wrote a ballet, "La Fièvre Paysanne." He afterwards found the opportunity of going to Prague, where Weber directed the opera at that time, (1812). His condition as a Saxon subject compelled him, at the expiration of the armistice, to leave Prague, and he departed to Leipsic, placing himself under Schicht, to whose instructions he was much indebted. He also here became acquainted with Beethoven, Kozeluch, and Klein of Presburg. In 1812 he returned to Saxony, and chose Dresden as his residence, and here composed many of his operas, which gained him a high reputation; and here he became, in company with Weber and Morlacchi, director of the Dresden opera.

In 1826 he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a well-known singer, and in the same year, on the death of Weber, being unable to succeed him as first director of the opera at Dresden, he sent in his resignation and removed to Berlin, where Madame Marschner had most brilliant success on the stage. In 1827 they removed to Leipsic, where, in the next year, "Le Vampyr," the most celebrated of his works, was produced; and in 1829 he produced "Le Templier et la Juive;" in 1830, "La Fiancée du Fauconnier." In this year Marschner was called to Hanover as *maître de chapelle* to the king; and here he wrote, "Le Château au Pied du Mont Etas," and subsequently, in 1832, "Hans Heiling."

Fétis says of this composer, that "he cannot be denied the merit of being one of the successors of Weber who have shown the highest dramatic sentiment in his works. He succeeded not alone in serious drama, and is one of the very small number of German composers who, in attempting the comic, do not fall into the trivial. His melodies are expressive, but his manner of writing is negligent, and he often abuses the use of transitions. Still the author of the 'Vampyr,' the 'Templier,' and of 'Hans Heiling,' will leave no common name in the history of art."

His published works are, 1st. "Der Holsdich," 2d. The overture and entr'actes to the drama "Le Prince de Hombourg," 3d. Overture and airs to the drama, "La belle Ella," 4th. "Le Vampyr," 5th. "Le Templier et la Juive," 6th. "Das Braut der Falkner," 7th. "Hans Heiling," 8th. "Ten Collections of Songs for four male voices," 9th. "Twenty Collections of Songs, Romances, and German and Italian Airs for a high voice with piano accompaniment," 10th. "Quatuor for piano, violin, viola, and bass," Op. 36, Leipsic. 11th. "Trios for P. V. and Cello, besides a great number of Sonatas, Rondeaux, Fantasies," &c., &c.

Dr. Arne's Music to "Comus."

Mr. Hogarth, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (published in 1838), has the following with reference to *Comus* and its composer:—

"In 1738, Arne established his reputation as a dramatic composer by his music to Milton's *Comus*. This piece, as then revived, was considerably altered, and rendered more fit for representation, by Mr. John Dalton, a gentleman of some literary reputation, who died in 1763, prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. He extended a good deal the musical portion of the piece, not only by the insertion of songs selected from Milton's other works, but by the addition of several of his own, which were very happily suited to the manner of the original author. The parts of *Comus* and of the second attendant spirit were performed by Beard; Euphrosyne by Mrs. Clive; and the *Lady* and pastoral Nymph by Mrs. Arne (wife of the composer).

"The piece had a great run, and has since been revived at different periods with success. Further alterations were made in it by Colman, in 1772. The dialogue was greatly mutilated, because it was found that moral lessons, and descriptive passages, however beautiful and poetical in themselves, are cold and tedious on the stage. During the run of *Comus*, after its revival in 1738, Mr. Dalton sought out Milton's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Foster, who was then living in extreme old age and poverty. By his benevolent exertions, her illustrious ancestor's drama was performed for her benefit at Drury Lane, on the 5th April, 1750, by which she obtained above one hundred and thirty pounds. Garrick spoke a prologue written for the occasion by Johnson.

"In *Comus*, Arne introduced a style of melody which may be said to be peculiarly his own: being neither that of the older English masters, nor of the Italian composers of the day. It is graceful, flowing, and elegant; depending for its effect neither on the resources of harmony and uncommon modulation,

nor on the feats of vocal execution. It is, at the same time, very expressive, and finely adapted, not only to the spirit, but to the accentuation and prosody of the poetry. The music, too, is highly dramatic. The careless jollity of *Comus*, the elegant voluptuousness of Euphrosyne, and the graceful simplicity and tenderness of the pastoral Nymph, are finely expressed in the airs of these different personages; as, for example, in "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," "By dimpled brook," and "How gentle was my Damon's air." And from the descriptions which we have of Beard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Arne, they must have been admirable representatives of the characters.

But *Comus*, though a beautiful dramatic poem, is more suited to the closet than the stage; and the charming music of the piece, though it can no longer be heard in the theatre, ought still to give delight in the chamber or the concert-room."

Bach and Handel.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL—the two most illustrious musicians of the age, and who, in their own particular walks, have never been equalled, much less excelled—though contemporaries, were personally strangers. These great men were simultaneously producing masterpieces destined for ever after to exercise a most important influence upon the art: and yet so independent were they of each other, that it may be safely said, had Bach not existed, Handel would have been precisely what he was; and had Handel not lived, Bach would have been nothing less than his incomparable self. We believe that in the history of art no parallel instance can be named, of two great and original geniuses working wholly apart, and reaching the pinnacle of fame, without any reciprocal advantages, and without anything in common but their unsurpassable excellence. Raphael and Michael Angelo were not merely contemporaries, but friends; Haydn and Mozart were mutually debtors, in so far as their art was concerned; but Bach and Handel were like self-luminous suns, each lighting up a sphere of its own, while all but invisible to its rival. What they have done for music it would be superfluous to insist on now. They found a chaos, out of which they created a symmetrical and beautiful world. Bach was the fountain head of harmony. Handel of melody. To attempt any comparison between them, however, would be irreverent. Each had a mission of the highest import, and each fulfilled it to admiration. It matters little that some regard Handel as the most fertile inventor, Bach as the profoundest thinker; Handel as the poet, Bach as the mathematician and philosopher; enough that both were essential to the future destiny of music, and that both put to the noblest uses the gifts they had received from above. That Bach will always remain the chief idol of musicians, while Handel will continue to produce the most vivid impression on the many, is perhaps as true as the earth will forever revolve round the sun, and the moon round the earth. Impartial judges, however, will draw no distinction between them on that account, but admit their equal claims to the world's esteem, and, at the very most, premise that the office of one was more particularly to teach, that of the other to enchant; each being at the same time, both teacher and enchanter.

Bach and Handel never met. And yet they were born within what may fairly be described as "a stone's throw" of each other, and what is more, in the very same year, and all but in the same month. Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel at Halle,* in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685.—Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths; Bach quitting this world (at Leipsic) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged sixty-five; Handel on the 13th of April, 1759 (in London, at the house which is now 57, (Brook-street), aged seventy-four.† So that Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote even more music than Handel—which is the rather to be wondered at, inasmuch as Handel was one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of. Both died blind, a result no doubt induced in a very great measure by their almost superhuman labors, mental and physical.

Thus the two "Saxon giants" were inspired contemporaneously, at different portions of the Temple of Art. Between them they raised the structure in which so many true high priests have since worshipped, and some with a no less holy zeal than the founders.

What a fund of interesting speculation attaches to the fact, that the *Passion of St. Matthew* and the mass in B minor, the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and the *Art of Fugue*, should have existed, and Handel not knew them; and that, on the other hand, *The Messiah*,

Israel in Egypt, Acis and Galatea, and the Suite de Pièces, should have been bequeathed to the world, and Bach remain comparatively, if not wholly ignorant of them. That the two great musicians continued strangers to the last, however, was the fault of Handel entirely, and is one of the very rare charges that might (with deference) be preferred against the immortal composer of *The Messiah*, as in some degree too much a man of the world. Handel, from his early youth, until he settled in England (in 1714), and even afterwards, was an inveterate traveller; he sought for money no less than for fame. With Bach the case was different. Unlike Handel, who never married, and gave no "hostages to fortune," in the shape of children, Bach, who was twice wedded, had seven by his first wife, and thirteen by his second, eleven sons and nine daughters. These he had to maintain and educate out of the income he received as Director of Music and Cantor of St. Thomas's school at Leipzig. The post was sufficiently lucrative; but Bach had no further resources and sought none. "He was," says his biographer, "too much occupied with his business and his art to think of pursuing those ways, which, perhaps, for a man like him, especially in the time at which he lived, would have led to riches. If he had thought fit to travel, he would have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world; but he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, like his ancestors, content with a moderate competency."

That Bach's desire to make the acquaintance of Handel, with some of whose published works he had become familiar, was sincere, may be elicited from the following interesting extract out of Forkel's biography:—

"Bach had a very great esteem for Handel, and often wished to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was also a great performer on the clavier and the organ, many lovers of music, at Leipzig and in its neighborhood, wished to hear those two renowned men together; but Handel could never find leisure for such a meeting. He came three times from London to Halle, his native town. On his first visit, about the year 1717, Bach was at Coethen, only four miles from Halle; on being informed of Handel's arrival, he immediately set out to pay him a visit; but Handel left Halle the very day Bach reached it. On Handel's second visit (between 1730 and 1740), Bach was at Leipzig, but ill. No sooner, however, informed of Handel's arrival, than he sent his eldest son, William Friedemann, with a very polite invitation to Leipzig; but Handel regretted that he could not come." On Handel's third visit, in 1752, or 1753, Bach was dead. Thus Bach's wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not fulfilled, any more than that of many lovers of music who would have been glad to see and hear him and Handel together."

It has been surmised that the composer of the *Messiah* was a little jealous of Bach's reputation; though it is difficult to account for Handel's indifference to the advances of so illustrious a compatriot and fellow-musician, such an idea had better be rejected altogether. Whatever the two may have been as mortal men, as immortal geniuses their wreaths are twined together in a partnership of glory that is indissoluble; from this point of view should their remembrance be for ever contemplated. Bach was Bach, and Handel Handel; but either was worthy to be the other, and might have been, had circumstances placed them under opposite conditions. It should especially be borne in mind that Handel lived and struggled amid the strife and passions of the great world; while Bach made a world for himself, in which, like a true patriarch, he passed an existence of almost undisturbed serenity. And this should atone for what was wanting in the one, while it accounts, in a great measure, for the unselfish single-heartedness of the other.

* Forkel, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master Zuchan, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year) was invited to succeed him. Bach in short, went to Halle to prove his qualifications, by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zuchan's, of the name of Kirchoff."

† Between these two eventful dates—as if the go-idea of music had been both to suffer her darling art to remain without a worthy representative—was born (on the 27th of January, 1756) that other grand musician, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Fourteen years later came Beethoven—whom many place before them all.

‡ This must have been either in 1783, when Handel went abroad to engage singers for his Royal Italian Opera, (and preferred Caretini to Farinelli); or in 1788, when he repaired to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, conductor of music at the Boston Museum, has composed an *opera buffa*, to a Spanish subject, which will soon be brought out at that popular establishment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MA-SURKAS."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The programme of the fourth chamber concert, on Wednesday evening, had some features of peculiar interest, although as a whole it was rather a singular one. Mendelssohn furnished the solid, as well as the largest, part; and yet we would gladly have had as much more of him as was originally intended, namely the Violin Concerto, instead of the Flute Concerto, by which it was supplanted. The opening Quintet gave us but a shadow of Beethoven, since it is properly not one of the Quintets. Hummel, on the other hand, who should be heard occasionally at least, was well represented both in selection and performers. But let us record the programme in due form:

1. Quintet in E flat. Beethoven
Allegro—Andante—from the Piano Trio, op. 1, arranged for Quintet by the author.
2. Piano Trio in E, op. 83. Hummel
Allegro—Andante—Rondo.
Messrs. Parker, Schullze and Fries.
3. Concerto for Flute. Furstenau
Robert Goering.
4. Variations for Piano and Violoncello, op. 17. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Parker and Fries.
5. Quartet in E flat, op. 44. Mendelssohn
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale, Vivace.

The novelties of the concert were the two pieces in which our townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, took principal part, and most acceptably, as pianist. The Trio, by Hummel, in all its three movements, is full of grace and elegance, abounding in happy turns, felicities of form and finish; yet wholly on the surface as compared with one like Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and coldly artificial as compared with Mozart; but elegant and lively, and putting one in good humor—at least when played with so much point and delicacy, so much nicety and ease of style, as it was by Mr. Parker. The theme of the Andante is so marked and characteristic, that one could imagine it to be some old national melody; otherwise we know nothing to the contrary of its being Hummel's own invention. The Variations by Mendelssohn were delicious, full of all sorts of power and fancy. The theme, simple and very winning, lent itself admirably to the purpose. There is real variety of character, of poetic conception in these variations; they are not mere mechanical changes wrought upon the chords and phrases, not the dead letter business which most variations—flute variations, for instance—are. Some are airy and tender; some are quaintly fantastic; some are full of wild strength and impetus, like that one in rapid octaves, which the pianist achieved so triumphantly; and one floats entirely upon one continuous ground note on the violoncello—a sort of *organ-point*—which is very beautiful. We need not say, the cello was played artist-like by Mr. FRIES.

A Flute Concerto never is a novelty; for though Furstenau may have composed as good things of the kind as anybody, and though Mr. ROBERT GOERING played them remarkably well, as he does everything, still all flute solos will sound tediously and frivolously alike, and seem to have as little right in a classical chamber concert, as a rope-dancer interlude between

two acts of Hamlet.—The two movements from Beethoven's early Trio (his *opus* 1), arranged as Quintet, were pleasing, especially for a beginning, and were smoothly played; but it seems hardly good economy to go back to those things when there are so many of his more important creations with which we are as yet most imperfectly acquainted.

The Quartet in Eb by Mendelssohn is one of his finest works—a work which grows more and more interesting the more it is heard. The Allegro, starting with a very vigorous and pregnant motive, bursting forth as it were out of a deep, brooding, pent up mood, develops with great breadth and energy; an impetuous, exciting movement, crowded with individual vitality in each of the four parts, yet clear, rich and satisfying. It would have sounded more so had the instruments been in better tune. This last remark applies with still more force to the Finale, which is so full of wild energy and difficulty, and through whose entanglement our hunters seemed to scratch and scramble as through thickset briars and brambles; yet it was bravely done, and a wonder they got through so well; it must take the most perfect of quartet players to make that Finale sound much differently. The two middle movements were much more fortunate in treatment. The Scherzo shifts the scene to mild, dreamy moonlight, swarming and throbbing with Mendelssohnian fairies; and to what a frenzy of excitement the little people work themselves up before it is done! This was delicately rendered; nor did the deep, rich sentiment of the Adagio fail to make its due impression; how beautiful the middle portion, where the melody is buoyed up upon an accompanying figure resembling that by which Handel suggests the wings of angels in the "Messiah!"

Miss MARY FAY, the pianist, gave her first Soirée, in Chickering's hall, last Saturday evening, with a good audience for a stormy night. She played alone, or as co-equal, or as accompanist, in each piece of the following programme:

1. Trio, (op. 1, Eb). Beethoven
Allegro, Adagio cantabile, Scherzo, quasi Allegro assai, Finale, Presto.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.
2. Pensées Fugitives, for piano and violin. S. Hiller and Ernst
No. 1, Passé. No. 2, Souvenir. No. 3, Romance.
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
3. Bolero. Ferd. Hiller
Miss Fay.
4. Concerto for the Violin. Mendelssohn
Mr. H. Suck.
5. Quartet, (G minor). Mozart
Allegro, Andante, Rondo, Allegro moderato.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. H. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.

That early Trio of Beethoven, which, though comparatively unimportant and a little tedious for a concert, is yet elegant and happy in its mood, was perhaps a wise and modest choice for so young an artist. It gave field enough for her clear, firm, brilliant execution. The Scherzo was particularly well played, and generally she excels in the parts which require brilliancy and dash; deeper artistic or poetic feeling is not the distinguishing characteristic of her playing. But taken as a whole it was a good performance, and her associates were all that could be desired. We scarcely hear a violin more chaste, artistic and expressive in this kind of music, than was that of the elder Suck. The Mozart Quartet we were obliged to lose.

Hiller's difficult and brilliant *Bolero* was well suited to the powers of Miss Fay, and she distinguished herself in it. Mr. H. Suck appeared

to much better advantage in those agreeable little fugitive pieces by Stephen Heller and Ernst, than in so ambitious an undertaking as the entire Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, with only a piano accompaniment. The performance showed creditable skill and promise, but must be set down as lame, whereby a splendid composition was found heavy.

Concerts at Hand.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S ORGAN CONCERT will take place this evening, at the Tremont Temple, and we consider it an event of too much importance to pass unnoticed. We have often in past years spoken of Organ Concerts as a great desideratum in our stage of musical culture. We have become familiar with good things in the form of symphony, chamber music, Oratorio, Opera, &c. We have a general reverence for the Organ as the most sublime of instruments; and yet our opportunities of hearing and knowing what real organ music is, have been exceedingly few and far between. Our ordinary church services do not afford them; or if they do, in the shape of opening "voluntary" and "playing out," the opportunity is in the great majority of instances improved in such a manner, that the introduction of a hand-organ from the street would be a fair and cheap equivalent for the noble temple of sounds which we set up only to mimic its inferiors. In Oratorio, the organ fills in richly, but is seldom discerned individually amid the orchestral instruments. These "voluntaries," what are they often but the volunteering of the emptiest and idlest moods and fancies, the feeblest *potpourris* of operatic reminiscences, the merest parading of finger habits, chasing, loitering, loafing over the keys through senseless passages, humdrum cadences, odds and ends of all sorts, quite at random, in the feeble hope that something will "turn up," and as if, so long as the sound is kept up and discords avoided, there must be music in it—which by no means follows. The effect is to induce a listless, foolish, good for nothing, tired-out-with-nothing state of mind on the part of the congregation—a state as uninspired and frivolous as the player's own—at the very season when, and by the very means to which, we look for solemnizing, strengthening, tranquilizing influences.

Of course there are organists among us, who know better and do better than this; who do not give you *nothing*, improvised by themselves, when they can play *something* written by masters who had soul and science. We have several honorable exceptions, who play real organ music, fugues of Bach, or choruses from Handel, for their introductory and closing service. But these opportunities are few. We need concerts where the organ shall be chief, and where we may reap in larger measure the benefit of such lives, such inspiration, such sublime, religious Art as that of SEBASTIAN BACH, the greatest of all organists and writers for the organ. Such concerts could be made frequent with but little cost or risk. All our serious organists might take part in them, contributing in turn. Wonderfully fine organs are not so indispensable to the project, as fine compositions and good earnest interpreters. Much could be done now; more when we get our glorious great organ in the Music Hall; let that be sacred to the noblest uses, and be very active in them too!

For these reasons every lover of true organ music must welcome the chance afforded us by Mr. PAINE, who has been thoroughly initiated into the great works of Bach, as well as of the other organ masters, and who will play this evening some of his best things. The first part of his programme will be of Bach exclusively, and will include a *Prelude and Fugue in A minor: a Choral Variation*, for two manuals and double pedals; a *Trio Sonata in E♭*, and a *Toccata in F*. In the second part he will play a bril-

liant Concert piece by Thiele, a part of an Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn, and Concert Variations of his own upon the Austrian Hymn. Mrs. KEMPTON will assist by singing the *Ave Maria* of Franz, which is good for an organ accompaniment, and a Spring song by Esser.

Miss MARY FAY gives her second concert this evening.

Next Wednesday afternoon we shall once more be flocking to the Music Hall, to the first "Afternoon Concert" of the season, when the ORCHESTRAL UNION, with ZERRAHN for leader, will give us doubtless a good Symphony, with an agreeable variety of smaller pieces. The orchestra will number about thirty; and the concerts will continue every Wednesday.

For the second PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, which is fixed for next Saturday evening, Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra will give us the grand old C minor Symphony of Beethoven; Wagner's *Faust* overture, and Schindelmesser's "Uriel Acosta" overture; Miss FAY will play a Capriccio by Mendelssohn; and Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG an original Concerto for the Violin.

Odds and Ends.

MR. CARL MAYER, a well-known pianist of this city, has hit upon a fortunate expedient for improving the quality of tone in square pianofortes. All piano-players know that what is generally termed the soft-pedal of the square pianoforte, is intended to serve the same purpose for this instrument which the *shifting-pedal* performs for the grand-piano. But the soft pedal is a very poor and inadequate contrivance; the little pieces of leather, attached to a moveable strip of wood, are thrust between the hammers and the strings, and entirely muffle the tones by preventing the vibration of the strings. The result is dull, meaningless sound, worse, if anything, than the strumming of an Ethiopian banjo. The improvement is simply this: The bits of leather used for the dampers are adjusted so that when the soft-pedal is pressed down, only half the face of the hammer is covered; and the tone, though softened, has still some resonance, since a *portion* of the face of the hammer strikes the string without any intervening substance. It will be observed that the change entails no extra expense, and the effect for piano passages is really beautiful.

Verdi's *Traviata*, according to the *Albion*, "has outlived the virulence of criticism, and in fact has recently been taken to the bosom of the Church in Brooklyn." This is not meant in irony, but sober praise; the same journal adds: "What opposition it has encountered has arisen from the incapacity of certain minds to receive, through music, a sufficient impression of the *awful love* (!) described by the composer; and in the absence of this, the touching simplicity (!) of most of the melodies and the *tremulous frenzy* (*sic*) of much of the concerted music seem trivial."

A correspondent of a musical paper in New York speaks of "Mozart's Dove Song," meaning the air "Dove song" in the "Marriage of Figaro."—As a pendant to this we may quote the following intelligence from one of our city weeklies: "Carl Eckhardt, who formerly directed the music of the Boston Museum, is now director of the Royal Theatre, Stuttgart." Carl Eckert, formerly here with Mme. Sontag, and a musician of much more note, is the man.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opera-goers were assembled in full force last Saturday evening, awaiting the rising of the curtain upon Rossini's "Barber"; but, by an accident upon the railroad, the singers, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, &c., did not arrive. The disappointment was to be made up last evening by the "Barber" plus an act of *Favorita*.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 17.—Since my last letter, our city has been visited by the "Hinkley Troupe," consisting of "Miss Hinkley," Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Susini, Sig. Mancusi, Herr Mollenhauer, and the leader, Carl Anschütz. Two concerts were given by them, during the Holidays, to crowded houses. The Prima Donna was very coolly received, notwithstanding the numerous newspaper "puffs" and notices copied from other journals. On the first evening she was suffering from a cold, while on her second appearance this affliction seemed to trouble her less. Nevertheless, the public were mostly disappointed. And, contra-ting her with the quiet and unpretending Annie Milner, who visited this city a few years since, "Miss Hinkley" was a failure. Mollenhauer was the favorite of the public, on this occasion. He was enthusiastically encored, as, indeed, he deserved to be. His performance of "The Carnival of Venice," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," will not easily be forgotten. The other artists were well received; and I only regret, that they should have limited themselves to programmes containing almost nothing but compositions by Verdi and Donizetti.

The last monthly concert of our Musical Society was given on Friday evening last, to a comparatively empty house. (For this the management was undoubtedly to blame, in a measure, the programme being published in but one English paper.) The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1. Overture from the opera "Fra Diavolo".....Anber
2. Remembrance, (four-part song).....Mendelssohn
3. Fantasia on Aïra, from Verdi's Opera "Lombardi," for Viola with orchestral accompaniment.....Vieuxtemps
4. Love and Home, song for Tenor, with orchestra accompaniment.....Tschirch
5. The Bard, Male chorus.....

- PART II.
1. Concert Overture "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
2. Duet from the Opera "Joseph".....Mehul
3. Pastoral Symphony, first part.....Beethoven
4. Finale, from the opera "Ernani," for Solos, Chorus and Orchestra.....

The different pieces of the programme, with a few exceptions, were very well rendered, particularly the Fantasia for the Violin. Mr. WEINBERG, the performer, was loudly applauded at the close.

TENOR.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—A correspondent says of the Quartet soirées given in the Gewandhaus (by Herren David, Röntgen, Hermann and Davidoff), that they are "the purest and most beautiful Art enjoyments which the place affords; especially since Herr Capellmeister Reinecke has appeared regularly in them as pianist." "Few piano players have made so genuine an artistic impression on us as Reinecke. With a perfect technique, he plays with a warmth that does one good, and never does too much or too little. With fine tact he knows how to subordinate himself or make himself prominent, according to the nature of the composition." In the first soirée Herr Dreyschock took the place of David as first violin; the pieces were: a Quartet in G, by Haydn, a Quintet of Beethoven, and the E♭ piano Quartet of Mozart. The second Soirée, which formed "the brightest moment in the musical life of this winter," offered Cherubini's E♭ Quartet, Variations for piano and cello, by Mendelssohn, Schumann's A major Quartet, and Schubert's B minor Rondo for piano and violin.

Riedel's singing society were to perform Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* on the fast day, Nov. 22.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert took place on Tuesday, the 26th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The following was the programme. Part I.—1. Overture to *Hamlet*, by Niels W. Gade (first time); 2. Concerto (No. 2) for violoncello, by Goltermann, executed by Herr A. Schmit, teacher at the Conservatory; 3. "Ave Maria," for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Johannes Brahms (first time); 4. Symphony in G minor, by Mozart. Part II. "Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe, composed for soli, chorus and orchestra, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The two novelties achieved rather a *succès d'estime* than an enthusiastic triumph. Even leaving out of consideration the strange idea (with which, it is true, three or four other composers had previously been seized) of writing a musical prologue to such a tragedy as Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, seeing that the piece, as

a whole, affords absolutely no opportunity for musical expression. Gade's overture, considered merely in a musical light, is not an inspired work, but simply an ordinary, nicely written piece of music, without, however, the advantage of any originality in the instrumentation, a quality which renders his symphonies so taking. J. Brahms's "Ave Maria" voluntarily renounces all claim to the impression that a female chorus, purely sung, invariably produces on us, on account of its neglect of harmony in simplicity, which choruses for female voices absolutely demand. Shrill modulations, and sharply piercing notes, which go through one, produce a disagreeable effect, because they constitute a glaring contrast to the grace and mildness of the female character. The motives, too, or rather the motive, for there is only one, is deficient in the language of fervor and devotion requisite in a prayer. The mere announcement of the Symphony in G minor was hailed with delight by the lovers of real music, and their expectations were completely satisfied by a performance admirably delicate, and, in the proper place, full of passion. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" was, as it always is, most warmly applauded. We feel bound to state, however, that we have but rarely heard this unique and genial work so well played as on this occasion.

London.

HERR PAUER'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.—The interest of these is well sustained. The first quarter of the fifth performance was devoted to French composers, Chambonnières, Couperin his pupil, and Rameau. The specimens by the two last-named writers were delightful, distinct in melody, pleasantly quaint in harmony, with those national touches of phrase and form which have never been laid aside from the days of "Hippolyte et Aricie" to those of the "Val d'Andorre." In particular, a *Gigue*, *Musette* and *Tambourin* were charming. The second "Period" included an excellent Sonata by Paradis, another by English Bach, the youngest of the illustrious family, and two movements by Wanhall. In the third period we shall confine ourselves to noticing the duo duet Sonata in E flat by Prof. Moscheles, in order to take the opportunity of mentioning a most promising young lady, Signora Rubini, who assisted Herr Pauer, and who appears to possess some of the best requisites of a great player, charm of touch, elasticity of finger, and feeling without extravagance.—*Athenaeum*.

The *Era* states that "it is asserted from good authority that Her Majesty's Theatre will positively open next season. The new manager is M. Bagier, of the Theatre Oriental, Madrid, and an immensely rich agent de change. His first novelty will be to bring out his protégé, Mlle. Sarolta, who appeared for a few nights at Drury Lane Theatre in 1859, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management." From the *Gazette Musicale* we learn that M. Olm has been engaged by Mr. Gye to appear at the Royal Italian Opera in "Robert le Diable." But the French journal is, as too often happens, mistaken about English matters, when it speaks of the revival being the first performance of M. Meyerbeer's work in Italian here, "Robert" having been twice cast in that language at Covent Garden Theatre, both times without making any great impression.—*Ibid*.

There has been organ-playing this week of no common quality, Mr. Best having been retained to make a new organ speak, built by Mr. Walker, for a church in Dublin. Of performances like these it is not possible to offer any regular report. Once again it may be pointed out, how much it is to be regretted that in this London of ours—so rich in many things, so poor in more—there can be maintained no instrument of the first class in a locality more suitable than a factory, and more accessible than a church, which might, on certain days of the week, be exhibited by the best players as a settled attraction of London. This, it may be recollected, the "Apollonicon" was for many years. The "Panopticon" experiment failed, in these better musical days of ours, because it had not a fair trial. It is superfluous almost to add, that the organs in Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall do not, in the least, fulfil the required conditions.—*Athenaeum*.

A performance was advertised in the *Morning Post* of Saturday last, as under—"CARDINAL WISEMAN. To-morrow (Sunday), his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman will assist pontifically at the High Mass, which will commence at 11 A.M., at St. Mary's Moorfields. The music will be Haydn's No. 16, with full orchestral accompaniment. After Mass, the "Te Deum" (Romberg's, with full band) will be sung in thanksgiving for his Eminence's restoration to health." To persons "beyond the pale," the performance, as above set forth, may seem to have an

air of self-celebration which is singular. On the same Sunday, which was one of Church Festival, Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" was performed at Vespers in the church at Southwark.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The fifth winter concert was, in some respects, the most interesting of the series. The selection was excellent, and included two novelties of various degrees of merit, and Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance for the season. The novelties were Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde* and Reber's overture to *La Nuit de Noël*. The former is a highly effective and dramatic prelude, with great brightness in the ideas, and brilliantly instrumented. The latter is French in idea and treatment, but telling in the orchestra. Both overtures were well played. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the most melodious of the old master, and as fresh as if it were written in the present day. Mr. Manns evidently made his mind up to have it well executed, and he was not disappointed. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was received with an unusual demonstration of applause, performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*.

The singers were Miss Maria Stanley and M. De la Haye, neither of whom had been previously heard at the Crystal Palace. The lady sang the cavatina "Com è bello" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Mendelssohn's "On Song's bright pinions." She has an available mezzo-soprano voice, and indicates good training in her singing. The sharpness in her intonation may be laid down to the nervousness of a first appearance. M. De la Haye, too, has much merit. He has a tolerable tenor voice of the veiled kind, and is by no means a novice in his art. He wants, however, warmth, which was too plainly evidenced in "Adelaide," a scene from Verdi's *Due Foscari* was his second effort.

There was a large attendance of subscribers and casual visitors, and the concert, thanks to the prohibition of encores, was over in reasonable time.—*Mus. World*.

DUBLIN.—From a highly interesting account of Mlle. Patti's performances in Italian opera in Dublin, which appeared in a recent number of the *Irish Times*, we extract the following:

"The series of operas came to a close with *Marta*, on Saturday evening. From the beginning the young prima donna has had a succession of triumphs. Nothing could be more brilliant than the talents she displayed, and the exhibition of the rich gifts bestowed on her by nature at so early a period. No great lyric artist to our knowledge has manifested so large a share of histrionic and vocal ability in mere girlhood. Only eighteen years old, yet singing with the highest culture, the most dazzling brilliancy and finish in every character, and acting with the tact and experience of one who had trod the boards for years; and possessing the fresh charm of girlhood, the grace of beauty, and the buoyancy of youth. Any one so fitted to enrapture the young, please the mature, and gratify the experienced in art we have never witnessed on the stage. She sings the music of Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, Donizetti, and Flotow, with equal truthfulness, and frequently adorns their writings with *floriture* appropriate and dazzling, executed with an ease which astonishes. If she has a fault in her vocalism, it is redundancy of ornament, and too frequent a recurrence of bird-like *staccati* passages. The part of Lady Henrietta, in *Marta*, is particularly suited to Mlle. Patti. Her acting is tempered by good taste; and the tact she displays in the by-play is worthy of all observation. Then her singing is distinguished by a truthful adherence to the text, enriched by ornamentation in keeping with the various themes, and softened by an expression pure and natural. To speak of some of her flights of song is now superfluous, as all who have heard them must have been equally delighted and amazed. This latter unique portion of vocal art she exhibited in 'The Spinning Wheel' quartet. In the Italian version of the 'Last Rose of Summer' she evinced a purity of style never excelled by any of her predecessors, while she put them all in the shade by her rendering, to an *encore*, of Moore's words to the same melody. She then gave 'Home, sweet home,' and to another re-demand, 'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town.' The Scotch tune she sings with unspeakable archness, and an originality of tone and manner which cannot fail to charm. At the termination she was greeted with acclamations, and left the stage laden with bouquets. As she emerged from the stage door to her carriage, she was met by a cavalcade of the students of Trinity College—almost all Honor-men—who took the horses from the vehicle and drew her to the hotel, amidst deafening cheers. And thus ended the climax to one of the most triumphant successes within our memories."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The vacant chair. Ballad. *Harley Newcomb*. 25

A pretty, simple ballad, the import of which—the sad bereavement of a family from the loss of a dear relative slain while fighting for his country—will make it dear to many a singer.

Home love. Ballad. *C. W. Glover*. 25

A very simple song, the melody in the Tyrolean style. Teachers in want of something suitable for beginners will find it as useful as pleasing.

The golden stars. *A. Richardt*. 25

Mr. Richardt, who is now concertizing in the Provinces, together with Ole Bull and Formes, is editing the highest encomiums from the press there, for his ballads "Thou art so far," and "The golden stars." The latter is new. It is very similar in style to the other and will become quite as popular.

Instrumental Music.

The Band passes. Military movement.

Francesco Berger. 30

A piece in the style of a march, first heard faintly in the distance, then coming nearer, and more distinctly understood, then bursting out, as if quite near, with full power, and finally dying away gradually like the music of a band marching off. The thing is nicely done and will find many admirers. It has passed through many editions in England.

Before her portrait. Reverie. *Th. Oesten*. 35

Quite a charming Fantasia, difficult to play.

Maraquita. Transcription. *Brinley Richards*. 30

One of this author's elegant arrangements of favorite airs, which are just now meeting with general favor.

For Brass Band.

Viva l'America! Quickstep, for 14 or fewer Instruments. *B. A. Burditt*. 1.00

This fine melody, which is now generally reckoned among our national airs, should be a stock-piece of every Brass Band in the country. It makes a superb Quickstep.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five and six instruments. By

B. A. Burditt. 1.25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what he wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 513.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 18.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 339).

Rome, Feb. 1, 1831

I did not wish to write to you until my birthday; but day after to-morrow perhaps I shall not be in writing humor, and shall have driven away all thoughts by much labor. For it seems to me improbable that I shall be surprised to-morrow by the papal military music; * and, since I have told all my acquaintances that I was born on the 25th, the day will steal by silently. I had rather have it, than a little, half festival. I shall set your picture before me once more to-morrow, and rejoice in it, and in you. Then I shall play over to myself my military overture, and at dinner pick out my favorite dish on the bill of fare at Lepre's;—there's an advantage perhaps in having to do all that for oneself sometimes on birthdays and the like. Alone one feels sufficient to himself; but the other way too is not bad. In the evening the Torlonias are so friendly as to give a ball of 800 persons; and on Wednesday, for the eve of the festival, and Friday, for the after-festival, I am to be with the Englishmen. During the past week I have been seeing things industriously again, and I begin now to revisit objects with which I am already acquainted. Thus I was in the Vatican, the Farnesina, the Corsini, the villa Lante, Borghese, &c. Day before yesterday I saw for the first time the frescoes in Bartholdy's† house, since the English ladies, who live there, and who make their sleeping chamber with canopied bed of the painted hall, would not grant admission until now. And so now for the first time have I entered my uncle's house, and seen his pictures and his view over the city. It was a grand and king-like idea, that of the fresco pictures; and this carrying out of a beautiful thought in spite of every possible hindrance and annoyance, merely for the thought's sake, is what I always was most partial to!

To come to a wholly different subject: in many circles here now it is the practice, to exchange piety for tediousness, and they are two very different things. Our preacher too can do something in the matter. You see here men of a fanaticism, which one might comprehend in the 16th century, but which to-day is something unheard of elsewhere. They all want to convert one another, they abuse each other in Christian terms, and mock each other's faith most scandalously. If simpleness were only simplicity! Unfortunately I must recede from my old favorite maxim, that good Will can do anything; there must also be good Power with it. But I am taking too high a flight, and father will scold! Make no demands upon this letter. But out there

* On the 2d of February 1830 the bands of some regiments in Berlin had given Mendelssohn a serenade upon the morning of his birthday.

† The Prussian Consul-General, Mendelssohn's uncle, who died in Rome.

lies snow; the roofs of the Piazza di Spagna are entirely white, and already new snow clouds are coming up. That is very dismal to us Southrons, and we freeze. The Monte Pincio lies full of ice. Your Northern light is avenged on us; who can feel warm enough to to think or write here? I rejoiced in the idea of living through one winter without snow; but I must give it up. In a few days the spring air will come, say the Italians; then there will again be merry life and merry letters! Farewell, and remain happy and near to me.

FELIX.

Rome, Feb. 8, 1831.

The Pope is chosen, the Pope is crowned. On Sunday he read Mass and gave the blessing in St. Peter's; in the evening was the illumination of the cupola and the *girandola* at the same time; on Saturday the Carnival began and is still rustling on in the motliest forms. The city has been illuminated every evening. Last evening there was a ball at the French ambassador's; to-day the Spanish one gives his grand festival. Near my house they sell *confetti*, and scream. And now I might properly leave off; for why describe what is indescribable? These godlike festivities which in pomp, splendor and animation surpass all that imagination can conceive, must be depicted to you orally by Hensel; I cannot do it with the cold pen. And as it has all changed during the past week, the mildest, warmest sun shines, and we stay upon the balcony until sundown in the open air.

O that I could send you in my letter but a quarter of an hour of this delight, or make you feel how life really flies, and every moment brings its own never to be forgotten joy! They have a good chance here for festivities; let them only light the simple architectural lines, and St. Peter's cupola stands burning in the dark violet-blue air, and glimmers all so still; if they give fireworks, it lights up the dark, thick walls of the castle of St. Angelo, and sails down the Tiber; if they begin their mad festivities in February, the brightest sun shines down upon them, beautifying all—it is an incredible land.

But I must describe how differently it turned out with my birthday, from what I expected; but briefly only, for in an hour we go upon the Corso to the Carnival. There was preliminary feast, feast, and after-feast. On the 2nd of February Santini sat in the morning in my room, and said with diplomatic mien, in answer to my impatient inquiries about the conclave, that there could hardly be a Pope before Easter. Mr. Brisbane came too, told us how, since he was in Berlin, he had been in Constantinople, Smyrna, &c., and asked after all his Berlin acquaintances; then suddenly a cannon goes off, then another, and the people rush across the piazza di Spagna, and scream to the top of their lungs. We three start off, God knows how, out of breath for the Quirinal, and reach there just as the man had gone in again, who had cried out from the window that had been knocked through: *Annuncio*

robis gaudium magnum, habemus papam R. E. dominum Capellari, qui nomen assumpsit Gregorius XVI. But all the Cardinals came out upon the balcony, and inhaled fresh air, and laughed with one another. For the first time for 50 days had they come out into the open air, and they looked so merry, and their little red caps shone bright in the sun; the whole square was filled with men; they clambered up upon the obelisks, and upon the horses of Phidias, but the statues loomed up far above all in the air. Then came carriages upon carriages, with crowding and screaming.

Then appeared the new Pope, with the golden cross borne before him; and he blessed the whole multitude for the first time while the people at the same time, prayed and shouted hurra! All the bells in Rome were ringing, cannons booming, trumpets, military music—that was only the ante-festival. For when early the next morning I followed the crowd down the long street, and came upon the piazza of St. Peter, which was more beautiful than I had ever seen it, glittering in the bright sunshine, carriages swarming to and fro, the red Cardinals' coaches in full state rolling to the sacristy, with their embroidered lackeys mounted up behind, and the countless people of all nations, all ranks, all conditions; and when over all this hovered the cupola and the church all bluish, for there was a strong vapor in the morning air, then I thought to myself, perhaps Capellari would take all that to himself, if he should see it; but I knew better—that was the birthday festival, and the whole papal election and demonstration were a dramatic spectacle in honor of me. But it was well played, and very natural, and I shall not forget it my life long.

St. Peter's church was crowded full; the Pope with the fans of peacock feathers was borne in and placed upon the grand altar, and the papal singers intoned: *tu es sacerdos magnus*. I heard only two or three chords; but it does not need more; only the sound. Then came one Cardinal after another, and kissed his foot and hands, and then he embraced them.

When one has looked on so for a while, standing crowded amongst men, so that he cannot move, and then suddenly looks up into the cupola, quite up to the lantern, it gives him a strange feeling. I stood with M. Diodati in the midst of a herd of Capucines; the saintly men however are not at all devotional on such an occasion, and are very unappetizing. But I must hasten on; it is nearly time for Carnival, and I must not lose anything of that. In the evening for my birthday they burned tar-barrels on all the streets and lighted up the Propaganda; as the people believed, because it was the Pope's former dwelling; as I believe, because it stands opposite to me, and I have only to lean out of the window to enjoy it all. Then came the ball at Torlonia's, and everywhere peeped out little red caps above, and red stockings below. On the following day they worked with all their might upon scaffoldings, partitions,

stages for the Carnival; people nailed up edicts about the horse racing; mask patterns were hung out, and for the after-festival the illumination of the cupola and the *girandola* were fixed for Sunday.

On Saturday we went up to the Capitol, to witness how the Jews pray to be tolerated in the holy city for another year, and how their petition is at first rejected at the foot of the hill, and then above, after repeated supplication, granted, and the Ghetto pointed out to them as their quarter. The thing was very tedious; we had to wait two hours, and after all we understood the speech of the Jews as little, as the answer of the Christians. I came down in a vexed humor, and thought the Carnival began badly. And so I came into the Corso, and thought of nothing, when suddenly I am rained upon with sugar plums. I look up—it is some young girls, whom I have seen occasionally at balls perhaps, but have not been much acquainted with them; and when in my confusion I am on the point of taking off my hat and greeting them, then the firing begins in good earnest. The carriage rolls by, and in the following one sits Miss T., a gentle, beautiful English girl. I would greet again, but she too flings sugarplums. Now I grow wild, seize *confetti* and greet in a bolder fashion. The street swarmed with acquaintances; my blue overcoat looked like a miller's; on a balcony stood the B's, and hailed down handfuls; and so with pelting and being pelted, amid a thousand raileries, in the midst of the drollest masks, the day ended with the horse races.

The next day was no Carnival; but in place of it the Pope gave the blessing from the *loggia* on the square of St. Peter's, was anointed as bishop in the church, and in the evening came the illumination of the cupola. How the change produced by the lighting of the building operates in a single moment, Hensel must draw or relate for you, as he will. To me especially the sudden and surprising intimation of so many hundred men whom one does not see, and who are climbing round there in the air and working, was something quite amazing. And the divine *Girandola*! But who can seize it? And now away it goes again; farewell, I will very soon describe it farther. Yesterday at the Carnival I was already pelted with flowers and bonbons, when I received from a mask a bouquet and cudgelings, which I have dried, to bring them to you. Work just now is not to be thought of; I have only made a little song; in the Fast days I will be industrious again; who thinks now of writing and of notes? Now I must be off; farewell you dear ones.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KÄSEL.

(Continued from page 340.)

Ferdinand Schubert, the most trustworthy voucher about the last days of his brother Franz, relates the following:

"Already in September Schubert fell sick and had medical treatment. After a while he grew somewhat better. Accordingly in the beginning of October he made a little pleasure excursion, with me and two other friends, to lower Waltersdorf, and from there to Eisenstadt, where he

visited the grave of Joseph Haydn, and lingered there some length of time. During these three days of travel he was extremely moderate in eating and drinking, and at the same time very bright, and had many sparkling suggestions.

"But when he came back to Vienna, his malady increased again. He was eating a fish * in the evening of the last of October; after swallowing the first mouthful he suddenly threw his knife and fork down on the plate, declaring that he loathed the dish, and that he felt precisely as if he had taken poison. From that moment he ate and drank almost nothing more, and took merely medicines. He also sought to help himself by motion in the open air, and took some walks. On the 3d of November, early in the morning, he walked from the Neu-Wieden to Hernals, to hear the Latin *Requiem* composed by me. This *Requiem* was the last music that he heard. After the service he set himself in motion again for three hours long. On getting home he complained much of fatigue. In a few days he began to fail and grow weak more and more rapidly, until he sank down finally upon his sick bed. This was on the 14th of November. He sat up, to be sure, a few hours in the day, and corrected the second part of his *Winterreise*. His death followed on the 19th of the same month, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On the evening before his departure he called me to the bed, with the words: 'Ferdinand! hold your ear to my mouth,' and then said very mysteriously: 'Say, what then is to become of me?!' I answered: 'Dear Franz! We are all very anxious to restore you, and the Doctor assures us, you will soon be well again, only you must keep patiently in bed!' That whole day long he wanted to go out, and was always under the persuasion that he was in a strange chamber. A few hours later appeared the Doctor, who spoke to him in the same manner. But Schubert looked the Doctor fixedly in the eye, grasped with his feeble hand at the wall, and said slowly and with earnestness: 'Here, here is my end.*—Schubert was buried, amid the sympathy of the population of Vienna, on the 21st of November, in the burial ground at Währing; and only three graves separate his from that of Beethoven, his lofty prototype."

On the 23d of December 1828 his friends and admirers caused to be performed for his funeral, in the Augustiner court church, the *Requiem* for double choir by Anselm Hüttenbrenner, Director of the Styrian Musikverein and early friend of Schubert. Many friends of Art took part in the performance. The Society for Church Music at St. Ulrich had already set the example on the 27th November with the *Requiem* of Mozart.

Soon the wish was expressed among the friends of music, to distinguish the burial place of the so early departed by a monument or a tombstone. As the estate he left did not afford the means for this, Fräulein Anna Fröhlich arranged a concert on the 30th January 1829, in the hall of the Musikverein, half the proceeds of which were destined to the erection of a monument. The programme consisted of the following pieces: "Miriam's Song of Victory," the solo sung by Tieze; Variations for the Flute(!) by Gabrielsky,

* This was in the Red Cross inn already mentioned (on the Himmelfahrtgrund), where Schubert with his brother Ferdinand and several friends frequently met.

* Ferdinand Schubert, with whom Franz boarded, lived at that time on the Wieden, Schleifmühlgasse, No. 604.

played by Bogner; the songs "Carrier Pigeon" and "Aufenthalts," sung by Vogl; the Trio in Eb, played by Bocklet, Böhm and Linke; the song "Omnipotence," sung by Schoberlechner; "On the stream," with cello accompaniment, performed by Tieze and Linke; and the first Finale from *Don Juan*, the solos by Fr. Kierstein, Jekel and Sack, and Herren Tieze, Lugano, Schoberlechner and Nejebs. The concert was so successful that it was repeated, and the proceeds of the two, together with the contributions of some friends, sufficed to defray the costs of the Requiem and the monument, (amounting to 360 florins and 46 Kreuzers). The inscription on the monument was composed by Grillparzer, and reads as follows:

Music has buried a rich possession,

But still fairer hopes.

Here lies Franz Schubert,

Born January 31, 1797

Died November 19th, 1828,

31 years old.

Judging from the lithograph portrait, which appeared in Vienna, and from the large plaster of Paris bust, Schubert had a round, thick face, a not particularly high forehead, pouting lips, bushy eyebrows, full, crisp hair, and a thick snub nose; altogether something Moorish. His stature was below middle size; back and shoulders rounded; the arms and hands fleshy, the fingers short. The expression of his countenance was anything but intellectual and friendly; and only when music or conversation excited him, but especially when it had to do with Beethoven, did his eye begin to flash and his features to grow somewhat animated.

In the bloom of his years, in the fullness of his working faculties he was snatched away from this world. Brief was the period of his earthly pilgrimage, and sudden the moment of his departure; for in a few days a violent inflammatory fever had made an end of his life. There was great and universal mourning for the minstrel richest of all in song.

Not yet 32 years old, he created an astonishing amount of what is excellent; yet his powers on all sides were still occupied in growing; and more perhaps, certainly greater, than he had yet accomplished, might have been confidently expected of so rich a genius, as yet just hastening towards its full development.

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

In a small house overlooking Hyde Park,—240 Oxford Street, then called Oxford Road,—an Italian, named Giuseppe Novello, settled with his English wife. To them were born several children; and among the younger was a son named Vincent. He was born on the 6th of September, 1781; and, early, showed a marked predilection for music. He would slip away from meals, to use his recreation time in "finding out chords" on an old pianoforte, when once he had "learnt his notes." These were taught him by a friend of his father, one Signor Quellici; and this was the only direct instruction ever received by the young Vincent in his favorite art.

Possessing "a good ear," he had an aptitude for languages; and he was sent, with an elder brother, Francis, to a school at Huitmille, a village near Boulogne-sur-mer, to acquire French in addition to his naturally-learnt English and Italian. It may be a circumstance worth noting, that the vessel in which the two boys came to England was the last boat that left France before war was declared between the two countries before the close of the century.

On his return, eager to seize every opportunity of practice and attainment of musical knowledge, Vincent sang as a choir-boy at the Sarlinian Embassy's chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, as long as his voice remained unbroken. Samuel Webbe, senior, was organist there; and an acquaintance with him and with Danby, organist of the Spanish Embassy's chapel, Manchester Square, were among Vincent's early incentives to musical study. While still a mere lad, he officiated as deputy for these organists; and commenced his professional career in actual youth. He was not more than sixteen years of age when he became organist of the Portuguese Embassy's chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square; and began to teach, when he himself was hardly more than a learner. But his taste and aptitude for the science, together with his native industry and perseverance, early rendered him a proficient in thorough-bass, as well as a skillful executant.

He was engaged at the Pantheon, as pianist and conductor, when Catalani was prima-donna in the Italian operatic company that performed there; and hence he acquired that facility in the reading from score, which was, at that time, a rare accomplishment. Hence, also, and from his direction of the Portuguese choir as organist, arose his skill in accompaniment, which had all the excellence of a peculiar gift. When accompanying voices, he seemed to know, by intuition, which singer required aid; and he would, as it were, imperceptibly prompt, as well as support the particular vocalist under guidance. His sensitive ear followed the inner parts no less accurately than the more salient bass or soprano; and many an uncertain tenor, or wavering alto, would he—with his distinctive finger pressing slightly on their particular required note or passage—steadily back to their appointed course. He would come to their rescue with the most opportune assistance, and help them with a timely support that seemed like inspiration. As a timist, he was firm and correct; so self-possessed and competent, as to inspire confidence in those he led. Not only was his own performance on the organ fine and potential, but his ability in conducting the vocal choir was supreme. It became a fashion to hear the service at the Portuguese chapel; and South Street, on a Sunday, was thronged with carriages waiting outside, while their owners crowded to suffocation the small, taper-lighted space within. With attentive hush were oftentimes listened to, the strains of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, or Himmel, in some soft offshoot, breathed out by four well-disciplined voices, and sustained by Vincent Novello's smooth fingers, creeping with a certain maintained equipoise from note to note of the ivory keys, hardly whiter than his own hands. They were small, strongly knitted, and remarkably pliant; with capability of stretching that fitted them admirably for organ-playing. The not very large but exquisitely sweet-toned instrument that belonged to South Street chapel, had three rows of keys; over which the white, supple, yet strenuous fingers of Vincent Novello used to wander with a touch almost loving, in its caressing closeness. Now light and hovering, in some florid passage of *Kyrie eleison*; now firm and dominant, in some assertive *Gloria in excelsis*; now rich and majestic, in a lofty *Hosanna*; now full of pathos, in an *Incrantus est*; now persuasive and consoling, in some *Benedictus*; now steadfast, strict, peremptory, yet, withal, instinct with spirit and animation, in some concluding fugue of exhortive *Dona nobis pacem*. The *Adeste Fideles*, although really a composition by an Englishman named John Reading (who also wrote *Dulce Donum*), obtained the name of "The Portuguese Hymn" from its having been heard by the Duke of Leeds at the Portuguese chapel, who imagined it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal. Being a Director of the Ancient Concerts, his Grace introduced the melody there; and it speedily became popular, under the title he had given it. So widely has its liking spread, that Vincent Novello's arrangement of this favorite hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, has been reprinted in France, Germany and America. His organ-playing eventually became so famed, that George the Fourth offered him the appointment of private organist at the Pavilion, Brighton; but this was declined, from devotion to more extended and pressing professional calls upon the musician's time in London.

Organ-builders especially liked to have Vincent Novello exhibit their instruments, from the peculiarly sustained style of his playing. It was well calculated to display to advantage the various stops of the organ; while his thorough acquaintance with the mechanism enabled him to develop to the utmost the different points of excellence in construction. A large number of organs were built under his inspection, and from his designs, both for England and for abroad. He was frequently appointed umpire at competitions for organists' situations, and from his

known discrimination in judgment, as well as his great care and justice in decision. These latter were evinced by his desire to be kept uninformed of even the names of the several candidates, whom he distinguished merely by numbers in the order of succession in which they played. These numbers he noted down, with minutely-detailed comments, in his memorandum-books, as each candidate performed; and then, at the conclusion, he gave his verdict according to the pre-eminence of favorable remark appended to that particular number.

Later in life, he became organist at Moorfields chapel, from 1840 to 1843. He also presided at the organ during the Westminster Abbey festival in 1834, and at the performance of Beethoven's Grand Mass in D at the Philharmonic Society. Of this last-named society, Vincent Novello was one of the original founders. With his eagerness for the dissemination of sterling classical music, he perceived how such an institution would stimulate and preserve the progress of the art; a perception which the result has amply verified. In these early days of the Philharmonic, before the functions, or even the title of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the piano-forte (as the phrase went) in this society's concerts; in later times, when, through his exertions and the efforts of others, music had made advance, he filled the more honorable, because more responsible office of conductor.

On becoming a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, Vincent Novello played the viola for some years in the orchestra at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral; it being the duty of the forty youngest members of the first-named Charity to supply the orchestra for that festival, the remuneration for which goes to the funds of the Royal Society. During these years he occasionally took part in a string quartet; but afterwards he ceased viola playing.

One of Vincent Novello's early advantages was his acquaintance with the Rev. J. Latrobe, who gave the young musician access to his valuable library. The ample use made of this privilege is best proved by Vincent Novello's having culled from it some of the fine Masses of Mozart and Haydn, which, with the zeal of a true musical enthusiast, he edited and published, at his own cost of time and money, in order to introduce them, in accessible form, among his countrymen in England. No pains of personal exertion were ever spared by Vincent Novello in the advancement of the highest interests of his beloved art; no personal sacrifice was ever thought too great to ensure their establishment. In these views he was nobly seconded by the admirable woman he took to wife. On the 17th of August, 1808, Vincent Novello married Mary Sabilla Hehl; and from that period to the close of their wedded union,—when her death occurred, 25th July, 1854,—she exaltedly fulfilled the duties of helpmeet to her husband. As aider in his artistic aims, she enabled him to devote his whole mind and thought to them, by her active superintendence of his household, his family, and his domestic affairs; while she made his professional efforts doubly and trebly available by the excellent economy with which she appropriated, to their mutual benefit, the income he earned. Strictly kept house accounts, energetic and constant exertion, judicious foresight and counsel, bore witness to her unwearied self-dedication to his interests. When immersed in the duties of her house and coming family, she was never too busy or too tired to make home cheerful and happy to him after a long day's teaching, by reading through the whole evening, some favorite book of poet or poetical writer; while he, with his extraordinary power of industrious work, would copy music, or correct proofs.

She brought him eleven children, of whom six survive; and amid all the fatigue and care of bringing them into the world, nursing them, watching them, teaching them, she was ever a cheerful, ready, enlightened companion to her husband. Out of the limited means of a young professor, she contrived, by taking an unusually active and intelligent share of exertion upon herself, to make her husband and children a neat and even elegant home, a superior circle of friends, and many advantages only to be obtained through the influence of a wife and mother no less intellectually gifted than morally good. No expense was spared in the education of the children; both father and mother agreed in this, as in all other points concerning them. By frugal self-denial on their own parts, by liberal expenditure on behalf of their offspring, by sedulous study of the different individual capacities and special tendencies of each child,—boy or girl,—did Vincent and Mary Novello foster and develop such talents as their children were endowed with by nature. Books in abundance,—selected with care, and always previously read by

both parents,—good masters (for school-instruction was held less eligible than home-teaching), frank companionship and intercourse with their elders, encouragement to ask questions and derive information through ever prompt answers, judicious indulgence, and affectionate equality in treatment, were unfailingly forthcoming, and made parents and children feel themselves reciprocal friends. The way in which books were made so high treats in the Novello family, by the kindly mode of their bringing, furnishes pleasant and salutary example for other young fathers and mothers rearing a family on slender pecuniary resources. Often, when late overnight professional avocations made early rising an impossibility to Vincent Novello, he would have his young ones on the bed while he ate the breakfast his wife brought him, and showed them some delightful volume he had purchased as a present for them. First came the "looking at the pictures;" then, the multiplicity of eager inquiry they elicited; then the explanation; then, the telling of the subject of the book; then the account of its author; then, the final glory of seeing *V. Novello's children*, 240 Oxford Street, written in the blank leaf, or cover, at the beginning. After this fashion were "*Æsop's Fables*," "*Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*," "*Sandford and Merton*," "*Maria Edgeworth's Early Lessons and Parents' Assistant*," "*Priscilla Wakefield's Juvenile Travellers*," "*The Hundred Wonders of the World*," and the "*Book of Trades*," successively brought home and enjoyed. The due intermixture of practicality and imagination in the works chosen for and given to their children, serve to indicate the judgment evinced by Vincent and Mary Novello in eliciting and cherishing the various biases in their boys' and girls' several faculties. The names of these children, known afterwards to the world in their subsequently developed capacities and adopted careers, will perhaps best furnish an indication of their parents' wise procedure in educating them first to last:—

Mary Victoria,—married to Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke.

Joseph Alfred.

Cecilia,—married to Mr. Thomas James Serle.

Edward Petre,—died in early manhood.

Emma Aloysia.

Sydney Vincent,—died in childhood.

Clara Anastasia,—married to Count Gigliucci.

Julia Harriet,—died in infancy.

Mary Sabilla.

Florence,—died in childhood.

Charles Vincent,—died in infancy.

(To be continued.)

Fifteen Years Ago—Italian and German—Verdi.

The following remarks form the chief part of a very able and suggestive article on "Music in New York," which we have chanced to find in an old number of the *American Review* (May, 1847). They were evidently written by the late GEORGE W. PECK, a gentleman who loved music with his whole soul, and who knew the real and enduring from the superficial and fashionable.

* * * * *

Why will not this very distinction, which we have just made, between *singing* and *music* suffice? It seems a very plain one, but listen to the conversation of our musical and music-loving people, one would think it none too clear.

Here, for example, we have just had a good opera company, twice a week or more, all winter; Benedetti, Pico, Barili, Beneventano, Sanquirico, with a chorus, have sung; a large orchestra have fiddled and blown—all has been very good indeed. But the music they have given us has not been worth the pains, and many give Donizetti, Coppola, and Verdi credit for what is due chiefly to the names of the singers and players. Many become enthusiastic admirers of Italian music, and presume to have fixed opinions on the subject they never studied; knowing music as the Prince Benbenin-bonhobbin know books "without ever having read"—and because they have heard weak music well sung, and were pleased, fancy it was the music itself that pleased them. Now, that they would be pleased, and should wish to hear more of the same sort that has pleased them, is what no one can have the least disposition to find fault with. But when they affect to be of the *dilettanti*, and give out judgments, they go too far, and become like the "*self-taught*;" i. e. those who get on by dint of ignorance, and resemble the street musicians whom lovers of comfort pay to be still; who put themselves up by making all sensible educated persons desire to put them down.

There is no royal road to learning, and one cannot, or should not, form conclusions from too narrow an induction. It would be well if hundreds, who speak positively about music, would consider how much their opinions are really worth. They have not studied composition, not read criticism, not played or sung much; how can they tell, because they have heard Donizetti & Co., presented by a good company, and not much else, that there is no music in the world that comes up to theirs? They cannot. It is impossible.

Therefore, when they presume to make the old comparison between German and Italian music, and to decide dogmatically that the modern Italian is the greatest ever written, and the only music worth hearing, their opinions are not entitled to much weight. And, as in all questions of art, and especially the musical art, the feelings very strongly enlisted, and disputers, whether right or wrong, throw the whole force of their will into the matter, it ought not to have much influence upon us when we hear these opinions uttered and adhered to with great prejudice, heat, and excitement. To one who looks to knowledge as the basis of opinion, and does not go by local authority—who actually studies music, reads the best authors, and plays well enough to read great compositions for himself—it does not. His musical opinions are like his literary ones; he has his great writers whom he looks up to with reverence, and his minor ones whom he recurs to with pleasure; his soul admits the various forms of genius through all peculiarities and nationalities. With him the great art of Music stands behind all, and abstracted from all personal commixture; he is not a member of any clique or party; he goes not easily into *furors*. He is overwhelmed by no particular style, but loves them all with difference—Handel best of any, or Mozart, or Beethoven, (for who could ever decide which was the greatest in art, or in poetry;) he has a wide range, from Bach to Bellini, and since it is his object to find out excellence, he can look scarcely anywhere all through, without discovering at least some degree of it. Suppose, for example, such a student (we are not personating ourselves, but our ideal of a genuine musical scholar) were to attempt to make the comparison between German and Italian music, let us endeavor to fancy how he would write. Might he not make something such a comparison as the following?

The German music is the production of a nation whose chief characteristic is a deep enthusiasm, strong passion contending with a heavy temperament, and developing itself, not in physical vivacity, but in mental, and hence tending towards mysticism. The brooding over sorrow till it becomes grief unutterable, the slow consuming fire, the morbid fancy, the reflective power that wanders away into the dim twilight of consciousness—all that unwieldy vigor that wastes itself in the mazes of metaphysics, or accumulates unmanageable stores of learning, that masters by its patient, inflexible perseverance, whole libraries, or acquires skill in the most difficult and minutely laborious of the arts—these are the qualities which distinguish the Almain above all other races. These qualities shine through his music and make it like himself, profoundly learned, passionate, enthusiastic, mystical. There is no question but that for strength, depth, hidden tenderness, and indeed for all that makes music great, the German school can produce examples of the greatest music ever written; at the same time, if we take the whole mass of their music, there can be as little question that a great deal of it is dry, hard, and frequently unintelligible. Handel was an old Italian German; he studied in Italy and lived in England; his music was touched with the flowing vocal Italian character, but he was one of those great geniuses that really belong not to any one age or nation. Haydn and Mozart were both admirers of the old Italians; Beethoven is the purest German of them all, as he is also the greatest and most thoroughly German of the Germans themselves. People in speaking of the German music usually mean Beethoven, or perhaps sometimes Mozart; they do not consider the whole of German music, the writings of the thousands that are there all the while writing, and have been ever since these great composers. Perhaps they include Spohr and Mendelssohn, or Von Weber and the song writers and pianists—still it is only a few of the chief writers out of the most productive country in music that there is. Now because these great artists write good music it does not follow that the style of all Germany is so perfect as not to admit of excellence in that of any other nation. Beethoven may have written, as there is no doubt he has, the greatest symphonies that were ever composed; Spohr may please us with his finish, Mendelssohn with his subdued enthusiasm, that so often goes off into dreaminess; Schubert may move us with his passionate recitations—all this may be and we still be conscious that

the German style is not the only style in the universe.

We may, in short, know as much as an Albrechtsberger, and be able to follow the direction written on the margin of some of Handel's music—"here extemporize a fuge on such a subject"—and still be quite aware that there is a music differing from all this, lighter, easier, more flowing, and more full of animal spirits—the music of that country known in poetry as "sunny Italy," where skies are always blue, and the landscapes have all ruined temples in the foreground and mountains in the distance, and the whole land resembles a view on the act drop at the theatre; where formerly there were castles, counts, and ladies, Rinaldos, Udolphos, Hypolitos, Lucias, Lauras, Beatrices; where now there are carnivals, luzzaroni, and maccaroni, Vesuvius, bright-eyed maidens, antiquities—all that sort of thing, in short, which we have read of in various books, for instance, in Mr. Headley's delightful letters. And we may without accusing ourselves of bad taste, suffer ourselves to be pleased with this lighter music, the offspring of the quick-spirited people who live in that romantic region, for *what it is*, without requiring it to be something else. Depth of passion is not an element of the modern Italian character, however it may have been in the days of the old novelists; the modern Italian is sudden, impetuous in his emotions, child-like, sensitive, easily impressed and easily forgetting; smiles and frowns pass over him like sunshine and showers in April weather. His wit is merely fun and gaiety, his sorrow a burst of passion; every bubble in his temperament comes rapidly to the surface and vanishes. These qualities of character are seen especially in the music which is the very element of this impressive people. It is never deep, never restrained, but always animated and free; it could not bear the thick flowing harmonic current of the German school, nor its novelty and variety of ideas. It must dance along with careless ease and do whatever it does in a vivacious manner, the passion of it being never overwhelming, never struggling for utterance, but of that kind which can burst out freely like the joy or grief of young children. It is a music which will always be the most universally understood and the most popular; it has besides a natural refinement and grace, all its own. The whole art of music owes as much to it as to the music of Germany; the dry learning and the reflective and sentimental tendency of the German passion having always been modified and kept in check by the healthy vivacity of the Italian. It is not necessary to rank either school *above* the other; they both go to constitute the great art of Music, and one may study both and admire both, and Scotch, Irish or Chinese melodies besides, without sinning against good taste.

This is as fair a comparison as we can fancy our student to make, so cabined and cribbed as we are. We have made it to awaken thought among the admirers of Italian music, of which we have had so much, and are to have more . . . but alas! the music will be probably all *Verdi*. Now this Verdi is an Italian who affects Teutonic rigidity; his music is loud, forced, strange stuff; anybody could write as bad, that would; its shapes are only meant to be striking; its harmony astonishes the untaught ear and disgusts the cultivated; it has no real truth; very little of the Italian flow; much of it is Donizetti diluted, and that with a poor solution, making the whole like a mess of *eau sucre* and stale German beer, filled up with mouldy maccaroni. So much for a modest opinion of Verdi's music in a single sentence. Heartily do we rejoice that there is a corner where one may say thus much, and fancy in the transparent air the countenance of "Father Haydn" looking approval. In the name of the musical art, we do hope that those who *know*, and can support what they advance with reasons, will not let their voices be drowned under this looked-for Verdi inundation!

We have spoken thus heartily against Verdi, because, in the present state of music in this country, we think him the very worst composer whose works could be presented to our public. Many of those who, as we noticed at the first, mistake *singing* for music, will soon learn to swear by him; scraps will be reprinted from him, and the voice of fashion is so strong that his unpoetic and uncouth melodies will become popular in parlors all over the country, and thousands and thousands of young hearts, fed on such food, will have no appetite for that which is wholesomer, more nourishing and less highly seasoned. Why, even now, almost all that our public ever know of really great classic vocal music is through a few oratorios heard a few times a year by audiences of the respectable middle, rather than of the "upper ten." Donizetti, Balfé, Bellini, make the staple of what is piled on the corners of village

pianos of the better order. You seldom see any songs of the old and purest Italian school; seldom anything in that way that you can feel the same pleasure in hearing as in looking at a quiet old landscape; seldom anything that contains any deeper or richer poetic truth than the expression of mere Italian passion.

Now if there were a body of learned musicians in the country who could withstand this Verdi inundation, or any other, who could oppose the ephemeral, and give decisions as a high court of appeal of the last resort in matters pertaining to musical art, as there is in Germany, the influence of false music would not be so bad. The composer would be ranked at once according to his real merits by this tribunal; and those who then persisted in admiring him, would do it of their own free will, as preferring to be fashionable rather than musical. But here there is no such tribunal. Good professors of music are rare, and among them how few understand the poetry of their art; how few can criticize and judge of a piece as Mozart could, on true, æsthetic, untechnical principles; how generally our professors are mere players, disagreeing among themselves, and caring far more to get by hook or crook a decent living than to be true to their art. Then the sources of information that are open to the public; the news papers, bah! musical literature, old stories, anecdotes, history of Tubal Cain, &c.

Still, as we have observed, there are indications that this state of things is improving; there is light in the East. The very lines that are beginning to be indefinitely drawn between the opera, oratorio, family, and Ethiopian, show an incipient stratification, and if we can (we musicians) keep it before the people that Verdi is only a *fashionable* composer, and not a *great* one; that his music is *showy*, not *poetic*; if we can only bring it to be suspected that he is not to be admired, except *in a sort*, in fact, rather to be laughed at, as we laugh at Bunn's and other librettos, and though well enough at the theatre of an evening, is not worth studying or thinking of anywhere else, we shall do something to assist the marshalling the elements into clear order: knowledge here, ignorance there; poetry here, fashion there; and so on; and thus we shall most essentially serve the best interests of the art we love with all our hearts in its very truth and purity. G. W. P.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

By J. W. DAVISON.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the oratorio of *Elijah*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1846 was first performed in the splendid Town Hall on Wednesday morning, August 26, under the direction of Mendelssohn himself, before an immense multitude, and with the most brilliant success on record. None who were present on that memorable occasion can have forgotten it. The proudest day in the life of one of the greatest of masters, it was also the most glorious in the musical annals of this flourishing emporium of commerce and industry, where the production of such a work as *Elijah*, and the enthusiastic appreciation it elicited, showed that the heart of the manufacturer and the merchant was alive to all those impressions which the refined and elevated manifestations of art are formed to create. Mendelssohn was indeed the foster-child of Birmingham; and if the capital of old Bohemia* may raise its head above the other cities of Germany, as having given light to the masterpiece of Wolfgang Amadée Mozart, Birmingham is entitled to similar preëminence in Great Britain, as having indirectly originated the masterpiece of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Elijah has been so often described, at such great length and with such eloquence, by the most competent pens, that to venture on the task again must necessarily entail repetitions without number, ideas that have long been received as gospel, and critical views already promulgated. The occasion, however, warrants its being undertaken anew, and must stand as apology if much of the old ground is retraced.

The oratorio commences with that passage in the life of the Prophet in which he foretells the three years' drought, as a mark of Divine anger at the transgressions of the chosen people. The music of *Elijah* is written for a bass voice, in consonance with the gravity of the personage; and the prophecy is introduced with great dignity in a recitative, "As God the Lord of Israel liveth."† The recitative

* Don Giovanni was composed expressly for Prague. Mozart felt so pleased at the reception accorded to his *Nozze di Figaro* (which had comparatively failed in Vienna), that he promised the Bohemians a new opera, and gave them his very best.

† The opening of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, where the Jews complain of the cruelty of the taskmasters, will doubtless be cited as a precedent for this. Nevertheless the treatment is

conducts to a long and elaborate movement for the orchestra, which may be accepted as an illustration of the people's sufferings under the awful infliction to which they are subjected. Though not a fugue, this masterly composition is in the fugued style. The impressive theme upon which it is founded, led off by the basses, *pianissimo*, is developed with continually increasing power, until a *pedale*, on which is constructed a remarkably exciting progression for the violins, leads, through the medium of a gradual *crescendo*, to the first chorus, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" (in the same key as the overture, D minor). Here the people complain of their sufferings, and appeal for mercy. This magnificent piece carries out the feeling suggested by the orchestral movement, and brings the aid of voices to strengthen and deepen it. It is built upon two subjects—a touching and pathetic phrase being wedded to the words, "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and one of a less despairful, but still sombre, character to the episode, "Will, then, the Lord be no more God in Zion?"—the effect of the last being heightened by a fitful tremulous accompaniment. These two subjects are first given alternately and then worked together with admirable skill, until the climax, in which the cries of the multitude become louder and louder as their distress is more poignantly felt. The chorus, without coming to a full close, conducts to a choral recitative, "The deep affords no water," which in plaintive strains adds new intensity to the supplication of the people. The recitative paves the way to a duet for sopranos, with chorus, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," a tender and exquisite inspiration, in which the complaint of the two solo voices is intermingled with a sort of choral burden, incessantly recurring, on the words, "Lord, bow down Thine ear to our prayer" (said to be—we know not on what authority—the theme of an old Jewish chant). The art of the composer is inimitably displayed in the management of this phrase, which, though constantly present, always enters at different periods of the rhythm, so as to combine an effect of surprise with the pleasure that it cannot fail to elicit. The poetical expression is perfect, and the quaint and delicate nature of the orchestral accompaniment lends another charm, which will be best appreciated by connoisseurs. The contrast presented by this duet—in which the alternation of submission and grief is so powerfully depicted—with the terrible gloom of the overture and chorus that precede it, cannot be too highly lauded.

Still more grateful and consoling is the tenor recitative of Obadiah, "Ye people, rend your hearts and not your garments," which leads to the air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." Here the minor modes are abandoned for the first time, the reposeful key of E flat major affording a happy relief, while the devotional character of the air itself, with its soft and unobtrusive accompaniment, steeps the mind of the hearer in that faith with which the preacher wishes to imbue the hearts of repentant sinners. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the opening recitative, where the tenor voice imparts an effect of comfort to which no words can render justice. The manner in which the subject of the air is resumed, through a device peculiar to Mendelssohn, and of which *Elijah* presents a variety of beautiful examples, is also worthy of attention.

But the persuasive eloquence of Obadiah is only transitory. The people are still spirit-stricken. Conscious of having greatly erred, they hesitate between hope and despair. This mixture of sentiments is powerfully conveyed in a chorus, the first part of which—"Yet doth the Lord see it not; He mocketh at us"—is restless and vehement. The striking phrase through which *Elijah*, in the opening recitative, delivers the prophecy of the drought, appears as an episode, worked out contemporaneously with the principal theme. This part of the chorus, in C minor, unexpectedly breaks off upon a discord on the words, "Till He destroy us;" and then, after a pause—as if the people were suddenly impressed with a belief that confession of faith would be more becoming than complaint against the Omnipotent decrees—ensues a *chorale*, "For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God," still in the minor key. There is nothing in music more impressive than this hymn. The *coda*, in C major, which follows the *chorale* and brings the chorus to an end, grows in sublimity like a mountain which the eye follows gradually from base upwards, until the summit is lost in the clouds. The art of the composer, both in his management of the voices and his distribution of

wholly different, and the instrumentation with which Mendelssohn accompanies the denunciation of the Prophet invests the latter with peculiar solemnity.

The employment of recitative in chorus, peculiar to Mendelssohn (in his *Athalie*, for instance, it is largely resorted to, and always with eminent success), has been a mark in the path of inferior composers, who have made such prodigal use of it that it falls upon, rather than delights the ear.

the orchestral accompaniments, is here displayed with consummate felicity. The continued accumulation of power, as phrase after phrase is delivered, astonishes the ear just as much as it edifies the mind, while the united choir and orchestra stream forth in a splendor of harmony to which the solemn tones of the organ impart additional grandeur.

In a recitative for *contralto*, "Elijah, get thee hence," an angel commands the Prophet to repair to the brook of Cherith. Here, as in all the solo recitatives of *Elijah*, Mendelssohn has shown himself the equal of Handel and Mozart as a master of musical declamation. A double quartet, in G major, "For he shall give his angels charge," for four female and four male voices, divided into two choirs, then unfolds the Divine intention to protect and sustain *Elijah*. This is one of the most remarkable examples of vocal part-writing of which the art can boast. The flowing melody, the delicate harmony, the ingenious blending of the male and female choirs, and the tranquil expression of the whole, make up a truly attractive combination. The brook of Cherith dried up, the first angel advises the Prophet, in another recitative, to depart to Zarepheth. What has just been said with reference to the recitatives in *Elijah* (all of which, we may add, are more or less elaborately accompanied) is here signally confirmed. We would particularly invite attention to the suggestive manner in which the low tones of the *contralto* voice give musical expression to the sentence, "And the barrel of meal shall not waste." The descent of the voice not merely presents a musical effect of beauty but a poetical idea of the angel condescending to glance at the necessities of humanity, in her admonition to *Elijah*, who, though a prophet, is as subject to earthly wants as the meanest of Ahab's people.

The ensuing scene, between the Prophet and the widow, is one of the most touching and eloquent passages in the oratorio. The supplication of the widow for her son's salvation—the appeals of *Elijah* to heavenly intervention—the restoration of the sufferer—the joy and gratitude of the mother—and the united thanksgiving of the sinful, no-longer-doubting woman, and the sinless Prophet, steadfast in faith, are all rendered with extraordinary fervor and truth. The air in E minor, in which the disconsolate widow gives vent to her sorrow, is appealing to the last degree. The plaintive tones of the soprano voice, the shrill notes of the oboe, the *sforzandos* of the tenors and violoncellos (which convey the notion of sudden throbs of pain, the result of mental anguish), all help to give reality to the picture. The solemn strains to which the Prophet's words are set contrast powerfully with the wail of the distressed matron, whose newly awakened hope at the promise, and wild exultation at the accomplishment of her son's recovery, are painted with a master-hand. The short duet which terminates this very fine scene, conveys, without effort, the mingled emotions that may be supposed to agitate the breast of the mother who has recovered her lost son, and the soul of the Prophet who is the agent of the Almighty in achieving this great miracle. A chorus of angels (in G major), "Blessed are the men who fear Him," in which the wisdom and power, the goodness and mercy of God, are apostrophized, flows directly out of the duet, and brings the first section of the oratorio to a close. If ever faith was robed in splendor, it is in this truly exquisite piece. Nothing can be more tender and soothing, nothing more fervid, religious, and aspiring. The masterly orchestral coloring strengthens the charm, and adds to the loveliness of the vocal phrases, which seem to flow, as the notes from the throat of the skylark,

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

although nothing but the finest art could have given birth to anything so impulsive and natural. The whole moves onward, steadily, resolutely, and placidly, like faith that endures and dies not. The restless motion of the violoncellos, as the rustling of the bending grass before successive breathings of the wind, suggests the idea of a hope newly born, which impels the mind to fresh exertion, and invigorates the body with health and strength renewed. A passage on the words "He is gracious, compassionate, righteous!" stirs up the heart like a trumpet, and inculcates the belief that an art which can produce such things has not been extravagantly apostrophized as "divine," and that music never so worthily fulfils its mission as when advocating the cause of religion, and celebrating the praises of the Creator.

The scene now changes to the court of the King of Israel, who, encouraged by his wicked partner, Jezebel, has provoked the wrath of heaven. *Elijah*, admitted into the presence of Ahab, reproaches him with his iniquities; but the three years having expired, during which the drought was to endure, the

Man of God declares his intention of soliciting Divine mercy for rain. The stubborn monarch, however, denounces *Elijah* as the one who has troubled Israel; and this draws a retort from the Prophet, who challenges the king to test the power of Baal, and that of the true Deity, by a sacrifice, inviting the prophets of the false idol, and "also the prophets of the groves." Each party supplicating his God to send down fire from heaven, the god who answers the appeal is to be acknowledged as the true one.

The priests of Baal first address their idol; but their repeated invocations, backed by *Elijah's* ironical suggestions to "call him louder," are vain. No god replies; no fire descends. *Elijah* then gathers the people about him, and in a solemn prayer to "the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," entreats a manifestation of Almighty power. Angels encourage the Prophet, and strengthen his supplications by their own. God is propitious. Faith triumphs; the fire descends; the sacrifice is consumed. *Elijah* now exhorts the people to seize the priests of Baal, and destroy them. The priests are taken, and every one of them slain. The Prophet then apostrophizes the glory of God, commenting, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm, on the awfulness of His displeasure; while an angel echoes the words in a weaker and more compassionate spirit.

The foregoing is included in one musical picture. The dialogue between the Prophet and the king is embodied in accompanied recitative, intermingled with brief choral responses for the people. Ahab's entrance is announced by a striking orchestral symphony, and the instrumental accompaniments throughout express the exciting nature of the incidents. The choruses of the Baalite priests are wonderfully picturesque, and marked in every single instance by an absence of repose which is admirably appropriate. There is no faith, not a glimpse of devotional feeling, in any one of them. Handel's idea of representing the religious exhortations of the false prophets as reckless *sturmlieder*, is here adopted, and developed even more poetically than in *Deborah* and *Samson*. The opening chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee," is in two parts, the theme of the first (in E major), being a characteristic melody, accompanied by wind instruments only. This is a double chorus, and the alternate exclamations of the opposite choirs produce a grand effect. The second part, "Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God!" (beginning in the relative minor), is in direct contrast with the preceding. The idolators finding their appeal not answered promptly, their faith begins to waver, and tends to anxiety and doubt. All this is powerfully suggested—the voices singing in loud unison on the theme of the invocation, while the orchestra is employed on a figure of accompaniment which, by its restless and turbulent character, heightens the impression. The organ, too, brings the weight of its ponderous tones to strengthen and enhance the effect. At last the chorus dies away upon a cadence in the original major key—as if the priests of Baal, breathless with their exertions, were inclined to give up the point in despair. But the mocking *Elijah* will not let them rest. In majestic recitative he incites them to supplicate their deity anew; and another (very short) chorus (in C sharp minor), "Hear our cry, O Baal!" supervenes, in which the idolators reiterate their solicitations. The first having proved inefficacious, the Baalites try another form of worship. Equally vain, however, is their fresh supplication. Baal is silent—the sacrifice remains untouched. But *Elijah* will not hear of his enemies being so soon disheartened. Their God may be asleep, or on a journey—or what not? The Prophet scornfully abjures them to persist, to resort to their most savage rituals, to cut themselves with knives, to do all kinds of desperate things, in short, according to their practice "in the groves." Exasperated, the baffled priests return to the charge; and another chorus (in E flat minor), "Hear and answer, Baal!" illustrates the depth of their despair. The wild melody given to the voices, the feeling of ungovernable rage suggested in the orchestral accompaniments, the echo and re-echo of the principal phrase, the long pauses after the words, "Hear and answer," and the plunge once more into the whirlwind when no answer comes, are all features of the strongest musical interest, suggesting, with marvellous felicity, the rage and disappointment of the bewildered pagans. *Elijah's* recitative, "Draw near, ye people," which immediately succeeds this chorus—a transition from the hopelessness of idolatry to the comfort of true religion—is a point of exquisite beauty; while the song that follows, "Lord God of Abraham" (in E flat), expresses the serenity of pure devotion as eloquently as any of the airs of Handel.

The admirable employment of contrast is one of the great charms of *Elijah*. After the contest with the Baalite priests, the song just mentioned has a pe-

cularly soothing effect; and this is deepened by the quartet of angels (in E flat), "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," which ensues, in the form of a *chorale*. Nothing can be more engaging, more inartificial, than the melody, nothing purer than the manner in which the voice parts are distributed, while, as if to set the stamp of individuality upon a composition of studied simplicity, Mendelssohn has introduced a combination of the organ and first violins in the accompaniment, as striking as any of those entirely novel features in which his ingenious score abounds. The high notes of the violins, carried through the concluding harmony of one phrase into the harmony with which the next commences, produce an effect little short of enchanting. Elijah's subsequent recitative, "O Thou who makest Thine angels spirits," is in a tone of earnest supplication, which gives additional significance to the Prophet's appeal. The answer comes like a peal of thunder, first muttering, then exploding in all the fierceness of an electric shock. The miracle through the agency of which Elijah's sacrifice is favored, and his triumph over Ahab and the Baalites consummated, is illustrated by a chorus, "The fire descends from heaven," in which the exultation of true believers is triumphantly conveyed. The few notes, *pianissimo*, to the words, "Before Him on your faces fall," suggest the sense of awe to which the more violent emotions give way; and this appropriately ushers in the finely harmonized *chorale* which embodies the act of adoration and brings the chorus to an end. In another recitative Elijah orders the extermination of the false priests—"Take all the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape you." The people echo his words, a roll of the drum accompanying the delivery of the mandate and its supposed immediate execution, with mysterious effect. Then follows the magnificent air (in A minor), "Is not his word like a fire?"—which some have compared with "Consume them all," in *St. Paul*, although the resemblance is confined to the agitated character of both. Here the continuous *tremolo* of the violins, the restless motion of the basses with which the voice frequently travels in unison, and the piercing tones of wood instruments, combine to give strong expression to the Prophet's denunciations of the indignities which idolaters have heaped upon the altars of the Almighty. A well-calculated relief is obtained through the air for *contralto* (in E minor)—"Woe to them that forsake Him"—a plaintive melody, expressing with heart-touching eloquence the feeling of the ashamed and repentant people, and with delicate taste allotted to a female voice—as if woman was the earthly angel, whose mission, among other things, was to plead to heaven on behalf of transgressing man. The instrumentation of this air is judiciously sparing; and as a point of genuine art, may be cited the manner in which the subject is resumed through a progression that surprises the ear by its originality, while it delights the intelligence by its beauty.

The rest of the first part is developed in a scene of the highest interest. The people, headed by Obadiah, demand Elijah's intercession. Moved by their supplications, the Prophet implores the Deity to open the heavens and send rain upon the earth. The people echo his prayer. In expectation of a favorable response, Elijah despatches a youth to the shore, to see if there be any sign of the Lord's intervention. The youth returns and says, "There is nothing; the heavens are as brass above me." Elijah resumes his petition with increased fervor. Again the youth is sent forth, and again returns with an unsatisfactory answer—"There is nothing; the earth is as iron under me." A third time Elijah prays with intense earnestness, and a faith rather augmented than abashed by disappointment. The youth goes forth once more, and returns with more consoling news. "Behold," he says, "a little cloud riseth from the water; it is like a man's hand. The heavens are black with clouds and wind; the storm rusheth louder and louder." Elijah and the multitude offer up thanks; the storm bursts forth, and the thirsty land is flooded and refreshed.

Mendelssohn's musical embodiment of these incidents is in a spirit of poetry second to nothing in the range of art. The prayer of Elijah (in A flat) is full of pious submission, and the burden on the words, "Open the heavens and send us relief," echoed by the people in chorus, one of the most heavenly melodies that ever came from inspired genius. A great charm, too, from a dramatic (as well as musical) point of view, is obtained by the change of harmony when the chorus for the last time takes up the burden. The recitatives for Elijah and the youth are singularly expressive, the contrast between the unswerving faith of the former and the ingenuous unconsciousness of the latter, as conveyed in the vocal phrases, being artistically heightened in the accom-

paniments. While the Prophet speaks there is a continuous movement in the orchestra, which augments at each renewal of his prayer (the violoncellos divided, being principal agents in the effect) till the notion of pent-up waters striving to break from the place of their imprisonment is powerfully suggested. To Elijah, full of faith, the rain comes as soon as the prayer is uttered; his soul drinks in the waters before his earthly part is made conscious of their presence. In the youth no such faith exists. His ignorance and candid unbelief are indicated by the solitary tones of the oboe, which, combined with the soprano voice, reveal an extraordinary effect of bareness—nothingness indeed. His slow progress to conviction is exquisitely painted. The phenomenon of the little cloud gradually expanding, and the successive indications of the approaching atmospheric convulsion, are wonderfully embodied. The *tremolo* of the violins, the "*crescendo poco a poco*," in which the violas, violoncellos, and wind instruments, appear one after another, augmenting, step by step, the volume of sound, until the whole force of the orchestra is employed upon a sudden and unexpected change of harmony; the exclamation of the choir, "Thanks be to God for all His mercies!" uttered with joy and gratitude by the people; the solo recitative of Elijah, an apostrophe to God's power and goodness, which for an instant arrests the exultation of the multitude; and lastly, the overpowering chorus (in E flat), "Thanks be to God," the climax of the whole, are exemplifications of genius, combined with the finest art, which can only be contemplated with wonder. In this chorus Mendelssohn has soared to the highest flights of Handel. The opening theme is expressive of unbounded rapture, and the whole is developed with a power that seems to accumulate with each successive phrase and change of harmony. The three startling modulations, leading from E flat to A flat, then to D major, and then back to the original key, on the words, "But the Lord is above them and Almighty;" the progressions that follow, which may be likened to mountains overtopping mountains; the impetuous scale passage for violins alone, which has been compared to the last flash of lightning in the tempest (and, though bearing no resemblance to it, may in immensity of effect be likened to the first crash of the trombones in the Storm Movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*); and the majestic chords that follow this extraordinary point and bring the chorus to an end, reveal such evidences of a creative power, that had Mendelssohn done nothing else, his place would have been carved out by the side of the greatest of composers—for none in their moments of highest inspiration ever aspired more loftily, or achieved more wonders than succeed each other with prodigious rapidity in this magnificent piece—a fit conclusion to the first part of a work to which, in many respects, the musical art can furnish no parallel.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Commencement of Handel's "Messiah."

Mr. J. K. Paine's Organ Concert.

Not even Bach's fugues could prevail against a storm like that of Saturday last, and Mr. PAINE had to postpone his concert until Monday evening. The audience (of four or five hundred people) was quite as large as such a solid and unusual entertainment could be expected to draw, so little has our public yet been educated to the understanding of true organ music. But the company was select and intelligent, composed of persons who came to listen in the hope of learning, and whose good opinion is worth something. The modest bearing of the young artist, self-possessed at the same time, was largely in his favor. And the reputation of his earnest studies, of the pure and noble direction in which he has dedicated his powers, means, hopes to Art, and of the much that he has accomplished in a few years of real study at so young an age, ensured a respectful audience. Many, who seek the best in all things, poetry, painting, sculpture,

&c., and who only felt perhaps that they had never heard music which seemed to answer to the great traditions of the Organ, but who had often been assured that they would find it in Sebastian Bach, and trusted the assurance as they would the world's opinion of Michael Angelo or Raphael, before they had ever seen anything but fifth-rate paintings, were naturally careful not to let an opportunity like this go by. We believe all who came felt themselves amply repaid. Few would profess that they had fully understood; but all are ready to confess that they enjoyed. To most it was a new revelation of the significance and grandeur of the Organ. This time they heard it speak in tones, in combinations, in marvellous developments of infinite variety out of unity, which seemed to justify the grand scale on which the instrument is built and which make it a temple of harmonies.

Mr. Paine's programme was as follows:

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.
2. Choral variations, for two manuals and double pedals. Seb. Bach
3. Trio Sonata in E flat. Moderato. Adagio. Allegro.
4. Song, "Ave Maria." Rob. Franz
5. Toccata in F. Sebastian Bach
6. Grand Concert piece in G minor. L. Thiele
7. Andante and Allegretto from an Organ Sonata. Mendelssohn
8. Vocal, "Parting in Spring." Ewer
9. Concert variations on the Austrian Hymn, J. K. Paine

The concert-giver placed as it were his best foot foremost, in playing the most important piece first. The *Prelude and Fugue in A minor* is one of Bach's greatest organ compositions. Naturally enough it called out the least demonstration from the audience,—perhaps made the least impression on them; but it comes nearer to the mark, we think, to say that it was received with silent wonder, which implies that there *was* an impression, a pretty strong one, but one which did not understand itself and did not dare to utter a response. But it was plain to all that there was something beautiful and grand, as well as most artistically ingenious and involved. How suddenly and positively the *Prelude* (with the smart, penetrating, richly blended tones of the full organ) took us away from ourselves, and bore us along through the labyrinth of quaint, fantastic figures, with a sense that all was tending nearer to the heart of the true tone-world! Then the *Fugue*, the not disappointing answer to the promise—how curious and complicated the theme; yet how distinctly, positively answered and kept up in all the four parts, each individually alive, and full of it in its own way! The distinctness of each part in so much complication, and especially the evenness and smoothness of the pedal playing must have astonished many. And yet all this mechanism, this ingenuity in Bach is always subject to idea, to the poetic inspiration. No part in the working of this fugue is more beautiful than the middle portion, where it goes on for a long time without pedals; than how grandly they come in again!

The *Variation on a Lutheran Choral* was played with a softer combination of stops, and is indeed a lovely composition, full of religious tenderness and rich suggestion. It is in fact a Quartet between the two hands and two feet, with the Choral melody thrown sometimes into a solo stop besides: as if the right hand played first violin, the left hand second violin, the right foot tenor and the left foot bass in a quartet of strings, with *solo obbligato* superadded. It was a capital illustration of the utility of pedals in an organ. But the mechanical part,

remarkable as it was, was nothing to the spiritual beauty of the music in itself, which all appeared to feel.

The *Trio Sonata* was another instance of the way in which Bach makes the several key-boards play individual parts in concert. Here the two Manuals used were Soprano and Tenor, while the Pedal was Bass. The composition comes remarkably near to the developed Sonata form of Haydn and Mozart; the three movements being contrasted in like manner; each is full of beauty and of novelty (for Bach is always new and inexhaustible in fancy); and the Adagio and Allegro were especially admired. The *Toccata* (a name given by those old masters to a concert piece, in which the subjects are only touched, as it were, but not worked up—a sort of free fantasia in fact) was a brilliant, not unmeaning, triumph over immense difficulties; those strong bold chords, whole double handfuls, were as sharply defined in their beginnings and their endings, as crisp and emphatic, as if played on a piano.

The selections of the second part were less severely classical. The Concerto by Thiele (a talented pupil of Haupt, who died full of promise), is extremely difficult, brilliant and full of deep, passionate unrest, rather than of imaginative invention. We have heard more interesting pieces by him; but this placed the great executive ability of the young organist in a strong light. The two movements by Mendelssohn were delicate and beautiful—fair specimens too of the quality of his six Organ Sonatas, which really sound tame after Bach.

Mr. Paine showed not a little contrapuntal skill and felicitous invention in his variations on the Austrian Hymn; they were not mere mechanical variations, but developed the subject-matter with new interest, and led it to a dignified close in regular fugue form. Being warmly recalled, he surprised us by a similar, and even more successful, treatment of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which was noble and inspiring throughout. One would hardly have supposed that the leading motive of that patriotic melody could have been turned into a subject for a Fugue, as it was, without sacrificing sense to ingenuity. Mrs. KEMPTON rendered valuable assistance with her expressive singing of Robert Franz's *Ave Maria*, a touching, noble melody, which sounded particularly well with organ. The song by Esser, though pleasing, was not so well suited to an organ concert.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first Afternoon Concert fell upon a dark, dreary, drizzly day, (last Wednesday), the walking was so bad as to require courage to get to the Music Hall. Yet there was a goodly show of people, who were rewarded by a very fair performance of one of the well-known Symphonies of Haydn, to begin with. The first movement went very smoothly, and sounded so genial, sunny and placid! Pleasant SCHULTZE, at the head of the violins, looked as though that music expressed him exactly—but we did not intend to be personal. In some of the other movements the placidity was troubled somewhat by the too hoarse and loud sound of the brass instruments, as if the war spirit had infected them.

The most interesting thing in the programme, and perhaps the best played, was Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, a work full of fire and thoroughly dramatic—one of those things which sharpen one's regret that he lived to write no operas. The "Phenomenon" waltzes by Strauss were luscious in their tone minglings; and Mr. HAMANN made a pleasant enough Horn solo (or rather *obbligato*) out of a popular German song. The other pieces (Trio from *Attila*, Reminiscence of *Tannhäuser*, and Fourth Battalion's Quickstep we did not hear. With better weather we doubt not these concerts will be thronged, and will deserve to be.

Miss MARY FAY's second Soirée did take place, we understand, on Saturday evening, in spite of the worst weather ever known. Some forty persons listened to the following programme:

1. Sonata, (op. 12, Eb).....Beethoven
Allegro con spirito—Adagio—Rondo.
Miss Fay and Mr. F. Suck.
2. Three Romanzas, (op. 91,).....Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. F. Suck.
3. Polonaise, (op. 68, Ab).....Chopin
Miss Fay.
4. Sonate, (op. 105, A minor,).....Robert Schumann
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
5. Scena Cantante, (Concerto for the Violin,).....L. Spohr
Mr. H. Suck.
6. Fantasia on Norma, for two Pianos.....Thalberg
Miss Fay and Mr. B. J. Lang.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was performed on Thursday evening in the Old South Church, by a combination of choirs, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, the organist of the church—too late for notice in this week's paper.

CARL ZERRAHN gives his second Philharmonic Concert in the Music Hall *this evening*. The glorious old Fifth Symphony will lead off, and what could we have better? The orchestra will also play Wagner's remarkable overture to Goethe's "Faust," which made a strong, if not a unanimous impression here a few years ago; and Schindeldeisser's striking overture to "Uriel Acosta," the story of which is explained in the programmes. Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG will perform a Violin Concerto of his own composition; and Miss MARY FAY, the young pianist, will play a *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, with orchestra, and Thalberg's Variations on the *Barcarole* in "L'Elixir d'Amore."—Will Jupiter Plavins and Boreas please to cease their alternate strife for once and allow as many of us to attend as wish to do so—a house full at least!

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their next Chamber Concert, at Chickering's, for next Wednesday evening. It will open with a Quartet of "father Haydn" to put all in good appetite and humor, and close with the Quintet with two 'cellos by Schubert. The intervening varieties will be one of Chopin's marvellous *Scherzos*, and one of Liszt's "Harmonies Poétiques," played by Mr. B. J. LANG, and a violin solo by Mr. SCHULTZE.

We are glad to hear that there is demand for the Club "in the Provinces," so to speak, even in these war times. They have been making a concert tour of a couple of weeks "down East." In Portland they were welcomed by an appreciating audience. A correspondent writes:

"The programme, although not quite as chaste as those of the 'Chamber Concerts,' was well selected for a concert intended for the public in general. The most important pieces were: The Overture to *Zanetta*, Auber; Finale, 2d Act, *Lucia*, Donizetti; Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn; Andante from 5th Symphony, Beethoven; the celebrated Adagio "God save the Emperor" with variations, from Quartet, No. 77, Haydn.

"Of the solos for Violin, Flute, Clarinet and 'cello we can but speak with entire satisfaction. The Flute Fantasia, by Mr. Goering, was beautifully rendered, and the Souvenir de "La Muette de Portici" by Mr. Meisel called forth an enthusiastic encore.

"The next visit of the Club will be anxiously looked for."

A concert was given at the Lyceum Hall, in Lynn, Mass., on the 21st, (concerts alternating there with lectures), by the Germania Band of this city, Mr.

Heinecke, leader, assisted by Miss A. S. Washburn as vocalist. Light overtures by Adam and Auber, waltzes, operatic finales, &c., were played; also a cornet solo by Heinecke, and a Serenade for oboe and cornet, by Ribas and Heinecke.

From the Detroit papers we learn that a large Organ has recently been erected in the new St. John's church, by the Messrs. Hook, organ builders, of this city, and at its opening the people of Detroit were favored with the performance of several choice selections of organ music by Thos. Yarnley, Esq., organist of the church.

The *Detroit Daily Advertiser* says: Much credit is due for the highly successful manner in which he executed the programme. This is the first time, we believe, that an organ concert has ever been attempted in our city, and we hope it may be followed by others equally successful. The instrument proved itself equal in all respects to the requirements of the organist. The stops in imitation of the trumpet, oboe, corneopon, and flute, are exquisitely voiced; the diapasons rich and full, and the great organ, with its couplings and double diapasons, majestic and grand. In point of power, richness and variety, it is in fact a full orchestra of itself, capable of discoursing the most delightful melodies, and of uttering the grandest harmonies and modulations.

We insert a copy of the programme:

Prelude and Fugue, op. 87, C minor.....	Mendelssohn
Come Gentle Spring (Seasons).....	Haydn
Andante and Variations in A flat.....	Mendelssohn
Adagio from a Pianoforte Sonata.....	Mendelssohn
Overture Le Pre Aux Clercs.....	Herold
He was despised (Messiah).....	Handel
Fugue G, Minor (the celebrated).....	Bach
Flute Concerto (1st part).....	Rink
Overture Oberon.....	Weber

The organ is of the largest class. It has three manuals and a pedale of extra compass, and comprises in all thirty-five registers.

GARRIGA has accepted an engagement at the Bellini Theatre in Palermo. She is about to sing in a new opera, *Mariam D'Iverno*, composed by the violoncellist, Bottesini.

Mad. Colson is at La Scala, Milan. She seems to have created a very favorable impression. Verdi's opera of *Lo Battaglia di Breno* was recently brought out there and proved a failure.

Paroli is at Rio Janeiro, and goes soon to Buenos Ayres—Medori is engaged at La Pergola, Florence; Rosa di Vries at the San Carlo, Naples; Cortesi and Albertini are both at Florence without engagements; the Gaslers are at Moscow; Fressolini, who has lately lost her father and sister, remains in Paris; Cellag is at Milan in company with Colson. Of tenors, Germania Bettini is at Madrid, singing in "Judith," a new opera by Feri; Paeani and Tiberini are singing at Turin; Beaucarde is at Florence; Errani at Oporto; Neri Beraldi at Moscow. Junca, the basso, is at Bologna, singing in the *Huguenots*.

H. F. Chorley, the musical critic at the London Athenaeum, will deliver four lectures before Easter, at the London Royal Institution, on "National Music."

Neither Offenbach's new opera, *Le Roman Comique*, or LeFebvre Wely's *Recruteurs* have met with great success in Paris.

Hiller has written an opera called *Loreley*, which has had a great success at Vienna.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The sisters Marchisio, famous on the Continent, have made their debut here in concert. The *Telegraph* says:

"The *débütantes* both give evidence of having been carefully trained in the school of Italian singing, as it was taught and practised when Rossini wrote. Mlle. Carlotta's voice is a soprano of considerable compass, and of great power, metallic resonance, and brilliancy. Mlle. Barbara, it is true, betrayed no perceptible nervousness, and with her performance we cannot find the shadow of a fault. Her voice is a genuine and rich contralto of singularly sympathetic quality, of remarkable extent, and more completely uniform in tone throughout its entire compass than that of any singer we can call to mind.

LEIPZIG.—The 8th Gewandhaus concert (Nov. 28) had for programme: Overture by the Russian composer Glinka, to the opera "Life for the Czar" (first time), which the *Signale* finds "interesting in a few passages, but as a whole, without effect and dry"; Aria from the "Barber of Seville"; Concerto (No. 10, A major) for violin by Spohr, played by Concertmaster Dreyschock; Church Aria, by Stradella; Concert Allegro for violin, composed and played by Dreyschock; Symphony (No. 1, in Bb) by Robert Schumann. The singer was Fräulein Anna Reiss, from Mannheim, who showed "talent with a

respectable degree of culture."—The 9th Concert (Dec. 5) fell upon the anniversary of the death of Mozart. The first part consisted of a Symphony in Bb by Haydn; a Chorus with solo from "*Castor and Pollux*," by Rameau (1737), for the first time, he solo sung by Frl. Strahl from Berlin; Chaconne for violin, by Bach, played by Herr Röntgen, of the orchestra. Part Second: Compositions of Mozart; viz.: Overture to the "*Schauspiel-director*"; Duet, Quartet and Finale from the unfinished opera "*L'Oca del Cairo*" (the Goose of Cairo), first time; Concerto for violin and viola; *Ave verum corpus*, chorus.

The third Concert of the "Euterpe" was made up of two formidable works: 1. Robert Schumann's cycle of ballads: "The Page and the King's Daughter," (poem by Geibel), for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The solos were sung by Frau Dr. Reclam, Frl. Lessiak, Herr John, music-director in Halle, Sabbath from Berlin, and others; the choruses by the "Ossian" and "Arion" societies. The work appears to have "gained ground" with the public. 2. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, at the end of which Herr von Bronsart, the director, was called out amid general applause, "a fact," says the *Zeitschrift*, "which stands alone in the musical annals of Leipzig."—In the 4th concert such larger works were excluded in favor of more graceful salon pieces. Frau Ingeborg von Bronsart, pianiste, played Bach's Italian Concerto, a *Novelette* by Schumann, and the Ab waltzes of Chopin, to great acceptance. Frl. Jenny Meyer, a fine contralto from Berlin, sang an air from the "Messiah," Cavatina from *Semiramide* and Liszt's *Mignon's* song. The concert opened and closed with the overtures to *Les Abencerrages* (Cherubini) and *Oberon* (Weber). Liszt's "*Festklänge*," one of his "Symphonic Poems," formed the middle part.

The record of church music in the Thomas-kirche, including Saturday motets by the boy choir, and larger works, cantatas, &c., with orchestra on Sunday morning, shows as follows: Nov. 23, (Saturday, 1½ P. M.): Motet by Schicht: "*Nach einer Prüfung kurzer Tage*." Nov. 24. Chorus and Choral by Bach: "Lord come not to judgment." Nov. 30. motet: "Open the doors wide," by Graun; "From heaven above," by Richter. Dec. 1. Hymn: "Wisdom, fame and glory," by Handel. Dec. 7. motet: "*Angelus ad pastores ait*," by Orlando Lasso; "*Macht hoch die Thür*," by Hauptmann.

The weekly "Evening Entertainment" of the pupils, with their professors, in the Conservatorium, always offers a substantial programme. For instance; Nov. 21. *Hommage à Handel*, for two pianos, by Moscheles: Idyl, for piano, by Hans Seeling, op. 6; Fantasia for piano, op. 23, Mendelssohn; Sonata, piano and violin, op. 12, in E, Beethoven. Nov. 29. Quintet, strings, in A, Mendelssohn; Variations for piano, Handel; Sonata, piano, by Domenico Scarlatti; Concerto, no. 4, for piano, Moscheles; Fantasia, piano, Mendelssohn; Andante and variations, piano, Schumann. Dec. 6. String Quartet, in C, Mozart; Trio in D minor, piano and strings, Mendelssohn; Trio, ditto, in E, Mozart; *Concert fantastique*, piano and orchestra, Moscheles.

BERLIN.—Hans von Bülow (Liszt's son in law, who plays everything, and gives whole concerts alone, without a note before him) played the following pieces at his second soirée, Nov. 29: *Suite* in F, by Bach; Sonata in A, op. 110, Beethoven; *Polonaise* in C minor, Liszt; *Reverie fantastique*, op. 7, Bülow; two *Novellettes*, op. 22, Schumann; Waltzes, by Ehlert; Waltzes, by Raff; Waltzes in E, by Schubert, transcribed by Liszt; The "Carnival of Pesth," by Liszt.

A concert for the benefit of the Prussian fleet was given Dec. 1, in the music hall of the Royal Theatre under Bülow's direction. The Coronation march by F. Lux, to which the prize had been unanimously

awarded among 83 competitors, was played. Also a new overture by A. Rubinstein; a "Hungarian National Rhapsody," by Liszt (piano part by Bülow), and Beethoven's Festival Overture. The Dom-chor sang two new choruses for men's voices, by Meyerbeer.

Robert Rudecke gave his second subscription concert Dec. 6. *Undine*, a Fairy Legend for chorus, solo and orchestra was performed; and Herr Lanh executed Joachim's Hungarian Concerto for the violin.

Tanbert's music to Shakspeare's "Tempest" is warmly praised; it has not yet been put upon the stage, but was given in the concert room, with the aid of a connecting poem. Meyerbeer has been putting some music to a new spectacle piece at the Victoria theatre, called "The Forest Queen," which is based upon Auerbach's charming little romance, "*Joseph in Schnee*." Prof. A. B. Marx has been seriously ill for several months.

The Royal Dom-chor gave its first soirée, under music-director Herzberg, on the 30th Nov. in the hall of the Singakademie. We translate from the *Neue Zeitschrift*:

"The *Sanctus*, by Palestrina, written in simple, noble church style, and the male chorus by Vittoria (*Populus meus*), had been heard before. The following pieces were new. Caldara's chorus in 10 parts (*Qui tollis*), composed and carried through very contrapuntally and canonically in the spirit of Palestrina, his unattainable prototype; J. S. Bach's eight-part motet: "Be not afraid," and his *Cantus firmus* (Lord, my shepherd), characterizing the triumph of the Evangelical faith with great fire and boldness, were splendidly executed. The Hymn for male voices (I thank thee, dear Lord), by Gumpelzhaimer, and the "Spiritual Song (*Maria das Jungfräulein*) by Joseph Eccard, pupil of Orlando Lasso, betray in their great simplicity and heart-felt melody a deep religious sense. The theme of Graun's motet (*Herr, ich habe lieb die Stätte*) seems at this day rather obsolete and out of place. Aug. Neithardt's noble and effective chorus ("Be thou faithful unto death") closed the soirée, and sadly reminded the company of the great loss which our world-famous Dom-chor has sustained this year in the death of Neithardt, the founder and director of the Chor. Herzberg proves a worthy successor. For instrumental pieces, Herr Leo Lion, a pupil of Dreyachok's played with understanding, clearness and certainty a Fugue in F minor by Mendelssohn, and a *Gavotte* by Sebastian Bach."

COLOGNE.—The following was the programme of the 3th Gesellschafts-Concert, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller.

First Part: 1. Concert-Overture, by F. Hiller (new—manuscript); 2. Aria from Handel's *Samson*, sung by Mad. Offermans van Hove, from the Hague; 3. "Weihnachtslied," for six voices, by Sethus Calvisius (1587); 4. Violin-Concerto, No. 7, by L. Spohr, played by August Kömpel; 5. First Finale from Weber's *Euryanthe*. Second Part: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Hiller's new overture consists of a single fiery *allegro*, without any introduction, or other change of tempo. It is the effusion of a lively fancy, which is restrained, by the sure musical knowledge of the composer, within the limits of a beautiful form, and moves, with great dash and spirit, in the domain of musical ideas. It was most favorably received by all competent judges and impartial listeners; and is, without a doubt, one of the finest orchestral works Hiller's muse has produced.

The "Weihnachtslied" of the celebrated and learned old musician, astrologer and chronologist, Sethus Kalwifz (1556—1615) of Thuringia, was given a *capella* by the chorus very purely and gracefully.

The insertion of the Ninth Symphony in the programme was a mark of respect to the birthday of Beethoven, namely, the 17th December. It was played in splendid style, the execution of the first *allegro*, the *scherzo* and the *finale* being especially good. —From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Quid retribuam. Solo and Quartet. *Lambillotte*. 50

Although Lambillotte's Compositions for the Choirs of the Catholic Church may lack in depth and science and are not written, perhaps, in the very strictest style, still, in the universal estimation of organists and singers who consult the taste and understanding of their Congregations, they occupy a high position. Choirs of little practice can hardly find anything more pleasing to study. The above piece forms one of a collection of fourteen, all of which have long been popular abroad, and are fast becoming so in this country.

Do they think of me at home. With Guitar accompaniment. *Glover*. 25

An easy arrangement of a very pretty Song, for which there is a large demand.

Home love. Ballad. *C. W. Glover*. 25

A very simple Song, the melody in the Tyrolean style. Teachers in want of something suitable for beginners will find it as useful as pleasing.

Instrumental Music.

Annie Laurie. Transcription. *A. Baumbach*. 35

Well adapted for the general player. The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the effectiveness and brilliancy of the arrangement.

Louise Waltz. *J. E. Howard*. 25

A trifle, but well-written, and full of melody.

Royal Arch Galop. *J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.* 35

A well marked, dashing piece of Dance-Music.

Polish Liberty March. *R. Barnakoy*. 26

Introducing a famous Polish National air. Not difficult.

The Band passes. Military movement. *Francesco Berger*. 30

A piece in the style of a march, first heard faintly in the distance, then coming nearer, and more distinctly understood, then bursting out, as if quite near, with full power, and finally dying away gradually like the music of a band marching off. The thing is nicely done and will find many admirers. It has passed through many editions in England.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five and six instruments. By

B. A. Burditt. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what he wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 514.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 19.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 346).

Rome, Feb. 22, 1831.

A thousand thanks for your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday, on my return from Tivoli. I cannot tell you, dear Fanny, how much I am pleased with the plan of the new Sunday music; it is a brilliant suggestion, and I beg you for heaven's sake, do not let it go to sleep again, but much rather give your travelling brother a commission to write something new for you. The man will gladly do that, for he takes really too much delight in you and your idea. You must let him know what sort of voices you have; must draw these, your subjects, into counsel as to what they would like to have (for the people has rights, O Fanny!); and especially I think it might be well occasionally to lay before them something right easy, appreciable and agreeable, —the Litany of Sebastian Bach for example! —seriously however I mean the "Shepherd of Israel," or the *Dixit Dominus* of Handel, or something of that sort. And will you not also now and then play something to the people? That, I should think, could do no harm to you or them. They must take a breathing spell, and you must study the piano; then it would be a vocal and instrumental Concert. I wish, though, that I might listen, and pay you my compliments afterwards. Be prudent and mild, and do not tax yourself too severely; nor the voices of the people either; do not be worried, if it sounds bad; give thy thoughts no tongue; do not beware of entrance to Handel; but being in, bear it that whoever misses may beware of thee; finally, take care that the singers do not get tired of it —this above all. Thy thee loving Polonius.

One piece probably already owes its origin to these Sunday music parties. That is to say, when you wrote to me about them lately, I thought whether I could not send you something for them, and then a favorite old plan of mine came up again, but spread itself out to such a breadth, that I can give E * * * nothing of it to take with him, and so must send it later. Hear and be amazed! Since I was in Vienna I have half composed "The first Walpurgis night" of Goethe, but have had no courage to write it out. Now the thing has taken shape, but has become a great Cantata with full orchestra, and can make itself quite lively; for in the beginning there are Spring songs and the like; —then, when the watchmen make an uproar with their forks and prongs and owls, comes in the hobgoblin business also, and you know I have an especial weakness for that sort of thing; then come out the sacrificing Druids in C major with trombones; then again the watchmen, who are frightened, where I will bring in a tripping, mysterious chorus; and finally at the close the full sacrificial song—do you not think, that may be a new sort of Cantata? I do not need an instrumental in-

troduction, and the whole is animated enough. It will, I think, soon be finished. Altogether, composition goes on briskly again now. The Italian Symphony makes great progress; it will be the liveliest piece that I have made, especially the last movement: for the Adagio I have nothing yet decided, and believe I will reserve that for Naples. "*Verleih uns Frieden*" (Grant us peace) is ready, and "*Wir glauben all*" (We all believe) will be in a day or two; only I cannot fairly get hold yet of the Scotch Symphony; should I have in these times a good suggestion, I will set about it immediately, and write it quickly down and end it. Your

FELIX.

Rome, March 1, 1831.

While I write the date, I am sad to think how the time flies. Ere the month is finished, Holy Week begins, and after Holy Week I shall have been as long as possible in Rome. Now I reflect whether the time has been rightly used, and I find myself remiss in all corners. If I only could take hold here of one of the two symphonies! The Italian one I will and must reserve until I have seen Naples, for that must play its part in it; but the other one too runs away, the nearer I try to come to it; and the nearer the end of this Roman, tranquil time approaches, the more embarrassed I become, and the less will it go. I feel as if it will be a long time before I come again to such comfortable writing as here, and therefore I should like to get everything done. But it is no use; only the "*Walpurgis Night*" progresses rapidly, and will soon, I hope, be ended.

Then again I wish to sketch now every day, so that I may take away with me the places which I would remember; and I have much to see yet, and I already know how *this* month, too, will suddenly come to an end, and I shall fail again. And verily it is too uniquely beautiful here! To be sure, things are much changed, and there is not the variety and gaiety that there was earlier; * nearly all my acquaintances have gone away; the streets and promenades are empty; the galleries are closed, and it is impossible to get in. News from abroad fails us almost entirely (for we first learned here the details about Bologna through the *Allgemeine Zeitung*); people come together little or not at all; all has become still; but for that very reason again it is so beautiful, and the mild, warm air is never now withdrawn from us.

Most to be pitied in these circumstances are the Vernet ladies, who are in a disagreeable position. The hatred of the whole Roman people is singularly directed against the French *pensionnaires*, of whom they believe that they alone would easily bring about a revolution. Vernet has several times received anonymous threatening letters; indeed he has found before his atelier an armed Trasteverino, who took to flight when Vernet brought his musket; and as the ladies

* Revolutionary outbreaks had occurred meanwhile in the Pontifical States, particularly in Bologna.

are entirely cut off and isolated at the Villa, there is naturally great anxiety in the family. In the meantime all has remained safe and quiet in the city, and I am fully convinced, that there is more in it than one can see. But the German painters are actually more pitiable than I can tell. Not only have they shaven off their beards, mustachios and whiskers, openly confessing that, when the danger is over, they will let them grow again; but the long, stout fellows go home at nightfall, shut themselves in, and nurse their fears there all alone. Then they call Horace Vernet a braggart, and it is indeed quite another thing with him and with these pitiful creatures; through these events they have grown really intolerable to me.

Latterly I have been again somewhat in the more modern ateliers. Thorwaldsen has just finished in clay a statue of Lord Byron; he is seated upon old ruins, with his feet upon the capital of a column, and looks off as if on the point of writing something on the tablet which he holds in his hand. He has represented him, not in the Roman, but the simplest costume of the present day, and I find that it is very good and does not disturb the impression. The whole has that natural movement, which is so wonderful in all his statues, and yet he looks gloomy and elegiac enough, and not at all affected. Of the procession of Alexander I should have to write a whole letter; for never has sculpture made such an impression on me, as that has. I go every week, and only look at that, and march with the rest there into Babylon. I was recently at A's. He has brought with him splendid pencil sketches from Naples and Sicily, and I should like to learn something from him; but I fear he is a strong exaggerator and never draws quite true. His Coliseum landscape at H.V.'s is a beautiful romance; in the actual scene I have found nothing of those dense groves of cypresses and orange-trees, those fountains and bushes in the middle ground extending back to the ruin. His mustachio too has vanished.

Something merry now for a conclusion. How I wish that you, O Fanny, could have heard, as a counterpart to your Sunday musical parties, the music which we lately practised here on Sunday evening. They wanted to sing Marcello's Psalms, because the fast days still continue, and so the best dilettanti were assembled; a Papal singer in the middle; a *maestro* at the piano, and we sang. If a soprano solo occurred, all the ladies pressed forward, every one wanted to sing it, and so it was performed *tutti*. The tenor by my side never hit a note correctly, and wandered in uncertain regions to and fro. If I came in with the second tenor, he would fall into my pitch; and if I sought to help him, he would think it was my other part, and stick fast to his own. The papal singer now helped the soprani with his *falseto*, now came in as first bass, now quacked the alto, and when all was of no avail, smiled sadly over to me, and we exchanged stolen winks. With all his helping the *maestro* often

lost his thread himself, and got a bar ahead or behind, and then we fell into anarchy, each singing as he pleased and what he pleased. Suddenly there came a serious passage for the basses alone; they all set in properly, but in the second bar burst into loud laughter; the rest of us joined in, and so the thing ended in a joke. The people, who had come to listen, at first applauded loudly, then went out and dispersed. Eynard came in, heard our music, made a grimace, and was not seen again.

So may you all fare well and be happy and well and glad. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 322.)

8.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated at his house in Vienna,

February 8, 1790.

Flattering as was your invitation yesterday, for me to spend this last evening at your house—equally painful to-day is it to find myself unable to thank you in person for all your kindness. Great as my regret is for this, equally great is my wish for your Grace's utmost possible enjoyment, not only this evening but for ever and ever. Mine is past—for to-morrow I return to my gloomy solitude! God grant me only health—I fear the reverse to-day. I am far from being well.

God preserve your Grace, your dear husband and your lovely children. Again I kiss your hand, and so long as I live remain unchangeably
Your Grace's, &c., &c.

9.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated Estoras, Feb. 9, 1790.

And now—here I sit in my solitude—deserted—like a poor orphan—almost cut off from human society—melancholy—full of recollections of noble days that are past—Yes, alas!—past—and who knows when those happy days will return again? Those delightful social gatherings, where all were of one heart and one soul, all those delicious musical evenings,—which are only to be imagined, not described—where are all those sources of inspiration? Gone are they—and gone for a long, long time!

Let not your Grace wonder that I have so long delayed in writing my thanks. At home I found everything in disorder. For there I knew not whether I was chapel master or chapel footman. There was nothing to comfort me—my house all in disorder—my pianoforte, usually the object of my love, was inconstant, disobedient—it rather excited me to wrath than soothed me to calmness—I could sleep but by snatches—my very dreams persecuted me—for as in my dreams I listened all delightedly to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the abominable North wind waked me and almost blew off my night cap. In three days I lost some 20 pounds, for while yet on the way hither all traces of the nice Vienna morsels disappeared. Yes, yes, thought I, as, in the eating house, instead of the juicy boiled beef, I had to chew upon a fifty-year-old cow—instead of a ragout with small dumplings, a piece of an old sheep with yellow cucumbers—instead of a Bohemian pheasant, a piece of fried beef like leather—instead of delicious oranges a dechab or so-called coarse salad—instead of pastry, sliced dried

apples, hazelnuts, &c.,—yes, yes, thought I to myself, if I only had now many a bit for which I could find no room in Vienna! Here in Estoras I am never asked “will you take chocolate with or without milk? What shall I offer you, dearest Haydn? Will you have a vanilla or a pineapple ice?” If I only had a bit of good Parmesan cheese, now, especially during Lent, to carry down the black dumplings and home-made macaroni a little easier! I gave orders to-day to the porter to send me down a few pounds.

Forgive me, best and most gracious of women, that in this my first letter I wear away the time with such a mess of wretched nonsense—pardon it in a poor fellow, whom the Viennese have spoiled by kindness. I am beginning, however, by degrees to accustom myself once more to country life. Yesterday, for the first time, I set myself again to study, and reasonably Haydnish.

Your Grace has doubtless been more industrious than I. The pleasing Adagio from the Quartet has already, I hope, attained its true expression under your beautiful fingers. I hope my good friend, fraulein Peperl, will never forget her master in singing the Cantata, especially in the matters of a clear enunciation of the words and careful vocalization—for it would be a sin to allow so fine a voice to be shut up in the breast. I pray you give her often an encouraging smile or I shall certainly suspect something is wrong. I commend myself also to Monsieur François,* whose musical talent is such, that even when he sings in his nightgown, it is always good. I shall encourage him by often sending him something new. Meantime I kiss your hands again for all your kindness, and am—&c., &c.

10.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Dated, Estoras, March, 14, 1790.

I beg your Grace's pardon a million times for being so tardy in answering two such pleasing letters. It has not been from neglect (against which sin Heaven will protect me so long as I live), but to the multitude of duties which devolve upon me in the present melancholy condition of my most gracious prince. The death of his wife has so weighed upon his spirits, that we are forced to lay out all our strength in the effort to arouse him from his forlorn condition. The first three days I therefore arranged grand chamber music with nothing vocal. The poor Prince, however, fell into so deep a melancholy in listening to the first piece—my favorite Adagio in D—that it was a task indeed to bring him out of it by other pieces.

On the fourth day we gave an Opera, on the fifth a comedy and so at last the daily spectacle—at the same time putting the old opera of Gassman, “*L'Amor artigiano*,” in rehearsal, because he has said not long since, he should like to see it. I wrote three new airs to it, which I shall send, your Grace, very soon—not for their beauty, but as a proof of my industry.

The new Symphony promised your Grace, you will receive in April in season to be produced in von Kees's concerts.

Meantime I kiss your Grace's hands for the biscuits, which came to hand last Tuesday. They reached me just as I had swallowed the last morsel of the previous lot.

That my dear Arianne has met with applause

* Franz, eldest son—Peperl (Joseph), eldest daughter of Mad. Geuzinger.

in the Schottenhof, enchants me; only I recommend to fraulein Peperl to speak the words distinctly, especially these: “*chi tanto amai*.” I am so bold as to wish you on your approaching name day all imaginable good and to pray to you to continue me in your grace and to accept me still at every opportunity as your unworthy master. I take the liberty at the same time of adding that the teacher of languages can come hither any day—the cost of the journey will be repaid him here. He can come down by diligence or by another conveyance of which he can hear daily by enquiring at the Maschakerhof inn.

I will send back the biscuit box on the first opportunity.

As I am convinced that your Grace sympathizes with me in all my concerns (which I am far from meriting) I will inform you that last week I received an extremely pretty gold snuff-box 34 ducats in weight, as a present from Prince Oetting von Wallerstein, with an invitation to visit him this season at his expense—his highness having a strong desire to know me personally (a pleasant encouragement to my weak spirit).—Whether I shall get up resolution enough to undertake this journey is another question.

And now I pray you, excuse this hasty letter and believe me, &c., &c.

P. S.—My compliments to Herr Geuzinger, &c.

I have lost my honest and faithful coachman, who died on the 25th of the last month.

11.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, May 18, 1790.

With astonishment I read your dear letter, at seeing in it your Grace had not received my last missive, in which I wrote that our landlord had accepted a stranger who had happened to come to Estoras as teacher of French, upon which I immediately wrote my apologies both to your Grace and to your family tutor. Most estimable patroness—this is not the first time, that letters of mine and several other persons have been lost; for our mail bag is always opened on the way at Oedenburg (where letters posted there are added to ours) by the house master; hence mistakes and other unpleasant mishaps have often occurred there. However, to be safe for the future and to defeat such shameless curiosity, I shall enclose all my letters in an extra envelope addressed to Herr Portier Pointner. This affair troubles me so much the more, as it has given your Grace occasion to chide me for an instance of neglect, against which Heaven preserve me! But as to this or these curious persons, there was nothing in the last, nor in fact any of the letters, which was not perfectly innocent in all respects. But now, most estimable Patroness, when shall I have the priceless pleasure of seeing your Grace in Estoras? As my duties do not allow me to come to Vienna, I comfort myself with the idea of kissing your Grace's hands this summer here, in which flattering hope I am, &c., &c.

12.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, May 30, 1790.

When I received your Grace's last estimable communication, I had just been in Oedenburg making inquiries for the lost letter. The house-master there swore by all that is holy, that he at that time had seen no letter in my hand writing;

hence it must have been lost here in Estoras! Be this now as it may. Scandal has not found the least foundation for a hint against me, far less against your Grace, since the entire contents of my letter were devoted in part to my opera, *La rera Constanza*, which was given in the new Theatre in the Landstrasse, and in part to the French teacher, who at the time was expected in Estoras. Your Grace can therefore be perfectly free from anxiety, not only in relation to the past but for the future; for my friendship and esteem for your Grace (tender as they are) will never go too far,—having at all times before my eyes the respect due to the sublime virtues of your Grace—virtues which not I alone, but all persons who know your Grace must admire. Let not your Grace then be discouraged from comforting me occasionally with your delightful letters—which are most necessary to me in my solitude to the cheering of my oftentimes deeply depressed spirits. Oh, if I could only be with your Grace one quarter of an hour to pour out my disappointments and troubles and to inhale new life from your Grace's sympathy. Under the present management of affairs, I am exposed to many annoyances, which here I must bear in silence. The only remaining comfort is that, praise God, I am in health and take delight in constant activity. Only I am sorry that, in spite of this pleasure in my work, your Grace must wait so long for the promised symphony. This time however the cause is a certain necessity, which my circumstances and the present rise in prices has occasioned. Your Grace must not however be angry on this account with your Haydn, who, however often the Prince absents himself from Estoras, can never obtain permission to go for 24 hours to Vienna. It is hardly credible, and yet the refusal is always made in the most delicate manner, in fact, so as to put it out of my power to press the matter.

Well, in God's name! This period will pass away, and another time come, when I shall enjoy the inestimable delight of again sitting by your Grace at the pianoforte, and listening to Mozart's masterpieces, and of kissing your hands for so many favors.

In this hope I am, &c., &c.

13.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 6, 1790.

I am heartily concerned that your Grace received my last letter so late; but no Hussar left Estoras last week. It was not my fault, that the letter was so long in reaching you.

Between us! I allow your Grace to know that our Mademoiselle Nanette has given me an order to compose a new pianoforte sonata for your Grace, which however must fall into no other hands. I consider myself very happy in receiving such an order. The sonata will reach your Grace at the farthest in 14 days. The above-mentioned Mademoiselle offered to pay me for the work, but your Grace can easily imagine that I shall at all times refuse such an offer. For me the highest reward will always be to hear that I have earned some degree of applause; meantime I am with highest respect, &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

BRESLAU.—Carl Reinecke produced here a new pianoforte Concerto of his own composition on the 21st.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 346.)

How great a loss Art has suffered by the early death of Schubert, can be better judged by the present generation, than it could be by his contemporaries. For if the singer now perhaps is wanting, who could identify himself with the very spirit of Schubert's song, and achieve such extraordinary success with it, as Vogl did, yet on the other hand the present musical public, apart from the general progress in culture, enjoys the decided advantage of having learned to know and to appreciate the many-sided activity of the artist, in consequence of the gradual publication and performance of many works of his still unknown at the time of his death, or else somehow inexplicably consigned to oblivion, especially his instrumental compositions; and so they have been placed in a position to form to themselves an image of the whole man.

Whoever has fairly taken in the most important works of Schubert, must say without hesitation, that a master of the first rank, at least in one relation, stands before him.

Franz Schubert belongs to that stately series of composers with whom the German nation, and only this by reason of its indwelling depth and universality of mind, from the first half of the last century to the present day, has never ceased to endow the world; and every single one of whom has achieved such eminence in one branch of the various provinces of music, that his creations could not be replaced by those of the rest in the same department.

In Handel's works, and in those of Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Schumann, all the kinds of music thus far known, the song not excepted, are found nobly represented; but while these carried the different forms of so-called sacred music, and then the Opera, the Symphony, &c., to the acme of beauty and sublimity, it was reserved to Franz Schubert in the comparatively smaller frame of the song to surpass them all, and lend complete expression to the German spiritual and mental life, through all its innumerable and wonderful shades, from the bright dancing melody of the "Son of the Muses," and the Idyl of the "Miller" songs, to the dark, complaining tone of the "Hurdy-gurdy man" and the Ossianic battle and cloud pictures.

In the song he became the central point for the whole modern development of this kind of music, which also reached its first culmination through him.

From the old stand-point of song writing, before him, only the general mood of feeling contained in the poem was reproduced, without any shading of expression in the detail. But now suddenly a dramatic element, before unknown, came out, which was calculated to lend individual significance, and thereby enhance the brilliancy and blending of color, to the single parts of the poem. The union of noble words with noble melodies, the intimate interpenetration of the music and the poem was, to the joy and astonishment of the friends of true Art, accomplished in the happiest manner; and the Song, heretofore moving only in the simplest form, soon raised itself to one of the most important genera of Art of modern times,—one which has served the deeper German life of feeling as a limited indeed, but always trustworthy place of refuge, when it has had to turn away unsatisfied and out of humor from the public musical designs.

During his lifetime he was especially known and valued only as a song composer, and even there within a narrower range than afterwards. Of his piano-forte compositions for a long time only a small

part were known; his other instrumental works became known still later, and not always in his native city first. He has tried his hand in nearly all the forms of music. Besides about 600 songs, he wrote operas, overtures, symphonies, masses, trios, quartets and quintets, a grand octet, choruses, cantatas, offertories and graduals, two *Stabat Maters* and *Hallelujahs*, vocal quartets, Italian arias and a multitude of two and four-hand, great and little piano pieces, such as: Sonatas, variations, fantasias, rondos, impromptus, *Moments musicaux*, *divertissements*, dances and marches, all more or less full of beauties and fine interesting traits.

When we consider the astonishing multitude of Schubert's published works alone, we are convinced that their creator, whom death surprised in his thirty-second year, must have wrought with as great facility as restless activity; and his compositions are not sparing of notes.

In fact Schubert was uncommonly fruitful and industrious, and one may well say, that he has faithfully and honestly improved the talent entrusted to him.

As a general rule he began his day's work* in the forenoon hours, and continued it uninterruptedly until dinner time; then his whole being was absorbed in music. He often felt himself affected by his compositions, and eye-witnesses assure us, they could gather from his shining eye and altered speech, how mightily it wrought within him.

The remainder of the day was given just as regularly to social enjoyment; in the fine season of the year to excursions into the country, in the company of friends; and sometimes it happened, when he felt well with them and could not bear to part from beautiful Nature, that an accepted invitation for the evening was thrown to the winds; this led to embarrassments, it is true, but they did not trouble him long. But certainly it needed but the least excitement, after his work was over, to wake his never resting soul again; the charming Serenade of Shakespeare ("Hark, hark, the lark") was composed on such a pleasure party in a tavern, put upon paper, and, the fit occasion offering, was sung at sight from the sheet.

"If," says Robert Schumann, "fruitfulness be a main mark of genius, then Schubert is one of the greatest. He would by degrees perhaps have set the entire German literature to music; and if Telemann requires that a regular composer should be able to compose the entrance ticket given at the city gate, he might have found his man in Schubert. Wherever he inclined, music gushed forth; Æschylus, Klopstock, so coy to composition, yielded under his hands, just as from the light measures of W. Müller and others he had won their deepest strings."

(To be continued.)

* Schubert can only be called laborious in the sense, that, restlessly creating from himself, he sought to fix the fullness of his thoughts on paper. For what in ordinary life is called labor, and especially for all mechanical labor he had no liking; and this, together with his none too regular way of life, which prevented him from appearing with the desired punctuality at the hours of rehearsal, was probably the reason why he could not long retain his function as *Correpetitor* at the Kärnthnertheater.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 347.)

Among the distinguished literary friends whom the Novellos had the pleasure to assemble in their small drawing-room at 240 Oxford Street, may be named Charles and Mary Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coulson, Charles Cowden Clarke, Henry Robertson, and John Byng Gattie. The two last are named here, not so much for their publicly-known attainments, as for their consociation with the subject of the present biographical sketch, in the sonnet which Leigh Hunt addressed,

To HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE, and VINCENT NOVELLO, not keeping their appointed hour.

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee
Have music all about you, heart and lips;
And John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly;
And Vincent, you, who with like mastery
Can chase the notes with fluttering finger-tips,
Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,
Or stony the organ with firm royalty:
Why stop ye on the road? The day 'tis true,
Shows us as in a diamond all things clear,
And makes the hill-surmounting eye rejoice,
Doubling the earthly green, the heavenly blue;
But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,
And give the beauty of the day a voice.

No apology need be offered for quoting the above, which in its italicized lines so accurately as well as poetically characterises the excellence of Vincent Novello's playing. As affording a graphic picture of the friendly ease which distinguished the meetings in the little drawing-room, a passage from Charles Lamb's delightful *Elia* essay, called a "Chapter on ears," may also be subjoined:—

* * * "Something like this scene-turning I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend, Novello, who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.* When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side-aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension,—(whether it be that, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or that other, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

—rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end; clouds of frankincense oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant,—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand Heresiarch; or three heresies centre in my person; I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant countenanced host and hostess.

Truly a pleasant sight was that same drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, when poets, artists, and musicians, friends of the master of the house, met in kindly, lively converse. The walls simply colored of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-color drawings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell, and Cristall (who were also personally known to Vincent Novello); the floor covered with a plain grey drugget bordered by a tastefully-designed garland of vine-leaves, drawn and embroidered by Mrs. Novello; towards the centre of the room a sofa-table strewn with books and prints; and at one end, a fine-toned chamber-organ, on which the host preluded and played to his listening friends, when they would have him give them "such delights, and spare to interpose them off" between the pauses of their animated conversation. Keats, with his picturesque head, leaning against the instrument, one foot raised on his knee and smoothed beneath his hands; Leigh Hunt, with his jet-black hair and expressive mouth; Shelley, with his poet's eyes and brown curls; Lamb, with his spare figure and earnest face; all seen by the glow and warmth and brightness of candle-light, when the young musician and his friends assembled in that ostentatious informal fashion which

* I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.—*Dr. Watts*.

gave zest to professional social intercourse at the then period.

(To be continued.)

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

By J. W. DAVISON.

(Concluded from page 350.)

The second part of the oratorio commences with an air for soprano, "Hear ye, Israel," in two movements, the first in the minor, the second in the major key of B. In the first the style of the music, as well as of the words, is one of tender expostulation, as though, while chastising to chasten, the Almighty felt compassion for the weakness of His creatures, and expressed it through the mouth of an angel. The second movement, "Thus saith the Lord," in a vigorous and lofty tone, sets forth the Divine promise to maintain and help the faithful under all circumstances. A world of eulogy has been lavished on this fine song, to which we need add nothing but a tribute to the judgment exhibited by Mendelssohn in placing it where it stands. Doubtless he was aware that no chorus, however grand, could come immediately after "Thanks be to God." But that was not all; the way in which "Be not afraid" is introduced, seems to be a sort of amends for the absence of a chorus at the beginning. This long and elaborately developed piece enlarges on the sentiments of hope and encouragement expressed in the song, which it succeeds by a bold and unexpected transition from the key of B to that of G. The same transition is repeated whenever the principal theme is resumed, and with especial effect after the impassioned episode in E minor, "Though thousands languish."

A scene of considerable importance in the progress of the oratorio ensues. Elijah again taxes Ahab with idolatry, and again threatens him with a manifestation of Divine wrath. This is conveyed in one of the grandest of all the recitatives, at the end of which occurs a point calculated to impress even those wholly uninitiated in the musical art with a sense of its eloquence and beauty. We allude to the very striking passage, "And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water." Mendelssohn rarely condescends to a direct imitation of the picture suggested by sentences to be declaimed or sung—to "word painting," as it is termed; by no means so often as Handel, for example; but when he does, it is invariably with a result so successful that the gravest criticism holds him justified. The idea of the "reed shaken in the water" was evidently as tempting to Mendelssohn as the floods standing "upright as an heap" to Handel. The *trémolo* for the stringed instruments, with the voice of the Prophet—uttering his denunciation, in solemn phrases—beneath, produces an effect wholly apart from anything either Mendelssohn or any other master has written. The hearer will find attention to this passage well repaid by the interest and admiration it is sure to excite.

A new agent now appears in the shape of Jezebel, Ahab's wicked queen, who reveals herself to the people, and narrating, one by one, the presumed offences of the Prophet, exasperates her hearers to the utmost pitch of fury, until they resolve upon Elijah's destruction. This is presented in a series of recitatives for the queen, with brief choral responses for the people; the whole terminating with a chorus (in A minor)—"Woe to him, he shall perish." The musical expression is throughout most vivid. The progressive influence of the words of Jezebel—the low tones in which, answering her query, "Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?" the people murmur "We heard it with our ears," and then, like distant thunder rapidly approaching, swell out into the ejaculation "He shall perish!" the increasing emphasis of the queen, at each step in the accusation, echoed by the cries of the people, who become more and more incensed as she proceeds, until her energetic admonition—"Seize Elijah, and do unto him as he has done!"—is caught and developed in the chorus named above—are one and all conveyed with masterly skill. The interest grows deeper and deeper until the culminating point is attained, and the rage of the infuriated multitude is depicted in the chorus—at first incoherently, voices echoing voices on the words, "Woe to him!"—then bursting forth with unanimous vehemence in the exclamation, "He shall perish!" The passage in unison—"So go ye forth, seize on him, he shall die"—brings this scene to an end just at the moment when astonishment at the genius of the composer has reached its height.

Obadiah then, in a recitative full of promise and consolation, ending with an exquisitely melodious phrase to the words, "The Lord thy God doth go with thee," warns the Prophet to seek safety in the

wilderness. Elijah obeys; but strength deserts him; his spirits are exhausted, and he longs for death. This is revealed in an air of infinite pathos, "It is enough, O Lord" (in F sharp minor), where may be remarked the admirable employment of the violoncellos, which share the melody with Elijah, as though they were the voices of unseen spirits, sympathizing with his anguish and distress. In the second part the movement changes from slow to quick; and in the exclamation, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts," the Prophet for a time forgets his griefs in the holiness and dignity of his mission. He soon, however, relapses into the strain of despondency with which the air sets out.* But angels hover near, and encourage him with words of comfort. They bid him look towards the mountain, whence the Lord will come to help him; reproach him for sinking beneath the weight of his affliction, and cite God's own sleepless watchfulness over Israel as an example for emulation.

All the above is comprised in a tenor recitative, "See how he sleepeth under a juniper tree;" an unaccompanied trio for female voices (in D),† "Lift thine eyes to the mountains;" and a chorus (in D), "He, watching over Israel." The recitative is soft and appealing; the trio simple, unaffected, and beautiful. Nothing can be more exquisite—"angelic" we might say, without hyperbole—than the effect of the three female voices in such a place. The audience are impressed with all that it is intended to impress upon the Prophet, and, like him, are fortified and consoled. "He, watching over Israel" should never be separated from the trio, of which it is only the development.‡ This chorus is beautiful beyond the power of language to convey. Melody never assumed a more enticing shape; harmony never clothed it with greater purity. The orchestral accompaniments, too, are transparent—undulating as ripples on the surface of a gentle lake. Better than all this, however—which might be said of abstract music without reference to any particular text—"He, watching over Israel" expresses to perfection the sentiments that, proceeding from the lips of heavenly messengers, inspire the favored minister of Almighty God with new strength, fervor, and holy resignation.

The music now assumes a graver character. The end of the Prophet's mission is at hand; but still there remains something for him to do. An angel directs his steps to Horeb, the mount of God, which is distant a journey of forty days and nights. The injunction is embodied in a contralto recitative, "Arise, Elijah;" to which the Prophet retorts that his toil has been in vain, adding an entreaty that the Lord will manifest himself. The angel preaches patience and submission, in an air, "O rest in the Lord." The introduction of this air at the end of Elijah's recitative is a masterstroke. The recitative, when Elijah has expressed a wish to be released by death from further suffering, terminates on a long-sustained note, B (dominant of E minor), which rising a semi tone, the angel begins the air in the key of C, thus contrasting the heavenly nature of God's messenger with the earthly nature of the Prophet in a manner as delicate as it is poetical. If religion can be rendered more attractive by the aid of musical expression, this beautiful song may be cited as a case in point. The melody is as simple as the harmony is chaste. At the return of the subject occurs one of those devices of which, as we have already hinted, *Elijah* contains so many striking examples. We allude to the feint of going into E minor, which, after twice recurring, is finally abandoned for the resumption of the original key of C. Nothing can be more apparently artless; yet it is one of those subtle touches by means of which the composer often raises an unobtrusive thought into an ideal beauty. It is worth while mentioning here that Mendelssohn, thinking there would be too much music of a sweet and tuneful character in this part of the oratorio, contemplated the omission of "O rest in the Lord," as

* This song seems to be built on a plan similar to that of "O Lord God have mercy," in *St. Paul*, just as the chorus, "Woe to him, he shall perish," is designed much after the manner of "Stone him to death," in the same oratorio. But here resemblance ceases, and the great superiority of the two pieces in *Elijah* must be manifest.

† This trio was an afterthought, and a most felicitous one. The words, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," were originally set to a duet for soprano and contralto, which was sung by the (then) Misses Williams, when the oratorio was first produced at the Birmingham Festival, in 1846. The alteration is one of the most important of the many which Mendelssohn effected in *Elijah*. In the interval between the Festival and his visit to London the following spring. The addition of the chorus, "Woe to him," which now completes the scene of Jezebel and the people, is another change of great significance.

‡ It cannot be too earnestly or too often suggested, that, if "encores" must be tolerated in performances of sacred music, the demand for repetition should in this instance be withheld until the termination of the chorus, without which the effect of the whole is spoiled and the composer's intentions frustrated. The trio and chorus might thus be gone through again without a break, and the author's design unimpaired.

superfluous, but was dissuaded by a friend from carrying his design into effect. To this judicious friend the musical world owes a debt of gratitude, and Mendelssohn himself is in some measure beholden. A chorus (in F major), "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," in which redemption is promised to all who suffer without repining, follows next. Here the theme, measured and stately, is treated with a profundity that, while the strict fugue form is almost everywhere avoided in *Elijah*, shows the command possessed by Mendelssohn over that branch of musical art of which fugue is the most elaborate manifestation.

The wish of Elijah's heart is now about to be fulfilled. His journey to Mount Horeb accomplished, his soul yearns for the presence of his God. Night falling, his desire to behold the Deity is expressed in a highly suggestive recitative. The angel replies in another—"Arise, now, get thee without," bidding Elijah ascend the mount. Elijah obeys, and, covering his face, awaits, with intense longing, the achievement of the promised miracle.

The chorus in E minor, which embodies the miracle of the Lord's apparition—"Behold! God the Lord passed by"—must be regarded as the culminating point of the second, as "Thanks be to God" of the first, part of the oratorio. It is what the German æsthetic critics would call a programme chorus, being divided into four *tableaux*—the first three representing natural phenomena, the fourth the accomplishment of the Prophet's wish. Elijah, having covered his face, in anticipation of the Divine presence, God passes by, and "a mighty wind" rends the mountain—but the Lord is not in the tempest. Again God passes by, the sea is upheaved, and an earthquake shakes the land—but the Lord is not in the earthquake. After the earthquake a fire—but the Lord is not in the fire. After the fire "a still small voice"—and in that still voice is the Lord God Almighty, the Seraphim singing His praises from above. The music which illustrates this most impressive scene is unsurpassed. The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, are suggested with equal felicity by different treatments of the same subject. The composer rises with his theme—the earthquake being painted in more terrible colors than the tempest, and the fire than the earthquake. The sentence, "And yet the Lord was not in the fire," is elaborated with marvellous effect, until the tumult dies away, and a transition into the major key leads to a phrase in which the presence of Godhead is announced in strains of soothing and enchanting melody—"And after the fire there came a still small voice, and in that still voice onward came the Lord." The orchestral accompaniments are here of that delicate nature most appropriate to the subject. The quartet and chorus (in C major)—"Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord"—not once a simpler, more sublime, and more impressive musical embodiment of the "Sanctus" than can be cited in any of the Roman Catholic church music—nobly terminates this section of *Elijah*, which presents nothing more worthy of admiration than the power with which a new interest is created for every fresh incident.

The climax approaches. Elijah, who has accomplished his mission of energy and of suffering, of action and of passion, is now, like Enoch, too pure for earth. Angels console him with the assurance that there are yet seven thousand in Israel "who have not bowed down to Baal." The Prophet offers up thanksgivings, while the faithful extol his prophecies and denunciations. At length "Elijah was not, for God took him." He is snatched away to heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire.

The musical illustration of the above commences with one of the finest choral recitatives—"Go, return upon thy way." Elijah responds in another—"I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," which is followed by an air (in F), "For the mountains depart"—a melody of sweet and tranquil beauty, accompanied exclusively by stringed instruments, and oboe *obligato*. Elijah utters his last sentence in this song, which appropriately reflects the serenity of mind with which the Prophet now contemplates the end of all things. The translation is presented in a chorus (in F minor), "Then did Elijah the Prophet break forth like a fire." The first part is sombre and mysterious; the second, "And when the Lord would take him away to heaven," magnificently describes the ascent in the whirlwind. The startling transition with which this sets out, and the progressions of harmony through which the chorus is brought to a termination in the key of the dominant major, are

among the most remarkable points in the oratorio. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, the genius of Mendelssohn shows itself equal to the loftiest attempts—the poetical conception being as grand as the musical treatment is masterly.

The rest is didactic—including reflections on what has preceded, apostrophe to the power and glory of God, words of consolation to believers, prophetic allusions, and exhortations to continue steadfast. It has been suggested that with the translation of Elijah, the oratorio should have come to an end. We cannot share this opinion, since the history of the Prophet's life, his toil, his self-denial, his perseverance, his miracles, and his reward, may be presumed to have left impressions and superinduced results that ought properly to be included in the general design. What follows, moreover, is as brief as it is interesting. The tenor air (in A flat), "Then shall the righteous shine forth," is a worthy pendant to "If with all your hearts." Obadiah who had previously admonished the people to love the true God, now exults in the triumph of that faith which has been inculcated by the example of Elijah. The sentiment of devotion is expressed with vivid intensity in this song, which yields in beauty to none of its predecessors, and is remarkable for the grace of the orchestral accompaniments, where richness of coloring is attained by means that, at first sight, seem inadequate, but which genius finds ample. The employment of trombones, piano, to strengthen the passages of modulation, cannot escape observation—to say nothing of other points of equal refinement. We would not willingly lose such a genuine inspiration to satisfy any theorist even if it were superfluous to the plan—which is not the case. A recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet," conducts to a chorus in D—"But the Lord from the north has raised one." This ends with a brilliant movement, "Behold my servant and mine elect," which, besides evincing much of the vigor of Handel, contains one passage, "On him the spirit of God shall rest," bearing a strong affinity to an episode in "The people shall hear," the most wonderful of all the choruses of *Israel in Egypt*.^{*} The unison passage commencing on the words, "The spirit of wisdom and understanding," combines grandeur with simplicity, and brings the chorus to an end with striking effect. The next piece, a quartet (in B flat), "O come, every one that thirsteth," may almost be regarded as sister to the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," in the melodiously flowing character of which it largely participates. As an example of pure vocal part-writing, this may be compared with any of the three quartets in Mozart's immortal *Requiem*. It serves admirably to separate the choruses that immediately precede and follow it, offering a strongly defined contrast which relieves the one while it prepares the way for the other. The final chorus, consisting of two parts—a majestic prelude (in D minor), "Then shall your light break forth," and a masterly fugued movement, "Lord, our Creator" (in D major)—is noticeable for containing almost the only example of the severe style in the whole of *Elijah*. It has other claims to admiration, however, besides its excellence as a piece of scholastic; and indeed, if that were not the case, it would hardly merit the place assigned to it in such a work.

Much more might be written of *Elijah* than is comprised in the foregoing, but perhaps enough has been said for the purpose in hand, which is mainly by a detailed analysis of its design to elicit attention to its beauties, and by pointing out the relation between the music and the words of every piece, to make those beauties more easily understood and appreciated. *Elijah* is not only the masterpiece of its composer, but one of the monuments of musical art. What at first must strike all who are familiar with the great works of Handel and others, is its entire originality. It has the dramatic coloring at which Handel aimed in several of his works, added to a dramatic completeness that few of the latter can boast. While piece after piece may be omitted from almost any of Handel's oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel* excepted—not a bar from *Elijah* can be spared. *Elijah* is a single effort, perfect in all its parts, and as a whole majestic and beautiful. It is, moreover, thoroughly human, treating of the sufferings, the indomitable resolution and unswerving faith of a man full of sympathy for the good, strong in sincerity, great in aspiration, meek of heart, pure of manners, and god-like in mind—but still a very man. It is a sacred drama, as real and absorbing as one of Shakespeare's plays. The composer himself put the materials into shape; and this is only one proof among many that Mendelssohn has given of an essentially dramatic talent which, had he been spared, might have done for opera what *Elijah* has done for oratorio.

^{*} These reminiscences are as rare in *Elijah*, that when they come the hearer is disposed rather to welcome than call them in question.

oratorio. The ways of heaven are inscrutable, and it is not for us to complain. Mendelssohn was snatched away in the prime of life, but not till he had accomplished a labor that will render his name and memory imperishable. As an effort of art, and as an inspiration of genius, *Elijah* is entitled to a place by the side of the *Messiah* and *Jarnel in Egypt*. Whether it should stand first, second, or third, in this great fellowship of Masterpieces, it is as well not to inquire. Better to look upon it as inseparable from the Handelian monuments, thus helping to continue a glorious Art-Trinity.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 31.—Musical matters are rather dull in our city, this winter; but the CECILIA SOCIETY, in spite of the times, manage to get along pretty well, although their chorus is not always as complete and their audience not as large, as in former years. They are now in their sixth season and the concerts this winter have been in rather quicker succession, than usual. Last winter they bought a Steinway grand Piano, which is now almost entirely paid for, and thus they are going on, with perseverance and energy, and set a good example to many other musical societies, who have many more wealthy members and perhaps as much or more musical talent among them, than this one, and still are not doing half as much for art and their own cultivation.

The general experience in western cities is, I suppose, that new musical societies, when first started, are quite flourishing for a year or two, but as soon as the novelty wears off, they are flagging and kept alive only by very persevering efforts, such as we see rarely made by Americans, I am sorry to say, but often by our German citizens, who go into musical pursuits not for the sake of novelty or mere amusement or show, but for the real, genuine love of Music. The Germans are decidedly the musical pioneers of the West.

The Cecilia Society had as principal attraction for their third concert "Comala" by Gade, a truly beautiful composition, which grows in favor, the oftener it is heard; and in their fourth concert, which took place yesterday, they gave for the first time extracts from "the first Walpurgis-Night," by Mendelssohn, the whole of which they are rehearsing now, and besides, many other interesting compositions, as you will see by the enclosed programme:

1. Chorus "Ave Verum,".....Mozart
2. Andante with Variations for two Pianos.....Schumann
3. Aria for Tenor, a Druid, and Chorus of Druids and People, from the first "Walpurgis Night," poem by Goethe.....Mendelssohn
- " Now May again
 Breaks winter's chain,
 The bud and bloom are springing," &c.
4. Song for Soprano, "Serenade".....Schubert
5. Fantasia on "Don Giovanni," for Piano.....Thalberg
6. Chorus from "Walpurgis Night".....Mendelssohn
- "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men!
 Secure the passes round the glen:
 In silence there protect them," &c.
7. Chorus from "Erling's Daughter,".....Gade
- "Morning Dawn."
8. Two songs for Soprano.
1. Welcome.....Curschmann
2. Spinning Song.....Stegmayer
9. Tarantella for two Pianos.....Batter
10. Chorus with Solo: "Gipsies' Life".....Schumann

Many of our musicians are gone to the war and it is difficult to get up an orchestra now-a-days, but still we had a pretty good one the other day in a concert arranged by Mr. Andres,—a small army, but, I suppose, better drilled, than our grand ones.

We are promised shortly some new German Operas by the "Maennerchor," in which it is reported Mad. Fabbri will assist.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 29.—At the Germania rehearsal of last Saturday, I heard Chopin's "Marche Funebre" as arranged for Orchestra. The music of this "poet of the piano" is so peculiarly *piano* music as to be almost incapable of effective adaptation for any other instruments.

The author of this arrangement (it was not the

^{*} Although there is nothing else in common, except the oboe and the key of F, the above may recall the last movement of Florestan's air in the second act of *Fidalgos*—if only on account of these coincidences. Mendelssohn was a long time uncertain whether he should add the oboe part or limit the score to the string quartet. There can hardly be a doubt of the wisdom of his ultimate decision.

one by Berlioz) evinces an appreciative acquaintance with all the nice points of the beautiful composition I speak of, and has proved it translatable. In the first and last parts of the "Marche," the bassoons have the burden; in the middle, or elegiac, portion the melody is given first to the clarinet and then to the first violins.

The following programme is that of a concert given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, by Master I. RICE, eleven years old.

- PART I.
1. Piano Luet—"Coronation March from The Prophet." Wolff
 2. Aria—"Niobe." Pacini
Master I. Rice and Carl Wolfsohn.
 3. Piano Solo—"Rondo." Hummel
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
 4. Aria—"Lucetta Borgia." Donizetti
Master I. Rice.
 5. Violoncello Solo—"Aria final de Lucia." Servais
Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.
 6. Piano Solo—"La Source." Blumenthal
Mr. Charles Schmitz.
- PART II.
1. Violin Solo—"Solo du Concert." Sainton
Master I. Rice.
 2. Song with Violoncello Obligato—"The Alpine Horn." Proch
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Charles Schmitz.
 3. Piano Solo—"Wellenspiel." Splindler
Master I. Rice.
 4. Song—"Bird Song." Satter
Mad. Bertha Johannsen.
 5. Piano Solo—"Fantasie de Concert, La Traviata." Wolfsohn
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.
 6. Duo—"La ci darem la mano—Don Giovanni." Mozart
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.

Young Rice is a pupil and protégé of CARL WOLFSON. He played with confidence, precision and good taste. The proficiency he has already acquired gives promise of future excellence.

Schmitz played with feeling and wonderful neatness of execution. Wolfsohn played in his usual fine style. They were both rapturously applauded.

The success that attended young Rice's *debut* must have been encouraging to the teacher, as well as to the pupil, and pleasing to the artists who so kindly assisted the debutant. CHANTERELLE.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 25th, 1861.—Our Philharmonic Society, gave their fourth Concert, of this season, on Thursday evening, to a crowded house as usual. Queerly enough, notwithstanding the universal and too earnest cry of hard times, and entire want of money, it appears as though places of amusement were never better patronized than they are this winter. It can only be accounted for, by presuming that men in business are so harassed and annoyed during the day, that they find more need of amusement, to drive care away and make them forget for a time that they are creatures subject to trials and troubles. Be it as it may, our concerts are literally jammed, several hundred being refused admittance last evening. One noticeable feature which attracts the attention of strangers, one which you quiet people in Athens are entirely unaccustomed to, is the pains which the ladies take to dress in such a manner as to make known their Union or "Secesh" principles, and at the same time to be fashionably attired. Red skirts white waists and red bonnets, white trimmings, white handkerchiefs, red borders, red and white rosettes, &c.

But I am wandering from the concert, which had this fine programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Der Wasserträger," (the Water-Carrier) Cherubini
 2. Vintage Chorus—from "Dinorah." Meyerbeer
 3. Cavatina—"O Madre del Cielo," from I Lombardi. Verdi
 4. Scherzo—from "First Symphony." Beethoven
 5. Sextetto—"Words of Sacrifice" from Il Polluto. Donizetti
- PART II.
1. Overture—"Melusina." F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy
 2. Chorus—"Crucifixus." Letti
 3. Violin Solo—"Homage to Rubini." J. Arlot
 4. Finale—from "Second Symphony." Mozart
 5. March and Chorus—from "Tannhauser." R. Wagner

The best thing here is the *Melusina* Overture from Mendelssohn. I confess to a great weakness for all of his music, above all other writers for orchestra—so beautifully does he work up his themes, here and there passages continually coming in which always startle and delight, never expected, yet always welcome—such exquisite modulations, so smooth and

flowing, wandering from one key to another till the hearer, entangled in the labyrinth and maze of harmony, loses himself and only wonders how he will return, when—by some ingenious combination, presto, here you are again preparing for still another flight into the before unexplored realms of harmony. He makes wonderful effect; unequalled in the use of the wind instruments. His instrumentation in the "Walpurgis Night," recently performed here, could hardly be excelled. In all of his compositions, he displays a depth of thought, a genius, research and study, with a complete understanding of the effects producible by the various instruments, surpassed by none.

The soloists on this occasion were Miss TOURNEY, who did herself great credit by her rendering of the Cavatina, not a selection to my taste in every respect however, nor one calculated to display her abilities to the best advantage, and Mr. EMIL KARST, who executed his violin solo in an admirable manner. Could Mr. Karst infuse a little more vigor and power into his performance, he would produce a better effect; it only lacks that, as his intonation and execution are perfect. The instrumentation to this solo is beautifully worked up.

The Society gave a grand ball Thursday evening, Feb. 6th, for the benefit of their excellent Librarian, Mr. KUHE.

This gentleman devotes his whole time to the interests of the Society, as you can conceive when I state that for the second concert he copied 2000 pages of music, for the third 1200, and 700 for the last with a prospect of 1600 for the next. This is rendered necessary, as there is a chorus of about 100, and 30 in the Orchestra. To transcribe the whole of one act of *Don Giovanni* for so many is a job to make even the ablest copyist stand aghast.

We have been treated to numerous minor concerts well attended; and ROBERT HELLER has been delighting large audiences nightly with his excellent performances on the piano as well as by his extraordinary feats of legerdemain. PRATO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" was given on Thursday evening of last week, in the Old South Church, by a combination of choirs, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, the accomplished organist of the church. The venerable old place, full of Revolutionary memories—which better than any other church in our city answers to the countryman's idea of "Boston meeting-house," looked really gay and cheery that night, what with clean paint, abundance of light, and multitudes of music-loving people—all invited guests—who filled pews and aisles and double tier of galleries. Of course the "Hymn of Praise" without an orchestra loses much; especially the introductory Symphony, a long instrumental work of several movements, which was represented by a four-hand arrangement for the organ, in playing which Mr. LANG was assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER. It was played well, but for want of other instruments, violins especially, proved tame and tedious. The choruses were all remarkably well sung by the small but effective choir of four voices on a part, and the accompaniments were very skillfully suggested—to say the least—by Mr. Lang's combinations of the organ stops, and such treatment in whole and in detail as showed thorough study of the music. There was some excellent solo singing too; especially in the favorite soprano duet (with chorus): "I waited for the Lord," and the tenor passage preceding the

glorious chorus: "The night is departing." The soloists stepped from the ranks of the choir as needed, and were not named upon the programme.

Before the "Hymn" a short miscellaneous First Part was given, consisting of a Festival Fantasia for Organ on Haydn's "The heaven's are telling," by Koehler, finely played by Mr. Lang, but not very interesting in itself; of a sacred bass song, given with good voice and dignity of style by Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, with a harmonized chant for a conclusion; and finally the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony upon the organ. This last was a mistake; however ingeniously done, the organ makes this noble piece sound trivial; accent of course is wanting, and the organ caricatures staccato efforts unpleasantly, to use the mildest term. But as a whole, it was a very pleasant occasion; and the efforts of the organist and his co-operators have no doubt the hearty thanks of all who were present.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The storm seemed to keep back only the "country members" of Mr. ZERRAHN'S audience, last Saturday night. Beethoven's C minor Symphony is music, hearing which the soul feels its power to ride triumphantly above story and conflict. Its wonderful magnetic power was felt again that evening, although the orchestra was reduced to a war footing and not so nearly perfect as in some past years. It was played with spirit and clearness, especially the two first movements. Preponderance of brass tone, too loud and coarse in quality, is the chief thing to be avoided. Can it not be subdued, by not taking the *ff* marks too literally at their word? It was done in the old "Germania" orchestra, and quite successfully; their proportion of strings was even smaller than we now have, yet their trombones and trumpets blended in musically with the rest. In the other two orchestral selections we do not think that Mr. Zerrahn was very happy. Wagner's "Faust" overture, *quoad* music, seems to us full of uncouthness; commencing with a monstrous grotesque sort of ophicleid tone, more suited to a Carnival than a concert room; fragmentary and spasmodic to a degree that breaks up all artistic continuity and defeats the hope of progress; full of spurts and ejaculations, that are like "sound and fury signifying nothing," and interesting chiefly for certain bold and novel effects of instrumentation. *Quoad* poetry, it is a very coarse interpretation of the "Faust" of Goethe, affecting the mind somewhat like a certain muscular American tragedian's Hamlet. We doubt whether "Faust" be available for musical translation at all; and if so, whether Wagner is the man for it. The orchestra certainly displayed some collective virtuosity in executing it.—Schindelmeyer's "Uriel Acosta" overture likewise is disfigured by the "ram's horn" motive, in allusion to the Jewish synagogue, which is so unmusically prominent at the beginning and towards the end. Otherwise it is a fluent, rich and stirring overture, properly suggesting comparison with works of Marschner or Lindpainter, but not by any means, as some have hinted, with a work of genius like the *Freyschütz*.

The young pianist, Miss MARY FAY, showed remarkable execution, clear, brilliant, tasteful, in the performance of her two pieces. The Mendelssohn Capriccio in B, which is almost a Concerto, with orchestra, was finely played, as it was finely chosen. Some of the left hand passages, however, were not quite telling enough. Thalberg's variations on the Barcarole from *L'Elisir d'Amore* were indeed splendidly executed. But it was senseless glitter, quite unworthy of a Philharmonic concert, that little piece with which the young lady responded to the encore.

Mr. EICHBERG is one of the best, perhaps the best, violinist that has ever resided among us, as well as a sound musician and a clever composer. His Concerto, of one movement only, was musician-like, sweet, flowing, popular in character, with some orig-

inal effects, and afforded an excellent chance to show his mastery of his instrument, as well as of the orchestral resources. It won him much applause.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The second Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, drew a crowded hall. The Symphony was one of Mozart's in D; the Overture, Auber's to "Le Serment." The Duet from "Tell" (arranged); a Flute Fantasia, by Mr. GÖRNING; a Horn solo (same as last week) by Mr. HAMANN, a Strauss Waltz and a Lambye *Gulop* filled out the entertainment.

Music in Prospect.

Another **ORGAN CONCERT** will be given by Mr. JOHN K. PAINE this evening at the Tremont Temple. This is welcome news to all who were present when he played before, and to many who were not. It will be purely an *Organ Concert*, trusting to its own unique attraction, and appealing to just those who wish to hear and know great organ music. Sebastian Bach will form the substance of the programme, of whose works Mr. P. will play, for the first time, a Prelude and Fugue in G; first movement of a Trio Sonata in G; a Variation on the Choral: "By the waters of Babylon," and the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; and he will repeat, by request, the Choral Variation and the *Toccata*, which he played before. For his own compositions the young organist reserves only a little margin at the end, when by his Concert Variations on "Old Hundred" and on the "Star-Spangled Banner," he will show us how well he has learned the art of polyphonic writing from his great model.

Mr. ZERRAHN in his next concert will be assisted by Miss ABBY FAY, the singer, her first appearance here since her return from Europe. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's 7th Symphony, the Overtures to "Freyshütz" and to "Tell," and Beethoven's "Turkish March" from his music to the "Ruins of Athens," which, when it shall have been once heard, will be demanded always.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," as well as the "Dettingen Te Deum." There is victory in both—which is what is chiefly wanted in these times.

GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, one of the most remarkable living, no doubt, in the free fantasia style, and whose own peculiar vein of fancy is very taking to many ears, has returned, after a long absence, to this country, and will commence a series of concerts at Niblo's saloon in New York next Tuesday evening. In the course of the month following he will probably revisit Boston, and his coming will no doubt be welcomed.

Paintings.

The **ARTISTS' EXHIBITION**, in the Studio Building, is in every way worthy of attention. The room itself is most attractive, constructed as it is expressly to show pictures, and giving them the best light. Boston may really be proud that her artists, few in number, can out of their own resources furnish so select and beautiful a feast for eye and soul. The collection is small, but few large collections, heretofore, have contained so much that is good. Mr. WILLIAM HUNT alone is a host, contributing some dozen of his finest works—portraits, that may stand beside the great old masters, and bits of nature lifted to the ideal by imaginative treatment, depth and transparency of color and of shadow, pervading atmosphere, and a poetic feeling which cannot stray away from truth. AMES and YOUNG send excellent portraits. A couple of landscapes by INNES are lovely as Nature's self; and GAY gives us one of his exquisitely quiet, sincere beach views—a tranquil scene reflected in a tranquil spirit. HEADS has remarkably rich seashore, meadow, sunset views; GERRY, a grand picture of the gorge by which the

Rhone pours itself into the lake of Geneva; CHAMPNEY, fresh and tender recollections of North Conway meadows; ORDWAY, GRIGGS, FROST, &c., very pleasing little landscapes. HAMILTON WILD's "La Belle Dame sans merci," market scene in Seville, &c., are rich in color and full of character. Beautiful children's heads in crayon by ROWSE, by the lamented CHENEY, and by his niece, Miss CHENEY, are not among the least attractions. But we have not space even to mention all that is worthy of mention, and will only add that Dr. RIMMER's statue of the "Dying Gladiator," so wonderfully true anatomically, so all alive in every point, where death is not supposed to have set in, stands in the middle of the room.

The "Jarves Collection" of works of the Old Masters, at Williams & Everett's, is also an opportunity not to be omitted without loss. It seems truly like a piece of one of the old European galleries cut out and brought here; one steps in and forgets that he is in Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

Operatic reports came in from various quarters; but in every case it is the same short story: *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, one or more of them, sung by Misses Kellogg and Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, and the rest of manager Grau's troupe. In the last two weeks they have performed in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, &c., and they have an eye again on Boston.

In Providence, R. I. they have had a short "season" from another company of which a correspondent writes us:

"The troupe was an entirely new one, and embraced the following artists: Signorina (!) EMILIA BOUGHTON, *Prima Donna*, Signor (!) E. C. BOUGHTON, *Primo Tenore*, Signor VINCENZO MORRINA, *Baritone*, and Herr WILHELM MUELLER, *Basso*. It also called to the aid of the above, an efficient chorus and a very fine orchestra, led by Senor NUNO, and having EDWARD HOFFMANN for pianist. The initial performance took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22; the opera chosen for this occasion was *La Traviata*, Signorina Boughton sustaining her part in a manner wholly creditable to herself and completely satisfactory to the audience. The other parts were sustained equally well by the respective artists. On Friday evening *La Traviata* was repeated and was a complete success.

"On Monday evening we were favored with the standard opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Miss Boughton sustaining the part of Lucy Ashton in a style inferior to none we have ever seen in that difficult rôle. (!) Signor Boughton acted Edgardo in a very pleasing manner, his voice being well adapted to this part."

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Concert, at Irving Hall, last Saturday night, was crowded in spite of the snow-storm. The programme was this:

PART I.
Symphony, No. 4, in E minor (op. 120). R. Schumann
Introduction, Allegro, Romance, Scherzo and Finale.
Aria from the Oratorio of Elijah "It is Enough," Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Concerto No. 3, in C minor (op. 37), for Piano and Orchestra, (first movement). Beethoven
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.

PART II.
Serenade, No. 2, in A (op. 18, first time). J. Brahms
1. Allegro moderato, 2. Scherzo. 3. Adagio, 4. Quasi Minuetto.

Aria from *I Puritani*, "Ah per sempre," Bellini
Signor Ridolfi.

Polonaise in E, for Piano, (first time). F. Liszt
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.

"La Solitude," Nocturne for the French horn (first time). Theo. Rieford
Composed for and performed by Mr. Henry Schmitt.

Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" in D. C. M. von Weber

The first of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER's Classical Soirées was given Monday, at Dodworth's Saloon. Quartet—Beethoven; Solo piano—Chopin,

(Mills); Sonata—Gade; Solo Violoncello,—Romberg; Grand Quintet—Schumann.

Mozart's birthday was celebrated on Monday by the Mozart Männer-chor, assisted by delegations from twenty-six other German musical societies. Overture to *Don Juan*, addresses, songs, part-songs, ladies, grand ball, &c., &c.

The third Soirée of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS had for programme the following:

1. Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon, in E flat. Messrs. Mason, Ohlmann, Goepel, Gewalt and Ellis.
Mozart—2. Sonate for Piano and Violoncello, in A major, opus 69. William Mason and F. Bergner.
Beethoven—3. Fantasia for Piano and violin in G major, opus 159. William Mason and Theodore Thomas.
Schubert—4. Quartet, in C minor. No. 4, opus 18. Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal Matzka, and Bergner.—Beethoven.

MAX MARETZKE, and Mme. D'ANGRI, the contralto, have arrived from Mexico, and are expected to co-operate with Mr. Grau's company.

BROOKLYN.—*Der Freyschütz* was given before a crowded house at the Academy of Music—a German performance we presume.—Mr. CARL PROX being conductor.—Mr. JEROME HOPKINS is giving concerts.

PHILADELPHIA.—Seuz's Germania Orchestra had this for their last afternoon programme:

1. Overture—Lestocq. Auber
2. Song of the Ninth Regiment. Lortzing
3. Waltz—Magic Sounds. Wittman
4. March Funebre (1st time). Chopin
5. Overture—Le Carnaval Romain. Berlioz
6. Vivace non troppo, 2d part of Scottish Symphony. Mendelssohn
7. Grand Finale—Attila. Verdi
8. Galop—Tourbillon. Lanner

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The third Philharmonic concert offered a new symphony, in C major, by Johann Herbeck, Schumann's "Manfred" overture, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* makes some significant remarks about Herbeck's Symphony:

"Since Beethoven, the essentially *symphonic* quality, the interpenetration and individualization of all the voices by means of the leading themes, has more and more degenerated. Schubert, already, in his charming work in C major, instead of pyramidal development and culmination, presents broad spreading surfaces, yet full of poetry and grace, which saves it. Mendelssohn overstepped in various ways upon the *lyrical* domain, but his deep feeling and the earnestness of his artistic conception saved him from triviality and empty dealing with mere form. Schumann, too, departed in many ways from the fundamental conditions of the symphonic style, but made up for it by rich fancy, by verve and significant harmonic life. Of Berlioz, &c., we will be silent; this line degenerated into programme music. Now Herbeck seems to want to hold the middle course between "music of the future" and the productions of our lyricists. He belongs not to the composers of the Future in so far as he scorns to supply by a "programme" what his music does not achieve for itself. But he stands with one foot already on that fatal threshold, in so far as he neglects those conditions, which have been recognized by the classicists, and even by the lyricists, as essential for the Symphony; the steadily consequent development, the pregnancy of leading thoughts, the fullness of musical contents, all derived and shaped from the themes in the course of the movement. In his themes he "starts nothing," so to speak; he "makes nothing of them;" it all resembles rather a mosaic work. And how does he atone for this still more striking defection? By poetry, soul, charming fancy, new material, fresh, live pulsations of tone-life? No! a hundred times no! Those, who talk of compensation here, are compensated by effect, effect, effect! Tone-colors, roar of brass, startling *coups*—such plainly is the end, and such the means, by which Herbeck hopes to interest and to conquer. To this end the orchestra is reinforced with the un-symphonic harp, with the piccolo and the contra-fagotto; to this tend all his calculations and arrangements; to this he sacrifices all that belongs to the symphony as its unalienable and vital

condition, which Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann still respect. Of interesting carrying through of a leading thought, of dramatic plan, which stakes the culminating point of a movement upon the single trump: *the theme*, there is no trace.

"Hence: the themes themselves, in the majority of instances, are not at all symphonic, although they often have a good orchestral sound, and often are not without expression. Such decidedly is the theme of the second, the slow movement, for which we might envy the composer, if it occurred anywhere else than in a Symphony, or if the art of the composer had improved it in a true symphonic manner. So too the theme, a bit coquettish, of the third, scherzo-like movement. Both would be capital in an opera, in a melodramatic work, in a music to x, y, or z. As symphony themes they are not well applied, either technically, or as regards expression; what follows stands in no relation to them, and is itself incapable of operating independently as counter theme. Herbeck loses himself in the vague, as soon as he has played out his theme; he shows himself from that time forward only eager to heap effect upon effect calcidiscopically: but the *whole* has no effect, because expression and artistic means are utterly split up.

"As to the artistic means themselves, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann appear to have contributed some material to this symphony, but still more R. Wagner and Berlioz; the former in certain harmonic turns and unnaturally impassioned, fondly repeated melodic phrases; the latter in the overingenious instrumentation, and the screwed up, constrained polyphony," and so on.—Have we not heard orchestral novelties here in Boston, (not written here, thank God!), to which the above criticism would apply?

At the 5th Quartet concert of Hellmesberger and party the interesting feature was the performance of Schubert's Octet for stringed instruments with clarinet, fagotto and horn. Herr Dachs played Beethoven's Bb Trio, and the concert ended with Mozart's Quintet in Eb.

During the same week Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," were performed at an "academy" of the singing society; and Dreyshock gave his second concert in which he played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto and Weber's *Concert-Stück*—those classical parade pieces of every pianist.

MAYENCE.—At a concert of the Liedertafel on the 18th of December, Gluck's *Aleaste* was performed.

LEIPZIG.—At the tenth Gewandhaus concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto. The principal novelties were Reinecke's *Salvum fac regem* for male chorus and a concert overture by Jadassohn.—At the fourth Chamber Concert Mme. Schumann played a new work by Brahms: 25 variations, with a fugue, on a theme from Handel.—Sebastian Bach's motet: "The spirit helpeth our infirmities" was sung in the Thomaskirche on the 14th.

A concert for the benefit of the orchestral pension fund consisted of the F minor Symphony (No. 3) of Emanuel Bach; an aria from *Catarina Cornaro*, sung by Frl. Reiss; a Concerto in C for three pianos by J. S. Bach, played by Clara Schumann and Professors Moscheles and Reinecke; a new overture to "Michael Angelo," by Gade; a Rossini cavatina sung by Frl. Reiss; several piano pieces by Schumann and Chopin, played by Mme. Schumann; finally, for the first time, a festival overture upon the "Rheine-wine song" by Schumann. Of the novelties Gade's overture seems to have won the most applause.

WEIMAR.—The senseless example of Gounod's "Meditation" on a prelude of Bach has found an imitator! A certain J. B. Kamm has been shameless enough to publish under the title of "Memorial

to Beethoven," his *Marcia funebre sul morte d'un erbe* with "added independent accessory melodies." "And Germany," says the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*, "does not shrink from printing such things!"

PRAGUE.—A new opera: "The Love Ring," by Johann Skraup, has been brought out here.

BRUNSWICK.—The first Symphony concert was very successful. Weber's *Oberon* overture, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Spohr's A major Concerto, played by Herr Blumenstengel, Mozart's Concert aria; *O sogno, o desto*, and several songs of Beethoven and Schubert formed the programme.

AIX-*LA CHAPELLE*.—Three concerts in aid of the orchestra fund have been given under the direction of Herr Wüllner. In the first Beethoven's *Fest Overture* in C was given; Ferdinand Hiller played Mozart's Bb Concerto; and then followed Hiller's *Lorely* and variations, and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. In the second were performed Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," Gollermann's violoncello Concerto; Mendelssohn's Soprano Hymn; and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The third consisted of Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

MUNICH.—For about six months no concerts of any importance were given here, and now they are following each other with unusual rapidity. On the 11th inst., the Musikalische Academie began their Subscription Concerts, in the Royal Odeon, with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, performed in a manner worthy of the reputation already achieved by the members of the orchestra. Of the other pieces in the programme Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Herr Walther, was the most applauded. He was called forward three times. The vocal selection consisted of the grand scene from *Otello*, sung by Miles. Stehle, Eichheim, and Herr Heinrich; Herr Tombh undertaking the harp accompaniment. There were about 2000 persons present, the King, Queen, and Prince Luitpold being among the number. A few days subsequently Faubel gave a Soirée at the Museum, when the principal feature was Hummel's Quintet in E flat major; M. Mortier de Fontaine attempting the pianoforte part from memory. Shortly afterwards, the Philharmonic Association gave their second *Matinée* in the Royal Odeon. The most important piece in the programme was Mozart's Piano-forte Quartet in G minor. If report speaks truth, the members of the Musikalische Academie intend giving—in addition to their four Subscription Concerts—a Grand Concert, at which they will perform Herr Franz Lachner's *Sturmesmythe*, which was so successful at the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg. M. Gonnod's *Frust* is to be produced on the 28th inst. in honor of the birthday of his Majesty Maximilian II.

CASSEL.—Some few weeks ago a new Gesangverein was established consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and called after its founder, Herr Heinrich Weidt, formerly music director at court, the Weidt'scher Gesangverein. It has already given a most successful and most numerous attended concert, and, although the admission was gratuitous, a very respectable amount was collected in voluntary contributions at the doors, and handed over to the poor. In addition to Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*, the programme included two quartets by the lamented Dr. Spohr, and several solo pieces. The choruses went with great precision and pureness of intonation, and it was evident they had been rehearsed with extreme care.

MEININGEN.—On the 13th ult. the Salzunger Kirchenchor, which is under the especial patronage of the heir apparent, gave a concert in the church. The programme comprised compositions by Bach, Allegri, Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Prkitorius, Jomelli, Mendelssohn and Hauptmann, the whole under the direction of the *Cantor*, Herr Müller. Mad. Förster sang an air by Handel, and a "Sanctus" by Cherubini.

DARMSTADT.—Schindelmesser's new opera, *Melusine*, is in rehearsal. The members of the Grand Ducal Chapel have commenced their annual series of Subscription Concerts. At the opening concert, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Weber's *Jubilee Overture* were performed with the precision and spirit for which the Grand Ducal Chapel is celebrated. A young pianist, Herr Martin Wallenstein, from Frankfort, made a favorable impression.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Tears of anguish. *A. Reichardt.* 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

The friends of our early days. Ballad. *W. O. Emerson.* 25

An effective Song for Tenor or Soprano voice.

A sympathizing heart. From Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas." 25

One of the encore Songs in this new and highly successful Opera. It is a charming Parlor ballad, for a medium voice.

We are true sons of freedom. Chorus. *Pike and Scott.* 25

A soldiers' chorus, the melody by Marshall S. Pike, which is a great favorite among the soldiers of the 22d Massachusetts.

Instrumental Music.

Forest Rose (Waldröschen). Nocturne. *Th. Oesten.* 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpinebells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. *C. D'Albert.* 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Nita Schottisch. *J. R. Sweeney.* 25

Pleasing and instructive.

Nathalie Waltz. (Simplified). *Labitzky.* 25

One of the prettiest of German Waltzes arranged in an easy key, and without Octaves. It makes a very good piece for scholars in the second or third quarters.

Annie Laurie. Transcription. *A. Baumbach.* 35

Well adapted for the general player. The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the effectiveness and brilliancy of the arrangement.

Louise Waltz. *J. E. Howard.* 25

A trifle, but well-written, and full of melody.

Royal Arch Galop. *J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.* 35

A well marked, dashing piece of Dance-Music.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Camidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 515.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 20.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 363).

Rome, March 15, 1831.

The letters of introduction from R — have not served me here at all. L —, at whose house Buusen also presented me, has not taken the least notice of me, and looks as much away as possible when he meets me. I almost suspect, the man is an aristocrat. Albani received me, and I had the honor of chatting half an hour with a Cardinal. After he had read the letter of introduction, he asked, if I then was a *pensionnaire* of the King of Hanover? No! said I. But of course I had already seen St. Peter's? Yes! said I. As I knew Meyerbeer, he declared he could not endure his music; it was too learned for him; it was all so artificial, so without melody, that one instantly perceived he was a German, and the German, *mon ami*, do not even know what melody is! Yes! said I. In my scores, he went on to say, all sings. Not only must the human voices sing; but also the first violin, and the second violin, and the oboe sings, and so on to the horns, and finally in fact the double bass must sing. Of course I was most respectfully desirous to see something of that; but he was modest and would show me nothing; but said meanwhile that he wished to make my stay as agreeable as possible, and if I wanted to visit his villa, I might go there with as many of my friends as I pleased,—it was all one. I thanked him very much, and set out immediately to make free use of the permission thus obtained; it turned out, however, that this villa was open to the public, and that anybody could go in. Since then I have heard nothing further from him; and since this and some other experiences, which I have had here, have inspired me with a respect, mingled with aversion, for Roman high society, I preferred not to deliver the letter to Gabrielli, and contented myself with having all the Buonaparte family pointed out to me upon the promenade, where I met them daily.

Miskiewicz I find *ennuyant*. He has that sort of indifference, with which one wearies others and himself, and which the ladies like to take for melancholy and abstraction; but that helps me little. If he sees St. Peter's, he mourns over the times of the hierarchy; if there is a beautiful blue sky, he wishes it were cloudy; if it is cloudy, he is freezing cold;—if he sees the Coliseum, he wishes he were back in those times. I wonder how he would have acted in the days of Titus.

You ask after Horace Vernet, and that is really a pleasant theme. I think I may say, that I have learned something from him, and that every one perhaps can learn from him. In production he is ease and unrestrainedness itself. As he sees a form, which expresses something to him, so he represents it, and while the rest of us are reflecting whether it is to be called beautiful, whether to praise it or find fault with it, he has

already long since finished something new, and upsets entirely our æsthetic measure. If this productiveness is not to be acquired, yet the principle is a splendid one; and the cheerfulness arising from it, the eternal freshness at one's work is something of which nothing can supply the place.

In the alleys of evergreen trees, where just now in the blossoming time it smells really too sweet, in the midst of the thicket of the garden of the Villa Medici, stands a little house, in which any noise is heard at a distance: screaming or wrangling, or a piece blown on the trumpet, or the bellowing of a hound:—this is the atelier. The loveliest disorder reigns on all sides. Muskets, a hunting horn, a monkey, palletes, a pair of hares just shot, or a dead rabbit; on the walls everywhere half finished, or finished pictures. The putting on the national cockade (an absurd picture, which does not please me at all); portraits commenced of Thorwaldsen, Eynard, Latour-Maubourg, some horses, the sketch of Judith with studies for it; the portrait of the Pope, a pair of Moorish heads, *pifferari*, papal soldiers, my own littleness, Cain and Abel, in fine the atelier itself hang in the atelier. Lately he had his hands full of portrait orders; then he sees on the street one of the peasants of the Campagna, who ride about in Rome now, armed by the government. The adventurous costume amuses him; on the following day a picture is begun, which represents such a campagnard, as he stops still in the Campagna in bad weather on his horse and grasps his musket to bring down something;—in the distance a little troop of soldiers, and the dreary plain. The little details of the weapons, where still the peasant always peeps through; the bad horse with his shabby harness; the uncomfortableness in it all, and the Italian phlegm in the bearded fellow make a charming little picture, and when one sees with what delight he paints at it, goes to walk upon the canvass,—presently puts in a little brook, then a couple of soldiers, then puts a button on the saddle, and lines the fellow's overcoat with green—one might actually envy him. Everybody comes too, to look on; at my first sitting there were at least twenty persons there one after another; the Countess E — had begged permission to be present at the very laying out of the picture; when he pounced upon it, like a hungry man upon his dinner, she could not recover from her astonishment. The rest of the family too, as I have said, are not bad, and when the old Charles tells of his father Joseph, one feels a respect for the people, and I maintain that they are noble.

But farewell, it has grown late and this must away to the post.

FELIX.

Rome, March 20, 1831.

In the middle of the Holy Week. To-morrow for the first time I shall hear the *Miserere*; and while you on Sunday were performing Bach's *Passion*, here the Cardinals and all the priests

got beautiful wreathed palm and olive branches; the *Stabat Mater* of Palestrina was sung; there was a grand procession. It goes badly with my work for a few days past; the spring is in its bloom; a warm blue sky out there, such as at the most one only dreams of with us, and all the thoughts full of the journey to Naples; one has not the quiet necessary for writing. C —, who otherwise is all pomatum, has written me an intoxicated letter from Naples; the driest men become poetic, when they speak of it. From the 15th of April to the 15th of May is the most beautiful season of the year in Italy—who can blame me, that I cannot transport myself back to the Scotch misty mood. I have been obliged therefore to lay the Symphony aside for the time being, and I only wish I may be able to write out the "Walpurgis Night" here. That may be done, if I have good days to-day and to-morrow, and, if possible, bad weather, for the fine weather is altogether too seductive. So soon as the work refuses to go forward for a moment, one hopes it will all come to him out there, goes out, but, when he gets there, thinks of everything else except his work, and idles round, and suddenly the church bells ring, and it is time for *Ave Maria*. But all I want now is a piece of introduction; if that occurs to me, the thing is whole, and I can write it out in a couple of days. Then I leave here all the notes, and the empty note paper for it, travel to Naples, and do, God willing, nothing at all.

The two Frenchmen have enticed me also to "*flaner*" (lounge) in these days. When you see the two together, it is either a comedy or a tragedy,—as you please. * * * distorts himself, without a spark of talent; groping about in the dark, he deems himself the creator of a new world,—then he writes the most hideous things, and dreams and thinks of nothing but Beethoven, Schiller and Goethe; at the same time full of unbounded vanity, and looking condescendingly down upon Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm is very questionable to me; and * * *, who for three months has been working at a little Rondo on a Portuguese theme, putting it together all so neat and brilliant and according to rule, wants after that to set about the composition of six waltzes, and would fain die with satisfaction, if I would only play him a lot of Viennese waltzes,—he has a great regard for Beethoven, but for Rossini also, and for Bellini quite as well, and certainly for Auber, and so for all of them. Me also with the rest,—me, who would like to bite * * * to death, until suddenly he raves again about Gluck, when I am forced to acquiesce;—yet I like to go to walk with them both, because they are the only musicians here, and very pleasant, amiable people—all that makes the most comical contrast. You say, dear mother, that after all * * * must attempt something in Art; there I am not at all of your opinion; I believe, he wants to marry, and is really worse than the rest, because he is more affected. Once for all I cannot endure

this inside-out enthusiasm, this despair presented to the ladies, this genius in black letter, black on white; and if he were not a Frenchman, (with them one always can live agreeably, and they always know how to say something and to interest you), it would be intolerable.

A week from to-day, then, I shall probably write my last letter from Rome, and after that from Naples. It is still very uncertain whether I go to Sicily; I doubt about it, since in no case would I go there unless in the steamboat, and it is not yet settled whether that is to go.

In haste your

FELIX.

Rome, April 4, 1831.

The Holy Week is over, my passport is procured for Naples, my room begins to look empty, and the winter in Rome belongs to the recollections. In a few days I expect to set out, and my next letter, God willing, will be from Naples. Bright and inspiring as the winter has been, it has closed with a week never to be forgotten; for what I have seen and heard, has far surpassed my expectations, and since it was the end, I will attempt, in my last letter from Rome, to give you a description of it.

The ceremonies of Holy Week have been much praised, and much found fault with, and people have, as it so often happens, always forgotten to say the main thing, namely, that it is a whole. And that is the only thing, that prompts me to tell of it. Other descriptions might remind father again of Mme. de R., who after all only did the same that most do, who write about music and Art, when she undertook at the table, with a hoarse, prosaic voice, to give us an idea of the clear, beautiful choir in the Pope's chapel. Many others again have isolated the mere music, and are disappointed with it, because it needs the external show, to produce effect. They may be right; but so long as this necessary externality is there, and in its complete perfection, so long it has effect; and as positively convinced as I am, that place, time, order, the great human multitude, who await in greatest silence the moment of beginning, all contribute their share to the impression, so positively hateful is it to me purposely to separate things which belong together, in order to depreciate a part. He must be an unfortunate man, on whom the devotion and reverence of a great assembly would not make a devout and reverent impression, even if they were worshipping the golden calf; for he alone may dash it to pieces, who can put something better in its stead. Now whether one repeats it after another,—whether the great celebrity once acquired does it; whether it lies merely in the imagination, it is all one; enough, that you have a perfect whole, which has exerted a mighty impression for centuries, and still exerts it every time; and before that I feel reverence, as I do before every actual perfection. The sphere of judging I am willing to leave to the theologians; for whatever one may say about it cannot go deep. Mere ceremony is not the whole account of it; enough for me, as I have said, that something in any sphere be executed with fidelity and conscientiousness, according to one's powers, to make me feel respect for it and take delight in it.

So do not expect of me a measured criticism on the singing,—whether the intonation was pure or false—whether they flattered or not,—

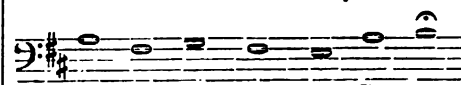
and whether the compositions are fine,—I will rather try to relate to you, how the whole must make a great impression,—how all parts work together to that end; and as little as I have during the past week separated music, ceremonies, forms, &c., just so little will I do it in these lines; of the technical part, to which I naturally was very attentive, I will report specially to Zelter.

The first ceremony is on Palm Sunday. So great was the concourse of people, that I could not quite penetrate into the midst of it to the prelates' bench so called, where my usual seat was, but had to stand back amongst the guard of honor, where I saw the solemnities quite well, but could not clearly follow the singing, since they uttered the words indistinctly, and that day I had no book. So it happened, that on this first day the various Antiphonies, gospel and psalm melodies, the sort of singing reading, which all comes before you there in its primitive form, made the most confused and singular impression on me. I had no clear idea by what rule the strange inflexions and closing cadences were governed. But I took pains gradually to seek out this rule for myself, and I succeeded so well, that by the end of Holy Week I could have sung with them. By that means I escaped the tedium, generally complained of, during the incessant Psalms before the *Miserere*: for while I paid attention to the difference in the monotony, and instantly wrote down a cadence which I heard with certainty, I by degrees got out of it eight psalm tunes, (correctly, as it proved), noted down the Antiphonies, and so forth, and was continually occupied, and on the strain. But on the first Sunday, as I have said, I could not get into all that, and only know that they also sang the chorus: *Hosanna in excelsis*, and intoned several hymns, while the beautifully braided palms were handed to the Pope, which he distributed among the Cardinals. These are long wands decked with many ornaments, buttons, crosses, and crowns, but altogether made of dry palm-leaves, and that gives them an appearance as if they were of gold. The Cardinals, who sit round the interior of the chapel in a parallegogram, with the Abbés at their feet, now come singly and receive their palm wands with which they return to their places; then come the bishops, monks, abbots, all the other priests, the papal singers, the chevaliers of honor, and what not, and receive an olive branch tied up with palm leaves. That makes a long procession, during which the choir keeps on singing. The Abbés hold the long palms of their Cardinals, as the squire holds his master's lance, and then they stretch them all upon the floor before themselves, and at that moment there is a splendor of color in the chapel, the like of which I never saw in any ceremony. The Cardinals in their gold wrought garments, with their little red caps, before them the violet Abbés with the golden palms in their hands, farther off the motley servants of the Pope, the Greek priests, the Patriarchs in most splendid costume; the Capuchins with long white beards; all the other monks; then too the Swiss with their parrot uniforms, all with green olive branches in their hands; and then the singing—verily one scarcely can make out what they sing, and enjoys only the sound.

Then the Pope's throne is brought to him, upon which he is borne in all processions, and upon which I on the day of my arrival in Rome had

seen Pius VIII. enthroned (*cide* Raphael's Heliodorus, where he is depicted); the Cardinals, two and two, with their palms begin the march; the folding doors of the chapel are opened, and so they move slowly out. The singing, which thus far continually surrounds one like an element, grows gradually fainter, for the singers go too, and finally you hear it in the distance from without, but very softly. Then suddenly a choir in the chapel inquires very strongly, and the other answers from a great distance, and so it goes on a while, until the procession approaches again, and the two choirs unite. Here too they may sing what and as they will, it makes a glorious effect; and even if it be true that they are very monotonous, nay formless hymns, *all unisono*, without true connection, and *fortissimo* throughout, still I appeal to the impression, and that it must make upon everybody.

After the procession comes the Gospel, delivered in the strangest tone, and then the Mass. Here I must mention my favorite moment, namely, the *Credo*. The priest places himself for the first time in the middle before the altar, and intones, after a short pause, with his hoarse, old voice the Seb. Bach *Credo*. As soon as he has done, all the priests stand up, the Cardinals leave their seats, step into the middle of the chapel, form a circle, and all speak aloud the continuation: *patrem omnipotentem*, &c. At the same time the choir falls in and sings the same words. When I heard for the first time my well known

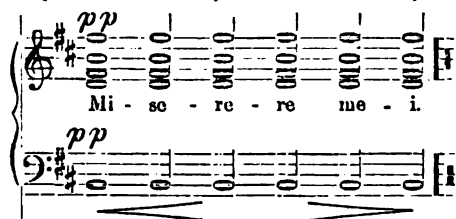


Cre - do in u - num De - um.

and all the earnest monks about me began to speak so zealously and loudly, I was regularly frightened, and yet it is always my favorite moment. After the ceremony Santini presented me with his olive branch, and I promenaded all day with it in my hand, for it was lovely weather. The *Stabat mater*, which they interpolated after the *Credo*, made the least impression; they sang it uncertain and false, and they abbreviated it; the Sing-Akademie sing it incomparably better.

On Monday and Tuesday there is nothing, and on Wednesday at half past four the *Noctes* begin. The psalms are sung verse by verse by two choirs, but always by one class of voices, basses or tenors. And so for an hour and a half you hear the most monotonous music; only once are the psalms interrupted by the *Lamentations*, and that is the first time for a long while that you hear a perfect chord. This chord sets in very softly, and generally the whole piece is sung *pianissimo*, whereas the psalms must be shouted out as loud as possible, and indeed always upon one tone, upon which the words are uttered with great rapidity, and to which a cadence is attached at the end of every verse, which forms the dividing line between the different melodies. It is no wonder again, if the mere soft sound (G major) of the first Lamentation affects one tenderly. Now it goes on monotonously again. At each verse of the psalm a candle is extinguished, so that in an hour and a half the fifteen burning about the altar are all out. There still remain six great ones burning high above the entrance; the whole choir with altos, sopranos, &c., intones a new psalm melody *fortissimo et unisono*: the canticle of Zachariah in D minor, and sings it very solemnly and slowly into the deep twilight;

then the last candles go out; the Pope leaves his throne, drops on his knees before the altar, and all the others with him; they say a so-called *Pater noster sub silentio*; i. e. there is a pause, during which one knows that every Catholic prays the *Pater noster*; and instantly after it begins the *Miserere*, *pianissimo*, in this way:



That is for me just the finest moment of the whole. What follows you can easily imagine for yourselves, but probably not this beginning. The progress of the *Miserere* of Allegri is a simple sequence of chords, upon which either tradition, or what seems to me more probable, a skilful *maestro* has based embellishments for some beautiful voices, and especially for a very high soprano, whom he had. These embellishments return with the same chords in like manner, and, as they are well contrived, and very beautifully adapted for the voice, one always enjoys hearing them again. The incomprehensible, the super-earthly I have not been able to find in it; it is quite enough for me, if it is beautiful in an intelligible and earthly way. I refer you again, dearest Fanny, to Zelter's letter. They sang on the first day the *Miserere* of Baini.

On Thursday morning, at nine, the service began again, and lasted until one. It was high Mass, and afterwards procession. The Pope gave the blessing from the Loggia of the Quirinal, and then washed the feet of thirteen priests, who were supposed to represent the pilgrims, and sat in a row, in white clothes, with white caps, after which they were feasted. The crowd of English ladies was immense; the whole thing displeased me. In the afternoon the psalms began again, and this time it lasted until half past seven. Some pieces of the *Miserere* were by Baini, but the most by Allegri. It was already quite dark in the chapel when the *Miserere* began; I climbed upon a great ladder, which stood there accidentally, and now had the whole chapel full of people, and the kneeling Pope with his Cardinals, and the music under me. That was splendid. On Friday forenoon the chapel was divested of all ornament,—the Pope and Cardinals in mourning. The Passion history, according to the gospel of St. John, composed by Vittoria, is sung. Then come the *Impropria* of Palestrina, during which the Pope and all the others, with their shoes pulled off, walk to the cross and worship it.

In the evening came the *Miserere* of Baini, which they sang the best. On Saturday morning, in the Lateran, Heathens, Jews and Muhometans, all represented by a little crying child, were baptized in the Baptistery, and then the first consecration was given to young priests. On Sunday the Pope himself held Mass in the Quirinal, gave the benediction to the people, and so it was over. And so it has become Saturday the 9th of April, and to-morrow with the earliest dawn I sit in the carriage, and drive off to Naples; there a new world of beauty rises for me. You will see by the end of the letter, that I am hurried.

It is the last day, and so much still to see to; therefore I do not finish the letter to Zelter, but will send it from Naples; the description must be intelligent, and the approaching journey distracts me altogether. So then for Naples! The weather is clearing up, the sun shines again for the first time for several days; the passport is here—the carriage ordered, and so I go to meet the Spring months. Farewell. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 355.)

14.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 20, 1790.

I make bold to send your Grace a quite new pianoforte Sonata with accompaniment for a flute or violin, not as anything extraordinary, but rather too insignificant except in some moment when time hangs excessively heavy. I desire only that you will have it copied as soon as possible and sent back to me. Day before yesterday I handed the bespoken new Sonata to my lady, Mademoiselle Nanette. I had hoped that she would express a desire to have me play the Sonata, but thus far I have received no order to this effect—nor do I know whether your Grace will receive the Sonata by to-day's post or not. This Sonata is in the key of E flat, entirely new, and was always intended for your Grace; therefore strange indeed it is that the last movement of this Sonata contains that particular Minuet and Trio which your Grace desired of me in the last letter. I intended this Sonata for your Grace a year ago already; the the Adagio only have I recently composed—a piece which I commend most highly to your Grace—it has a great deal of meaning, which I will explain to your Grace when I have opportunity; it is rather difficult, but has great depth of feeling—pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, for in that case your Grace would produce double the effect with it.

N. B.—Mademoiselle Nanette must know nothing of the fact that this Sonata was already half finished, for in that case she might become prejudiced against me to my future injury. I have to be exceedingly careful in order to retain her favor. I think myself happy however that she can find me of use, more especially in this matter, because the gift is intended for my dearest Frau von Geuzinger. Ah, how I wish I could play over this Sonata a few times to you; after which how gladly would I content myself again for a time in my solitude! I should have so much to say to your Grace, and so much to confess, for which your Grace could alone grant me absolution—but what cannot be now, will, I hope to God, be next winter. Half the time is already past. Meantime I make patience my resource and content myself with having the invaluable happiness of being able to call myself your Grace's most obedient, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, your Grace I kiss 1000 times—the hands.

15.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, June 27, 1790.

Your Grace must certainly by this time have

the new pianoforte Sonata; if not you will perhaps receive it with this letter. Three days ago I was called upon to play this Sonata in Mademoiselle Nanette's room in the presence of my most gracious prince. Owing to its difficulty, I had at first doubts of gaining any credit by it, but was convinced to the contrary, on receiving from her own hand the gift of a golden tobacco box for it; and now I only wish your Grace may find it to your satisfaction, so that I by means of it may raise myself in the esteem of my patroness: and, just for this reason. I pray your Grace, either yourself or through your Herr Spouse to let her know that I have been too much rejoiced at her generosity to keep it to myself—and all the more because I am so well convinced that your Grace shares with me my pleasure at all kindness shown me. Pity only that your Grace has not one of Schantz's pianofortes, as they are capable of so much greater expression. It seems to me that your Grace ought to transfer your present pianoforte, good as it is, to fräulein Peperl and procure a new one for yourself. Your beautiful hands and their well-cultivated elasticity merit it and still more. I know I ought to have composed this Sonata with your pianoforte in view, but this was impossible, as its peculiarities had quite escaped my memory.

Now it happens again that I must remain at home. What I lose thereby your Grace can easily imagine. It is indeed sad always to remain as slave;* however, providence wills it. I am a poor creature; ever plagued with overmuch labor and very few hours of recreation. Friends? what do I say—a real friend? There are no longer any real friends. A female friend? Oh yes, one indeed may exist. She is, though, far from me. So now I amuse myself by thinking of her. God bless you, and cause you not to forget me. Meantime I kiss your Grace's hand 1000 times and am unchangeably

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

My most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and all belonging to you, I beseech your forgiveness for the bad hand to-day, I am somewhat troubled with pains in my eyes.

16.—Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.

Estoras, July, 4, 1790.

I have at this moment received your letter, and at this moment also the post leaves. It rejoices me heartily that my prince is going to make your Grace a present of a new pianoforte, and all the more, because I am in some degree the cause, having so long persisted in urging Mademoiselle Nanette to persuade your husband to buy one for your Grace. Now however the purchase is left entirely to your Grace, and nothing remains but for your Grace to hunt one up suited to your touch and taste. It is true that my friend Herr Walther is at present greatly in vogue and that I receive much politeness from him every year; but between us, and to be perfectly honest, there is but now an then one, say, out of every ten of his instruments, which may truly be called good, and moreover he is excessively dear. I know Herr von Nickl's pianoforte—it is excellent, but too heavy for your Grace's hand—one cannot

* The death of old Esterhazy Sept. 28, three months and one day after the date of this letter, ended Haydn's slavery.

always play upon it with due delicacy; therefore I desire your Grace to try one of Herr Schantz's. His pianofortes have a very peculiar lightness of touch and an agreeable action. My Sonatas will win doubly thereby.

Meantime I kiss your grace's hands for what you have done for me with Mlle. Nanette, as described in your letter. Pity that the little gold snuffbox, which she gave me, and which she used to carry, is so full of spots; perhaps I can have it put in order in Vienna.

I have not yet received any order to purchase the pianoforte, — I am afraid one will be sent home to you beautiful outside but stubborn within. Your husband must of course use my name as authority for considering at present Herr Schantz the best manufacturer in this line — the rest I will myself attend to.

In greatest haste I am,
Your Grace's, &c., &c.
(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Sixteen Polish Songs by Frederic Chopin.

Fontana, Chopin's personal friend, under whose supervision this posthumous collection of songs was issued, three years ago, says, in his preface:

"Chopin, in his 'Sixteen Polish Songs,' identified himself so well with the Polish national character, that three or four of the oldest, which he copied out, at the time of their composition, for a few friends, became immensely popular, and, without publication, rang from one end to the other of his native land, equal favorites in palace and cottage.

"Only when deeply moved by the beauty of national poetry, did he yield to the inspired desire of re-echoing those poems in tones, sometimes simple and gay, more often serious and melancholy. In this way he composed a great number of songs, during the finest epoch of his life, from 1832 to 1844; but, unfortunately, the greater part of them is lost. For it was his custom to seat himself at the piano, with the book of poems open before him, and to compose during the enthusiasm of the moment. In spite of incessant entreaties, he continually put off writing them down for us. Sickness and death overcame him, and only these few artistic gems remain, an insufficient, but yet a valuable memorial.

"It is a remarkable thing, that Frédéric Chopin, gifted with such exhaustless richness of melody, and new and original ideas, did not compose an opera. For is not all his music a complete expression of that national character, which he drew in with his mother's milk, and breathed out in tones from earliest youth upwards? An expression that ennobled itself as his genius developed, until it reached the highest point of artistic identity? A character so strong, that, although he lived so many years in France, and understood every turn of the language as perfectly as any cultivated Parisian, it is impossible to couple the French tongue with his musical thoughts. For that language requires its own peculiar order of ideas, and an expression of style and character, to which he was not willing to bow. He never made the slightest attempt to write to any other than Polish words. He often regretted, with his friends, that the condition of the Polish stage, at that time, did not offer a fitting field for a trial of his powers. But the songs, which are here presented to the musical public, will give connoisseurs an idea of what Chopin might have accomplished in the popular and dramatic style, had circumstances been more favorable to him."

The value of these songs,—their individual value, so to speak,—as the only known collection of vocal melodies by Chopin, cannot for a moment be disputed; those who study his works rarely content themselves with the title of admirers,—they become

Chopin-lovers; and their circle is a large one, one that is daily increasing. His exotic, or ethereal Mazurkas, many of which seem to have been conceived in dreams; the Polonaises, to whose melancholy, noble measures knights and dames alone should tread, among the ruins of ancestral castles; the elegant waltzes, whose aristocratic dancers should be duchesses at least,—these poetic, romantic creations charm, not the initiated alone, but a large proportion of the uninitiated. Chopin is not merely the tone-poet of musicians, he is also the poet of the people. For he drank inspiration at the pure spring of national song music. And as all national lyrics are born of true feeling, in the heart of some man, and since man's heart, be it Pole, Irish, Arab, of what race you will, is much the same at the bottom, all over the world, the composer who most closely unites his own to the genuine national voice, will always find sympathizers in a wide and understanding class.

These songs are then most interesting; not merely from a purely musical point of view, but as lyric blossoms of national tone poetry, stamped throughout with Chopin's peculiar individuality. Several are written in the graceful rhythm of the Mazurka; they are all eminently singable; it is as though Chopin had turned his ear towards Italy while writing some of them; his well known friendly relations with Bellini were not without an artistic influence on him; but we breathe the air of Poland, and hear the voice of Chopin, in them all.

Perhaps among the finest are No. 1, simple, graceful, somewhat Styrian in character; No. 9, an expressive and noble recitative-like melody; No. 11, a quick, mournful ballad; No. 12, a brilliant, passionate love-song, presenting uncommon chromatic effects; No. 14, of a tender, elegant, plaintive monotony, of which one never wearies; and No. 16, the persuasive, charming Lithuanian song. The words are doubtless fine, in the original Polish, many having been written by Stephen Witwickiego, whom George Sand praises as the equal of our Byron, and by Mickiewicz, the reading of whose poems excited Chopin to the composition of some of his finest piano-forte works; as much has been done for them in this edition, as was possible, since they passed through a German baptism, before donning their English dress.

These melodious songs are eminently worthy of popularity; they possess an ideal simplicity that cannot fail to charm. The greatest fault of the collection is, that it is too small. But, as Murillo would have been honored as a great painter, had he never put another face on canvass than that wondrous one of the "Spanish flower girl," and as a single genuine poem will stamp a poet, these few songs sufficiently bear witness to what more Chopin could have done as a song writer. Intelligent singers, who understand the difficulty of selecting, even from the most valuable treasures, songs that are at once singable, simple, excellent, and pleasing, will find these to possess all those qualities, and, it need scarcely be added, poetry and originality besides. F. M. R.

The Virtuoso.

Translated from the German.

The artists, devoted to the art of music, are divided into two classes, *creating*, and *performing* artists; the first are the composers, the latter the virtuosos, that is, those musicians who perform the composed pieces of music, and for that purpose acquire a great and prominent proficiency on some instrument, or in singing. This explains the name *virtuoso*: for the Italian *virtu*, or the Latin *virtus*, from which it takes its origin, in art means perfection, merit, distinction. It is very necessary that part of the followers of the art should devote their talents and energies, especially, or at least to a great extent, to practical proficiency, for if all were merely composers, we should have very little benefit from the art of music. As the poet who has written a drama, wants the theatre and the actors to bring it fully before your mind, so the com-

poser wants the virtuoso, for that is the peculiar disadvantage of this art, as compared to all others, that its works, to be actually started into life, want a particular *performance*—a *representation*.

The perfect execution of a musical composition, or, in one word, the art of the virtuoso, requires generally a peculiar turn of the artist's talent, so much so that the creative genius seldom combines with it in equal energy; and moreover, it requires so much and so persevering practice, that but little time is left for the study of composition. We must not, however, be understood to say, that the art of the virtuoso presupposes a less avocation for the art or a less deep genius in the artist. Only, if he takes his object to be merely the surmounting of technical difficulties, he descends below the art, and becomes a mere mechanical laborer. The virtuoso is not merely to bring the notes before the minds of his hearers, but the whole spirit slumbering in the composition. This comprises, of course, first of all, that he should be able to execute all the notes with ease, though they present the most difficult combinations. If you wish to recite a poem properly, you must first of all be sure to read readily; so the performing artist must be a virtuoso, up to the most capricious passages, nay, he must have a greater proficiency than is necessary merely to bring out the piece, in order to be enabled to direct his whole attention to the inner spirit of it, and not to be diverted by externals. But to make the brilliancy of technical execution the highest aim of the virtuoso, shows a very deficient insight into his art. We are perfectly well aware, that this tendency is prevalent in modern times, and the brilliancy of our instrumental music, especially, is sought in a vast number of mechanically acquired performances of difficulties. The fault may, in part, be attributed to the composers, for as poetry and the dramatic art stand in a near, though not indispensably necessary connection, and have a mutual influence upon each other, and as the greater or less depth of the poetic productions, which give color to their times, has the greatest influence on the theatrical excellence of that time, so this same relation takes place between the composer and the virtuoso.

We cannot deny that the chief distinction of the musical productions of our times, consists in multiplying the application of external means. Passages which have been pronounced altogether impracticable by the greatest virtuosos of the past century, are now easily executed almost by beginners. On the other hand, we must confess, of many, even among the most celebrated masters, that they seldom rise to real productions of genuine art, but that all the merit of their performances consists mainly in a greater mastery over mechanical difficulties. It is true, that compositions, which served half a century ago to develop most brilliantly the art of the most celebrated virtuosos, are now performed by beginners with tolerable fluency, yet it would be a sad mistake to draw the conclusion from this circumstance, that our beginners had progressed so far in the art as those masters. Nay, we doubt, that many of our present most renowned virtuosos would venture to come out in public, with one of those simple compositions, immediately after one of the old masters; for their chief aim was the most beautiful performance of apparently simple and unpretending music, and, for that purpose, to reach a high degree of perfection in this, the highest cultivation, they practised with an indefatigable perseverance, which is now spent merely on mechanical tricks. What else is the reason that so few of our present virtuosos, for instance, can execute one of Beethoven's works well?—they require something more than mere mechanical proficiency. Is it probable, that their persevering study would not have carried a Clementi or Viotti further than our present beginners, who commence with their compositions?—By no means! but the whole tendency of the virtuosos has taken another turn, and the older masters would be surprised, disagreeably surprised, if they could see what has been made of their noble, beautiful art.

We cannot deny, on the other hand, that this greater mechanical cultivation has made it possible, also, to gain new effects, and to bring more shades into the performances. Thus, this greater proficiency of the virtuoso's has had also its effect on composition, and it has gained in richness and variety, by having more means of expression at hand. Generally, this abundance of means in composition, however, has only served to cover the want of invention; in the brilliancy of execution we are often dazzled by mechanical proficiency, and the effect of astonishment and surprise is placed in the stead of enjoyment of pure beauty. There are, however, noble exceptions, and where both these qualifications, both these effects combine, we must acknowledge a progress of the art.

Mlle. Adelina Patti at Berlin.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

SIR.—The most recent "great event" in the Prussian capital has been the first appearance of Mlle. Adelina Patti before a Berlin public. I may as well, without more ado, inform your readers that her success has been unequivocal, and that she promises to become as great a favorite here as elsewhere, wherever she has sung. Your own opinion of Mlle. Patti is sufficiently well known; but the readers of the *Musical World* may, perhaps, be pleased to learn what the Brandenburgian critics here say of *La pequeña señorita*. I, therefore, append translations of a few extracts from the leading papers. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks as follows:

"The reputation which preceded the fair young singer fully explains a certain amount of curiosity on the part of the public, but although various reports from the English and American journals, dealing especially with her capabilities, were pretty generally known, the public, on the whole, appeared as though undecided what to think. With regard to Mlle. Patti's reception here, it may be described as particularly favorable, and if the enthusiasm did not reach that convulsive height which we have seen it attain lately, on various occasions, the audience were most excellently inclined towards the *débutante*, a fact which was proved by their applauding and calling her on before the curtain. Adelina Patti has been singing from the time she was eight years old, and, between then and now, has brought the facility of execution, with which nature had so richly endowed her, to a pitch of perfection which is something absolutely wonderful. Two years ago she made her first appearance on the stage as Lucia, as she has done here. The writer of this notice was present on the occasion, and astonished at her soft and gentle method of taking the note, and the ease with which she executed the *cantilena*, as well as the 'virtuosity' with which she achieved the difficult passages in *fortitudo*. Since the evening in question, Mlle. Patti has become a celebrated singer. She has received homage both in the New and Old World, and now appears here as a great artist, crowned with fame and decked with laurels. That Adelina Patti is a phenomenon is a fact we may set down as indisputable. She overcomes material difficulties with a boldness, rare even among Italian vocalists. Even admitting that her ornamentation is, here and there, not quite perfect, we still find plenty in her that is wonderfully beautiful and estimable in an equal degree. Mlle. Patti is, in short, a first class artist, who need scarcely fear a rival. Her voice is soft and agreeable in the upper notes, and if her middle register has lost a portion of its former sonority, the reason is to be sought in the great exertion and restless activity to which she, although so young, has had to submit, since she went upon the stage. Her mechanism, however, is invariably marked by artistic certainty. To speak more especially of her Lucia, the great point of that performance is the grand air in the last act. This includes the graceful *cabaletta*, in which she displays her wonderful facility of execution in every possible respect. In her future characters we have no doubt she will succeed in raising the good opinion of the public to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially when she sings the part of Norina or Adina, when we shall have an opportunity of having her in her proper element. Like all true artists, Mlle. Patti has characters especially adapted to her means, and among them we must class those in the lighter class of Italian operas."

Before proceeding to give any further extracts from the Berlin press, concerning Mlle. Patti's performances, it is as well to premise that in Lucia, owing to the want of an Italian tenor, Herr Theodore Formes, the national tenor of Berlin, was compelled to undertake the part of Edgardo. This made the task of our little *prima donna* doubly arduous.

Another journal, speaking of Mlle. Patti in the *Sonnambula*, expresses itself in these terms:

"Although it must be admitted that, as a rule, the enthusiasm of the public for Italian opera has cooled down, every artist of extraordinary talent is sure to attract. Mlle. Adelina Patti must indubitably be classed in this category, and thus it could not astonish any one, especially after her first success in Lucia, that when she was announced for Amina the Opera House was crammed to the ceiling. The character of the *sonnambulist* is peculiarly adapted to the childish, affectionate nature of the young artist, which is evident in her appearance as well as in her singing and acting. The very first scenes were sufficient to excite among the audience a feeling of the liveliest interest, mingled with the most sincere admiration of her surprising vocal fluency. Her voice, thanks to its clear and bright tone, penetrates everywhere, and completely fills the large space of the

Opera House. Mlle. Patti understands admirably how to husband her resources, and her execution is so unfailing, that even in the most difficult passages no fear is entertained for her success. We can recollect no instance of *staccato* singing exhibiting the same amount of perfection, while the 'shako' for purity and ease, has rarely been equalled. Each separate air was of itself a treat, while the concluding *rondo*, 'Ah! non giunge,' provoked a storm of enthusiastic applause. Mlle. Patti's performance bore throughout the stamp of a natural no less than an intellectual conception, and, in a word, combined the qualities most requisite to make her a genuine public favorite."

A third journal contains the subjoined:—

"Mlle. Adelina Patti gained a second triumph in the *Sonnambula*. The house was crammed, and the applause, especially at the end of the opera was tumultuous. The celebrated *finale* was the pinnacle of success. Mlle. Patti's naturally delicate voice here appeared to grow stronger and stronger. It mounted upon the boldest wings of tone, through a succession of the most difficult runs, to an extraordinary height, as though no difficulties existed for it in such dizzy spheres. Chromatic scales, on account of the *virtuoso*-like certainty with which each note, together with the half-tones, succeeded the other, struck the musical auditor with astonishment. As a brilliant instance of this, we may mention her masterly shake, which is executed in the *presto* with magic rapidity, without a single tone being slurred over. With this mastery over the most difficult vocal difficulties, Signorina Patti combines the high advantage of a vocal tone as clear as a bell; her voice attacks the words and notes at once, with a perfect absence of anything like hesitation. Not the slightest suspicion of *tremolo* obscures the purity and beauty of her intonation. There can be no doubt of her being one of the very first lyric vocalists, and all lovers of art in Berlin must feel grateful to Herr von Hülsen for having afforded them an opportunity, before the inhabitants of any other continental city, of hearing so original, and, in her way, so unique an artist."

When the *Trovatore* was performed there was not a single vacant seat in the house, so great was the desire to hear Mlle. Patti as Leonora. The public, therefore, shared with me the belief that this performance would be one of the most brilliant of the Italian season. The ticket-sellers reaped a rich harvest; as much as five thalers were offered for a parquet ticket, about the price for which a good stall may be obtained at the Italian Opera in London. The frequent and hearty applause was in keeping with the crowded state of the theatre, and showed that the public expectation had not been disappointed. In short, the entire performance exhibited a degree of excellence such as, probably, no previous representation of Verdi's *Trovatore* ever reached in Berlin, and such as could with difficulty be surpassed in any other European capital. Mlle. Patti embellished the music of Leonora in her own florid style, and, to quote the exuberant language of a Berlin critic—"crowned it with artistic and variegated tone-flowers, which like sonorous arabesques, produced apparently without an effort, bloomed on the delicate stalk of her voice, and turned upwards to the greatest heights." This is flowery language—more flowery, mayhap, than that in which a sober English critic would indulge; but I give it as it is, to show you how successful the "bijou *prima donna*" has been here. In fact, to sum the matter up in a word, Mlle. Adelina Patti has been a decided "hit" in the musical capital of Prussia.

Berlin, Jan. 2, 1862.

A. A.

Musical Intelligence.

JAMAICA PLAIN.—A concert given in a private house on Friday of last week in aid of our soldiers, and in which the performers were all amateurs, is worthy of notice here for the good taste and musical culture shown in the following choice programme:

PART I.

- 1 March. From *Athalie*, (Two Pianos, 8 hands)..... Mendelssohn
2. Vocal Duets, { a Autumn Song, { Mendelssohn
 { b O! wert thou in the }
 cauld blast.
3. Trio for Flute and Piano. "Euryanthe"..... Weber
4. Song. The Two Grenadiers..... Schumann
5. Polonaise. (Piano, 4 hands)..... Saran

PART II.

1. Adieu et Revoir. Violoncello and Piano..... Schubert
2. Aria. From *Elijah*..... Mendelssohn
3. Homage to Handel (Two Pianos, 4 hands). Moscheles
4. Songs. { a Gute nacht, { R. Franz
 { b Kr ist gekommen.
5. Invitation à la Valse, (Two Pianos, 8 hands).... Weber

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* of Feb. 5 says:

The Classical Soirée of Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas, given last evening, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, was well attended. A fine trio by Beethoven (Opus 70); a noble duo by Schubert (Opus 159), and one of Mozart's most graceful quartets, (C Major, No 6), were the principal concerted pieces, and they were all extremely well played. The grace, purity and finish of Thomas's violin-playing are all that can be desired in such music as this, and he never appeared to more advantage than he did last evening. He was well supported by Mr. Charles Schmitz, Mr. Simon Hassler and Mr. Kammerer. In his performance of a solo by Molique, Mr. Thomas also distinguished himself. Mr. Wolfsohn's part in the Beethoven trio and the Schubert duo was admirably well done, and he also played a very difficult *Scherzo* by Chopin. Mme. Johanne sang Spohr's lovely song "The Rose," and a charming "Frühlingssong" by Mendelssohn, extremely well. The soirée was a complete success, and was greatly enjoyed by the appreciative audience present.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society still flourishes and gives good Symphony concerts. We copied its last programme last week, but we did not give our readers the benefit, as we now do, of the astounding discovery of a critic of one of the leading dailies: to-wit, that Symphonies and Oratorios are not Italian operas. Verily upon this man hath fallen the mantle of him who declared that "he could write a Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony any morning before breakfast;"—or is it the very man himself *redivivus*? Who else could explode Symphony and Oratorio in this fashion:

Symphony-writing, where of course the composer is not restrained by words, the breath of the singer, or the necessities of producing at every turn excellent popular effects—otherwise the opera treasury-box would be empty—but being pure free sound, and comparatively so easy in its production by the yard, whereas opera composing is beset with troubles at every step—symphony writing, which can deal in time and eternity if you choose, and reverie, and independence, ought not to be so unattractive as it generally is. There ought to be more well-defined, accented dramatic melody, ten to one than there is; and then the public would esteem symphonies at a higher rate, and, moreover, the symphonies would deserve to be so held.

In the air from "Elijah," Mr. Ridolfi made an excellent effect, and was cited before the judges again for his cleverness. The aria is about as near a logical melody as oratorio writers can or will come; the theory of oratorio-composition being first—to take prose for words, though lyrical music demands measured poetry as much a fish does water; and next, if a well-defined melody occurs to the composer, to knock it in the head immediately. It is remarkable that the piano-forte illustrators, such as Thalberg, Liszt, and others, avoid oratorios generally, for themes, as they would snakes. But the fountain of the grand piano-forte school, Thalberg's arrangement of airs from "Moses," finds its ecstasy in the "Prayer," because Rossini had the brains to put a distinct melody in this invocation—in an opera—also given oratorio-wise. Composers who can only sermonize, that is, write oratorios, might take a hint from the illustrious maestro, and give us square melodies—of eight bar divisions. If the time of these can be altered, and they be twisted into quadrilles, so much the better for the quadrilles.

Of the Italian Opera at the Academy during the past week the *Atlas* of the 9th reports:

The week has given us three operatic performances, "Traviata" on Monday evening, "Un Ballo in Maschera" on Wednesday evening, and "Linda di Chamouni" on Friday evening. Though not overflowing, we believe the houses have been remunerative, and certainly the artistic attractions offered have been thoroughly pleasing. Of "Traviata" and "Un Ballo" there is nothing new to be said, the operas having been lately given with the same casts. As Linda, on Friday evening, Miss Kallogg appeared in a role in which we have not before heard her, and quite sustained our very best impressions. In the great duet with Brignoli, in the first act, as well as in the solo which precedes it, (in which she won a double encore) the Yankee girl rises to the dignity of a thorough artist, and establishes one more security for a brilliant future. Madame Strakosch makes a charming *Pierrot*—the very best laughing, round-faced (and round-limbed) young Savoyard we have ever seen upon the stage, and the music does not go

beyond her compass and fit her to a charm. Susini, as the *Præfect*, wins his full share of the honors of this opera, and we have never heard his fine organ to better advantage than in some passages of the first act. Mancusi was something better than usual, as *Antonio*, hoarse less, and played with fine feeling. Brignoli, as *Carlo*, sang well, and was perhaps a shade more arrogant than last week. The choruses in this opera were peculiarly excellent—one more triumph of the close training of Max Maretzek. With Monday evening we are to have the positive close of the opera season, with "Sonnambula," Miss Kellogg in the new rôle of *Amina*, Brignoli once more in the *Elvino* jacket and buttons, and Susini as *Rodolpho*.

The same paper says of the first classical Soirée of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER, (Jan. 3):

The quartet of Beethoven was performed superbly, each instrument perfect in itself, yet all blending into a harmonious whole, while a delicacy of sentiment and finish pervaded its execution, leaving nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never heard a quartet better played. A piano solo by Mills rendered charmingly, a duet by Ed. Mollenhauer and Mills, a violoncello solo by Henry Mollenhauer, and a magnificent quintet by Schumann, played in a truly artistic vein, concluded an entertainment the like of which is seldom given in this city.

GOTTSCALK gave his first two concerts this week on Tuesday and Wednesday, assisted by Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Mancusi and Susini, of the Italian Opera, by Richard Hoffmann, the pianist, and Herr Mollenhauer, violoncellist. The pieces which he selected for his own performance were: Overture to "Tell" arranged by himself for two pianos; Quartet from *Rigoletto*, transcription by himself; "Murmures Aeoliennes"; "Pastorale e Cavaliero Fableau"; The "Banjo" (by request); fragment of "Apotheose," *marche solennelle*; "Ojos Criolos," (two pianos); bravura fantasia from *La Favorita*:—all of his own composition. Spanish subjects seem to possess his fancy very much.

MUSICAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Carl Fents, the distinguished leader of the Germania Orchestra, has been recently appointed teacher and director of instrumental music in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, and will in future conduct the Wednesday exhibitions. And Mr. A. R. Taylor, the fine bass singer and teacher, has been appointed teacher of vocal music and the piano in the same institution. This arrangement will greatly improve the musical advantages of the pupils and add much to the musical reputation which the Institution already enjoys. Some of Handel's grand oratorio choruses have recently been introduced, including "Unto us a Child is Born," and others from the *Messiah*.

Musical Correspondence.

BUFFALO, N. Y. FEB. 8.—We have but two firmly organized musical associations, the *Liedertafel* and the *Saengerbund*. Both of these societies have existed for a number of years, and to this day have flourished most successfully, reflecting great credit and musical renown upon our city. The *Liedertafel*, under the classical instruction and admirable direction of Prof. CARL ADAM, have reached an eminent degree of cultivation and accomplishment. The society numbers some one hundred active members, comprising a large number of very fine voices. The same praise can be awarded to the *Saengerbund*. The social, as well as musical qualities of both are well known to the "Orpheus" society of your city, who gave them a visit here some two years since, on occasion of the great Saenger-fest.

There is still another organization of musical souls existing among us, styled the *Middlecomes*, of which the writer will not speak, for fear of offending with plain truths.

Music in our churches is very good indeed, many of our choirs comparing well with the best in Eastern cities. Perhaps some of our choirs fall into the error of introducing too much of the modern elaborate music. This surely is objectionable. We must not forget old friends, while we welcome the new.

With Opera we are not often favored. This fact is easily accounted for by the false impressions entertained of us by operatic artists, who seek other cities for their patronage and renown. In December last

however, we were blest with a visit from the Italian Opera Troupe under the management of Mr. Grau, comprising Mad. Strakosch, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, Mancusi and others, who honored us with a successful though brief season of delight.

Our private soirées and home musicals have been more frequent and interesting the present season than ever before, giving evidence of advancement and zeal in the study and practice of the musical art. A few evenings since we were treated to a very pleasing entertainment at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. Blodgett & Bradford, the credit of which belongs entirely to the accomplished musician and genial gentleman Mr. J. R. BLODGETT. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of some two hundred guests, who partook of a rich musical feast happily served by a select number of our most gifted professional and amateur ladies and gentlemen. The following is the programme as arranged by Mr. Blodgett, which will give you an idea of the nature and tone of the feast to which we were invited:

1. Overture. William Tell. Two pianos, four performers.
2. Romance. "Flow on, silver Rhine." Lurline.
3. Piano-forte Solo. Lombardi. Jaell
4. Song. "Thou art so near and yet so far."
5. Trio. "L'usato ardir." Semiramide.
6. Grand Duo. Norma. Two pianos. Thalberg
7. Song. "Hope's glad echo round me swell" . . . Wallace
8. Solo. Piano-forte. Ernani. Liszt
9. Aria. "Ah! forse e lui." Traviata.
10. Duet. "Still o'er the water." Hodges
11. Solo. Piano-forte. La Gaselle. Hoffman
12. Trio. "Te sol quest anima." Attila. Verdi
13. Grand Duo. Bellario. Two pianos. Gostia
14. Bolero. "Merci dilette amiche." Les Vespers Siciliennes.
15. Ballad. "Why do I weep for thee" Wallace
16. Duet. "Qual voce! come! tu donna." Trovatore.

VIOLA.

CUMBERLAND, MD., FEB. 4.—This town, so romantically and picturesquely situated, is now the centre of great military activity. Its streets, where once scarce anything but the footfall of its peaceful citizens was to be heard, are now resonant with the clang of weapons and the clatter of horses. From morn till midnight the music of bands may be heard; now a dirge for some poor fellow who has fought his last battle, now a jubilant parade march, now a soft-toned serenade which some love-crazed hero (in embryo) brings to the window of his lady-love.

But music is not dispensed solely by Uncle Sam's men. In the dwellings a most refined musical taste may be found, owing chiefly, 'tis to be presumed, to the most excellent musician and gentleman who has taught this art here for the past twenty years. The people here have the commendable custom of giving musical soirées, where music is the dominant feature of the entertainment, but where also the dance and refreshments are not forgotten. Music of the highest order is here performed in such a style as would call forth encomiums even from our most fastidious Boston audiences. Here may be heard the sweetest and sublimest strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Fesca, Gottschalk, Satter, Schubert and others. The performance of one of Satter's pieces by a young lady was truly elegant. While one young gentleman, Mr. Henry Wiesel, whose modesty may be offended by this publication of his name, but who should certainly not hide his light under a bushel,—if he does not possess the brilliancy of a Thalberg, in passion and feeling can not be far inferior to Gottschalk or Liszt. He is yet very young and will make a shining peak in our country's musical history. His father is an elegant violinist.

It is pleasant to see that no despondency has hold of these people, while we are striving to quench the unholy fires of this detestable rebellion. Gayety and happiness, though dimmed, still exist, and when the music of our bullets shall have brought back peace, the embers of joy will be fanned to a renewed and more brilliant lustre than ever they wore.

MILITES.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Chamber Concert of last week (fifth of the series) was largely attended and gave much satisfaction. The programme was as follows:

1. Quartet in B flat, No. 78. Haydn
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Allegro non troppo.
2. "Benediction de Dieu Dans La Solitude," from the
"Harmonies poetiques et Religieuses," for Piano F. Liszt
B. J. Lang.
3. "Scherzello," Solo for Violin. Alard
William Schultze.
4. Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31. Chopin
B. J. Lang.
5. Quintet in C, op. 163, with two Cellos. Franz Schubert
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale, Allegro.

The chief point of interest was of course the Quintet by Schubert. Where Beethoven is not present, who could be more interesting than he? No composer has evinced a more kindred genius with the greatest instrumental master. No brain after him has so teemed with new and wonderful musical ideas. Cut off at the early age of thirty-two, he did not attain to a full mastery of form in their expression, except in his 600 songs, a sphere in which he stood unrivalled. He is too often, in his instrumental works, with all their originality and beauty, their unmistakably imaginative quality, prolix, not knowing where to end, wont to keep on reiterating a theme, as if in love with the discovery and loath to leave it, helplessly carrying about with him the miraculous armful of flowers, not clear and decided how he shall dispose of them. Yet he is true to the classical Sonata form and structure; he does not wander in the vague and resolve all into free fantasia. It is only uncomfortable length, want of rounded brevity and compactness, that one complains of in his superb Symphony in C, and in so many of his works. But there are instances in which he is more happy, says just what he has to say, easily masters his idea and is not ridden by it. And this Quintet is one of them. It was first produced by the Club three years ago, and made a deep impression, which was only deepened on this occasion. The two middle movements especially, the Adagio, and the Minuetto, at least the Trio part of it, appealed with the full force of Schubert's individuality and genius. The unusual combination of the instruments, two 'cellos instead of two tenors, gives great breadth and richness to the harmony. It was excellently well played, Mr. BURNS, an amateur, sustaining the extra 'cello.—The Haydn Quartet went smoothly and gracefully, and nobody is better for the beginning of a feast, to put the company in good tune and humor, than father Haydn, who is like the genial and kindly host that welcomes all.

The piece from Liszt's "Poetic and religious harmonies" for the piano, in which he seeks to give musical expression to the relieved and blissful sense of peace from God, after doubts and trials, taking for text certain verses by Lamartine, affected us as most of Liszt's own compositions have done: we were charmed with rare and beautiful promise in the beginning, felt that a beautiful thought was started, but the charm vanished as it went on, and sense of vagueness and of emptiness succeeded. Liszt seems to have

inspirations, which tempt him onward and desert him. And so here we felt, long before he was through, that the thing was dissolving into passage work, that the fingers were running away, impatient of the control of thought, and rioting in their old tricks of facile, flowery arabesque,—the brain, their rider, falling asleep the meanwhile. But the sentiment, the color of the piece is in keeping with the subject, and it was beautifully rendered by Mr. LANG. These were the words upon the programme:

D'où me vient, ô mon Dieu, cette paix qui m'inonde ?
D'où me vient cette foi dont mon cœur surabonde,
A moi qui tout à l'heure, incertain, agité,
Rê sur les flots du doute à tout vent ballotté,
Cherchais le bien, le vrai, dans les rêves des âges,
Et la paix dans des cœurs retentissant d'orages ?
A peine sur mon front quelques jours ont glissé,
Il me semble qu'un siècle et qu'un monde ont passé,
Et que, réparé d'eux par un abîme immense,
Un nouveau monde en moi naît et recommence.
(Free Translation.)

Whence comes there, O my God, this flood of peace to me ?
Whence comes this faith that fills my soul so plenteously ?
Me, who, alas ! perplexed, uneasy, and a prey
Upon the waves of doubt to each wind, yesterday,
Seeking the good, the true, to wise men's reveries went,
And seeking peace, to hearts with storms reverberant.
Scarcely a few brief hours have touched my brow and gone,
Yet do I feel as if an age, a world had flown,
And that, from these removed, by gulf without a span,
A new man in me springs, is born, begins again.

Chopin's fiery, fantastic, impatient, tender feeling "Scherzo" was also very finely rendered and gave great pleasure. Mr. SCHULTZE's violin solo was given with fine and delicate accent, and had the real spirit of the Saltarella.

ORGAN CONCERT.—Mr. JOHN K. PAINE had another very respectable audience of four or five hundred persons at the Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, to listen to his thoroughly competent interpretation of the great organ compositions of Sebastian Bach. That even this number of people should manifest the desire to hear music for which the taste has been so little cultivated, and even the ear so little formed in our country, is a sign of progress in a high direction; still more, that they should sit deeply impressed and delighted, as nearly all appeared to, to the end of such a programme as the following:

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| 1. Prelude and Fugue in G..... | } Bach |
| 2. Trio Sonata in G, 1st movement..... | |
| 3. Choral Variation, (by request)..... | |
| 4. Toccata in F, (by request)..... | |
| 5. Choral Variation, "By the Waters of Babylon"..... | |
| 6. Fantasia and Fugue in G minor..... | |
| 7. Concert Variations on "Old Hundred"..... | |

The Prelude and Fugue in G, with its long and curious theme, was received in wondering silence, as was the Fugue with which Mr. Paine opened his former concert. Naturally those, who could best appreciate its art and feel its beauty, were not of the class much disposed to clap their hands whenever they enjoy. The performance was admirably clear, connected, firm; the several voices taking up the subject, whether by manual or pedals, being kept distinctly individual, while crowding and swelling on like waves to a grand cumulative whole; for therein is the very charm and secret of the fugue, therein is it the type of all artistic development, of all organic creations, that it presents the ceaseless blending of variety in unity, of the finite in the infinite. The most striking and appreciable pieces (of this larger kind) to the audience were the brilliant *Toccata*, repeated by request, and the *Fantasia and Fugue* in G minor, during which all faces brightened as with a sense of something glorious.

But probably the gentler pieces, in which a tune or melody is treated and illustrated, not in strict fugue form, but not less contrapuntally in spirit, sank the most deeply into the hearts of the listeners. The graceful and poetic movement from the Trio Sonata (two manuals and pedal) was warmly applauded. The Choral variations (played before) in quartet form, with beautiful blending of stops, and the melody with its blissful trill sung on a reed solo stop, lost none of its warm, comforting, religious charm by repetition. The similar variations on the Choral: *Am Wasserflüssen Babels*, was found only less beautiful.

In the space reserved for the organist's own Concert Variations, the Organ played him a bad trick, a pedal valve now and then "ciphering," or refusing to close, so that one of the bigger tone spirits refused to be laid, and hummed on like a big factory wheel distressingly. This broke up the continuity of the thing somewhat. Still he managed to play through his variations to the general satisfaction, pleasing musicians by the tasteful invention and contrapuntal skill which he displayed, especially in treating so refractory a theme as the "Star-spangled banner," working it up with great power at the end.

We trust there will be more organ concerts—more of this unique character, appealing not to the various tastes of the greatest number, but to their own proper audience, which will surely grow with opportunity. Others have perfect right to do other things, to make the organ imitate an orchestra, and what not, and they have their reward; but let him who can and will, do this thing.

On the same evening Miss MARY FAY had a good audience at Chickering's, and a pleased one, for her third soirée, with the following programme:

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| 1. Trio, (A. No. 7)..... | Haydn |
| Allegro moderato, Andante, Allegro. | |
| Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries. | |
| 2. Duo Concertante, for two violins, (Op. 39). Adagio and Finale..... | Spohr |
| Messrs. F. and H. Suck. | |
| 3. Sonata, (op. 105, A minor)..... | Robert Schumann |
| Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck. | |
| 4. Polonaise, (op. 53, Ab)..... | Chopin |
| Miss Fay. | |
| 5. Adagio and Fuga..... | Seb. Bach |
| Mr. F. Suck. | |
| 6. Trio, (op. 100, Eb)..... | Schubert |
| Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo, Allegro moderato. | |
| Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck and Mr. W. Fries. | |

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We have to regret that we could not be present at the second Orchestral Entertainment of the season, on Monday evening last. The programme appears well chosen for amateurs:

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| PART I. | |
| Grand Symphony in D major, No. 7..... | Haydn |
| Adagio; Allegro, Andante—Minuetto and Trio— | |
| Finale, Allegro vivace. | |
| PART II. | |
| 1. Overture, "Don Giovanni"..... | Mozart |
| 2. Transcription for select Orchestra, Serenade..... | Schubert |
| 3. Andante Cantabile from Symphony No. 2, in Eb..... | Kalliwoda |
| 4. Concert Polka, "Papageno," on Themes from Mozart's Zauberflöte. (Magic Flute)..... | Stanny |
| 5. Overture, "La Dame Blanche"..... | Boldieu |

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Afternoon Concert this week an uncommonly good one, and delighted an audience that completely filled the Music Hall. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was very nicely executed, and many listened with closed eyes and a smile of inward pleasure, as if the strains made summer in their souls. The Overture to *Semiramide*, too, one of Rossini's best, was made quite effective, albeit with but two horns. The Strauss waltz: "*Gedanken Flug*" (flight of thought) sounded truly luscious; and the well known Romanza from Halévy's *L'Eclair*, was so sweetly discoursed by the English

Horn of Mr. RIBAS, with the flute of Mr. SCHLIMPER playing about it, that it had to be repeated. A Strauss Polka, and the Finale from *Tannhäuser* completed the programme.

Music at Hand.

Mr. ZERRAHN offers a rich and unexceptionable programme for his Philharmonic Concert to-night; all the pieces, with one exception, being well-tried old favorites, each of the best of its kind, and the charm of which does not wear out. Beethoven's 7th Symphony is one of the two or three grandest of all symphonies; "*Freyschutz*" and "*Tell*" among the best of overtures. The only novelty, Beethoven's "*Turkish March*," from the "*Ruins of Athens*," is indeed a rare bit to tickle the fancy withal, and after it is heard once it will be wanted many times. Wherever we heard it in the concert rooms in Germany it was sure to make the public happy. The three pieces selected by Miss ABY FAY to sing, are among the best standard pieces from Italian opera, viz. "*Come per me sereno*," from the *Sonnambula*; "*Regnava nel silenzio*" from *Lucia*; and "*Son vergine vezzosa*," the Polacca from *I Puritani*.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION announce that they will play Mendelssohn's "*Italian Symphony*" at their next Wednesday afternoon Concert. Those who have been reading the Italian letters of the young Felix in this Journal, will listen with new interest to the Symphony.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, offer for their next Wednesday evening's Concert:

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| 1. Grand Sextet. (First time)..... | Spohr |
| 2. Aria from " <i>Figaro</i> ." Volche capete. | |
| Miss Washburn. | |
| 3. Andante and Variations, from Quartet, op. 81..... | Mendelssohn |
| 4. Ave Maria, on Bach's Prelude in C..... | |
| Miss Washburn. | |
| 5. 10th Quartet, in E flat..... | Beethoven |

That very enterprising and successful firm of Piano-forte Manufacturers, Messrs. HALLETT & DAVIS, who are constantly making improvements in their instruments, now salute their customers from very elegant new ware-rooms at No. 272 Washington street, where excellent pianos, Grand, Parlor Grand and Square, will be found in large supply, and at reasonable prices.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From a private letter (to our "Diarist") of Dr. Chysander—the author of that noble work, the new German biography of Handel, of which only the first two volumes have yet appeared,—we translate the following:

"The third volume of Handel will come out towards the end of 1862. * * * * * Before this third volume of Handel, that is about Easter, I shall publish "*Jahrbücher musikalischer Wissenschaft*," Vol. I. Among the contents I shall have 1. Pinetor's "*Definitorium*," (printed in 1840) in Latin with a German translation edited by Beller-mann; 2. Two short essays by Hauptmann; then an article by myself upon three German Folk's Songs of the 14th Century; 4. History of the Musical Chapel and Opera at Brunswick from 1580 to 1760 (Praetorius, Schütz, Grann). 5. Handel's Organ accompaniment to his Oratorio *Saul*, and a criticism of Rimbault's edition of the same; 6. Origin of "*God Save the King*," (a long article);—and close with criticism of the most important new works upon music."

Then follows something in relation to another proposed article in which, he adds, "I promise myself that these *Jahrbücher* (year books) will have many a good influence upon Art. For myself they offer no other advantage than this, for I receive not a penny of pay for my labor—all is gratis. However what is necessary must be, and can by God's help be accomplished."

If we only had more Chysanders!—sighs the "Diarist."

BERLIN.—Spontini's *Vestalin* was given with the following cast: Mad. Köster, Julia; Mlle. de Ahna, the High Priestess; Herr Carl Formes, Licinius; Herr Krause, Cinna; and Herr Fricke, the High Priest. The house was very full, and the applause hearty and spontaneous. *La Señorilla* Adelina Patti still pursues her triumphant career, gathering fresh laurels and picking up more and more bouquets every evening she appears. She will make her farewell cursey, for the present, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, but it is to be devoutly hoped she will speedily favor us with another visit.—Herr Lorini's Italian Operatic Company are to open their season very shortly at the Victoria Theatre.

A report has just been published by the management of the theatres royal, containing an account of the pieces produced at the Royal Opera House during the ten years, commencing on the 1st July, 1851, and ending on the 1st July, 1861. During this period, the management brought out 28 new operas, 17 of which were by German composers. There were 155 performances of works by Mozart; 109 of works by Weber; 168 of works by Meyerbeer; 62 of works by Gluck—and not Gluck, as English writers, who do not know the difference between the German "u" and "ü," will persist in miscalling him,—and 47 of works by Beethoven. 17 operas were revived with new scenery, dresses and appointments, and 15 with the old ones. There were 24 novelties by Taglioni, and other Terpsichorean authors, in the way of ballets. In addition to this, 16 ballets were produced with a new *mise-en-scene*, and 15 with the old one. These figures speak trumpet-tongued in favor of the activity displayed by the Intendant-General Herr von Hülsen.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

CASSEL.—Great activity has been exhibited at the theatre since the opening of the present season, as will be seen by the subjoined list of operas represented: *Don Juan* (twice); *Figaro's Hochzeit*; and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (revivals, twice); *Fidelio* (revived); *Der Freischütz* (twice); *Nachtlager in Granada*, *Cear* and *Zimmermann*, *Undine*, *Martha*, *Siradella*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots* (twice); *La Part du Diable* (revival); *Wilhelm Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, *Nachtwandlerinn*, *La Juive* (twice), *La Fille du Régiment*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Joseph in Aegypten*, *Tannhäuser* (three times), *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Otto, der Schütz* (new, three times), *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (new, four times). To these will shortly be added *Aloise*, by Maurer, *Templer und Jüdin*, and *Jessonda*. The new *prima donna*, Mad. Kapp-Young, has already become a great favorite. She had made a most favorable impression as *Fidelio*, *Valentino*, *Donna Anna* and *Elizabeth*.—*Ibid.*

ROME.—Liszt has been here for the last month, engaged upon an oratorio entitled: *Die heilige Elisabeth*. A German correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* speaks in the following terms of music and musicians in the Eternal City: "The fine arts are, as a matter of course, at present, as always, and here as everywhere else, subject to the influence of the atmosphere surrounding them. Creative art requires movement, strife, a yearning for some distant and, often, even a scarcely known goal, independence and freedom, in order that it may flourish. Reproductive art, on the contrary, thrives best under the protection of a quiet, tranquil, easy state of things, based upon contentment with regard to the present, and absence of care for the future. This may be asserted of music, and, especially, vocal music. In contradistinction to the Germans, the Italians possess a lively perception of melody, while they appear to have no sense of harmony. You often meet people here, who, after hearing an opera two or three times, seat themselves at the piano, and repeat most of the motives, without knowing the notes. There are an immense number of natural singers, many of them endowed with magnificent voices. What, it may be asked, are not such men, endowed with such voices, as well as with a musical ear and a love of the art, capable of receiving a musical education? It is a well known fact that, in Rome, all instruments—with the exception of the organ—women and boys are excluded from the choirs in the churches. The *soprano* parts are sung neither by women nor boys. It is true that the barbarous production of such voices is not systematically pursued, as was formerly the case; indeed, it is forbidden by law. But when a voice of this description is 'accidentally' found to exist, it is winked at and put to account. These unnatural voices produced upon myself a repulsive effect in the Sixtine Chapel, and the basilica of St. Peter. The tenors, also, are somewhat nasal; the basses alone are fine and vigorous. The execution is correct and delicate; the compositions, modern and insignificant. In the other churches, music is at

a very low ebb. The *soprano* parts are sung by actual men. Of course, anything like light and shade is entirely out of the question, and every one seems as though he was endeavoring to scream louder than every one else. The compositions performed are worthless, and the organists scarcely fit to be placed on an equality with our country teachers. Such is the state of music in the capital of Christendom! At the 'Nobil Teatro di Apollo' four operas and a half were produced in the course of the season. The *prima donna*, De Giulii Brosi, has completely sung herself out. The tenor, Sarti, possesses a powerful voice, and sings à la Freschini. The baritone, Storti, belongs to a legion of insignificant, stereotype tyrants of Italian opera seria. I was better pleased with the second baritone, Dantoni, who got through *Figaro* very respectably. The acting and singing of the *Almaviva*, a weakly *tenorino*, were lamentable. Bartolo and Basilio were not offensive, and did not indulge in the extravagances usual among ourselves. The Rosina of Signora de Marini was far from perfect, with regard to *flouriture* and acting, but this lady's shortcomings found, to some degree, a compensation in the freshness and youth of her voice, and her pleasing personal appearance. The smaller parts were respectably filled, while the chorus and orchestra were satisfactory. Between the first and second acts of the opera, there was a grand ballet."

ITALY.—The following is the list of the nineteen new operas given in Italy in 1861:

Name of Opera.	Composer	Where prod'd.
La Penna del Diavolo.....	Quilici.	Florence.
La Savojarda.....	Ponchielli.	Crémone.
Adello.....	Mercuri.	S. Angelo.
L'Espiazione.....	Peri.	Milan.
Shakespeare.....	Benvenuti.	Parma.
Eleonora di Toledo.....	Zabban.	Ancona.
La Guardia Nazionale.....		Naples.
Aurora di Nevros.....	Binillo.	Trieste.
Guerra in Quattro.....	Pedrotti.	Milan.
Il Mulattiere di Toledo.....	Pacini.	Rome.
Desiderio Duca d' Istria.....	Stermich.	Zara.
Caterina di Guisa.....	Rossi.	Lecco.
Virginia.....	Petrolia.	Naples.
Menestrello (rinnovata).....	De Ferrari.	Genoa.
La Mendicante.....	Pedrotti.	Genoa.
La Locandiera.....	Ungioni.	Turin.
La Valle d'Andros (rinn.).....	Cagnoni.	Genoa.
Belfegor.....	Pacini.	Florence.
Masappa.....	Pedrotti.	Bologna.

Of these operas, five are in the buffo and fourteen in the serious style. The operas for 1862 include "Mormile," by Braga, at Milan; "Leone Isauro," by Cianchi, at Turin; "Marion Delorme," by Bottesini, at Palermo, and an opera, name unknown, by Moscuza, at Naples.—*Eze. Post.*

PARIS.—At the concert given on the 22d of December for the benefit of the subscription opened for the erection of a monument to his memory in Florence, the programme included, among other selections from Cherubini's works, the overture to "Anacreon," the chorus called "Blanche de Provence," and the introduction to "Eliza." The only one of Cherubini's operas which keeps its place on the stage is that called "Les Deux Journées," which is yet popular in Vienna.

Alexander Boucher, an old French violinist, has just died in Paris, aged eighty-four years. He first appeared in public as a violinist when six years old, and gave his last concert about two years ago, when eighty-two years old. He was the director of music to Charles IV. of Spain, and used to play at the celebrated concerts given by Madame Catalani. When Napoleon kept Charles IV. a prisoner at Fontainebleau, Boucher used to frequently visit the exile. One day Napoleon, passing before the windows of the prison, heard some one playing inside the romance from Gluck's "Orpheus," "J' ai perdu mon Eurydice." The piece was so beautifully played that the Emperor sent for the musician, and thenceforth Boucher was a *protegé* of Napoleon. Once, in travelling to England, the Custom House officials at Dover seized his violin as dutiable. Unable to explain the facts of the case in English, he took his violin and played "God Save the Queen," with variations, which so affected the Custom House men that they gave back his instrument. Boucher has given concerts in Russia, Germany and Poland, and was well known in the musical circles of Europe.

At the first concert this month of the Society of the Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire, Beethoven's oratorio "Mount of Olives" and Mozart's "David Penitent" were produced.

Ulysse Donzelli, son of the famous tenor, has come to Paris to give concerts.

At St. Petersburg the censor has prohibited "William Tell"; and at Rome, as "Lucrezia Borgia" is tabooed, the music has been arranged to another libretto, called "Elvira Wolton."—*Eve. Post.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Maiden's wish. Fred. Chopin. 25
What a young girl loves. " 25

These are the first of a series of sixteen Polish Songs, the only Songs ever penned by this great composer, collected and edited after his death by *Jules Fantana*, to whom this task had been assigned by the author in his last sickness. As they stand now they are mostly written for a low voice. They are both as peculiar and charming as those incomparable *Mazurkas* of his, which more than any other of his works bear the stamp of his Polish nationality. Only they are much easier to perform. It has required no small command of language to find adequate terms for the original idiom, which is full of strange metaphors, and oddly phrased. Yet both the English and German translations—the former by Miss Raymond—are fluent and singable. Both of the above songs are playful, joyous. They might be called vocal *Mazurkas*.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

A sympathizing heart. From Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas." 25

One of the encore Songs in this new and highly successful Opera. It is a charming Parlor ballad, for a medium voice.

Instrumental Music.

What are the wild waves saying? Transcription. Brinley Richards. 50

An elegant arrangement, written carefully and tastefully, and brilliant without being out of the reach of the majority of amateur pianists, in the present advanced state of musical acquirements.

Forest Rose (Waldröschen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpine bells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Nathalie Waltz. (Simplified). Labitzky. 25

One of the prettiest of German Waltzes arranged in an easy key, and without Octaves. It makes a very good piece for scholars in the second or third quarters.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 516.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1862.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 383).

NAPLES, April 13, 1831.

Dear Rebecca!

This represents the birthday letter; may it wear a holiday face to you!—It comes a day after the fair, but it means none the less well; for myself, I have spent the festival day strangely this time, but most beautifully;—only I could not write, for I had neither table nor ink. I stuck deep in the Pontine marshes. May a happy year lie before you, and may we meet somewhere; if you thought of me that day, our thoughts must have met somewhere on the Brenner, or in Innspruck, for I thought continually of you. Even if you do not look at the date of the letter, you must remark by the tone of it, that I am in Naples. I have not yet been able to come to any serious, tranquil thought; it is altogether too gay around me here; it invites one to do nothing and to think nothing, and already the example of so many thousand people urges one irresistibly that way. I mean, indeed, that it shall soon be otherwise; but it will have to go on in this way during the first days, that I see. I stand now for hours long on my balcony, and gaze upon Vesuvius and the gulf.

But I must now attempt once more my old style of description; else the material accumulates too much, and I become confused, and you will not be able to follow me clearly. So much that is new storms in continually upon me, that I need only send a diary, for you to know how I live and am affected. And so I make a beginning, and confess, that the taking leave of Rome was very hard to me. I had lived there so calmly and yet so excited, had made so many dear friendly acquaintances and became so much at home, that the last days with their disquietudes and runnings about seemed doubly disagreeable. The last evening I went to Vernet, to thank him for my quite finished portrait, and to take leave. There we made some music, talked politics, played chess, and so at a late hour I went down the Monte Pincio to my house, packed my things, and started off on the next morning with my travelling companions.

I sat in the cabriolet, looked at the scenery, and could dream to my heart's content. Arrived at quarters in the evening, we all went to walk; the couple of days were more like a pleasure trip than a journey. The way from Rome to Naples is the richest thing I know, and the whole mode of travelling very pleasant. You fly away across the plain; for a little drink-money the postilions drive like mad, which is quite to the purpose in the marshes. If you wish to see the country, you have only to refuse the drink-money, and instantly you go slower. From Albano over Ariccia and Gonzano to Velletri the road leads always between hills, which are deeply shaded with all sorts of trees, up hill and down hill, through

alleys of elms, past cloisters and images of saints. On one side the Campagna with its heath bloom and its motley colors remains still in sight;—over yonder comes the sea, which gleamed beautifully in the sunshine, and then the clearest sky, for since Sunday it has become splendid weather. So we drove into Velletri, our first night's lodging place; there we found a great church festival. The handsome women, with their splendidly original faces, went in troupes up and down the alleys; the men in their mantles stood grouped on the streets,—the church was hung with garlands of green leaves; we heard the sound of a bass-viol and some fiddles inside as we passed; on the square there were preparations for fireworks; then the sun went down clear and tranquil, and the Pontine plain, with its thousand colors, and the rocks, jutting out singly against the horizon, showed us the way which we were to travel the next day.

After supper I felt like walking on a little, and discovered a kind of illumination; it was all alive upon the streets, and when at last I came into the spot where the church was, and turned round the corner, the whole street on both sides was set with burning torches, and the people walked to and fro in the middle, crowding one another, and delighted that they could see each other so distinctly in the night. How prettily it looked, I cannot tell. The crowd was greatest just before the church; I pressed in with the rest: the little building was filled with kneeling people, worshipping the elevated host; no one spoke a word: nor was there any music; this stillness, the illuminated church, the many kneeling women with their white kerchiefs on their heads, and their white dresses, were something really solemn! A wonderfully handsome, clever Italian youth explained to me out there the whole festival, and assured me that it would be still much finer, were it not for the commotions that had broken out; these had cost them the horse races, the tar barrels, &c., and therefore it was a pity that the Austrians had not come earlier.

The next day at six o'clock we went on into the Pontine marshes. It is a sort of mountain road; you drive through a perfectly straight alley of trees on a plain; on one side of the alley stands a continuous chain of mountains, on the other spread the marshes. But these are overgrown with countless flowers, and smell very sweetly; only in the long run it grows cloying, and I felt very clearly the oppressive air, in spite of the bright weather. Along the chaussée flows a canal, which Pius VI. had made to drain the marshes. In it sat a lot of buffaloes, who only stuck their heads out of the water, and felt very comfortable there. The straightness of the road produces a singular effect; for precisely as you see the end of the mountain chain, looking along the alley of trees, at the first station, just so it is at the second and the third also; only always so many miles nearer and bigger;—Terracina, which lies right at the end of the alley, you do not see until you are close before it. Then you

turn suddenly to the left around a rocky corner, and have the whole sea before you; citron gardens, palms, and all the Southern vegetation on the declivity before the city; the towers looking out over the bushes, and the haven stretching out into the sea. The sea is still to me the most beautiful thing in nature. I love it almost more than I do the sky. Of all Naples the sea has given me the most delightful impression; I always feel well, when I see the bare wide watery surface before me. From Terracina begins properly the South. There you are in another land, and every plant, every shrub reminds you of it. I was particularly pleased with two mighty mountain ridges, between which the road runs; they were without trees or shade, but overgrown from top to bottom with wall-flowers, so that they looked entirely yellow, and the scent was almost too strong. There is great lack of large trees and grass. The nests Fondi and Itri look quite robber-like and grim. The houses cling to the rocky walls; great mediæval towers in the midst of them; many sentries and posts visible on the mountain peaks; but we came through without an adventure.

We spent the evening in Mola di Gaeta. There is the famous balcony, where, looking out over lemon and orange gardens, you have the blue sea before you, with Vesuvius and the islands in the distance. That was on the 11th of April: now as I had celebrated the whole day by myself in silence, I could not help informing my companions in the evening, that it was your birthday; and so your health was drunk; indeed an old Englishman, who was present, drank it with us and wished me "a happy return to my sister." I drained the glass to your prosperity, and thought of you. Be unchanged when we meet again! With such thoughts I walked up and down during the rest of the evening in the lemon garden or the seashore, and heard how the waves from such a distance pushed one another in to land, and now and then plashed very gently. It was a heavenly night! Among a thousand things, which passed through my head, the Grillparzer example occurred to me, which it is really impossible to set to music, and for which very reason Fanny has composed it wondrously well; seriously though, I sang the song over to myself a long while, for I was standing just then in the scene of which it speaks. The sea had followed, given up its burthen and was very tranquil. That was the first song. Now came on the following day the second; for the sea, to look upon it, was half meadow, half ether and the fine ladies nodded, as well as the olive tree and cypress; but they were all brown, and I did not come out of the prose of it!—What gleams through the foliage, sparkling like gold? Mere cartridge boxes and sabres; for the king was holding a review in St. Agatha, and soldiers defiled upon both sides of the way; they seemed doubly good to me, because they resembled the Prussian, and because for a long time I had seen only the Pope's soldiers. Some bore dark lanterns on their muskets, since

they had marched by night; it all looked very smart and gay. Now we come into a short rocky pass, and at the end of it descend into the Campan valley. It is the most charming valley that I ever saw; like an immeasurable garden; far and wide planted and overgrown; on the one side the blue line of the sea, on the other the soft mountain ranges, still overlooked by snow peaks; in the distance Vesuvius and the islands, looming above the plain in the blue vapor; the road was straight toward them. Alleys of large trees intersect the wide field; plants burst out under every stone. Grotesque aloes, cactuses on all sides; a fragrance and a vegetation, like mad; it is incredibly agreeable. What in England is enjoyable through men, is so here through nature; and as there is no spot of which somebody has not taken possession, and cultivated and adorned it, so here there is none where nature does not take possession, and bring forth flowers and herbs and everything beautiful. The Campan valley is fertility itself. Over the whole boundless surface, bordered in the distance by the blue mountains and the blue sea, there is nothing but green to be seen. And so we come to Capua. I cannot blame Hannibal for stopping too long there.

From Capua to Naples you go incessantly through trees, which are hung with grape vines, until at the end of the alleys Mt. Vesuvius, and the sea with Capri, and the mass of houses lie before you. I live here in St. Lucia as in heaven; for in the first place I have Vesuvius, the mountains to Castellamare, and the gulf before me; and in the second place it is three stories high. Unfortunately the rogue of a Vesuvius never smokes at all, and looks like any other beautiful mountain. To compensate for that, they go back and forth evenings in the gulf with lights in little boats, to catch swordfish. That is a fine sight too. Farewell you dear ones! FELIX.

NAPLES, April 20 1831.

One must get so used to finding all things turn out differently from what he expects or calculates, that you will not wonder if, instead of a diary, you receive only a short letter, to announce that I am well, and not much more. As for the scenery, I cannot describe it, and if you have formed no idea of it from all those who have spoken and written about it, I shall scarcely be able to give you any. For it is indescribably beautiful for just that reason, that one cannot describe it. What else I might report of now, would be my life here: but that has been so simple, that in two words I am done. I have not wished to make acquaintances, because I shall remain fixed here only a few weeks at the most, and then shall make tours in the surrounding country, and because I only want to become well acquainted with nature hereabouts. So I have been to bed at nine in the evening, risen at five in the morning, to refresh myself in the morning light by looking down from my balcony upon Vesuvius, the sea, and the coast of Sorrento; then I have taken long and very lonely walks, sought out my own favorite points of view, in which I had the pleasure of knowing my finest point was one almost entirely unknown to the Neapolitans. In these walks I selected some house on the hill, to which I toiled my way up, or followed only my idea, allowed the night with moonlight to surprise me, then made acquaintance with the vintagers, to find

my way back again, so that I came at last quite weary, about nine, through the Villa Reale home. How the moon-lit sea, with charming Capri, looks then from the Villa, how the blossoming acacias almost intoxicate you with their fragrance, how strangely the fruit trees look all sprinkled over with rose blossoms, as if they had rosy foliage—that again is indescribable. And since I have lived mostly in and with nature, I cannot write so much as formerly; perhaps we shall come back to it orally some day; then the little pictures in our sitting room will furnish matter and points of connection for narrations. This one thing though; that I agree with you, dear Fanny, in what you once said years ago, that your favorite was the isle of Nisida: perhaps you have already forgotten it, but I have not. It lies before one, as if it were made only for a pleasure place. Coming out from the woods of Bagnuolo, one is almost frightened, because it rises so near and large and green out of the sea, while the other islands, Procida, Ischia and Capri, lie there in the distance, undefined, with their blue shadows. Brutus hid himself upon the island after the murder of Cæsar, and Cicero visited him there; then the sea lay between, just as it does now, and the rocks hung arching over into the sea, and the green grew upon them, just so. Those are antiquities that please me, and give me something to think about, more than a few fragments of old crumbling walls!

I never could imagine such thorough-going superstition and love of deception as I find here in the people. Nature has frequently disgusted me, for the Swiss, about whom father was so vexed, are really innocent children of nature in comparison. My landlord gives me regularly too little change for a piastre; then I tell him so, and then he quietly brings out the rest. The only acquaintance I mean to make here, shall be musical, so as to leave nothing incomplete; for instance the Fodor, who does not sing in public, Donizetti, Coccia, and so forth.

Now a few words to you, dear father. You have written me, that you would not like to have me go to Sicily, and I accordingly have given up that plan, although I cannot deny that it will be rather hard for me; for really it was more than a "whim" of mine. There are no dangers at all to be feared; indeed, to make my heart right heavy, there is a steamboat to sail upon the 4th of May, which will make the whole tour, and many Germans, probably also our ambassador here, will go in it; and I should have liked to see a fire-vomiting mountain, since the bad Vesuvius does not even smoke. Nevertheless your prescriptions have always so far so harmonized with my own wishes, that I will not let the first opportunity go by, of being obedient to you against my momentary wish; and so I have struck Sicily out from my travelling route. Perhaps we shall see each other again so much the sooner.

And now farewell; to-day I will take a walk to Capo di Monte. Your FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLER.

(Continued from page 355.)

Whoever gave Schubert a subject for musical treatment, could do so in the conviction that, if the subject smited him, the composition would be

ready in the shortest time. Thus the well known song, "The Wanderer," by Schmidt of Lübek, was composed in an incredibly short time; the same was the case with the "Erl-king," which, after he had read the ballad through repeatedly in great excitement, he at once set to music just as fast as it was possible to write down the notes. But especially the following fact testifies alike to the lightning-like rapidity of his conception, and to the obligingness with which he sought to meet the wishes of others.

Fraulein Anna Fröhlich, teacher of singing at the Conservatorium, and distinguished by her musical knowledge, at whose suggestion Schubert had already composed some very beautiful female choruses, proposed to celebrate the birthday (Aug. 11, 1827) of her pupil, Fräulein Louise Gosnar (afterwards Frau von Sonnleithner), who was then passing the summer with her parents in Unterdöbling, by arranging a serenade in the garden of the country house. To this end Grillparzer had composed the poem: "Softly lingering in the stilly twilight," and she gave it to Schubert with the request that he would set it to music for her sister Josephine (mezzo soprano) and a female chorus, as a serenade. Schubert took the poem in hand, went into a window recess, read it attentively through a couple of times, and then said smiling: "I have it already, it is done, and it will be right good." After a day or two he brought the charming composition. But through a misunderstanding the piece was composed for alto solo and male chorus; now when Fr. Fröhlich called his attention to this mistake, he good-humoredly took the manuscript back again and brought it the next day re-wrought in the way that had been desired.*

Although Schubert, especially in his later years, when his works enjoyed a constantly increasing recognition, was fully conscious of his worth, and could not of course help being so, yet he remained always to the end of his life extremely modest. While still a boy, he asked a friend, who had been listening to some little songs he had composed to poems by Klopstock, whether he believed that anything would ever come of him; the friend replied, that he was already something clever, and Schubert said: "Sometimes I think so myself in secret. But who can do anything after Beethoven?" For him he cherished even in his early years the highest reverence; and repeatedly, while he was at the Convict, he would tell of a performance, for which the orchestra had been summoned to Schönbrunn, a few months before he entered there, at which Beethoven and Täuber, the music master of the Archduke Rudolph, were present. Afterwards he frequently saw Beethoven, without any more intimate relation springing up between them; which is not to be wondered at, considering Beethoven's inaccessibility. The great master seems to have first become more nearly acquainted with Schubert's compositions in the last period of his life; and as Jean Paul, who felt himself attracted in a high degree by Schubert's genius, found consolation in his songs after he had become blind in his last years, and only a few hours before his death desired to hear the "Erl-king," so Beethoven in the last days of his life got interested in the songs of Schubert, which until then had remained almost entirely unknown to him. A. Schindler,

* This composition even now is given with the best effect by men's voices.

the well-known faithful friend and biographer of Beethoven, relates the following concerning it:

"As the sickness, to which Beethoven yielded after four months suffering, rendered his usual mental activity impossible from the beginning, we had to think of some diversion for him, such as corresponded to his taste and inclination. And so it came about, that I laid before him a collection of Schubert's songs, about 60 in number, and among them many which were still in manuscript. This was done not only with the view of affording him an agreeable entertainment, but also to give him an opportunity to become acquainted with Schubert in his essential character, so that he might acquire a more favorable opinion of his talent, which had been rendered suspicious to him by the cheap enthusiasts, who very likely thought the same of others of his contemporaries. The great master, who before this did not know five songs of Schubert, was astonished at the number of them, and was quite unwilling to believe, that Schubert up to that time (February 1827) had already written more than 500 songs. But if he was astonished at the number, he was seized with the highest admiration when he came to know their contents. Through several successive days he could not separate himself from them, and he lingered for hours at a time daily over "Iphigenia's monologue," the "Limits of Humanity," "Omnipotence," "The young Nun," "Viola," the "Miller Songs," and others. With joyful inspiration he cried out repeatedly: "Truly, in that Schubert dwells a divine spark!"—"If I had had this poem, I too would have set it to music!" And so with most of the poems, whose subject matter, meaning and original treatment on the part of Schubert he could not praise sufficiently. So too he could not comprehend how Schubert had time "to set about such long poems, many of which contain ten others," as he expressed it. He meant to say, poems which are as long as ten others put together; of such songs in the grand style alone Schubert has produced about a hundred, which are by no means merely of a lyrical character, but contain the most long-aped ballads and scenes in dialogue, so dramatically treated, that they would be in place in the opera itself, and would not fail of their effect even there. What would the great master have said probably, if he had got sight of the Ossian songs, "*Die Bürgschaft*," "*Elysium*," "*The Diver*," and other great ones, which have recently appeared for the first time?—In short, the respect, which Beethoven acquired for Schubert's talent, was so great, that he now wanted to see also his operas and piano works; but his sickness was already gaining upon him to such a degree, that he could not gratify this wish. Yet he continued to speak often of Schubert and prophesied: that "this man will yet make much noise in the world," as well as lamented that he had not become acquainted with him earlier."

If Beethoven knew only a small part of Schubert's musical achievements, the latter was so much the more familiar with the works of Beethoven. Sympathetic chords with the great master are found in many of his more important compositions, and he too drew, like so many others, upon the treasures of the mighty one.

This affinity is particularly prominent in the piano-forte and other instrumental works of Schubert, but without the least loss to his own

originality. Tenderness, richness of fancy, glowing enthusiasm, the charm of melodies and the expression of blooming life form properly the element, in which Schubert moved; and in the ascendancy of these peculiarities lies the reason why we sometimes miss that strict proportion, that grand earnestness and artistic understanding, that thrilling power and energy of expression, and that compressed force, by which Beethoven looms so gigantic over all.

"Schubert," writes his glowing admirer, Robert Schumann, speaking of the last piano Sonatas (dedicated to him), "Schubert will always be the favorite of youth; he shows youth what it wants, an over-flowing heart, bold thoughts, swift action; tells it, what it most loves, of romantic stories, maidens and adventures, and even mingles wit and humor in it; but not so much as thereby to disturb the tenderer ground feeling. Moreover he adds wings to the player's own fancy, as no other composer besides Beethoven has done. Allusions to him are found on all sides; but even without him Schubert would have been no other; his individuality perhaps would only have forced its way through later. Compared to Beethoven, Schubert is a maiden character, by far more talkative, softer and broader; compared to him, a child carelessly playing among giants. True, he also brings forward his strong passages, he also summons up masses; but it is always the relation of woman to man, who commands where she entreats and persuades; but all this only as compared to Beethoven; compared to others, he is man enough, the boldest and most generous of the more modern musicians."

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 366.)

Vincent Novello's unaffected sympathy with pupils and musical aspirants—both professional and amateur—was a marked feature in his character throughout his own musical life. He was lavish in imparting knowledge; patient in conveying instruction, cordial in manner, hearty in communication, benevolent in encouragement. His most eminent pupil was Edward Holmes, the author of "A ramble among the musicians in Germany," and of "Mozart's Life." In order to facilitate the more assiduous study of the young man, Mr. Novello received Edward Holmes as an inmate of his own house; so that at all hours left free by other avocations, he could superintend the progress of his pupil in theory and practice. Mr. Holmes became thoroughly versed in harmony, and was, for many years, organist of Poplar Church, and at Holloway Chapel. He was not only a sound musician, but his taste for letters gave him that polished vigor of style which distinguishes his writings upon the Art. From his school-fellowship with John Keats and Charles Cowden Clarke, Edward Holmes had early acquired a strong predilection for literature; and his becoming a resident under Vincent Novello's roof confirmed the bent. Books were chief sources of recreation to the master; and the pupil naturally fell into a liking that chimed with his own original preference. Reading had so great a charm for Vincent Novello, that he indulged it at every moment which did not interfere with his Art-pursuit. He would read at night; he would read as he went along the streets to his lesson-giving; and many a time have friends smiled to see him pass them by unnoticed, absorbed in his volume, making his way through the crowded thoroughfare, indifferent to the jostle of hurrying passengers. The subjects that most interested him were fiction, travel and natural science. The romances of Walter Scott, the novels of Miss Burney and Lady Morgan, the tales of Miss Edgeworth, were main favorites of his; while works on chemistry, astronomy, and mechanics, engaged his attention, together with voyages and tours. As a youth, he had a fondness for two pastimes that fascinated him powerfully, billiard-playing

and skating; but when he found that their pursuit was in danger of becoming too engrossing, and of trenching upon the time demanded by his self-dedication to Music, he resolutely abstained from either, and gave them both up for evermore. When a very young man, also, he had a taste and talent for acting. There still exists a certain playbill of a private performance of Shakespeare's first part of Henry IV., wherein figures the part of Sir John Falstaff as played by "Mr. Howard;" which was the name assumed by young Vincent Novello on that occasion. This partiality for theatricals abided by him in the shape of interest in our best actors, and frequent going to the theatre. John Kemble, Elliston, Bannister, Munden, and Liston, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Kelly, were idols of his; while his admiration for Mrs. Jordan amounted to a young man's enamored fancy. He would often afterwards expatiate on the enchantment of "her laugh, her exquisite laugh," and of "her arch roguish smile," with a gusto that betrayed the bewitchment he had once felt.

It was pleasant to mark—and still more pleasant to recall, for the emulation of his survivors—how Vincent Novello's inclinations were ever held subservient to his principles. Not only did he give up favorite sports, when they threatened to impede study; but he made his attraction for the theatre a means of cultivation and improvement for his children. As a refining influence, the highest Drama, and the best acting, are valuable in the hands of a judicious parent; and, allowed as a rare treat, they produce an impression no less good than delightful. Some of these theatre-treats remain still as bright points in "the dark backward and abysm of time" to the remembrance of Vincent Novello's children.—Once, riding home on his shoulder, tired and sleepy, after the glory of going "to see the play;" so young was then the rememberer, so kind was the good father. Once, a wondrous night of finely cast comedy, when Munden played Old Dornton; Elliston, young Dornton; Terry, Sulky; Knight, Silky; Mrs. Harlowe and Miss Kelly the Widow and the Spinster, in "The Road to Ruin;" and when the farce was "The Turnpike Gate," with Munden as Crack, the Cobbler. Once, a night of joyful surprise, when the father, coming home tired with a long day's school-teaching, bade his little girl get Shakespeare's play of "Much ado about nothing," and read him the opening scenes while he ate his dinner (which she had prepared, laying the cloth for Papa, as Mamma was up stairs with the new baby); and then, as a reward for his daughter's good housewifery, telling her to put on her bonnet and he would take her to Covent Garden Theatre, to see Charles Kemble play Benedick.

Vincent Novello's economy of time, and his indefatigable industry, were the reason of his achieving so much. That which has been printed and given to the world is scarcely a third of the manuscripts he made. His editing generally implied re-writing the whole work; voice-parts as well as separate accompaniment, which he himself added. His speed in copying was really wonderful; while the neatness and distinctness of the writing equalled its rapidity. An anecdote will serve to exemplify his power in this respect. At the Musical Festival in 1828, in York Minster, he obtained permission to have a copy taken of Purcell's four anthems, and the evening Service in G minor, which were unique in the Minster library. The copyist to whom Mr. Novello applied, said he should require three weeks to transcribe them; and next morning, on consideration, said they would more probably take five weeks to write out. Mr. Novello smiled, and replied that he himself had already made a copy of the whole series during the previous day; for that, having begun to look them over, he had set to at once, and never left his task till it was completed. The original manuscripts were destroyed in the fire at York Minster not long after, and Vincent Novello was enabled to give back a transcript of that music to the Minster library, which, but for his assiduity, would have been lost to the world.

Of the music which he gained leave to transcribe from the library in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Mr. Novello selected and copied material for ten volumes beyond the five he published under the title of "The Fitzwilliam Music."

The extreme correctness of his works arose from his habit of keeping a pocket-book in four columns (for the page, the staff, the bar, the note), wherein errors were carefully noted at the time of discovery, when playing or reading the works after publication, and which errors he pertinaciously required should be corrected in the plates, with a proof sent to him; thereby causing much impatience to his engraver, but securing the continued improvement of his editions. His particularity and exactitude in the matter of proof-sheets and revisions were remarkable. Rarely

did he allow the proofs of the day to remain uncorrected; so that he was unburdened by arrears. At some period of the twenty-four hours he was sure to find some odd moment in which to fulfill the task of correction; and often the roll of proofs from the coat-pocket, and the scrap of red pencil from the waistcoat-pocket, were drawn forth during the few minutes of waiting for a meal, or while preparing to go out. No man better understood and put in practice the philosophy of the French proverb, *Sauvez vos quarts d'heures*. Not only had he this wisdom of saving valuable stray quarters of hours; but he possessed that faculty of "making time," with which very diligent and very persevering people are endowed. Frequently, after returning from the theatre, or after an evening's brilliant conversation and gay supper with some friends, Vincent Novello would sit down to a batch of proofs with as wakeful and active a spirit of energy as though it were noon-day instead of long past midnight. His order and method equalled his industry and perseverance. He was not orderly according to some persons' ideas of neatness; his books and papers lay in heaps that looked disorderly; but he had his own notions of "classing" them, as he called it; and had the same repugnance to their being arranged or dusted by other hands than his own, which that zealous antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck felt, when protesting against the officiousness of his "womankind." Vincent Novello was methodical after his own peculiar fashion; and though it might not be an ordinary fashion, yet it had extraordinarily advantageous results. His account books had not the conventional appearance of ledgers, and were not kept on the system pursued by clerical personages; but they presented a minute and accurate statement of each transaction, and gave faithful record of every receipt and payment. His note-books were plain and simple; but they contained details both luminous and voluminous, such as few gild-edged or richly bound memorandum-books can boast. In examining musical libraries, he made very ample notes; not only lists of compositions by the various authors; but thematic catalogues, so as to be able to collate or compare with the contents of other manuscript sources.

Punctuality was a prominent characteristic of Vincent Novello. Not only in professional engagements was he scrupulously exact, but he observed the same precision with regard to pleasure appointments. He liked to be earlier than the time specified: and at a coach office or railway station, a playhouse or a picture gallery, he always arrived a few minutes beforehand; saying that he preferred waiting on the spot, to the chance of being there too late. In his professional avocations, he was so punctual in attendance, that during the seven-and-twenty years that he taught in one school (in Brunswick Square), he never missed a single day in the bi-weekly lesson-giving there; and during the six-and-twenty years that he played the organ at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, he never missed the performance of a single Sunday's service, with the exception of one, which occurred at a period when a private grief (the recent loss of a favorite child) had rendered this exertion in public impossible to him.

Vincent Novello's attachment to this favorite child, his boy Sydney, had something of an exclusive fondness about it, that rendered it different from his affection towards his other children. The little fellow was singularly handsome—what is known in common parlance as "the flower of the flock." Symmetry of form and limb, bloom of complexion, regularity of feature, grace and freedom of action, curly gold-brown hair, eyes of a deep violet blue, thick long eyelashes, and a certain brightness, brilliancy, and dash in all he said and did, made this boy a family darling. Some of his scape-grace ways—such as once upon a time mounting on a stool to reach the candle, that he might try and burn off at its flame some of the auburn brushes on his eyelids, which he chose to consider a troublesome appendage, from their frequently attracting notice and admiration under the guise of laughing at them—made him only the more an idol among his brothers and sisters; while the parents shared the idolatry even in reproofing the prank. As for the father, he hardly cared to veil his idolizing by affected reproof; he openly spoiled Sydney, and the spoiling seemed universally admitted as the most natural thing in the world. He would seat the boy on his knee while writing; break off his work to attend to or play with him; give up talking to answer his prattle and questions; and sit down to the pianoforte, after giving lessons on it for hours, to play the dance tunes which the boy asked for, one after another. Many an antiquated country dance air of "The Tank," "The Triumph," or "Sir Roger de Coverly," are associated with Sydney's childish demand for "More, Papa, more!" while an

old French tune, known as *Toulez vous dancier Made-moiselle?* was established by him as the one he meant to ask for when he despotically said—"Now play the Fanny-forty, Mr. Vincent."

The anguish felt on the death of this boy-treasure was the foundation of the first of those long and severe fits of illness, which beset Vincent Novello at intervals during certain periods of his life. They were not so much illness, as malady of the spirits; not so much physical ailment as utter depression, dejection, and prostration of the faculty for enjoyment. While the digestive organs assuredly suffered to a certain amount, the nervous temperament was disordered to a pitiable degree. So long as this sombre visitation lasted, a deep melancholy settled upon the patient's mind, and deprived it of all powers of taking pleasure in life, family, friends, or pursuits. Even his beloved Art, his adored Music, ceased to have interest for him; and it was only mechanically, and as a mere matter of principle, that he fulfilled his professional duties. He attended to his pupils, he superintended his various publications as usual, so far as intellectual exertion was concerned; but the elastic delight, the joyful alacrity with which he labored in his musical avocation when blessed with full health, entirely vanished while under the dominion of these periodical fits of disordered liver, or spleen. Obstruction of bile, from over sedentary habits, was the cause frequently assigned by medical men as the one which occasioned these visitations of gloom; and it is probable that, in a great measure, devotion to Art-toil, with carelessness in the matter of regular meal times, helped to originate those fits of illness, one of the earliest of which attacked him on the loss of Sydney. Not long before this boy's death, the family had removed from 240, Oxford Street to 8, Percy Street, Bedford Square; and here for a few years (from about 1820 to 1823) they resided. It was during this period that Mr. Novello obtained from Prince Esterhazy the permission to publish some more of Haydn's Masses; and the energy with which he entered into this new production aided to revive his suspended spirit of musical interest.

The next removal of the Novello's was to Shack-lwell Green; as Vincent had an idea that country walks, with cessation from the late hours and social gatherings of town existence, would conduce to entirely restore his health.

The experiment proved partially successful; but after two or three years' trial, was abandoned, from the parents' conviction that their children's advancement in the world would suffer from protracted seclusion in a suburban village. Now that their boys and girls were reaching an age to require placing in such positions as would enable them advantageously to commence their several appointed careers, Mr. and Mrs. Novello returned to the Metropolis, and went to live at 22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden as being a central situation; although they soon left this house for another no less so—No. 66, Gt. Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Her marriage with a man of letters, when she had just attained her nineteenth year, confirmed their eldest daughter's early ambition to make literature her profession; while their eldest son's decided bent for chemistry and mechanics, which seemed to mark him out by preference for an engineer or a man of practical science, had been merged, on prudential considerations, in a sedulous cultivation and acquirement of such knowledge as should best fit him for becoming a music publisher, and promulgator of his father's musical productions. The second daughter's sweet voice and predilection for the stage, induced her parents to place her under the tuition of Mrs. Blaine Hunt, formerly Miss Merry, a fellow-pupil with Miss Stephens of Thomas Welsh; and the second son's marked talent for painting—amounting to genius, in its youthful strength of ability and development—led his father and mother to send Edward as a student to Mr. Sass, the first master for young artists, in skillful preparation as draughtsmen before they become colorists. The third daughter, Emma, subsequently evinced a similar inclination for an artist's career; and was also a pupil in Mr. Sass's studio

(To be continued.)

Daniel Steibelt.

Steibelt was born at Berlin, in 1775. His father was a well-known manufacturer of pianos. Steibelt's musical talents were developed at an early age, and good fortune introduced him to the notice of William the Third of Prussia, under whose patronage he was enabled to pursue his studies in playing and composition. He afterwards travelled abroad, and resided during fifteen years alternately in London and Paris. During Steibelt's residence in Paris, it is said that he gave considerable offence to his fellow-artists, by assuming an air of *hauteur* incompatible

with the modesty of a professor. He affected to despise his mother tongue, and preferred speaking bad French to good German. In 1799, he returned to Germany, and afterwards went to Russia, where he had the honor of being nominated, by the Emperor Alexander, to the office of chapel-master. He died at St. Petersburg, the 20th of September, 1823, after a painful and protracted illness. Due respect was shown to his memory by the united efforts of his brother artists, assisted by a great number of amateurs, who performed a solemn dirge to his honor.

Steibelt was not less esteemed as an admirable player than as a pleasing composer. His strength as a pianist lay chiefly in works of the *bravura* kind, which he executed with precision, power and effect, united to a singular grace and delicacy of manner. His compositions for the pianoforte, particularly those of the middle part of his life, had numerous admirers both in Germany and England; but, still more, particularly in France. This may easily be accounted for from the character of his music, which is full of gaiety and animation, and spirit, easy to understand and generally not very difficult to play. Among those pieces of Steibelt which are less ephemeral, less the offspring of the immediate fashion of the day, and more remarkable for richness and originality of invention, are his *Studies* (in two books), his two *Concertos* for pianoforte and orchestra, in E and E flat (generally known as *The Storm* and *La Classe*, from the peculiar character of their last movements), his sonatas for pianoforte and violin, of which the one in E minor is the best, and some of his sonatas for the pianoforte alone, particularly that dedicated to Madame Bonaparte, and another grand sonata in the same key (Op. 60, dedicated to the Duchess of Courland—a favorite pupil of Dussek's, which will be admired so long as the pianoforte music of his age shall be esteemed.

Steibelt produced some operas, which appear never to have been circulated beyond the cities for which they were composed. The last of his compositions of this kind was *The Judgment of Midas*, which he left to his son in an unfinished state, and which, unfortunately, was the only thing he had to leave, for Steibelt, like many other men of genius, was apt to pay but little regard to economy and the mere conventional things of this world. His embarrassed circumstances had no small effect upon the vigor and elasticity of his mind. In consideration of the father, however, Count Milioradovitch, of St. Petersburg, projected a grand concert for the benefit of his successor, which realized a considerable sum. Steibelt occupied the latter days of his life in reconsidering his opera of *Romeo and Juliet*, the score of which he, on his dying bed, dedicated to the then King of Prussia, out of a feeling of gratitude for the patronage and favors he had received from the father of that monarch. His *Cinderella* and *Judgment of Midas* were written for the Imperial French Theatre of St. Petersburg, where they were performed with considerable applause. These works are little known. But that Steibelt considered *Romeo and Juliet* his master-piece, may be fairly inferred from the circumstance of his devoting so much time to re-modelling it.

Of Steibelt it may be truly said, that if he neither opened any new paths in science, nor widened its boundaries, at least he did much for the cultivation and improvement of that which was already known. He helped largely to advance the interests of music, by increasing the number of amateurs through the medium of his instructions, and also through that of his compositions, many of which still continue deservedly among the most esteemed pianoforte works that have outlived the age of their production. It is to Steibelt that the Parisians were indebted for their first introduction to Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*. The critics of the period were of opinion that the work abounded with excellent points, but upon the whole was "heavy and tedious." Have the Parisians materially changed since then? Do they know much more, of *The Creation* now? We apprehend not.—*London Musical World*.

Joachim's Concerto.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* thus notices the performance of the "Hungarian Concerto," so-called, of the gifted violinist, whom Mendelssohn introduced to the world while a boy, and who is himself a Hungarian by birth. The work appears to have been as warmly accepted in Berlin, as it was a year ago in Leipzig. We use the *London Musical World's* translation.

At Radecke's second concert, the performance began with a *suite* of movements by J. S. Bach, for stringed instruments and flutes. The execution

struck us as being the result of great care and love of the task to be fulfilled. Somewhat less power in the stringed instruments, the weight of which bore down the flute, that, by the way, soared a little too high in its pitch, would have been desirable in a work belonging, we think, more to the class of chamber than of orchestral music. The *suite* was followed by Joachim's Violin Concerto (D minor), in the Hungarian style. Many years ago, we came across an overture of the composer of *Henry IV.*, which, by the contrast in it between the creative and reproductive artist, surprised us in anything but a pleasing manner. In the Violin Concerto there is nothing of this chasm to be perceived. The work belongs, by the poetry of its sentiment, the ripe and earnest feeling of its expression, as well as by the purity, steadiness, and symmetry of its forms, to the most important instrumental creations of modern times. The composer set about his task with symphonic veneration. Every idea of displaying anything like virtuosity was quite foreign to his intention; he flew to his violin, on the contrary, as his most faithful companion, to clothe in outward form what resounded and vibrated in his soul, combining with the violin, however, the orchestra, on at least a footing of perfect equality. In this way, he completed a concerto, which in a purely mechanical sense, is of the most unthankful description, but which, on the other hand, contains, from beginning to end, a perfect treasure of true and noble music. At the first hearing, what most strikes the audience is the finale, with its sharply marked themes, bursting forth into free, wide space, and breathing somewhat of Schubert's genius. The second movement is steeped in the profoundest ecstasy. In the first *allegro*, also,—extended far beyond the usual limits, but treated with the greatest certainty—there is an individuality which generally flees from the wild turmoil of life into the most secret resources of the heart. The work, as far as we can judge, is one of the most difficult in the whole range of violin literature.—Since its object, just like that of Schumann's piano-forte compositions, is, in no instance, a merely technical display of the instrument, but the exhibition of the tenderest and most secret flights of the soul; a full confession, as it were, out of the fullness of the heart, it requires an executant who refuses his violin nothing. Such a one it has found in Ferdinand Laub. The most elevated tone, the warmest feeling, and the most wonderful energy in grasping the intellectual portion of the task ran through his performance from the first bar to the last. The hearer, completely carried away by the overpowering richness of the expression, had no time or capability left to pay attention to the boundless excellence of all the merely manual details. May we soon meet in one or other of our concert-rooms an artist equally gifted. The second part of the concert was taken up by Perfall's *Undine*, a legend for soloists, chorus and orchestra,—a smooth, easy work, which, by the quality, so common now-a-days, and, as a rule, euphoniously designated pleasing popularity, may obtain many admirers. We, however, could see no charm in it. The composer has conjured up the deities of the springs and streams, to pour two or three extra pails of water into the romantic music-lakes which, luckily, in our time, are beginning to dry up. We were not able to discover the slightest significant true form. Mad. Cash, who was engaged at the Royal Opera last year, sang the part of *Undine* in an agreeable manner. Herr Seyffart's voice was heard to advantage only in the more tender passages of the tenor solos.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 8, 1862.—I deem the *debut* of a new Musical Society in this city an occurrence of sufficient importance to be chronicled in your columns. The "Anacreontic," so called, made its first appearance at the *foyer* of the Academy of Music on Thursday evening last. The entertainment was gratuitously given to an audience of invited guests and friends of the interested parties, though, who these interested ones are, remains as great a mystery, as the reason of giving such a name to this association. I made inquiries of three of the gentlemen whose names were on the circular of invitation as a committee of arrangements, concerning the history and prospects of this Society, but nothing could I learn save that one of the trio thus interrogated has loaned the parties a piano for the occasion. The vocal talent exhibited was by no means of a superior

description; the voices were of that familiar school, that we find gracing the singing galleries of the up-country churches; but are, for some reason or other, sadly out of place, and as often out of tune in the concert saloons of cities. So that the new Society must needs do better when they commence to give concerts in earnest. The instrumental part of the entertainment is entitled to more praise. One of our best professional violinists, Mr. SIMON HASSLER, played the *Rondo Russe* of DeBeriot in his very best style; and our rising young 'celloist, Mr. CHARLES SCHMITZ, who, though numbering scarce twenty years, already ranks among the first at his instrument in this country, rendered Romberg's variations on the "He was despised" of Handel, in a masterly and artistic manner. With these two exceptions the concert was a great "bore," and the patience of the audience was additionally taxed by being compelled to listen to a very prosy and pointless effort at a speech by a self-glorifying editor of a city paper.

You may not have heard that Mr. Simon Hassler's concert, given some three weeks since, was a perfect success, both musically and pecuniarily. As an energetic musician Mr. Hassler deserves all the success that has hitherto followed him in life. Our people have become strongly attached to him and could not now well spare him.

Last week a concert was given by Master REIS, an intelligent little fellow of but eleven years of age, and pupil of Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN upon the piano-forte. He was assisted by Madame JOHANSEN and Messrs. Wolfsohn, Hassler and Schmitz. The youthful pianist made a very favorable impression, and gave evidence of talent that will make him, in time to come, an artist of no ordinary ability.

The few nights of opera that we have recently been favored with, were perhaps more satisfactory to the management than to the audiences. The operas were but shabbily rendered, the orchestra being sufficiently feeble to damage every representation. If we are never to do better than this, we had better drop the opera forever. We have been so accustomed to the wretched apologies for operatic representations, that, were we once to see a familiar opera put upon the stage with proper care, and sufficient rehearsal, with an orchestra before the footlights worthy of the name, I question if half the *habitués* of an opera house could recognize the work in the transformation.

MERCUTIO.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 10.—On Thursday evening last, our Musical Society favored the music-loving people of this city with a decidedly agreeable entertainment, in the shape of an extra concert, not included in the regular course of concerts for members. Owing to a more judicious course taken in regard to advertising, a full house greeted the performance. Part I. opened with the overture to the ever-welcome "Barber of Seville," and the orchestra, under the efficient leadership of Mr. ABEL, did ample justice to Rossini. The overture was followed by the 2d act from the opera itself. The character of *Rosina* was represented by Miss BRENDENCKE, who made her first appearance in opera, on the stage. Her voice is quite passable, though rendered somewhat faint at times by the nervousness incident to "first appearances." Her acting was better than was expected, she being almost too young and inexperienced to successfully represent such characters. Mr. JACOBS, the tenor, charmed the audience by his fine singing and faithful rendering of the difficult part of *Count Almaviva*. His natural and easy appearance on the stage cannot but make him a favorite with the public. *Basilio* was represented to perfection by Mr. ROSENTHAL, the President of the Society. I hope Milwaukee will long retain him. *Figaro*, the mirth-loving barber, was represented by Mr. GEISBERG, who has long been missed from our musical entertainments as a "soloist." Mr. BIERBACH took

the part of *Dr. Bartolo*, the miser. Mendelssohn's "Nocturne to Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Nights' Dream," for orchestra," formed the conclusion of first part. Part II. consisted of

Schiller's Lay of the Bell.
Grand Cantata for Solos, Choruses and Orchestra.
Music by Romberg, accompanied by the following.

- Tableaux Vivants!
Arranged by Professor Voegtlin.
1. Foundry, master and men melting metal.
 2. Parting from home.
 3. Going to war.
 4. After the conflagration.
 5. Harvest Festival.
 6. Prayer before casting the bell.
 7. Revolution.
 8. Resurrection of the bell.

The performance of this portion was not quite so satisfactory. The *tableaux* suffered much from the want of proper light. The choruses were well sung, indeed. Most of the solo parts were also sung in a creditable manner. I was particularly delighted to hear Mrs. GEISBERG again, who has been silent several years, so far as singing in public is concerned. I hope she, and her husband, too, will give our people a chance to listen to their magnificent voices.

TENOR.

ALBANY, N. Y., FEB. 12.—We have had our share of the good things which Mr. Manager Grau condescends to deal out to the benighted heathens of the country towns. He has taught us to laugh in our sleeves at the charming *prima donna* Hinkley, who is not as great as the bill printer would try to have us believe she is. We have cut our wisdom teeth lately and can tell the difference between a Strasbourg pie and a penny turnover. We have had a lion's share of Hinkley and now look for something a little better, which Mr. Grau has promised us in the shape of Miss Kellogg. Brignoli, fair, fat and lazy, was really charming the last time he was with us, and positively sang in the concerted music. Brignoli, when he tries to act, is abominable; when he makes believe sing, villainous; when he does sing, charming.

Susini, Mancusi, Barili, and Mollenhauer, the violoncellist, have been with us to entice away our half dollars to Mr. Grau's strong box. We have seen the elephant, and have paid liberally for the view. We have had a little good music, and an unknown quantity of bad. We pray for more of the first, and weep lest we have more of the last.

We have had among us lately a young Albanian, whose artistic proclivities were well-known among our home musicians some years since, before he started for Leipzig to study the violin and composition. I refer to Mr. OSCAR WEILS, who, in conjunction with Madame JOHANSEN, Mr. L. B. MILL, and Mr. H. W. A. BEALE, gave a concert, at Weddle Hall on the evening of Jan 21st., when the following programme was rendered:

- PART I.
1. Caprice De Concert, "Le Pardon de Ploermel," composed and performed by Mr. S. B. Mills.
 2. Concerto.....De Beriot
Oscar Well.
 3. Aria from William Tell.....Rossini
Mad. Johansen.
 4. { a. Song without Words.....Stephen Heller
b. Prayer After Storm.....H. W. Ernst
Messrs. Mills and Well.

- PART II.
1. Fantasia, "Rigoletto".....Liszt
Mr. S. B. Mills.
 2. { a. Brightest Eyes.....Stigall
b. Maiden Mine.....Kücken
Mad. Johansen.
 3. Introduction and variations on a German Air...David
Oscar Well.
 4. Bolero—from the Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
Mad. Johansen.

Mr. Mills as an interpreter of the technicalities of modern piano-forte music has few rivals. He plays as if he had devoted a week to each measure of the music he is rendering. He may be brim-full and running over with what artists call "soul," but I have yet to discover that it gives him that dreamy warmth which the music of Chopin requires. He is as precise as a machine, and as correct.

Of Madame Johanness's singing on this occasion the less said the better. Mr. Beale, who accompanied the solos of Mr. Weil, is an English organist who has resided in this country a short time. He has charge of St. Joseph's choir, and when he gets Simmons and Willcox's big organ fixed I anticipate great times sitting "under the droppings of the sanctuary."

I do not think that Mr. Weil is destined to make a great violinist. He has not sufficient self-command,—being, under the least excitement, as helpless as an infant. If he ever makes his mark in the musical world it will be with his pen rather than his violin, for he is full of genius, and writes, so musicians tell me, in a thoroughly artistic manner, with a nice ear for melody, and great contrapuntal knowledge. I have been told that he has a Sonata in course of publication at Berlin.

The concert was very fine, and the audience remarkably thin. I do not think it paid expenses. Perhaps you may hear again from QUIVIS.

BROOKLYN, FEB. 18.—The third Philharmonic Concert of Jan. 25, was decidedly the best I have yet heard. The orchestra was fully sixty strong, and the rehearsal had been unusually satisfactory. BERGMANN is indeed a most thorough conductor and has a genuine enthusiasm, which lends inspiration to all under his baton. Programme.

Symphony—in C Major.....F. Schubert
Bolero from Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
Miss Kellogg.
"Mein,"—"Mine," Chorus for Male Voices.....A. Hartel
German Liederkreis
Overture,—Iphigenia in Aulis," [First time].....Gluck
Andante and Allegro de Sonambula.....Bellini
Miss Kellogg.
"Nachtheile,"—Chorus for Male Voices, with Orchestra F. Schubert
German Liederkreis.
Overture,—"Rienzi,"—[First time].....Wagner

Although the weather was extremely unpleasant, the attendance was very large. If I had time (or the ability) I would gladly particularize, especially of Schubert's superb C Symphony, which still haunts me, a vision of musical loveliness never to be forgotten. Tomorrow the second rehearsal for the fourth concert takes place, when we shall again hear

Symphony No. 6, Pastoral.....Beethoven
Overture,—"Athalie," [first time].....Mendelssohn
Overture,—"Le Carnaval Romain," [first time].....H. Berlioz

What a blessing to Brooklyn is its "Philharmonic!" Every other Wednesday afternoon, all through the season, these delightful rehearsals offer to the student and music lover the rarest examples and a degree of solid comfort which I hope (but do not believe) is fully appreciated by every subscriber. Then the Concerts are as nearly perfect as careful drilling, good taste and liberal appointments can make them. It is something to live in a city, which boasts an established "Philharmonic." It is a musical centre, a criterion, a stand-point of taste, in the highest degree useful to every devotee to the divine art. (Baggs is eloquent and out of adjectives).

We have had another short season of Italian Opera, with Gran's Company; MAX MARITZKE musical conductor. There is a snap about the veritable Max, which really makes orchestra do better and inspires confidence in singers to a wonderful degree. The effect very apparent, all glory to Max. As nothing new has been added to the repertory, and as your readers are all familiar with the various abilities of Kellogg, Hinckley, Patti, Strakosch, Brignoli and Susini, I will only say that the new baritone, Ipolite, is a great improvement on Mancusi, and pass on to GOTTSCHALK! who is decidedly the musical Lion of the present. There is something in Gottschalk which pleases me beyond all the pianists I have yet heard. He has all the technical execution to absolute perfection and more besides, which is just Gottschalk and nothing else. In his inspired moments he sends an electricity through his hearers, indescribable to such as myself who cannot write half I feel or think, but which is irresistible to all;

but why attempt what I cannot do, for I am not able to write of him as I could wish or as he deserves.

JEM BAGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

THIRD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The public appetite increases. Music we must have even in the days of our national affliction, to keep us strong and healthy. But now the voice of the comforter comes sweetened by the sense of victory and new hope in the speedy triumph of the right. Partly to this we must ascribe the almost overflowing of the Music Hall on several of the last musical occasions. Partly also to the intrinsic attractiveness and excellence of the feasts that have been prepared for us. The music is good, and the public in the right temper to enjoy it. Certainly we can say this sincerely of the concert of last Saturday evening, and it is a pleasure to say it, as it was then to feel it. Nearly every seat of the great Music Hall had its interested and pleased occupant (and this was before our greatest good news came). The programme was all made up of sterling pieces, familiar, but the best of their kind:—a far safer experiment than that tried before, of stimulating an interest in a new direction by too copious use of strange and puzzling novelties, Wagner overtures, &c., which may gratify curiosity a while, and doubtless have their interesting sides, may appeal to one in certain moods and circumstances, but with an inconstant charm, that vanishes perhaps on the next hearing, and does not deepen with acquaintance, year after year, like that of the truly inspired creations of the great tone-masters. Many new pieces of music affect one in the same manner as new persons; you are introduced to So and So, who half fascinates you to-day, so frank and breezy does he seem, so full of vivacity, so boldly natural, or quaintly unnatural, and with a certain dash of originality about him; yet all the while somehow it is not satisfying; you are not quite happy in the acquaintance; there still lurks in the bottom of the cup, you know not why, a certain sediment of most uncomfortable mistrust; meeting him often, or analyzing the impression left you when he is out of sight, this feeling grows more positive and the first charm begins to vanish; the specious person has not won you after all; you turn from him with a profound relief to your old friends and heroes, who have kept their hold upon you through all accidents and under all points of view. You did him no more than justice in first meeting him half way and trusting that he was all he appeared, in conversing with him as with your own over-generous idea of the man; but you cannot consent to be bound by any "bug bear of consistency" to stay imprisoned all your life in that illusion.

Precisely analogous with this very common experience of persons has been the experience of many a music-lover, and even of some great musicians, with regard to much of this new music which has been (perhaps by no fault of its authors) nicknamed "Music of the Future." Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, have talent and great genial

qualities: have boldly struck at new effects; have produced things interesting in certain points of view—more interesting technically to musicians (in the way of study, of instrumentation especially), than æsthetically, in the way of heart-felt edification and enjoyment, to music-lovers, who are only concerned in the poetry and beauty of the thing, in its soul-quickening influence. We are thankful to Mr. ZERRAHN, or anybody, for giving us sometimes an opportunity of hearing them, since we have heard the question of their merits so much mooted. At least, one's knowledge is increased by hearing them. Perhaps they interest us not a little once, or twice; they suggest something perhaps which they are not; but some time afterwards, years afterwards perhaps, we meet them again, and find them wanting,—miss the first charm entirely, which probably had some one point of contact with our sympathies, whereupon we too hastily gave it credit for all the rest, not stopping to make certain that it touched all round—just as one sometimes looks the picture into the picture, and finds a portrait true, which is so in a few points, these sufficing to enlist the beholder's imagination in behalf of the whole, so that he sees it as he would have it and not as it is; but after repeated viewings, the thing passes for just what it is; our own imagination, or enthusiasm, in spite of us, refuse all aid to it. In short, the questionable things in Art, however specious, however interesting in certain points of view, however winning at first, do not wear well; you seek the charm again, and are surprised to find it not there. Such has been our experience, in common with many others, in regard to many works of formidable pretension by the composers above named;—that "Faust" overture by Wagner, for instance, whose expression of "discontent," on that last hearing a few weeks since, quite overshot the mark with us and made us feel more discontented than any music can do and be music. The audience generally—at least a large part of it—appeared to receive the same impression of it. As we felt, we wrote; and we have since been reminded (we confess, to our surprise and amusement) of the much warmer and more interested manner in which we spoke of the same work when Mr. Zerrahn first presented it to us five years ago. Then—through its subject chiefly, its expression of unrest and struggle—it suggested to us some analogy, in tone and spirit, with the Allegro of the C minor Symphony, the *Coriolanus* overture, &c.; but at the same time the doubt lurked at the bottom of the cup; for we find we did not even "venture to suggest, that Wagner's 'Faust' could bear comparison in point of true *imaginative genius*" with those works. Five years pass, and the little cloud of doubt, "no bigger than a man's hand," has overshadowed the whole work. In this we only share the experience with regard to Wagner's music, which far more competent critics and musicians than any of us here, indeed which some of the very highest musical authorities at this day in Europe, confess to having undergone. Therefore, while we would still be understood as thanking Mr. Zerrahn for the desire to give us opportunities occasionally of hearing and judging for ourselves of new works so notorious, we were obliged to speak of the introduction of the Wagner and the Schindeldeisser overtures into one of his four Philharmonic programmes—occupying so large a space in it and the mind's impress-

ion of it—as “not very happy.” And could we compare the impression on the audience of that concert and the last one, we should find a contrast amply confirmatory of that comment.

This last time, happily, there was nothing to complain of in the way of programme. Some might have desired some things which they have not so often heard; but there can be no denying that every piece was good, nay first-rate of its kind. As to the orchestral selections, there could not be a question. As to the vocal, some cannot get over a feeling of incongruity at the introduction of Bellini and Donizetti right after a Beethoven Symphony; but we have heard such things even in Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig; a little singing, if it be tasteful and artistic, is a relief, especially to that large class who can appreciate Italian *cantilena* and *bravura* better than they can a Symphony, and will listen with more earnest good will to the latter if they can also be indulged in the former. Besides, the best-trained, the Italian-trained singers are most at home in their own music; even the great singer of the North, the Lind, has not despised it; and there is a beauty of its own, a lasting charm, in melody so genuine, so heartfelt, as Bellini and Donizetti give us in their fresh moments. The three selections this time were of that sort, and not half so disturbing (to our mind), as a “Faust” overture would have been, to the proportions and congruity of the following programme:

1. Symphony, No. 7, (A major).....Beethoven
2. “Come per me sereno,” from *Sonnambula*....Bellini
Miss Abby Fay.
3. Overture, “Der Freischütz”.....Weber
4. “Begnava nel silenzio,” from “Lucia di Lammermoor”.....Donizetti
Miss Abby Fay.
5. Turkish March, from “The Ruins of Athens”.....Beethoven
6. Polacca, from “I Puritani”.....Bellini
Miss Abby Fay.
7. Overture, “Tell,”.....Rossini

So much for the programme. The performance too was highly satisfactory. The orchestra, throughout the evening, sounded better than in the preceding concerts; a better blended and euphonious ensemble. The coarse quality in some of the brass sounds had in a great measure disappeared, showing the virtue of more care. Indeed one could but wonder to hear that Symphony, those overtures tell so effectively with an orchestra of about forty musicians (6 first violins, 6 second, 4 violas, 3 cellos and 3 double basses). We have spoken of the orchestra as “reduced to a war footing,” not meaning to intimate that it is smaller or on the whole less select than it has been for several years past, during the musical “hard times” in which Mr. Zerrahn has stood in the gap and given us the best perhaps that Boston could afford,—but to suggest a reason why we should not expect just now to come up to the old standard of our best years, say 1859, when our orchestra numbered 50 instruments (30 strings), or 1855, when the number rose to 54 (8 first violins, 8 second, 6 each of violas, cellos and double basses).

Of the symphonies and overtures it is enough to say that they were well rendered, and that the old glorious effect of each seemed fully revived in the audience. The “Turkish March” made a delicious *entremêt*. It shows how objectively imaginative even the inward brooding Beethoven could be; how he could enter into the humor of a thing, a subject wholly foreign to his own life. In spite of its monotonous reiteration of the little motive, how vividly the interest is kept up! How suggestive is the oriental rhythm. You seem to

see turbans and scimitars move with droll automaton precision before you. We were mistaken in supposing that it had never before been played here; it was given once, we are told, at the Afternoon Concerts last winter. The audience received it more impassively, than we should have expected after the effect we have seen it repeatedly produce in Germany. There is a wonderful chorus of Dervishes in that “Ruins of Athens” music, which we should much like to hear in some of our concerts.

Miss ABBY FAY gave very convincing proof of the excellent and thorough schooling, which her voice and natural facility of florid execution have received during these past years in Italy. Her execution is delicately finished, graceful and refined, to an eminent degree. Without great power, or much magnetic quality, her voice made a beautiful appeal, to which her audience responded with spontaneous fervor. Her singing has now the charm of finished Art.

To return to the matter of programmes—let us not be understood, in what we have said above, to advocate the exclusion of new overtures in favor always of the few most familiar sterling works in that form. *Freyschütz* and *Tell* are always good: but where are the overtures of Mendelssohn (the “Hebrides,” the “Melusina,” &c.)? Where are Cherubini’s overtures to “Anacreon,” to the “*Wasserträger*,” to “*Medea*”?—works which have been scarcely heard here of late years. To be sure, there remains but one more concert to complete the four; but then we live in the hope of more.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Another overflowing audience on Wednesday afternoon. Another victory! The attendance upon afternoon “rehearsal” concerts, with us, is a pretty good barometer to show whether the people feel well. Now it is like the old Germania times again; one must go early to the Music Hall to be sure of a seat at all. Let us hope that the good programme also had something to do with it.

1. Overture, “Der Freischütz”.....Weber
2. Fantasia for Clarinetto.....T. Ryan
Thomas Ryan.
3. 4th Symphony, (Italian).....Mendelssohn
4. Waltz, “Dream on the Ocean”.....Gungl
5. Patriotic Song, “Vive L’America”.....Auber
6. Overture, “Zanetta”.....Auber

The placing of the symphony in the middle, instead of at the beginning of the programme, was certainly an improvement, considering the usual dinner hour, and also the fact that the audiences get settled into a more quiet listening mood, and instruments into better tune, after a piece or two have been played. The “Italian Symphony,” composed by the young Felix, as we have seen, when he was in Italy and only 21 years old, the composition going on at the same time with that of his Scotch Symphony, is full of that exhilaration and heavenly buoyant sense of the Italian sunshine, air and life, which he expresses in the “Letters”—i. e. in the first and third movements; while the second seems to conduct you musing and sentimental among old churches, ruins, and the like. The last, the *Saltarella*, he expressly tells us he reserved the writing of until he got to Naples. We are sure, in every part it was a great treat to the audience. *Freyschütz*, for a grand overture at the opening,—*Zanetta*, for a light one at the close (and no one has given us more sparkling light overtures than Auber, if we except Rossini), were as good as could be desired. Mr. RYAN displayed his mastery upon the most expressive of the wind instruments in a Fantasia made up of pleasing sentimental melody and sparkling variations, better than the common run of such things.

A Sacred Concert will be given in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, upon Harrison Avenue, to-morrow evening, by the choir of the Church, under the direction of the organist, Mr. WILLCOX. The solos by Miss WASHBURN (soprano), Mrs. SHATTUCK (contralto), and Mr. LANGMAID (tenor). Some choice pieces of Catholic music will be sung;

such as: Motets by Haydn and Mozart, a *Benedictus* by Hummel, a *Gloria* by Hauptmann, Guglielmi’s *Gratias agimus*, and selections from masses by Mozart, Weber, &c.

VICTORY!—All who love their country and good music will rejoice to know, that the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will celebrate our recent Union victories by a grand Concert in the Music Hall next Saturday evening, March 1st. It was their strong desire to do so this very evening, coupling the anniversary of Washington’s birthday with our new thanks and rejoicings; but it was too late to secure the Hall, already engaged for other patriotic festival demonstrations. On next Saturday, therefore, they will perform (for the first time) Handel’s “*Dettingen Te Deum*” and Mendelssohn’s “*Hymn of Praise*,”—two nobly appropriate works. Into the performance they will put all their own vocal resources, with the aid of the best solo singers and the entire orchestra of Carl Zerrahn’s Philharmonic Concerts. Evidently one will have to look out early to make sure of tickets.

Mr. ZERRAHN has waived the use of the Music Hall that evening for his fourth Concert, which is postponed to the following Saturday. Would not the “*Heroic Symphony*” be *appropos*? Or shall we even say the Ninth, with the great “*Hymn to Joy*”?

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the 13th Popular Concert of Classical music, in the Cirque Napoleon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, the works performed were: Overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; Symphony in D, Beethoven; fragments of the Symphony in E♭, Schumann; largo and minuet from 32nd Symphony, Haydn; Festival Overture, Ries. The last concert presented only three works: Beethoven’s Symphony in C major (No. 1); a violin Concerto by Rudolphe Kreutzer, played by M. Willeaume, and fragments from Mendelssohn’s “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*” music.

COLOGNE.—The fifth Gesellschafts Concert excited more than ordinary interest from the fact that Robert Schumann’s “*Music to Scenes from Faust*,” his most comprehensive and most important vocal work was performed at it, in *all its entirety*, for the first time. Every place in the body of the hall (the Gürzenich) and in the gallery was full. The expectations of the public were more than realised, and the warmest thanks are due to every one who took part in the performance, beginning with the talented conductor, Herr Ferdinand Hiller. An immense number of musicians and musical amateurs came long distances on purpose to hear the performance. For instance, one gentleman, Herr Kirchner, accompanied by a couple of friends, came all the way from Winterthur, in Switzerland, where he is Musical Director. A great sensation was produced by the presence of Mad. Clara Schumann. On the 21st inst., this lady herself gave an exceedingly well attended *soirée* in the Hotel Disch. On the same evening, Herr G. Koch gave his annual concert in the middle hall of the Gürzenich. This concert, also, was exceedingly well attended, the various airs and concerted pieces, by Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Staupmann, Hiller, Rosini, Reissiger, Handel, Righini, and C. M. von Weber being warmly applauded. The executants were all pupils of Herr Koch.—*London Mus. World*, February 1.

MILAN.—Music is at low ebb in Italy. There is, in fact, none to be heard, except at the theatres, where Verdi and his imitators reign supreme. Here, in Milan, the only performances of any importance are those given at the Scala and the Carcano. It is the same in every town throughout “the land of song” at the present day; the theatres seem to enjoy an almost exclusive musical monopoly. There are no oratorios, no concerts, except those of a few wandering instrumentalists—no amateur societies indicating the cultivation of the art among the community. Classical music is ignored,—nothing being relished by the public but operas, and those of the most ephemeral description. The arrangements for the present season of the Scala, one of the largest theatres in Europe, go a long way to prove the actual condition of music in the country once so celebrated for the culture and encouragement of the art. The

company brought together, consisting almost entirely of foreign artists, implies a remarkable scarcity of available native talent. It includes the names of Mad. Ceillag (Hungarian), Mad. Colson (French), Mlle. Talvo (French), Signora Guarini (Italian), Mlle. Acs (Hungarian), Signor Graziani (brother of the well-known baritone), Signor Negrini, M. Morcelli Pontì, M. Atry, M. Chapuis, and Signor Beneventano. Art and artists are universal, it is true; but surely, it might be reasonably expected, at the first Opera House in Italy, to find a greater number of Italian singers engaged. The carnival season commenced on December 26th. Hitherto the operas given have been one by Petrella called *Ione*, and Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. The first mentioned is a work of pretension, but of very ordinary merit, and not likely to extend the composer's reputation beyond the limited sphere in which he is known. It has been performed frequently in Italy. In the present instance the cast includes almost all the French members of the company, a fact which caused no little displeasure to many of the patriotic *habitués* of the theatre. Negrini and Beneventano were the only Italians concerned,—the latter, for obvious reasons, having resigned his engagement, after the first night, and being replaced by a French baritone. Negrini was left alone to share his laurels with the foreigners. *Ione* and a ballet entitled *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*, by Paul Taglioni, were played a fortnight; and the *Ballo in Maschera* produced on January 8th, for the first time in Milan. The performance of the opera was looked forward to by the Milanese as an event of public interest. Every seat in the vast theatre was secured, long before the date of representation was definitively fixed.

The first night at the Scala is the most severe ordeal either singer or composer can undergo. The audience assembled on such an occasion have no consideration for nervousness, or any circumstances which may interfere with the performance they come to criticize. They pride themselves upon judging all they see and hear strictly according to its true merits. Their applause is tumultuous, and their different modes of expressing discontent the most discordant it is possible to imagine. They disregard all the rules and regulations which are posted at the doors of the theatre forbidding any interruption of the performance—if an unfortunate singer happens to displease them, they completely drown his voice in a storm of hisses, or uproarious laughter.

Verdi's *Aroldo* has been given during the past week for the first time in Milan—a feeble attempt on the part of the Carcano manager to imitate the doings of his rival at the Scala. *Aroldo* is an emasculated version of the *Trovatore*, with much noisy music in place of the most pleasing melodies of the latter opera.

The prima donna is not remarkable except it be for a shrill voice, and very long arms, of which she avails herself most freely. The tenor, a *tenore robusto* at the beginning of the opera, becomes so weak and exhausted by shouting and exertion as to be anything but *robusto* during the last acts. A heavy basso, who apparently has seen better days, and has come to the Carcano as a last resource, affords evidence of artistic skill and sentiment—an agreeable contrast to the rest of the company. His singing, however, is not appreciated by the refined auditory, who prefer quantity to quality, in music as well as every other commodity for which they have to pay. The band and chorus are respectable, and certainly in one respect the arrangements at the Carcano are superior to those at the Scala,—there is no ballet to interrupt the opera.

Perhaps the most interesting collection of modern musical mss. is that in the possession of Ricordi, the well-known music publisher. The original scores of the most popular works of Rossini, Bellini, Paganini, Donizetti, Verdi, and other celebrities, handsomely bound, form the library which decorates his bureau. Ricordi rules with despotic sway in musical matters throughout Italy, from the fact of the operas of Verdi being his sole property. The managers of the different theatres have to acquire from him the right of representing any one of them. He has amassed a large fortune from his prosperous monopoly, and welcomes with princely hospitality all those connected with the art who visit Milan.—*London Musical World*.

LONDON.—Of the last "Monday Popular Concert" the *Times* (Jan. 21.) says:

Last night's concert, devoted to the works of "various masters," demands a brief record, not merely on account of the general excellence of the performance,—with M. Sainon, as first violin, in one of Haydn's least known quartets (first time), and Mr. Lazarus as clarinet, in Weber's grand duet in E flat, for pianoforte and clarinet,—but also on

account of the unexpected appearance of our excellent English pianist, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Sloper, as all our musical readers are aware, is one of the most finished executants of the day, besides being thoroughly familiar with the "classical" repertory; but the distinction he earned on the present occasion was all the more honorable from the very short notice afforded him that his services would be in request. Owing to the sudden indisposition of the pianist who had been advertised for the sonata with Mr. Lazarus, itself a composition of no ordinary difficulty, and for the far more difficult solo-sonata in C major (terminating with the famous *presto*, known as the *moto perpetuo*), it was indispensable either to change the programme, postpone the concert, or supply a deputy. It is hardly too much to say that not one player out of a hundred, foreign or English, would have undertaken without preparation to perform these two sonatas before a vast and well-instructed audience: and it speaks volumes both for the advanced cultivation of our native professors generally, and for the artistic acquirements of Mr. Sloper in particular, that such a task should not merely have been readily accepted, but triumphantly accomplished. At the conclusion of the solo-sonata Mr. Sloper—as he well deserved to be—was unanimously recalled. The vocalists were Miss Banks, who was encored in "Ah, why do we love?" (from Macfarren's *Don Quixote*), and Mr. De la Hays. The last piece in the programme was Mozart's beautiful quintet (in A), for clarinet and wind instruments, which has become an established favorite at St. James's Hall. At the next concert we are promised Beethoven's so-called Moonlight Sonata, by Mr. Hallé—and, for the first time, Hummel's justly renowned septet, for pianoforte, with wind and stringed instruments.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Hallé's grand concerts in Free Trade Hall, proceed as brilliantly as ever. At the last there was the symphony in A major ("Italian") by Mendelssohn, the *Scherzo* from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (first time), the overtures to *Anacreon* (Cherubini), *Siège de Corinthe* (Rossini), and *Bayadere* (Anber), and the ballet-pieces from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—an unusually rich and varied orchestral selection. In addition to all this, there was Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo Gioioso* (first time), for pianoforte and orchestra, Mozart's ottet for wind instruments in C minor (first time), which is also known as a quintet, and for piano solos some short pieces by J. S. Bach and Scarlatti. Mr. Sims Reeves was the singer, and to him was allotted the tenor *aria* from *Der Freischütz*, a song by Kücken, and Molique's *serenade*. Such a concert was well worth a journey to Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM.—The musical public have had a busy time of it this week. On Wednesday evening a grand concert was given in the Town Hall, at which Mad. Lind Goldschmidt made her first appearance since her return to artistic life, and, although there were not the same crush and the same excitement as in the days of the Jenny Lind furor, some ten years ago, the great songstress was received with distinguished marks of favor by a brilliant and fashionable audience. Mad. Goldschmidt's share of the programme comprised the Cavatina 'Tho' clouds by tempests' from *Der Freischütz*; *Scena and aria* from *Sonnambula*, 'Care compagne'; Mozart's rondo for voice and violin *obbligato*, from 'Il repastore'; Taubert's 'Bird-Song'; Norwegian 'Echo Song'; and with Mr. Sims Reeves the duet from *Lucia*, 'Sulla tomba.' If the reception awarded to the artist did not recall the boisterous demonstrations of bye-gone times, critics, at all events, saw very little difference between the 'Nightingale' of 1852 and the 'Nightingale' of 1862. Mozart's song was her crowning effort, and indeed this was a supreme vocal achievement. Mr. Sims Reeves shared liberally in the honor bestowed on the performance. He was tumultuously applauded in the grand scene, 'Oh! I can bear my fate no longer' from *Der Freischütz*, and compelled (absolutely compelled) to repeat Molique's beautiful *serenade*, 'When the moon is brightly shining.' Signor Belletti gave Rossini's 'Tarantella' with such effect as to command an encore, and added the grand florid air 'Sorgete,' from *L'Assedio di Corinto*, in which, since Tamburini, no other barytone has been able to succeed. Mr. Henry Blagrove played Ernst's fantasia on *Otello*, Sig. Piatti his own *Barcarole*, and the Festival Choir, under the direction of Mr. Stockley, sang several part-songs. Herr Otto Goldschmidt conducted. Among the most interesting things of the evening, by the way, was a selection from Hummel's Septet, in which, besides Herr Goldschmidt (piano), and Mr. Blagrove (violin), M. Barret (oboe), C. Harper (horn), Mr. Pratten (flute), Sig. Piatti (violoncello), and Mr. Howell (double bass) took part.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The flower she loves. "Ruy Blas." 25

A very pretty ballad from the new and much praised Opera by Howard Glover, just brought out in London.

Ole Massa on his trabbels gone. Quartet. S. K. Whiting 15

"Song of the Negro Boatmen" which first appeared in the February number of the Atlantic, and has now been read in every nook and corner of the loyal North, set as an easy Quartet.

Song of the Negro boatmen. Song and Chorus. L. O. Emerson 25

Words the same as those of the above quartet. It will doubtless become very popular.

Excelsior Song. John Blockley 30

It is not surprising that a poem, so striking and so well adapted to musical illustration as the "Excelsior" by H. W. Longfellow, should have found so many composers. Each version excels in some particular and will make friends. So will this one, by the composer of many a good English song, old and new.

Tears of anguish. A. Reichardt. 25

Another capital new Song by the author of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Instrumental Music.

Garibaldi Grand March. Florian Agosty. 30

A very fine Marching March, full of life and spirit. The Trio introduces the National Italian hymn: Viva Italia! with great effect. A picture of the hero, on horseback, adorns the titlepage.

What are the wild waves saying? Transcription. Brinley Richards. 50

An elegant arrangement, written carefully and tastefully, and brilliant without being out of the reach of the majority of amateur pianists, in the present advanced state of musical acquirements.

Juanita Waltz. Four hands. C. D'Albert. 25

A late popular Waltz, founded on the air of the popular Spanish Ballad "Juanita," in a plain, effective arrangement for two players.

Forest Rose (Waldröschen). Nocturne. Th. Oesten. 35

A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpine bells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

Books.

ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50

This work contains complete instructions for full Camp Duty; the Reveille, the Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in the U. S. Service, with Engravings, illustrating the use of the Drum; and a choice collection of National, Patriotic and other Music, all the Bugler's Call for Infantry and Skirmishers. It is edited by Keach, Burnitt and Cassidy, and recommended by the late Edward Kendall as the most thorough work of the kind. It is already adopted throughout the country and is universally recommended to all desiring either Instructions or Music for the Drum and Fife. As a correct book for Camp Service it cannot be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, and its use invariably leads to the greatest proficiency in the use of these instruments.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 517.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 22.

Mountain Pictures.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden net-work in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse
My common life, your glorious shapes and hues
And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,
Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy
length

From the sea-level of my lowland home!

They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain: for, where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.
So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats
The land with hail and fire may pass away
With its spent thunders at the break of day,
Like last night's clouds' and leave, as it retreats,
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind!

Atlantic Monthly (March).

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 370).

NAPLES, April 27, 1831.

For nearly a fortnight I have had no letter from you; I hope nothing serious has occurred, and I look forward to every mail day for news. I shall not accomplish much in Naples in the way of writing. One sticks too deep in it, to be able to transplant himself at once and tell about it. Add to which, that I have used the bad weather, which we have had for some days, for work, and have applied myself with zeal to the "Walpurgis night." The thing has continued to interest me more and more, so that I now avail myself of every free minute, to work upon it. In a few days it will be finished, I think, and it may grow to a right lively piece. If I keep in the same train as at present, I shall also finish the Italian Symphony in Italy; then I shall have a very fair stock of plunder to bring home with me from this winter. Then there is something new seen every day; I commonly form a party with the

Schadwos. Yesterday we were in Pompeii. It is half like the site of a conflagration, half like a just deserted dwelling. For me, to whom both have always something touching, the impression was the mournfullest, that I have yet had in Italy. It is as if the inhabitants had just gone out; but on the other hand nearly everything tells of another religion, another life, in short of 1700 years ago: and then again Frenchmen and English women gaily climb about in it; make drawings of it perhaps,—it is the old tragedy of Past and Present over again, beyond which I shall never get in my life.

Gay Naples, to be sure, looks right well after it; but the exceeding multitude of miserable beggars, who persecute one go where he will, and blockade the carriage as soon as it stops; especially the white haired old people, whom you see among them, make me sad, for such a mass of misery is inconceivable. If you go to walk by the seaside, look over towards the islands, and then back upon the land, and stand in the midst of cripples, who coquet with their infirmities, or find yourself surrounded, as I lately did, by 30 or 40 children, all chanting their "*munio di fame*" (I am dying of hunger), and at the same time rapping on their jaws, to show that they have nothing to bite—it makes a repulsive contrast. And yet it is still more hateful to me, that one must entirely forego the pleasure of seeing a contented face: for after you have given richly, whether it be to keepers, laborers, attendants, in short to whom you will, the standing answer is: "*niente di più?*" (nothing more?). Then you can be sure, that it is too much. If it is the right price, they give it back with the greatest indignation, and then come back and beg for it again. These are little things, but they show the lamentable condition of the people. On one occasion I went so far as to fret about the ever smiling cheerfulness of nature, when beggars met me everywhere in out-of-the-way walks, and some of them went on with me a quarter of an hour or more. Only when I sit calmly in my chamber, look at the gulf, and at Vesuvius beyond it, and am all alone with it, do I grow really well and cheerful.

To-day we shall ascend to the Camaldoline cloister, and to-morrow, if the weather holds out, we go to Procida and Ischia. This evening I am to be at Mme. Fodor's, with Donizetti, Benedict and others. She is very friendly and obliging to me; by her singing she has already given me great satisfaction, for she has an incredible facility, and makes her embellishments with such taste, that one sees how much the Sontag has borrowed from her; especially the *mezza voce*, which the Fodor, whose voice is no longer quite fresh and full, knows how in a very politic manner to employ in many passages. As she does not sing in the theatre, I am doubly glad to have made her personal acquaintance. The theatre is closed now for several weeks, because the blood of St. Januarius is soon about to flow. What I before heard there, was not worth going for. The

orchestra, as in Rome, is worse than any German one,—not a single tolerable female singer, and only Tamburini with his fresh bass voice gave some life to the whole. To hear Italian opera, one must now go to Paris or London. I pray God that it may not get to be so with German music also!

But I must back to my Witches; forgive me, if I leave off to-day. The whole letter floats in uncertainty; or rather I float in it, being in doubt whether I shall use the great drum there, or not: "*Zakena, Gabeln, und wilde Klapperstöcke*" urge me properly to use the great drum, but moderation dissuades me. I am certainly the only one, who has composed the Blocksberg without the octave flute; but I should be sorry about the big drum, and before Fanny's advice comes, the "Walpurgis Night" will be done and packed up,—then off I go again through the country, and God knows, what I shall then have to talk about. I am persuaded, Fanny said "Yes," but still I am undecided. At any rate a great noise must be made. O Rebecca, can you not procure and send me some song texts? I am much in the mood for that, and you must have something new to sing. If you can send me pretty verses, old or new, merry or sour, or sour-sweet, I will shove them into your voice. For other orders I am at your service. I beg you, give me something to work upon, for the journey, in the hotels. But now fare ye all well, and so completely well, as I would like to be—and think of me FELIX.

NAPLES, May 17, 1831.

On Saturday the 14th of May, at two o'clock, I told the driver to turn round;—we stopped before the temple of Ceres in Pæstum, and that was the Southernmost point of my youthful journey. The carriage turned about to the North, and since then I draw nearer to you, whenever I go on. It was about a year that I was on the journey with father to Dessau and Leipzig, and so it agrees in time too; it was the half. I have improved the year for myself,—am very much richer in impressions and experiences; have been industrious too in Rome and here; but outwardly nothing has come to pass, and at the beginning of the next year, so long as I remain in Italy, it will be still the same perhaps. Yet the time is not less dear to me, than other times, in which I have gone forward outwardly and in the opinion of people; for the two things always hang together. If I have lived any true thing, it will work its way outward, and I will certainly allow no opportunity for it to pass by. I trust such will occur once or twice before the end of this journey; therefore, during the months that yet remain for me in Italy, I can go on enjoying nature and the blue sky, without thinking of anything else. There only is the Art of Italy to-day,—there, and in monuments; but there too it remains forever, and there will such as we find something to learn and to admire, as long as Vesuvius stands, and as long as the mild air, and the sea, and the trees pass not away.

In spite of that, I am stock musician enough, to have a hearty longing once more for an orchestra, or a full chorus. There is at least sound in that, and such is not found here; that has now become our business, and when one has had to go so long entirely without this element, he feels a great deal wanting. There are orchestra and chorus here, as in some subordinate middling town with us, only still coarser and more uncertain. The first violinist, through the whole opera, strikes the four quarters of the measure on a brass candlestick, so that you hear it sometimes more than you do the voices (it sounds something like *obbligato* castanets, only stronger), and in spite of this the orchestra and voices are never together. In every little instrumental solo, old fashioned ornaments and especially a bad tone are prominent. The whole is without the least spirit, without fire and zest. The singers are the worst Italian ones I ever yet heard anywhere, Italy excepted; for if one would have an idea of Italian singing, he must go to London or Paris. Even the Dresden company, which I heard last year in Leipzig, is better than any one here. It is indeed very natural: in the boundless misery, which one sees here everywhere, where shall one find a basis for maintaining a theatre, which now requires great means? And the time when every Italian was a born musician, if it ever did exist, is long since past. They treat it, as they do any article of fashion, coldly, indifferently, scarcely with the interest of outward decency: and it is not to be wondered at, if every single talent, as it springs up, goes immediately abroad, where it is better appreciated, better placed in its true position, and where it finds an opportunity to hear and to learn something regular and heart-strengthening. Tamburini alone here is really good. But he has long ago been heard in Vienna, in Paris, and I believe also in London, and now, when he begins to feel his decline, he comes back to Italy. That the Italians too should alone possess the art of singing, is what I cannot comprehend; for whatever I have heard that is artistic from Italian singers, male and female, that the Sontag can do also, and in a still higher degree; to be sure, she has learned it mostly, as she says, from the Fodor, but why should not another German lady be able to learn it from Sontag? And the Malibran is a Spaniard. This glory of being "the land of music" Italy cannot keep: in fact she has already lost it, and will soon do so in the popular opinion, although that is accidental. I was lately in a party of musicians, where some one spoke of a new opera by a Neapolitan, Coccia, and wanted to know if it was good. Probably it is good, said one of the musicians, for Coccia was long in England, has studied there, and some of his things have pleased there. To me that was striking,—for in England they would have spoken just so of Italy. But *quo me rapis*? To you, dear sisters, I say nothing today, but in a few days I shall send a little personal document which is inscribed to you. Don't be alarmed! I don't write poetry; the thing is simply "a diary of an excursion to the islands in May."

FELIX.

NAPLES, May 28, 1831.

Dear Sisters!

Since the diary has become too thin and poor, I must at least send you an *abrégé* of my history. Know then, that on Friday the 20th of May we

breakfasted *in corpore* in Naples, namely on fruits and so forth; and *in corpore* means, the travelling party to the islands, which consisted of Ed. Bendemann, T. Hildebrandt, Carl Sohn and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

My bundle was not very heavy, and contained little besides Goethe's poems and three shirts. So we packed ourselves into a hired carriage and drove through the grotto of Posilippo to Pozzuoli. The road leads along the sea, and is the gayest sight that can be seen. So much the more is one pained by the hideous mass of blindmen, cripples, beggars, galley slaves, in short miserable creatures of all sorts, who receive one there in the midst of that holiday nature. I sat down quietly towards the harbor, and sketched, while the others must needs torment themselves with the temples of Serapis, the theatres, the hot springs and burnt-out craters, which I had already seen three times, and to satiety. Then, like young patriarchs or nomads, we took all our goods and chattels, cloaks, bundles, books, maps, upon asses, seated ourselves on top of all, and made the tour around the bay of Baïæ, to lake Avernus, where one has to buy fish for his dinner; over the mountain to Cumæ (compare Goethe's "Wanderer") and so came down to Baïæ, where we ate and rested. Then ruined temples, ancient baths, and the like, were visited, and so it became evening before we got to the ferry. At half past nine we arrived in the little town of Ischia, and in the only tavern everything was occupied, so that we resolved to go on as far as Don Tommaso, two hours distance, which we did however in one hour and a quarter,—it was luxuriously cool; in all the grape vines and fig trees and bushes sat innumerable glowworms and suffered themselves to be caught: and when at last, somewhat fatigued, we entered Don at about eleven, we found all the people still up, the neatest chambers, fresh fruits, a friendly deacon for butler, and sat up comfortably till midnight, opposite a load of cherries.

But the next morning it was bad weather and rained considerably. So we could not ascend the Epomeo, and as we could not carry on much of a conversation with one another (some how or other, God knows why, it would not go for once), it would have grown tedious, if Don Tommaso had not had the nicest poultry-yard that can be in all Europe. In front of the door stands a large shady orange tree with plenty of ripe fruit, under whose branches the steps lead up to the dwelling. Each of the white stone steps has a large flower pot on it, and the floor above consists of a wide open hall, whence from an arch you can overlook the whole yard with orange trees, stairs, straw roofs, wine-casks and pitchers, asses and peacocks. That it may not want foreground there stands under the walled arch an Indian fig tree, so luxuriant, that they have had to bind it to the wall with cords. Finally the vineyards with the pleasure houses, and the promontories of Epomeo form the background. Under the arch we were protected from the rain; there we all four sat, and sketched the yard the whole sweet day long, as nicely as could be. It was not irksome to me at all, but I drew all the time with them, and believe that I profited somewhat by it. In the night there was a fearful storm, and I observed in bed, that the thunder rolls terribly long on Epomeo, somewhat as on the Lake of the Four Cantons, or still longer.

The next morning, Sunday, it seemed to be

clear. We went to Foria, saw the people in their motley costumes go into the cathedral; the women had their famous folded muslin kerchiefs on their heads, the men stood before the church square, and talked over affairs in their bright red Sunday caps, and so we wound our way through the festal villages gradually up the mountain. It is a huge rent volcano, full of clefts, hollows, slopes and steep chasms. The hollows they have used for wine cellars and crammed them full of great casks; on the slopes everywhere are vineyards with fig or mulberry trees; on the steep masses of rock corn grows, and yields several crops in the year; the ravines are covered with ivy, innumerable variegated flowers and herbs; and wherever else a place remains, young chestnut trees shoot up and give the finest shade. Thus the last village, Fontana, lies in the midst of the green, and among plants. But then the sky became overcast; it grew dark, and when we got up higher, at the uppermost peaks of rock, it had become entirely clouded; the vapors danced around, and although the jagged rocks, the telegraph, and the cross appeared strangely distinct among the clouds, yet we could not see the least part of the prospect. At the same time it began to rain; one cannot remain up there and wait, as on the Rigi, and so we had to leave the Epomeo again, without having made its acquaintance, and run down in the rain; one sprang over the other; I do not believe we were an hour.

The next day we went to Capri. The thing has something Oriental in it, with the glowing heat, reflected from the white rock walls, with the palms, and the round cupolas of the churches, which look like mosques. The *sciocco* was burning, and unfitted me for true enjoyment: for to climb up 537 steps and down again, to Anacapri, in such a heat, is labor for a horse. But it is true that the sea looks wonderfully beautiful, seen from the bald rocks above, and between the savage jags and peaks.

But before all I must tell of the blue grotto; for not everyone knows that, since one can only enter it in still weather, or swimming. Where the rocks sink perpendicularly into the sea, perhaps as far below the water as they rise above it, a huge cavern has formed itself, but in such a manner, that in the whole circumference of the hollow the rocks rest with their broad surface on the sea, or rather hang directly into it, and from there begin to rise, up to the vaulting of the cave; thus the sea fills the whole floor of the cave, and this has its opening beneath the water; only a little piece of the opening reaches above the water, and through this little piece you pass with a small canoe, stretching yourself flat upon its bottom. Once inside, the whole vast cavern with its vaulting lies above you, and you can row about there freely, as if under a dome. Now the sunlight falls in through the opening below the water, is broken and subdued by the green sea water, and hence come the magical appearances. The whole mass of high rocks is sky-blue, and greenish in the twilight, somewhat as by moonlight; yet you see distinctly all the corners and depressions; but the sea is brightened and illumined through and through by sunlight, so that the black boat floats upon a clear shining surface; the color is the most dazzling blue I ever saw, without shadows, without obscurities, like a pane of the clearest milk glass; and as the sun

shines through, you see distinctly everything that passes under the water, and the whole sea with its creatures is revealed. There you see the corals and polypuses sitting on the rocks; deep down, fishes of all sorts meet and swim by one another; the rocks grow darker and darker toward the water, and finally, where they hang close over it, they are black and you see still farther on beneath them the bright water, with crabs, worms and fishes in it. Moreover there is a very strange echo in the grotto from each stroke of the oar, and as you paddle round by the walls, new forms come into view. I wish that you could see it, for it is singularly magical. When you turn round toward the opening, by which you came in, the daylight shines through of a reddish yellow, but does not penetrate more than a couple of steps, and so you are quite alone upon the sea under the rocks, with your own peculiar sunlight; it is as if one could live a while under the water for once.

Then we were set over to Procida, where the women dress in the Greek fashion, but look none the handsomer for it; curious faces peeped from every window; a pair of Jesuits, with their black clothes and dark faces, sat in a bright bower of grape vines, took it comfortably, and made a nice picture. Then over the sea to Pozzuoli, and so through the grotto of Posilippo again home.

I cannot write to Paul about his change of residence and his entrance into the great wide world of London, because he only tells me in two words, that he shall probably set out in three weeks, and so my letter could no longer reach him in Berlin; in a week I will risk it and address my brother in London. It may be yet, that that smoky nest will prove my favorite abode. My heart rises, as soon as I think of it; and when I depict to myself my return there, how I shall go over from Paris, and find Paul there independent, alone, changed in the dear old surroundings; how he will introduce to me his new friends, and I to him my old ones; how we shall then reside and live together, I grow impatient to arrive there soon. From some newspapers which acquaintances have handed me, I see that my name too is not forgotten; and so I can hope, when I return there, to be able to pursue my work again, as I could not then, because I had to come to Italy. If there is difficulty about the opera in Munich, or if they do not give me the text, which I desire, then I will make an opera for London, for I know that I should receive a commission for it there, as soon as I might please. I shall also bring some new things with me for the Philharmonic, and so I shall make a good use of my time.

As I have my evenings free here, I read a little French and English. I have been particularly interested by the *Barricades* and *Les états de Blois*, because one sees himself transported back with horror to a period, which he must often hear praised as a strong one and too soon past away. Although the books seem to me to have many faults, yet the description of the two opposing heads, one of which always shows itself weaker, more irresolute, more hypocritical and more pitiful than the other, is certainly but too true, and one thanks God, that this lauded Middle Age is gone and never can return. Show this to no Hegelian, but it is so, and the more I read and think about it, the more clearly I feel

it. Sterne has become a great favorite with me. It occurred to me that Goethe one day spoke of the "Sentimental Journey" and said, it would be absolutely impossible to express better, what a froward and pusillanimous thing the human heart is. I found the book here accidentally, and thought that I would make acquaintance with it, and I have been much delighted to find how finely and beautifully everything is conceived and set forth in it.

Of German there is little here to read. So I am limited to Goethe's poems, and Heaven knows there is enough in them to think about;—they are always new. Especially have I been interested here by the poems which he evidently wrote in or about Naples, as for example "Alexis and Dora;" for I see almost daily from my window, how the wonderful poem originated. Indeed, as is the case with all masterworks, I think of it so often of myself and suddenly, that it seems as if it must have occurred to me too in like circumstances, and as if he had only accidentally expressed it. I actually maintain, that I have found the locality of the poem: "*Gott segne dich junge Frau*," and dined with the *Frau*; but now of course she must be quite old, and her suckling boy must have become a sturdy vine-dresser. Between Pozzuoli and Baiæ lies her house of "a temple's ruins," as it is three good miles to Cumæ. Here you can imagine, how the poems became new to one, and how differently and freshly one feels them again, and learns to know them. Of Mignon's song I will not speak at this late day. It is absurd though, that Goethe and Thorwaldsen live, that Beethoven has been dead only two years, and that H—— maintains, that German Art is as dead as a mouse. *Quod non*. Bad enough for him, if he feels so; but if one reflects a moment on that *raisonnement*, it does seem very silly. *Propos*!—Schadow, who goes back in a few days to Düsseldorf, promises to get me some new songs out of Immermann, at which I rejoice very much. The man is a poet though; that appears in his letters, as in all he does. Count Platen is a little, shriveled up, gold-spectacled, hoarse grey-beard of five and thirty years; I felt afraid of him. The Greeks look differently! He abuses the Germans terribly, but forgets that he does it in German. But I run too much into gossip; so farewell for to-day.

FELIX.

Rome, June 6, 1831.

Dear Parents!

It is high time that I should write you again a regular reasonable letter; for I believe that none of those I wrote from Naples were good for much. It seems as though the air there would not allow one to reflect; at least it was only very seldom that I could collect myself. Now I have scarcely been back here a couple of hours, and the old Roman comfort and the cheerful earnestness, of which I wrote you in my first letters from Rome, have already diffused themselves again entirely through me. I cannot say, how incomparably more I love Rome, than Naples. People say Rome is monotonous, all of one color, mournful and lonely; it is true also that Naples is more like a great European city, more lively, more various, more cosmopolitan. But I tell you in confidence that I gradually acquire an especial hatred for what is cosmopolitan; I dislike it, just as I dislike many-sidedness, or rather I do not believe in it. Whatever would be peculiar, and beautiful, and great,

must be one-sided; if this one side is only cultivated to the greatest perfection,—and no man can deny that of Rome. To be properly a great city, Naples seems to me too small. The whole life and stir is limited to two great streets: the Toledo, and the coast from the harbor to Chiaja. Naples does not give me the idea of a focus for a great people, which makes London so wonderfully fine, and that because the people are wanting; for I cannot call the fishermen and *lazzaroni* people. They are more like savages, and their focus is not Naples, but the sea. The middle classes, the citizens engaged in trade or labor, who form the foundation in other great cities, are here entirely subordinate; one might say they are wanting altogether. That is what has made my stay in Naples often irksome, much as I love and have enjoyed the environs; and as that always came before my eyes anew, I think at last that I have found the reason of it in myself.

I cannot say that I was unwell exactly in the continuous *sirocco* weather; but it was more unpleasant than an indisposition which is gone in a couple of days. I felt languid, with no zest for anything serious, in short inactive. As I sauntered all day up and down the street with surly face, and would have chiefly liked to lie down on the ground, without thinking, or willing or doing anything,—it suddenly occurred to me, that the principal classes in Naples actually did live so, and that the reason of my discontent did not, as I feared, lie in myself, but in the whole,—the air, the climate, &c. The climate is calculated for a great lord, who gets up late, never needs to go on foot, thinks of nothing (because that is heating), sleeps his two hours of an afternoon upon the sofa, then eats his ice, and at night drives to the theatre, where he again finds nothing to think of, but can make, or receive visits there. On the other hand again, the climate is equally well suited to a fellow in a shirt, with bare legs and arms, who also does not need to move himself,—begs a few coppers, if he has not anything to live upon,—in the afternoon takes his nap on the ground, by the harbor, or on the curbstone (the foot-passers step over him or push him out of the way, if he lies right in the middle of the sidewalk), who then fetches his *frutti di mare* right out of the sea for himself, then sleeps wherever he happens to be in the evening,—in short who does at every moment just what he inclines to, like an animal. Such are the two principal classes in Naples.

By far the greater part of the population of the Toledo consists of finely dressed gentlemen and ladies, or handsome carriages in which man and wife go out to trive, or of those brown *sans-culottes*, who sometimes carry fish to sell, making a hideous howling, or carry luggage when they are out of money. But of people with any continued occupation—who follow any business with industry and perseverance,—who love work for work's sake, there are, as I believe, but few.—Goethe says that is the misery of the North, that there one always wants to do something, always is striving after something, and he thinks the Italian right, who advises him not to think so much, it only gives the headache. But this must be his joke; at least he has not acted in that way, but precisely like a Northerner. But if he means to say by it, that different characters are founded in nature, and depend on nature, he is right of course. I can see how that must be so, and

why the wolves howl; but one need not therefore howl with them; the proverb ought to be reversed. Now the people, who work according to their position, and so have to think and be active, treat the thing as a necessary evil, which procures them money, and when they have it, they live like the great or the naked lords. Hence there is not a shop where one is not cheated. Natives, who are *au fait* there for many years, have to deal, and be on their guard, like strangers, and one of my acquaintances, who bought out of the same shop for fifteen years, told me that for fifteen years there was always the same battle about a couple of scudi, and he found no help for it. Hence there is so little industry and competition; hence Donizetti has an opera ready in ten days; it is hissed off, but that is no matter, since he gets paid for it, and can go his way. But should his reputation be at last attacked, he would again have too much to do, and that would be inconvenient. Therefore for once he writes an opera in three weeks, takes pains with a couple of little pieces in it, so that they may please, and can then take his ease a while and write badly. So their painters paint incredibly bad pictures, far inferior to the music. So the architects build the absurdest buildings (among others an imitation in little of St. Peter's, in the Chinese taste). But that is all the same; the pictures are variegated, the music makes a noise, the buildings give shade—more than that the Neapolitan grandee does not require. Now as I felt bodily in the same mood with them, as everything prompted me to idleness, to walking and sleeping, and as I always was obliged to say to myself inwardly, that is wrong, and tried to occupy myself, to work, and still it went no better than before, the uncomfortable feeling arose, in which I wrote you several letters, and I was only able to escape it by rushing round among the mountains, where it is really too divinely beautiful, and where every mortal must feel cheerful and grateful in his soul.

For the rest, I have not delayed to make acquaintance with the musicians there; we have also made music together, but I could not enjoy their great eulogiums. So far the Fodor is the only artist I have met in Italy; anywhere else I might perhaps have found plenty of fault with her singing, but I overlooked it all, because it is really music, as she sings, and that does one so much good after a long pause.

But now I am in old Rome again; here it is another life; every day there are processions, since last week was *corpus domini*,—and as I left the city in the after-festival of holy week, so now I find it again in the after-festival of *corpus Christi* day. It made a strange impression on me, that everything in the streets had grown so summer-like in the meantime; everywhere booths with lemons and ice-water; all the people in light clothes; the windows open and the *jalousies* closed; before the cafés people sitting on the sidewalk eating *gelati*; the Corse swarms with equipages, for now there is very little going on foot, and although I miss no friend in particular and no persons who stood near to me, yet I was much affected when I saw the Piazza di Spragna again, and the old well-known names upon the corners of the streets. I remain here a week or so, and then go northward. On Thursday is to be the *infiorata*; but it is not yet certain whether it will take place, since they are afraid of revolutions; I hope so though. I should like an opportunity to see the mountains once more, and then be off. So wish me again a happy journey, for now I am under way again. A year ago to-day I came to Munich, heard *Fidelio*, and wrote you; since then we have not seen each other; God willing, it shall not be so long again. FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Prologue

To the Performances of the Belmont Theatrical Company, at Chickering's Hall, in aid of the Volunteers, February 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 1862.

A twelvemonth since, the lengthened nights to cheer,
Our actors raised their mimic pageant here,
And, while fair Peace in listless leisure smiled,
Their masquerade the lingering hours beguiled.
But now, when festal lights are few and dim,
And drum and trumpet swell the battle hymn,
Now that the sullen war cloud, dark and dun,
Hangs o'er the birthplace of our Washington,
And mad rebellion pours its angry wave
Hard by the hallowed precincts of his grave;
When our beleaguered Capital is set
With hedge of battery and of bayonet,
The thoughtful or the stern perchance may ask,
Why, at such season, try our trivial task?
A question pertinent and just, 'tis true,
But still the subject has another view.
The bleakest climate has its summer hours,
When autumn's fruits are heralded by flowers;
At epochs when long faces are in vogue
Austerity oft cloaks the clever rogue,
But breathing-space for laughter ever finds
Apology in philosophic minds;
And even when driven by Misfortune's goad,
Courage and Pluck will whistle on the road.
Who is there, that reads history, who blames
That warring Greece still kept her Isthmian Games?
And earlier still, no doubt the sombre ark
Heard in its cabin many a jocund lark;
And very like the cousins there together
Got up charades on deck in pleasant weather.
Indeed, all history shows there's no affinity
'Twixt Wisdom's emblems and its fair divinity;
For Chaucer never chronicled the owl,—
Minerva's favorite,—as a cheerful fowl.
But there's no need of argument—you know
The proverb of the always-bended bow;
And though our hearts are at the Tournament
For whose fierce lists our gallant beaux are bent,
We want some little merriment—like froth—
To show the yeast is working at the North.
The gay Germania's strains resound no more
Where twinkling footsteps circle round the floor;
We've no more jolly rides in sleigh or cutter;
Papanti, too, has lost his "Bread and Butter";
Logan and Dalton show their ebony faces
No longer 'mid the crowd of ball-room Graces;
And our Champagne—domestic make or foreign—
Pops only for the prisoners at Fort Warren.
At whatsoever door the patriot knocks,
He finds his sister patriot knitting socks,
While, on the floor, the scientific kittens
Study cat-hop-trios with one-fingered mittens.
All right—for if the brave are making breaches
It is but fair the fair should take some stitches;
But it is right, too, we put bound and measure
As well to knitting stockings as to pleasure,
And that some festive interlude should vary
The weightier labors of the sanitary,
Lest we, like misers in their quest of wealth—
Fall victims to an over-zeal for health.
Why, even in the cold Crimean trenches,
The soldiers had their stage and critics' benches,
And, writers tell us, each heroic lad
Fought better for the jollity he had.
Indeed, in wit or war, those gallant Zouaves
Disdained the doing anything by halves.
As there, the elastic tread and spirit light
Were good for honest work and honest fight,
So our young heroes show that merry dancers
Work none the worse for their Quadrille and "Lancers,"
For we well know that Burnside, Banks and Sherman,
Recruited their best soldiers from "The German."

But my Muse hurries me too far and fast;
I'm but the oyster of to-night's repast;
And in your eyes—the stars of our astrology—
I read a dispensation from apology.
Though Shakspeare says the world's a stage, or
stages,
We trust that our seven acts may not seem ages;
And that you'll hold our pastime no abuse,
But see its healthful and its serious use.
However stocks and manufactures are,
'Twill serve to keep our spirits up at par;
And your rich bounty goes to swell the store
That cheers the exile on Potomac's shore.
There, while the watch-fires flicker on his tent,
Through this long winter of his banishment,
Your thoughtful deeds and offices of love
Shall nestle in his bosom like the dove;
And while he lingers far from social charms
His heart shall bless his fair allies in arms,
Each of whom, here, in loyal measure, shares
His daily toil, his bravery and his cares;
Whose prayers make musical the silent night,
That Heaven guard him that guards his Country's
right;
Who, when in God's good time, the day shall come
Which turns his footsteps toward his Northern home,
When Freedom's final battle has been fought,
For which, like his, her heart and hands have
wrought,
When, 'neath Heaven's rainbow for triumphal arch,
Her listening ear shall catch his homeward march,
Shall stand like beckoning angel at the door
To which his longing feet return once more,
Adorned with festal pomp her halls and bowers,
And welcome back her Knight with smiles and
flowers.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 372.)

Having thus promoted their elder children's establishment in suitable channels for happily, honorably and independently earning future livelihood, Mr. and Mrs. Novello, in the year 1829, took a pleasant journey together to Germany, for the fulfilment of a no less pleasant purpose. This was the presentation of a sum of money to Mozart's sister, Madame Sonnenberg; which sum had been subscribed by some musical admirers of the great composer, who had heard with deep sympathy and concern that she was then in poor health and poorer means. These gentlemen intrusted their friend and brother-subscriber (indeed, he was the original proposer of the subscription), Vincent Novello, with the execution of what they knew would be a most welcome commission to him,—the conveyance of this contribution to Mozart's sister; and in the summer season husband and wife set out for Salzburg. An extract from Vincent Novello's own diary, kept during the memorable journey, will best describe the circumstances of an event interesting to all lovers of Mozart: "Monday, July 15th.—A still more delightful day, if possible, than yesterday—Mozart's son came to me at about 11 to conduct us to his aunt Sonnenberg—after a little chat we accompanied him to her house, which was within a few yards of where we resided. It seems that she had passed a very restless and sleepless night for fear we should not come to see her, and had repeatedly expressed her regret that we had not been admitted when we first called. On entering the room, the sister of Mozart was reclining placidly in bed—but blind, feeble, and nearly speechless. Her nephew kindly explained to her who we were, and she seemed to derive much gratification from the intelligence we conveyed to her. During the whole time, I held her poor thin hand in mine, and pressed it with the sincere partiality of an old friend of her brother. She appeared particularly pleased that the little present we had brought her should have arrived just before her own Saint's day (St. Ann, the 26th of the month). Her own birthday is on the 30th, on which day she will have completed her 78th year. Her voice is nearly extinct, and she appears to be fast approaching 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' Her face, though much changed by illness and drawn by age, still bears a strong resemblance to the portraits that

have been engraved of her, but it was difficult to believe that the helpless and languid figure which was extended before us was formerly the little girl represented as standing by the side of her brother, and singing to his accompaniment. Near the bed was the original painting of which Madame Nissen has a small copy, and which has been engraved in the Biography, representing Mozart and his sister playing a duet on the piano, the likeness of Mozart's mother in a frame, and the father leaning on the piano with a violin in his hand. In the adjoining apartment, over the sofa, was the print which his son told me was generally considered the best likeness after that in Madame Nissen's possession (in which opinion he himself coincided).^{*} Around the room was hung a very numerous collection of portraits of the greatest painters, among whom I particularly noticed those of Vandyck and Rembrandt. In another part of the room was a miniature of herself; another of her son (who had some resemblance to Leigh Hunt); and another likeness in miniature of Mozart. In the middle of the room stood the instrument on which she had often played duets with her brother. It was a kind of clavichord—with black keys for the naturals and white ones for the sharps, like our old English organs—the compass was



been constructed before the additional keys were invented. The tone was soft, and some of the bass notes, especially those of the lowest octave



at the time it was made, it was doubtless considered an excellent instrument. You may be sure that I touched the keys which had been pressed by Mozart's fingers, with great interest. Mozart's son also played a few chords upon it with evident pleasure; the key he chose was that of C minor; and what he did, though short, was quite sufficient to show the accomplished musician. On the desk were two pieces of music, the last which Mozart's sister had ever played, before she took to her bed, six months ago. They were the "O cara Armonia" from her brother's opera of the *Zauberflöte*, and the Minuet in his *Don Giovanni*;—this, to me, was a most touching proof of her continued sisterly attachment to him to the last, and of her tasteful partiality for his inimitable productions. About two days before we arrived she had desired to be carried from her bed, and placed at the instrument. On trying to play she found that although she could still execute a few passages with her right hand, yet with her left hand she could no longer press down the keys, and it was but too evident that her powers on that side were entirely gone.

"On leaving this estimable and interesting lady, both Mary and myself could not refrain from kissing her weak and emaciated hand with tender respect, convinced as we were that we should never again behold her. I fear that she cannot continue much longer in her present exhausted state; but whenever that hour arrives which no one living can ultimately avoid, I can only hope that it will not be attended with the least suffering, and that she will calmly cease to breathe as if she were merely sinking into a tranquil sleep. I was particularly charmed by the respectful and kind cordiality with which Mozart's son behaved to her; calling her repeatedly "Meine liebe Tante," and exerting himself to the utmost to ascertain and fulfil all her wishes."

Another extract, undated, but evidently later on, is subjoined, as showing the writer's enthusiastic interest in the woman beloved as a wife by Mozart—Vincent Novello's favorite composer. He seems to have met her, on the evening he refers to, at a friend's house; for he writes thus:—"After supper I had the gratification of seeing Mozart's widow and her sister safe home. They had brought their servant with them, to save my doing so, and would fain have persuaded me that there was not the least necessity for my accompanying them home; but (as I told her) it was not every evening that I could enjoy the society of so rare a companion as one who had been the companion of Mozart, and she politely gave up the little friendly contest, and at once took my arm as cordially as if I had been her own brother. There was a beautiful moon shining on the distant mountains, and illuminating both the old Gothic church of the Convent and the ancient fortress above. The

^{*} This, in its simple brown frame, was afterwards presented by Mozart's son to Vincent Novello.

interesting conversation which took place, and the enchanting beauty of the surrounding scenery, rendered this one of the most romantic and delightful walks I ever enjoyed. On our arrival at the house I was at last obliged to take my leave; when Madame Mozart^{*} once more shook hands with me most cordially, and assured me (after renewing her promise to write to me) that our visit altogether at Salzburg has been one of the most gratifying compliments which had been paid for several years both to herself and to the memory of 'her Mozart.' I need not say what a crowd of interesting associations, curious thoughts and singular reflections passed through my mind in the course of my solitary walk back to my Inn."

^{*} Vincent Novello involuntarily calls her so; though she was then Madame Nissen, having married a second time.

(To be continued.)

Musical Journals in Italy.

Musical and theatrical journals swarm in Italy to an extent almost unknown in any other country. They abound in the principal towns, and are to be met with in every village that can boast of a theatre as a place of public resort. They are as rank in their profusion as weeds in a neglected garden. Their means of ensuring a circulation is perhaps peculiar to themselves. They are distributed far and wide, and, to the uninitiated, as it were, gratuitously; a notice, however, generally in type small enough to be overlooked, impresses recipients that, "*Chi non respinge i primi due numeri che gli vengono spediti si terra come associato*;" according to which, whosoever does not return the first two numbers of the paper sent him, is sure to be called upon for a subscription.

It is to members of the musical and theatrical professions that these "Journals" are thus supplied, and by neglecting the notice, either from ignorance of its existence, or forgetfulness, they become too often the victims of a system of extortion. *Debutants* are more especially the objects of solicitous attention. A new tenor, no matter whether *primo* or *secondo*, after his first appearance, receives a volley of the paper missiles, a *prima donna* is overwhelmed, and a *contralto* surprised, and, at first, perhaps flattered to find herself addressed from all quarters by their energetic editors. The manner in which art and artists are treated in many of these prints is singularly familiar. The following literal translation of the "Notices to Correspondents" in a recent number of the *Croce di Savoia*, a Florentine publication, affords a striking example of the style in vogue:—

Correspondence of the *Croce di Savoia*, Jan. 8.

"We wish Signori Giuseppe Biondi and Carlo Biondi a happy new year, and hope they will not forget the 10 Francs they owe us."

"NAPLES.—Signor Settimio Malvassi. You are requested to send us the amount of your subscription which you owe, and for which we have so frequently applied to you."

"MILANO.—Signora Antonietta Montenegro. We beg to remind you, since your progress in the art! (sic) of the debt of 50 francs due to us."

"ANCONA.—Signor Ermanno Olinti, baritone, and Signor G. G., basso. We are tired of waiting, and request you will no longer lead us by the nose according to your custom!"

"PARIS.—Signor Mauro Masina, theatrical agent. We await the payment of subscriptions due according to account rendered. It's quite time you paid!"

In the same paper, under the heading *Miscellanea*, Mad. Tedesco is thus mentioned:—

"La Tedesco, who is celebrated for not paying her subscriptions, is about to undertake a professional tour. It is to be hoped that fortune will smile upon her, and that she will be able to pay the 200 francs she owes us."

The *Croce di Savoia* is not the only paper that so addresses its subscribers to remind them of their subscriptions being overdue, although perhaps singular in the barefaced effrontery of its applications. Another journal, known as *Il Buon Gusto*, also published in Florence, commenced the year by "An interesting notice to its dilatory constituents," in which it threatened, certainly in politer terms than its contemporary, to take proceeding against those who refused to pay, and to publish the names of the defaulters. The *Buon Gusto* moreover belied its title by inserting an editorial notice to a certain Signor C. R. G., to the effect, that if he did not liquidate his debt to the printer of the journal, his bad behaviour should be made public in the ensuing number.

It will be easily understood that artists who decline to "subscribe"—in other words, to submit to the black-mail imposed upon them—are not in favor with the disinterested proprietors. Those who are bold enough to make a stand against the system are generally handled with severity, while its willing and timid supporters are caressed and flattered whenever an opportunity presents itself for their names being brought into notice.

An anecdote is related of a young tenor with a fine voice but an empty purse, who being about to

make his first appearance, and desirous of securing the good-will and protection of one of the journals in question, called upon the editor, to assure him of his intention of subscribing to the paper whenever his resources allowed him to do so.

He was cordially received at first, but the manner of the literary tyrant changed perceptibly as soon as the true state of the visitor's finances became known. The singer was earnest in his appeal, and promised faithfully that the subscription should be paid out of the first instalment due upon his engagement. After a somewhat protracted interview, assurances of mutual support were interchanged. The *debut* took place, and was most successful. It was noticed by the wily editor in the following cautious terms:—"Signor — is an artist who promises a great deal. Before recording a decided opinion as to his merits, we shall wait and see whether he fulfils our expectations."

There are, however, some honorable exceptions to the prevalent character of Italian theatrical journalism—exceptions the more distinguished for the worthlessness by which they are surrounded. *Il Trovatore*, a Milanese journal, is remarkable for its wit and the able criticisms from the pen of its manager, Signor Marcello. The caricatures of musical celebrities which it contains are amusing and well drawn. The *Gazzetta Musicale*, published in Milan, and edited by Dr. Filippi, an accomplished musician and elegant writer, is also worthy of every commendation for the justness and impartiality of its remarks. These and the occasional art *feuilletons* of the political journals afford an agreeable contrast to the petty prints which, like swarms of locusts, prey upon the musical and theatrical professions at the present day in Italy.—*London Musical World*.

Prince Albert as a Musician.

As it may be gratifying to have some record of the musical achievements and acquisitions of the late lamented Prince Consort, we have collected some few memorials which will show that the Prince was something more than a *dilettante* in music and a patron of the professors of the art. Prince Albert's compositions comprise a variety of cantatas, chorales, songs, marches, &c., published at different times in this country.

During his student life at Bonn the Prince published an essay on music, and also an elegant volume of lyrics, for the benefit of the poor. In the composition of several songs he had thus early in life shown himself a good musician. Proofs of these qualities have now become familiar enough. We know that the Prince solaced the cares of state by resorting to music as his choicest recreation. With all our great institutions, with all our national celebrations, have the names of Victoria and Albert become entwined; but in our national music—more especially our sacred music—the interest of Prince Albert was strong, practical and almost professional.

It will be remembered that an inscription commemorative of the virtues of the Queen was written by our poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, but it may not be so generally known that the Prince devoted his mind to the setting this splendid ode to music. Tennyson's words bore explicit reference to the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the second verse running thus:—

She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and the scattered ends
Of our fierce world were mixed as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass.

Recently a second edition of "Songs by Prince Albert" has been issued by Mr. Bohn, publisher, of York street. *Apropos* of the first Crystal Palace, we may remind our readers that the Prince Consort personally superintended the grand musical arrangements connected with that eventful inauguration. The two German chorales sung at the recent funeral were also set to music by the illustrious deceased, at whose obsequies they were destined to be chanted; and these sacred songs it was a satisfaction to the Prince, when living, to hear sung or to accompany in the privacy of life. The above hymns were printed for private circulation, and published at Windsor, as recorded on the title page of the book, "by permission."

The Prince's admiration of the composer, Mendelssohn, was manifested in a remarkable manner on the composer's visit to this country both in 1844 and 1847, the years of the respective triumphs achieved by Mendelssohn as a composer of sacred music and the oratorio of "Elijah." On the above occasions Mendelssohn was invited to Windsor Castle, and received by the Prince more on the footing of an illustrious guest than of a professional artist. Mendelssohn often afterwards spoke of the pride and gratification he felt in the liberal and kind patronage of the Prince Consort.

It was to hear the oratorio of "Elijah" that her Majesty and the Prince paid their first and only visit to Exeter-hall, April 23, 1847. The following day the Prince sent his own marked book, in which he had followed the performance, to Mendelssohn. The book contains the following highly complimentary dedication to Mendelssohn, in the handwriting of Prince Albert:—"To the great master, who, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements, makes us conscious of the unity of his conceptions, in grateful remembrance." Mendelssohn, of course, prized this brochure as of inestimable value, the more so because the great German composer of the modern era of the musical art knew how to appreciate the words of one whose musical abilities he respected. Mendelssohn was well aware of Prince Albert's perfect conversancy with music. He knew that in his student years at Bonn the Prince had written his "Essay on Music," a work Mendelssohn himself admired, and had critically pronounced of no superficial character. Prince Albert was a munificent patron of the leading societies of musicians. It was at the rooms of the Philharmonic Society that he cultivated the acquaintance of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and other composers of note. The old royal box of the Hanover-square Rooms, in which have sat so many sovereigns, from the Handel-loving George to her present Majesty, was often occupied by the late Prince Consort.—*Court Journal*.

Tate and Brady.

[The following sketch of Tate and Brady is from an article on Metrical Psalmody in the *St. James's Magazine*.]

The lives of Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady do not furnish over ample materials for the pen of the biographer. If their fame is not really great, there are at least few people whose eyes have not often rested on their names; and it may not, therefore, be uninteresting briefly to answer the question which many must have asked, without perhaps the ready means to furnish a reply, "Who were Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady?"

They were both Irishmen—the sons of Irishmen. Nahum Tate was born in Dublin, in 1652. The particulars of his life are very scanty; he adopted no profession, but seems to have lived on his patrons. One of these, Lord Dorset, obtained for him, at Shadwell's death, in 1690, the post of Poet Laureate. Besides miscellaneous poems, Tate was the author of nine plays, one of which, an adaptation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," was very popular, and held the stage for several years. These are all, however forgotten, and his reputation has to rest upon a somewhat unsubstantial foundation—his share in the versification of the Psalms of David. He was ever in debt, and died in the precincts of the Royal Mint,* whither he had taken sanctuary to avoid his creditors.

The name of Dr. Nicholas Brady claims a larger share of respect at our hands. His father was an officer in the King's army, whom he served in the rebellion of 1641. Nicholas, born at Bandon on the 28th of October, 1659, was sent to Westminster School at twelve years old, where he was chosen King's Scholar, and whence he was afterwards elected a Student of Christ Church. After remaining at Oxford four years he removed to Dublin, where his father resided, and from whose University he obtained successively the degrees of B. A., M. A., and D. D. Soon after his ordination he was appointed a Prebend of Cork and obtained other Irish preferment. In 1690, troubles having broken out in Ireland, Dr. Brady thrice, by his intervention with the Royalist General MacCarthy, saved his native town, Bandon, from destruction—the King having thrice ordered it to be razed to the ground. The same year he was deputed by the people of Bandon to go over to England to petition Parliament for a redress of Irish grievances, which in those days were more than imaginary. He settled in England, and during the whole of his life was held in the highest esteem as a man and a minister.

The custom of an Annual Ode and an Annual Sermon on St. Cecilia's Day had not yet grown into desuetude. In 1692 Dr. Brady wrote the successful ode: it was beautifully set to music by Henry Purcell, and twice performed with universal applause. Its author had also the honor, a few years after, of preaching the Annual Sermon on Sacred Poetry in St. Bride's Church: it was afterwards printed under the title of "Christian Music Vindicated." He became a noted preacher in London, and was chosen by the parishioners Minister of St. Catherine Cree, and Lecturer at St. Michael's Wood street. He afterwards became Rector of Richmond, where he

* The privileges attached to the Mint were abolished a few years after.

kept a first-class school and performed the work of versifying; and was finally presented to the wealthy living of Clapham. He also had for some time the spiritual charge of Stratford-upon-Avon. He filled the distinguished post of Chaplain successively to the Duke of Ormond, William and Mary, and Queen Anne. Dr. Brady died, in London, on the 20th of May, 1726, in his 67th year, beloved and respected by all who knew him. We prefer to remember him as the saviour of his native town, and the faithful and ardent minister of religion—but his sermons and patriotism are forgotten, and he is only known in this nineteenth century as the author, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, of the New Version of Psalms. The first portion of this work, entitled, "An Essay of a New Version of the Psalms of David," consisting of the first twenty by N. Brady and N. Tate, was published in London in 1695: it was followed in 1698 by the New Version complete, fitted to the tunes used in churches, and the "Supplement" of Church Hymns appeared in 1700.

A Musical Gymnast.

I remember, not long since, being much bored by a pianist in the same court where my studio is, a man who played (literally played, not worked), from morning till night. From the vigor and facility which he displayed he evidently understood the resources of his instrument. But judging from his style, his brains all ran into his finger tips. For the greater part of the day he regaled the court with rare specimens of musical gymnastics. He was never at rest. He never even walked—what the Italians call *andante*—still less descended so low as the *adagio*. He was one of your fast pianists. Without knowing it, he was a harlequin. He ran, he tumbled, he leaped, he hurried up stairs and down stairs, like the renowned Goosey Gander. He mounted by scales and ladders to the chimney-top, fluttered down to the pavement in a gaudy parachute of intricate cadenzas, and alighted with a conventional ballet attitude, as much as to say, "How beautiful I am!" He danced, waltzed, polked, redow'd mazourked, gambolled, sprawled, rolled over and over, and, in fine, sputtered and flashed and thundered in the most unaccountable and bewildering pyrotechnics—and all with those little fingers of his on a row of keys not much over a yard in length.

Not that I dislike rapid and remarkable execution. This music of the finger-tips has its place. I think I could listen enraptured to a Liszt or a Thalberg; for these men could put a soul into all they did. Theirs was not a mere embellishment, but a theme embellished. It was like a beautiful woman in a beautiful ball-dress. This man hung out nothing but jewelry and silks and laces and feathers, which caught your eye for a moment by their gay colors and delicate texture, but fluttered soon, like ghosts, in the wind. His performance was all kaleidoscope, not painting. Not a morsel of the great tone-masters did he treat us to. He did nothing but improvise on the most threadbare phrases of the most modern and most soulless of the musical rope-dancers. Only let him give us something strong as well as rapid—an *étude* of Stephen Heller's, for instance, or one of Thalberg's piano translations. As for Beethoven, Mozart and those inspired ones. I wondered if he knew anything of them beside their names. One would have expected something of Chopin, or at least some theme from the best Italian opera. Not even this. Our ground-and-lofty tumbler preferred his own improvisations, which were as tame as they were ambitious.

I can foreknow this individual's character, and cast his horoscope, solely from a knowledge of his music. A fellow who, but for those ten astonishing digits of his, would doubtless be idiotic. I should know him if I met him. I can imagine him small, sallow, black haired and black bearded, with vacant black eyes, impotently nervous, which stare at you with the most conceited expression. I have no doubt he promenades the *Champs Elysées* on a sunshiny afternoon, showily dressed; stops to look at all the fine liveried carriages, and passes his evenings talking city gossip and playing dominoes at the *café*. Sometimes a brother musician, of the same calibre, used to join him at the piano—a baritone. And then such melodious bellowings resounded through the court, such ponderous *rechauts* of Verdi and Meyerbeer, as would go to a bull-frog's very heart.

But Paris contains plenty of earnest artists, in the musical as in all other departments. Indeed, there is no city of Europe where there are more workers, as much from love of art itself as from incessant stimulus of competition. And the people, too, show a regard for art which it will take some years for us Americans, as a people, to approach. When, if ever, we get things straight again in our distracted and disordered country, how long will it be before our

government at Washington will show the tenth part of the interest in encouraging art that exists in the cities of the Old World?—*Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The sixth chamber concert of the season took place on Wednesday evening of last week. Chickering's beautiful hall was full. The programme was of more than average interest.

1. Sextet, op. 140, for two violins, two violas and two cellos. L. Spohr
Allegro Moderato, Larghetto, Scherzo and Finale
Attaca.
2. Aria, "Voi che sapete," from Figaro. Mozart
Miss Washburn.
3. Andante and Scherzo from the Posthumous Quartet op. 81, in E. Mendelssohn
4. "Ave Maria" on Bach's Prelude in C. Gounod
Miss Washburn.
5. Tenth Quartet in E flat, op. 74. Beethoven
Introduction and Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, and Finale,
Tema con Variazioni.

The Sextet by Spohr is an interesting specimen of that composer, and in his peculiar vein; although there is something to our ear not entirely euphonious and a little *outré* in the first movement; in the wide interval, for instance, at which the first violin, on entering, is set off against the other instruments, as if it were about to play a solo. The Larghetto seemed to sit better on the strings, and flowed on in a rich, satisfying stream of harmony. The Scherzo leads without break into the Finale, and both are full of life and piquancy. In the performance the Club were again aided by the violoncello of Mr. BYRNES (whose name was misspelt in our former notice, confounding it with that of the Scotch poet).—The Sextet was well played, after the instruments had once felt their way, by mutual approaches, into more perfect tune.

The two movements from Mendelssohn's "posthumous" Quartet were highly enjoyable; and of course Beethoven's Quartet in Eb, No. 10, was one of the richest treats imaginable in this kind of music, being scarcely separated in style and feeling from the so-called posthumous Quartets, of which the club have already given us a specimen this season. This No. 10 has only been played once or twice here before, if we remember rightly. We cannot speak of the performance in detail, for, sooth to say, an "exposition of sleep" came upon us about that time (partly owing to the close air of the room), which quite forbids an after-exposition of the music, although we did enjoy its glorious harmonies as in a dream, and feel that it was enjoyed by others. Now if there be one form of torture more refined and subtle than another, you may know it in the struggle to keep awake when you have something good to read or listen to, and that perhaps the only opportunity!

MISS WASHBURN (whom we, unlike many of our readers, heard for the first time) has a large, rich, powerful soprano voice, whose proper field would seem to be in a large hall or church, and in oratorio or great church music. It was a little over-powerful and sometimes a little harsh, in the small room, though generally musical and pleasing. In style and execution she certainly stands high among our native singers, and is free from false taste and affectation of expression. Better

suited, one would think, to something simple, large and noble, than to such fineness of expression, between play and sentiment, as Cherubino's charming air requires; and yet it was by no means badly sung. As to the *Ave Maria*—while we can compliment the singer—we prefer Bach without the help of Gounod.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MUSIC.—The Church of the Immaculate Conception had not a seat upon its vast floor unfilled last Sunday evening; and certainly the concert, arranged by Mr. WILCOX, the organist and conductor there, out of rich materials which he has been cultivating with great skill and enterprise, afforded unusual attractions for Boston. It is something to hear some of this rich Mass and Motet music, rendered by adequate forces, and in a corresponding place. The noble architectural proportions of the church itself, by far the largest in the city, and purely Roman in its style, though wanting color, helped out the impression of the music, while doubtless they inspired the singers; what we saw, and seeing felt, was in keeping with what we heard. Then again the acoustic properties of the building are extraordinary; no deadening or swallowing up of tone whatever; but the opposite extreme, amounting almost to a fault. It was as if every sound came magnified to several times its natural power and volume through a system of ear lenses. The single voice sounded gigantic; full choir and organ, in strong passages, grew overpowering; we never heard in any place, from such organs, human or artificial, sounds so large and loud. But it is the excess of a good thing; it is unaccompanied by disturbing reverberation; the effect is often purely good and probably some slight modification might subdue a quality so rare and desirable to just the perfect medium. What say the professors of "Acoustic Architecture?"

The programme was not drawn from the severe old Catholic church masters, such as Palestrina or Orlando Lasso, such as would most interest the student but from more modern and attractive sources for the many; from some of the best writers from Haydn and Mozart down, whose music really is religious, mingled with some of those secular and sensuous compositions to sacred texts, which one hears everywhere in Roman churches, and which constitute no small part of their allurements. Really a rich programme though:

1. Organ Introduction.....Mr. J. Wilcox
2. Motet. Deus tibi laus.....Mozart
3. Quartet. Salve Regina.....Hauptmann
4. Duet. Quis est Homo.....Rossini
5. Song. O Lord, have mercy.....Pergolesi
6. Quartet. Recordare, from the "Requiem".....Mozart
7. Chorus and Quartet. Sanctus and Benedictus.....Weber
8. Quartet and Chorus. Benedictus, from the "Requiem".....Mozart
9. Motet. In manus te vane curas.....Haydn
10. Song. Gratias agimus tibi.....Guglielmi
11. Chorus. Benedictus.....Hummel
12. Chorus. Gloria in excelsis Deo.....Hauptmann

The two motets, especially that of Haydn, which has chord progressions in it that remind one of the "Rain" chorus in *Elijah*, are noble compositions, and were finely sung by a choir of about twenty fresh and open voices, which sing out with a will and give evidence of good training. The selections from Mozart's *Requiem* too gave much satisfaction; although the *Recordare*, a piece as difficult as it is beautiful, went not quite smoothly in some parts. Miss WASHBURN, Mrs. SHATTUCK, Mr. LANGMAID and Mr. POWER form an uncommonly effective quartet of voices; the chief fault being an occasional harshness in the soprano, otherwise remarkably pure, rich and telling. The selections from Hauptmann made one desirous of more acquaintance with the works of the Leipzig Cantor of to-day. Hummel's *Benedictus* is from a Mass which holds its place among the chief favorites in the Catholic service;

and Weber's *Sanctus*, &c., breathes much of the same peculiar imaginative seriousness with the sweeter passages in *Freyshütz*. The bass solo, by Pergolesi, a composition of much dignity, was also sung with dignity and true style by Mr. POWERS (his tones magnified to the ear, too, by the cause described above). Guglielmi's *Gratias agimus*, a showy concert piece without meaning, displayed a good power of florid execution in Miss WASHBURN, while the usual clarinet or flute *alligato* was tastefully supplied on the organ by Mr. WILCOX, whose accompaniments throughout the evening were skillfully and sympathetically adapted to the various music sung. The Duet and Quartet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, were highly creditable performances, if they suffered somewhat from the recollection of the great singers we have heard in them through many successive years; for the *Stabat Mater* has had a fair chance to grow hacknied, being the only "sacred" work on which the Italian opera singers ever care to venture. The gentleman who sang the tenor in the *Sancta Mater*, was noticeable for the sweetness and the fervor of his voice.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Another great crowd in the Music Hall on Wednesday Afternoon. Hope is not wanting in the country, when between two and three thousand people listen so eagerly to Symphonies and Overtures. The programme contained several choice things:

1. Symphony No. 2, in G minor.....Mozart
2. Concert Waltz, "Grafenberger".....Gungl
3. Overture, "Fidelio".....Beethoven
4. Grand Scene, from "Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
5. Samiel Polka.....Stanny
6. Turkish March, from the "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
7. Finale, "A Summer Night in Denmark".....Lumbye

The G minor Symphony, a perfect model in its kind, was a good deal disturbed by the unsettled condition of the audience, doors on all sides continually opening to admit belated eager people, some of whom walked a long way and bugled about a long time before any apparent reverence for Mozart, or regard for listeners, overtook them; therefore we cannot but still think that the Symphony would be better placed in the middle of the programme, as in the preceding concert. Or does your darling waltz, dear girls, demand the same attentive silence? Certainly the orchestra sounded better in the succeeding pieces—and in the last half of the Symphony—although the whole seemed to be quite well played. The *Fidelio* overture was comforting and strengthening in one's deeper parts, after the gay and pretty waltz; the horns sang very sweetly. The re-hash of the "Huguenots" suggested of some Meyerbeer's most dramatic traits quite effectively; and the Polka showed the ball room under a strange, wierd light, being based upon Caspar's drinking song and other dark *diablerie* of the *Freyshütz* music. The "Turkish March" was just the thing for an afternoon. The concerts are quite enjoyable, and we are glad to report them in the full tide of success.

What Next.

This evening happy will be who has secured a seat in the Music Hall, to listen to the glorious music prepared by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, by way of celebration of the recent national Victories! After some national airs played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, which will cooperate in full force, Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" will be sung for the first time in Boston—a famous work, written to signalize a victory, but never sung before for victories so significant as ours. This will be followed by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which utters thanks in every key from the most trumpet-toned to the most sweet and tender. The solo singers will be Miss WASHBURN, Miss GRANGER, Miss FITCH, Mr. SIMPSON and Mr. WHITNEY. Chorus and orchestra will be effective; ZERRAHN will conduct; LANG will be organist, and the occasion will be full of "Glory Hallelujah!"

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give us next Wednesday the earlier Quintet of Beethoven, the Quartet in C of Mozart, a Concerto for Clarinet (not hitherto played here) by Mozart; and two vocal pieces, to be sung by Miss ADAMS.

Mr. ZERRAHN's fourth and last Philharmonic Concert will come next Saturday evening. The pieces thus far decided on are Beethoven's 8th Symphony, the happy, sunshiny one, and the overtures to "Oberon" and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25th 1862.—A large audience attended Gottschalk's concert, last evening.

Programme.

- 1—Aria, "Jerusalem".....Verdi
- 2—Cavatina, of "Betty".....Donizetti
- 3—Duetto, "Bellario".....Donizetti
- 4—Overture of "William Tell," arranged for two Pianos, by.....L. M. Gottschalk
- 5—Quartet from "Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
- 6—Transcription of Bravura of the Quartet of Rigoletto Composed and Performed by Gottschalk
- 7—Romanza, from "Don Pasquale".....Donizetti
- 8—English Song, "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," Miss Hinkley
- 9—(A) "Murmurs Aeolens" (B) "Pastorale e Cavalliere".....Lumbye
- 10—Romanza, from "Lombardi".....Verdi
- 11—Trio, from "Lucrèce Borgia".....Donizetti
- 12—The Banjo, (by general request).....Composed and Performed by Gottschalk

Gottschalk's playing is more beautiful than when he was last here. The improvement in that which before was so admirable shows that he has true artistic ambition. He seems to possess all the requisites of the *bravura* style and is, perhaps, the best exponent we have yet had of the Schulhoff—Gottschalk school. His manner, a happy combination of ease and grace, always prepossesses the audience in his favor and awakens expectations that are fully met by his performance.

He always plays his own compositions in public. As these are peculiar, it is difficult closely to compare his style with that of other eminent performers. One characteristic of his solos is the contrast between their very difficult right-hand and comparatively easy left-hand passages. Because he chooses to write in that way, some of our critics jump at the conclusion that he neglected to cultivate his left hand while employed in making a marvel of the other. Though the circumstance gives room for the hypothesis, it does not prove it.

No artist ever had warmer friends than G. and, in their good will, they shower upon him praise less discriminating than hearty. When, some years ago, they pronounced his "Banancier," "Marche de Nuit," &c., "perfect," they little foresaw that they might hear much better piano playing from the very man for whom they then claimed superiority over the greatest pianists of Europe. If the friendly critics then spoke truly, the event has proved the possibility of improving upon perfection.

Mr. Sanderson, an ardent admirer and disciple of Gottschalk, accompanied him in the arrangement (Fantasia, I think it should be called) of the William Tell overture. Mr. S. plays very well, but was barely a satisfactory substitute for Mr. Wolfsohn, who was first announced.

The vocalists went through the selection of threadbare Italian Cavatinas, Duos and Romanzas with most contemptuous carelessness. For some unexplained reason, the trio from "Lucrèce" was passed over, neither conductor nor manager deigning to ask the audience to excuse the omission.

CHATTERELLE.

Since writing the above, I learn that the other singers were ready to do their parts in the trio, but that Brignoli positively refused to sing. The *Bulletin* gives the culprits a sound exhortation to-day. C.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—From an interesting report of two "historical concerts," recently given by the "Society of Friends of Music," we translate the following:

"Twenty pieces by 17 composers were performed, representing the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries; chamber music alternating with purely vocal choruses.

"The first artistically culminating school of the 16th century, the Roman, may be regarded as the point of departure of the programme. It was represented by a mixed chorus of Palestrina, a short male chorus of his kindred spirit, Lodevico da Vittoria,—wide resounding, sweet and yet lofty, like harmonies woven out of rays of light! From Rome we turn next to Germany, where, about contemporaneously with Palestrina, a national tone-art got a foothold through the Reformation." Innspruck, I must leave thee," by Heinrich Isaac (1539) leads us into the midst of the first joyfully believing times of the evangelical church song, when the demand for melodies for all the spiritual hymns led to the rich spring of the secular people's song. As from this secular "Innspruck" arose, by slight changes of text, the choral: "O world, I must leave thee," so generally the finest melodies of Protestant chorals are taken from the old *Volkslieder*, often of a very worldly character. The further development of German religious music was represented in the programme by a heart-felt double chorus by Melchior Franck, and—jumping such important intermediate links as Leo Hassler and Eccard—by an equally beautiful chorus, on a higher plane of Art, by Heinrich Schütz. This genial composer, who may be regarded as the artistic starting point of Bach and Handel, gave a powerful turn to German music, too long governed by the Choral, in that he consciously transplanted to us the sensuous beauty of a more advanced art, the Italian. Besides these specimens of the two contrasted musical directions, the Roman school and the Protestant German, three more isolated choruses reminded us of other important periods and men; namely: an interesting madrigal of the Venetian Lotti ("Festival song on the Bucentaur"), the poetry far more brilliant than the music; a delicious comic chorus "*Die Martinsgans*" (Martin's goose) by the Netherlander Roland de Lattre (Orlando Lasso); and a chorus with soprano solo from "Castor and Pollux" by the Frenchman Rameau—one of the most natural and graceful things which that dry, stiff dramatist ever wrote. This was the only operatic piece in the programme; if it was in place, why not also find place for a specimen of his predecessor and rival, Lully? The father of French opera might at least have appeared in some dance piece or overture, since his ballet music was the most famous of its day.

"The chamber music of the last 160 years was nobly represented. The precedence belongs to Corelli, who is important not merely as "founder of the high style of violin playing," but also as one of the earliest cultivators of chamber music, and as the creator of the first regular orchestra in Rome. That Corelli should be represented by two of his larger compositions in one evening, seems rather disproportionate; in themselves his "Concerto for stringed instruments" and his Violin Sonata (of the year 1700) offered much that was interesting. In constrained but never awkward forms the musical thought strives here, as it were, after independent instrumental substance and expression. But the emancipation of instrumental music had then only begun to assert itself. In the 16th century, and a long way into the 17th, music was synonymous with singing. Instrumental music was only an echo of song.... Upon the great Italian violinists followed soon the first noteworthy manifestations in the domain of piano composition and virtuosity. Of its

representatives upon our programme François Couperin is the oldest. Sebastian Bach's predecessor, he was prized by him, and not without influence on his smaller piano-forte things. Couperin's piano compositions sound to us thin and sprawling; to hear a series of them, one would nearly die of monotony. These "*Pièces de Clavecin*" (the Imperial library contains four "books" of them in two great folio volumes) are put together in "*ordres*;" thus outwardly they are a sort of *Suites* in the broadest sense, but without any definite number and order in the single pieces. "*J'aime beaucoup mieux, ce qui me touche, que ce qui me surprend*," says the composer in his preface; but his music says the opposite; it runs altogether into external ingenuity and glitter, and exhausts itself in petty tone-painting. The supercriptions of the little pieces, such as "*Le petit deuil, ou les 3 veuves*," "*Les barricades mystérieuses*," &c. are often odd enough.

"Incomparably higher stood the piano compositions of Domenico Scarlatti; especially the first piece, played by Herr Dachs, breathed a sensuous freshness and grace rare in the piano pieces of that time. Sebastian Bach was represented by two violin Sonatas, masterworks of contrapuntal depth, dignity and grace. Of Bach's sons the three most important figured in the programme: the intellectual, finely cultivated Emanuel in a piano Sonata; the genial but very unequal Friedmann in a Sonata for two pianos; finally John Christian, the "Milan Bach," in a piano Sonata. Boccherini, the meritorious predecessor of Haydn, formed the well chosen close with a gracefully flowing string Quartet.

"The extremely favorable impression of the concerts, to which Messrs. Herbeck, Dessoff, Dachs, Hellmesberger and Epstein contributed, might very well guaranty the continuance of historical concerts in coming years."

The Philharmonic Concert of Jan. 26, had for programme: Mendelssohn's overture "*Meerestille und Glückliche Fahrt*;" Serenade for wind instruments, by Mozart; Bass aria from Handel's *Iracl*; and the 7th Symphony of Beethoven.—The Opera was chiefly occupied during the last week in January with *Le Prophète*. And in the principal rôle electrified the crowded house. Frau Ellinger as Fides, and Frau Krauss as Bertha were much applauded. The *Pardon de Ploemel* was impatiently expected, but as yet a Dinorah was wanting.

LEIPZIG.—A new theatre is to be built here (sadly needed!) at a cost of about \$200,000.—At the 13th Gewandhaus Concert several vocal compositions were performed for the first time, namely: Motets for female choir, by Mendelssohn; "The Queen of the Elves," also for female chorus and solo, by Stehl; "Song of the Dwarfs," female chorus, by Reinicke.

BRUSSELS.—The principal feature of the second concert of the Conservatoire was the performance of a Symphony in E♭ by the elder Fétis, which created much enthusiasm; it is claimed for it in French journals that it "marks an epoch of transformation in the Symphony." Fétis has also written a Symphony in G minor. Other pieces in the concert were: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, and a violin concerto, composed and played by J. de Monasterio, former pupil of DeBeriot and professor in the Conservatoire at Madrid.—Morelli's opera company has been made doubly popular through the aid of Adelina Patti, who has excited great enthusiasm by her singing and acting in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Marta*, &c.—The French troupe at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have represented *La Pagoda*, an opera by Fauconnier, which generally pleased. Mme. Boulard, Jourdan and Bonnefol were applauded in it. Mme. Carvalho took her leave of the Brussels public in the *Barber* and *Les Noces de Jeannette*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Home of my youth. "Ruy Blas." 25
Could life's dark scene. " " 15

Howard Glover's Opera of "Ruy Blas" has been the great novelty on the boards of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera house in London this season. The Opera, like all English Operas, contains some pieces written in the ballad style, and as well if not better suited to the parlor as to the stage. Among them are the above two, which have proved uncommonly taking.

Home Visions. Quartet. S. K. Whiting. 15

A simple, plaintive Quartet. Glee Clubs of little practice will find it very attractive.

Battle Hymn of the Republic. Mrs. Howe. 25

Written by Mrs. Howe to the air of "Glory Hallelujah" for the "Atlantic Monthly" and taken therefrom by special permission of the publishers. The words are truly grand and beautiful. A better "Battle hymn" could not be written nor a better tune for it found.

The flower she loves. "Ruy Blas." 25

A very pretty ballad from the new and much praised Opera by Howard Glover, just brought out in London.

Instrumental Music.

The dawn of Freedom. Grand March. Handel Pond. 25

A pretty March, not difficult.

An evening on the water. J. Pichowski. 60

Two dreamy pieces, suggestive of a dark Italian sky sparkling with stars, over a quiet sea. They are somewhat difficult of execution; but will amply repay study.

Agnes Sorel Quadrille. Four hands. A. Leduc. 50

A set of popular Quadrilles arranged for two performers in a very effective style.

Sunnyside Polka. E. Moore. 25

An easy trifle.

Garibaldi Grand March. Florian Agosty. 30

A very fine dashing March, full of life and spirit. The Trio introduces the National Italian hymn: *Viva Italia!* with great effect. A picture of the hero, on horseback, adorns the titlepage.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3.00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 518.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 23.

The Origin of Language.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains.

'Tis not very easy to tell
How language had first a beginning,
When Adam had just left the shell,
And Eve hadn't taken to spinning;
Or if, in some other queer way,
Men rose to be lords of creation,
What power brought their tongues into play,
Or prompted their speechification?
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some think they were ready inspired
With lexicon, syntax and grammar,
And never like children required
At lessons to lisp and to stammer.
As Pallas by Jove was begot
In armor all brilliantly burnished,
So Man with his Liddell and Scott
And Butman or Blomfield was furnished.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some say that the primitive tongue
Expressed but the simplest affections,
And swear that the words said or sung
Were nothing but mere Interjections.
O! O! was the signal of pain:
Ha! Ha! was the symptom of laughter:
Pook! Pook! was the sign of disdain,
And others came following after.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some, taking a different view,
Maintain the old language was fitted
To mark out the objects we knew,
By mimicking sounds they emitted.
Bow, wow was the name for a dog:
Quack, quack was the word for a duckling:
Hunc, hunc would designate a hog,
And wee wee a pig and a suckling.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

If asked these hard things to explain,
I own I am wholly unable;
And hold the attempt the more vain,
When I think of the Building of Babel.
The primitive world to lay bare,
Philologists try, but I doubt it:
As none of them chanced to be there,
It's clear they know nothing about it.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

What Adam in Eden might speak,
Could not be the tongue of his mother;
It may have been Gaelic or Greek;
It must have been something or other.
It may have been Sanscrit or Zend,
Chaldaic, Assyrian, Arabic:
It may have had joints without end,
Or it may have been monosyllabic.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But why should we puzzle our brains
With Etymological folly?
The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,
Or help us a bit to be jolly.
For if we in twenty strange tongues
Could call for a beef-steak and bottle,
By dint of mere learning and lungs,
They wouldn't be nearer our throttle.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,
The realms of the dry Mithridates:
I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,
Till patience cried "*Ohe jam satis*."
Max Müller completed my plan,
And, leave of the subject now taking,
As wise as when first I began,
I end with a head that is aching.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

The speech of Old England for me,
Which serves us on every occasion!
Henceforth, like our soil, let it be
Exempted from foreign invasion.
It answers for friendship and love,
And all sorts of feeling and thinking;
And, lastly, all doubt to remove—
It answers for singing and drinking.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 380).

TO PROFESSOR ZELTER.

Rome, June 16, 1881.

Dear Professor!

I have long wanted to write to you, and render you a report upon the music of the Holy Week. But my journey to Naples interfered; there I roved about most of the time in the open air on the mountains, or occupied myself with the sea, and could not find a quiet time for writing; hence the delay, which I must beg you to excuse. Since then I have not heard a tone worth notice (in Naples nothing but the most ordinary), and so there really is nothing in the last months for me to write to you about, except the Holy Week; I think I have forgotten nothing, and it is not likely that I ever shall! Of the impression of the whole I have already written to my parents, and they have probably communicated it to you. It was fine, that I resolved to listen to the thing in a perfectly cool, observing spirit, and nevertheless before the beginning in the chapel I grew serious and devout. Such a state of feeling is, as I believe, essential to the right apprehension of any thing new, and nothing of the effect of the whole has escaped me, although I compelled myself to watch all the particulars.

On Wednesday, at half past four o'clock, the solemnity began with the antiphony: *Zelus domus tuæ*. The little book, which contains the ritual of the week, explains the signification of the whole solemnity: "In each *nocturno* there are three psalms sung, because Christ died for virgins, wives and widows; and also on account of the three laws, the natural, the written and the evangelical; the *Domine labia mea*, and the *Deus in adiutorium* are not sung, because the ungodly have robbed us of our head and beginning; the 15 candles signify the twelve apostles and three Maries," &c. (The little book contains the most remarkable things of this sort, and therefore I shall bring it with me.) The psalms are sung for-

tissimo by all the men's voices in two choirs. Each verse of the psalm is divided into two parts, like question and answer, or rather like *a* and *b*; the first choir sings *a*, and the second answers with *b*. All the words, except the last, are sung with great rapidity upon one tone, and upon the last they make a short *melisma*, which is different in the first and second verse. To this melody, or *tono*, as they call it, the whole psalm is sung with all its verses, and I have written down for myself seven different *toni*, which they employed alternately in the three days. You cannot think how tiresome and monotonous this seems, and how roughly and mechanically they sing off their psalms. The first *tonus* which they sang, was for example:

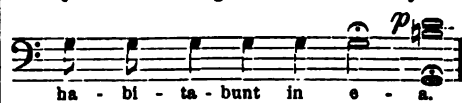
CORO I.



CORO II.

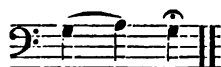


So the whole psalm of 42 verses goes on continually, one half of the verse ending on *g a g*, and the other on *g e g*.—They sing it precisely with the expression, and it sounds, as if many men were earnestly and angrily disputing, each obstinately retorting to the other always the same thing. In the last verse of every psalm they sing the words, with which it closes, more slowly and impressively, and, instead of the *melismas*, make a long trichord *piano*; for example, in the first:

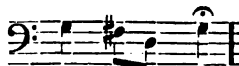


By way of introduction at the beginning of each psalm there are one or more antiphonies; these are commonly sung by a couple of alto voices very roughly and hardly in *canto fermo*; so likewise the first half of the first verse of every psalm, and with the second the above described responses of the choirs of men start off. The single antiphonies, &c., which I have written down, I shall keep to show to you, so that you may compare them with the little book. On Wednesday evening the 68th psalm is first sung, and then the 69th and 70th. (By the way, this division of the verses of the psalms, between choir and counter-choir, is one of the arrangements which Bunsen has made for the evangelical church here; and he too introduces every choral by an antiphony. These are composed by George, a musician here, after the manner of the *canti fermi*, and are first sung by a few voices, then the choral falls in, *Ein feste Burg*, for instance.) After the 70th psalm comes a *pater noster sub silentio*; i. e. all stand up, and there is a short, silent pause. Then, very soft and low, begins the

first Lamentation of Jeremiah, in G major. It is a beautiful and earnest composition by Palestrina, and when it follows upon the wild cry of the psalms, without basses, merely for high solo voices and tenor, with the gentlest *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, sometimes floating away almost inaudibly, and slowly drawing itself along from one tone and chord to another, the effect is altogether heavenly. It is bad, to be sure, that the passages, which they sing most touchingly and devotionally, and which evidently have been composed too with partiality, must needs be the superscriptions of the single chapters or verses: *Aleph, Beth, Gimmel, &c.*; and that the beautiful beginning, which sounds as if it came down from heaven, is precisely on the words; *Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetæ, lectio I.* A Protestant heart must revolt at this, and if there should be a purpose of introducing these songs into our churches, the impossibility of it appears to me clearly enough shown in this; for if somebody sings: "first chapter," you cannot be very devotional, however beautiful it may be. My little book says, to be sure: "*Vedendo profetizzato il crocifiggimento con gran pietà si cantano eziandio molto lamentevolmente 'Aleph' e le altre simile parole, che sono le lettere dell' alfabeto Ebreo, perché erano in costume di porsi in ogni canzone in luogo di lamento, come è questa. Ciascuna lettera ha in se tutto il sentimento di quel versetto, che la segue, ed è come un argomento di esso.*" But that does not help the matter.—After this, psalms 71, 72 and 73 are sung in the same manner as above, with the antiphonies. These are quite arbitrarily distributed to the different voices, so that in one the sopranos begin: *In monte Oliveti*; whereupon the basses fall in *forte* with *oravit ad patrem: pater, &c.* Then follow the *lectiones* from St. Augustine's tractate on the psalms. The singular manner, in which these are sung, struck me unutterably on Palm Sunday, when I heard it for the first time, and without knowing what it was. They are delivered by a single voice, reciting on one tone, not as in the psalms, but slowly, impressively, letting the tone sound fully out. There are different cadences for the different punctuation marks, for comma, question, period, &c. Perhaps they are already known to you; but, being new to me, they seemed very strange. The first, for example, was delivered by a fine bass voice on G; when a comma occurs he makes upon the last word:



at a note of interrogation:



but at a period, this:



For example:

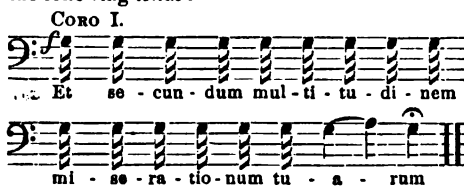


I cannot describe how strangely the fall from A to C sounds; especially when after the bass a soprano begins with D and makes the same fall with E and G: then an alto in its key, and so on; for they sang three different *lectiones*,

always alternating with *canto fermo*. The *canto fermo* was delivered with entire disregard to words and sense; for instance: "It were better for him, that he had never been born," which was sung in this way, quite *fortissimo* and with one tone:



Then come psalms 74, 75, 76. Then again three *lectiones*. Then the *Miserere*, but sung in the same way as all the preceding psalms, with the following *tonus*:



One must rub his ears well, before he will get anything better! Then follow psalms 8, 62, 66, the *Canticum Moysi* in its own tone, and psalms 148, 149, 150. Now come some antiphonies; meanwhile all the candles at the altar are put out, except one, which is concealed beneath the altar; high above the entrance still burn six tapers; all else is in twilight, and now the whole choir begins *unisono*, with all its might, the *Canticum* of Zachariah, while the last lights go out. The great *forte* in the twilight, and the earnest sound that streams forth from all the voices, has a wonderfully fine effect. The melody in D minor too is very beautiful. This being ended, it is now all dark; an antiphony comes upon the words: "And the betrayer had given them a sign," &c., to: "he is the one, him seize." Then all fall on their knees, and a voice sings *piano*: "*Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem.*" On the second day it adds further: "*mortem autem crucis*"; and on Good Friday: "*propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum, et dedit illi Nomen, quod est super omne Nomen.*" Now comes a pause again, during which everyone says to himself the *Pater noster*. A deathlike silence reigns throughout the chapel during this *Pater noster*; then begins the *Miserere* with a soft accord of voices, and expands itself to both choirs. This beginning, and the very first sound of all, have made the most impression on me. For an hour and a half you have heard nothing but singing in one part, and almost without alternation: and now after the silence comes a beautifully placed chord; it is splendid, and one feels the power of music in his inmost soul; for that it is, that makes the great effect. They spare the best voices for the *Miserere*, sing it with the greatest alternation, with *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, from the softest *piano* to the full power of the voice; no wonder that that takes hold of every one. Add to this, that they do not forget their contrasts; letting every other verse be sung by all the men's voices, monotonously, loudly and roughly, and then at the beginning of the next

verse enters again the beautiful, soft, full harmony, which never lasts more than a short time, and is then interrupted by the male chorus. During the monotonous verse you know already how beautifully the choir will come in, and then it comes again, and is again too short, and before you can reflect it is all over. Thus for example on the first day, when they gave the *Miserere* of Bainsi, as the principal key is B minor, they sing: *Miserere mei Deus* as far as *misereremur tuam* according to the notes with solo voices, two choirs and all possible expenditure of all their vocal means; then all the basses fall in *tutti forte* with F sharp, and recite upon this one tone: *et secundum multitudinem* as far as *iniquitatem meam*, whereupon instantly again the soft B minor chord follows; and so on to the last verse, which they always sing with all their might. Then follows again a silent, short prayer, and then all the Cardinals shuffle as loudly as they can with their feet; that is the end of the ceremony. My little book says: "The noise signifies, how the Jews took Christ prisoner with great tumult." That may be; but it sounds exactly like the drumming in the pit, when the play does not begin, or does not please. Then the one taper is brought out again from under the altar, and by its light they all disperse in silence; and here I must mention, that the effect is wonderfully fine when you step out from the chapel into the great entrance hall, where a huge chandelier is lighted, and where the Cardinals with their clergy pass through the lighted Quirinal between the rows of Swiss.

The *Miserere*, which they sang the first day, was by Bainsi; a composition, like all of those by him, without a trace of life or power. Still there were chords and music, and that made the impression. On the second day they gave some pieces by Allegri, the rest by Bai, and on Good Friday all by Bai. Since Allegri has composed only verse, to which they are all sung, I have thus heard each of the three compositions which they give there. But in fact it is pretty much the same thing what they sing, for they make the same *embellimenti* in one piece as in another; for each different chord a special one; so that you do not notice much of the composition itself. How these *embellimenti* have crept in, they will not say,—or they maintain, it is tradition. But that I do not at all believe; musical tradition is a poor affair at any rate, and then I do not know how a five-part setting is to be handed down by hearsay; it does not sound like that. They have evidently been added by a later hand; and it seems to me, the director had some good, high voices, that he wanted to produce them on occasion of the Holy Week, and therefore he wrote them ornaments to the simple chords, in which they could let out and display their voices to advantage. For *old* they certainly are not, but made with much taste and skill; they work admirably. There is one especially, which frequently occurs, and makes the greatest effect, so that there is a slight sensation among the crowd, whenever it begins; indeed, when you hear so much said of the peculiar style of delivery, and when people tell you that the voices did not sound like human, but like angel voices from above, and that it was such a sound as one will never hear anywhere else, they always mean this one embellishment. For instance, in the *Miserere*, whether by Bai or Allegri (for they make precisely the same *embellimenti* in both), wherever this succes-

sion of chords occurs :



they sing this instead of it :



Now the way that the Soprano takes the high C, very pure and soft, and lets it sound out a long time, and then slides slowly down, while the Alto steadily holds on its C, so that I was actually deceived at first and thought that the high C was held out all this time,—and the way the harmony gradually disentangle itself, is really something quite superb. The other ornaments are adapted in the same way to the chord progressions; but this one is by far the finest.

Of a peculiar manner of delivery I know nothing more to say. Also what I have read, about the sound being propagated by a peculiar acoustic arrangement, is mere fable; also the idea that it is all sung traditionally, without measure one following the other; for I clearly saw the shadow of Bainsi's long arm going up and down sometimes indeed he strikes very audibly upon the desk. There certainly is no lack of dust thrown in your eyes by the people, and even by the singers themselves. For instance, they never say beforehand what *Miserere* they mean to sing; that is decided at the moment itself, &c. Moreover the key, in which they sing it, depends on the purity of the voices. The first day it was B minor; the second and third days it was E minor, but it closed all three times in B minor. The principal Soprano, Mariano, had come to Rome expressly from the hill country, to sing with them, and to him I owe it that I have heard the *embellimenti* with their high tones. But however much pains they on this occasion, still the negligence and the bad habits of all the rest of the year avenge themselves, and you often get some terrible cacophonies.

(Remainder of this letter next week.)

Translated for this Journal.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 384.)

17.—*Mud. Gensinger to Haydn.*

Vienna, July 11, 1790.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!

I received your letter of July 4th in due course

and trust myself entirely in your hands in the matter of obtaining an excellent pianoforte, for as soon as Mademoiselle Nanette goes down (to Esterhaz) she will give you a commission in the name of the prince to purchase one for me. It will be perfectly agreeable to me if you (since you consider them the best) take one of Herr Schantz, but I should be glad to have you give it a trial before I receive it, for I consider my knowledge in these matters so small as very likely to be misled in trying to choose for myself. The Sonata pleases me throughout well; only in a single point I could wish it altered, if possible, (if such alteration should not take anything from the beauty of the piece) namely, the passage in the 2d part of the Adagio, which has to be played with hands crossed. As I am not accustomed to this, it is very difficult for me; I pray you therefore to let me know in what manner I can change this.

In a few days I will send back the other Sonatas. It is also very beautiful. One thing more I must beseech of you, namely, that the Symphony promised me—which you have declared shall be composed for me, singly and alone, the very thought of which rejoices me infinitely—may not be considered by you as replaced by the Sonatas. I know I ought not to plague you again so soon after the pains you have had with the Sonatas; but the very particular pleasure, which I take in your so delightful compositions, will not allow me to do otherwise.

I hope you find yourself well; as to myself, I am not yet quite recovered from my catarrh, and am at present trying a remedy of milk and Selzer water, I began day before yesterday and which, with God's help, I hope soon to perceive the good effects. I close and remain with much veneration.

Your most sincere friend, &c., &c.

18.—*Haydn to Mad. Gensinger.*

Estorss, Aug. 15, 1790.

It was my duty a week ago to answer the letter received from your Grace, but as this day* has long been lying near my heart—and yet I have been unable all this long time (and I have taken all possible pains) to make out how and what all I should wish your Grace—so these eight days have passed by, and now when my good wishes should be presented, my feeble intellect is at a stand still, and (thoroughly ashamed) I know not at all what to say.—Wherefore? Therefore!—because I have been utterly unable to fulfil those musical hopes, which your Grace has cherished for to-day and with reason!—Oh if you knew and if you, my best beloved gracious patroness, could only look into my afflicted heart on this point, you would certainly feel pity and indulgence for me: that unlucky Symphony promised you, ever since your mention of it, has floated before my fancy, but (alas!) certain unavoidable circumstances have not allowed this Symphony to come into the world. However, the hopes of gracious forbearance on your part for this procrastination, and the good time of fulfilment being at last near, will at length bring about the accomplishment of that wish, which, among so many hundred of yesterday and to-day, may perhaps be but an insignificant companion to them; perhaps, I say, for it would be too bold in me to suppose that your Grace should not desire anything of more importance. You see therefore, most excellent gracious lady, that I can wish you nothing

* Aug. 15, the Saint's day whose name Mad. Gensinger bore and celebrated instead of her birthday, she being a Roman Catholic. This letter is so confused, it is hardly possible to know what Haydn in some passages wishes to say.

for your name-day, because my wishes are too weak and consequently can produce no fruit. I—I must wish in my own behalf, namely, for your gracious indulgence, for the continuance to me of your so delightful friendship and favor. This is my warmest wish! Should, however, another wish of mine find acceptance with you, it shall be that this wish of mine be transformed into yours; then I shall feel certain that nothing else remains to be wished, than that I wish myself forever to have the right of calling myself
Your Grace's, &c., &c.

My most dutiful respects
to your Herr Spouse and
entire family.

I expect an answer about the pianoforte day after to-morrow. Your Grace will also at that time receive the alterations in the Adagio.

[The translator wishes the reader joy upon the foregoing letter and hopes he will make something out of it. He (the Tr.) cannot.]

19.—*Haydn to Mad. Gensinger.*

Calais, Dec. 31, 1790.

The change to bad weather with uninterrupted rain is the cause, that I (at the moment when I write this) have but just, this evening, reached Calais; and early to-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock, I shall leave by sea for London. I promised your Grace to write you from Brussels, but was unable to stop there over an hour. I am well, thanks to the Highest, although, owing to fatigue, the want of regular sleep, and the changes in food and drink, I have become somewhat thinner.

In a few days I will write your Grace more particularly about my journey, but to-day I pray you to excuse me. I hope to God that your Grace and your Herr Spouse, and all the family find yourselves well.

Until then I am, &c., &c.

20.—*Haydn to Mad. Gensinger.*

London, January 8, 1791.

I hope your Grace has already received my last letter from Calais. I ought to have sent you some news immediately upon my arrival in London as I promised, but I thought best to wait a few days, so as to embrace more topics in my communication.

So now I report, that upon the 1st inst., that is on New Year's day, after attending the holy Mass, I went on board ship at half past 7 in the morning, and at 5 P. M., thanks to the Highest! I reached Dover sound and in good condition. At first, for four hours long, we had hardly any wind, and the ship moved so slowly that during these four hours we made no more than a single English mile, of which there are from Calais to Dover 24. Our ship's captain said very crossly, that if the wind did not change, we should have to spend the whole night at sea. Luckily however, the wind rose about half-past eleven, and so favorably, that by 4 P. M. we had left 22 miles behind us. But as we, on account of its being just then ebb-tide, could not come to the wharf with our great ship, there came two smaller vessels from a distance to meet us, in which we placed ourselves and our baggage and at last, notwithstanding a rather stormy wind, came happily to land. The great ship remained five hours longer at sea, until the rising tide enabled it to enter the harbor. Some of the passengers being afraid to go on board the smaller vessel remained on the larger, but I joined the majority. During the entire passage I remained above on the vessel [on deck], that I might have enough of looking at that monstrous animal—the sea. So long as the calm continued I had no fear; but at last, as the wind grew stronger and I saw the huge boisterous waves rushing upon us, a slight anxiety fell upon me, and with it some degree of sickness. However I conquered all this and, saving your pres-

ence, without vomiting, happily reached the shore. The greater part were sick and looked like ghosts. After reaching London, only, did I really feel the hardships of the journey. It took two days for me to recover myself. Now, however, I am perfectly fresh and jolly, and engaged in seeing the boundlessly great city, London, which, for its various beauties and wonderful things, fairly astounds one. I immediately made the necessary visits—such as to the Neapolitan and our own Ambassador—received in two days return visits from them both, and four days ago dined with the former, but, *nota bene*, at six o'clock in the evening—that is the fashion here.

My arrival caused a great sensation all through the city. For those days I was tossed about in all the newspapers. Every one is curious to make my acquaintance. I have already had to dine out six times, and if I would I might have invitations for every day, but I must, firstly, have some regard to my health and, secondly, for my work. Excepting from the Milords, I allow no visits until two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four I dine at home with Mr. Salomon. I have a neat and comfortable lodging, but dear. My landlord is an Italian and a cook, who serves up for me four excellent dishes. We pay each—wine and beer extra—1 florin 30 kreutzers a day—but everything is dreadfully dear.

Yesterday I was invited to a grand amateur concert. I arrived rather late, and when I presented my ticket, I was not allowed to enter, but shown into a side room, where I had to wait until the piece then performing was finished. Then the door was at once opened and I was taken, leaning upon the arm of the director, and amid a general clapping of hands, through the middle of the hall to the front of the orchestra, and there stared at and bepraised with quantities of English compliments. I was assured that these honors had not been paid any one for 50 years. After the music, I was taken to another beautiful hall adjoining, where a table had been already spread with 200 covers for the entire company of amateurs and a very great number of dishes, and a place left for me at the head. But as I had already the same day dined out and eaten more than usual, so I excused myself from this honor, on the ground that I did not find myself quite well. However, in spite of this, I had to drink a harmonious toast to all present in Burgundy wine, which they returned and then sent me home in a carriage. All this, my gracious lady, was very flattering to me; but still I wish I could for a time fly away to Vienna, to obtain more quiet for labor, for the noise in the streets made by all sorts of folks with things to sell is insupportable. I am indeed at work at present upon Symphonies, because the text for the opera is not yet determined upon; but in order to obtain more quiet I shall have to hire a room quite out of town. I should like very much to go on writing, but I fear missing the opportunity.* Meantime with polite compliments to your Herr Spouse and fräulein Pepi and all the rest, I am with special respects, &c., &c.

And now a request to your Grace. I do not know whether the Symphony in Eb, which your Grace returned to me, was forgotten by me in my quarters at home, or whether it has been stolen from me on the way. But, as I missed it yesterday and now have great need of it, I pray you earnestly to procure the same from the kind Herr von Kees, have it copied in your house on small post paper and sent to me through the mail as soon as possible. Should Herr von Kees have any hesitation about it, which I do not expect, then your Grace may send him this letter as authority. My address is the following.

A. M.

Mon. Haydn,
No. 18 Great Pulteney Street.

[A letter from Haydn, dated July 3, which he speaks of as "the Second" has been lost, very unfortunately, as it no doubt contained matters of especial interest to English and American readers.]

(To be continued.)

* i. e., of sending the letter by private hand.

The Great Orchestra of the Crystal Palace.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have at length come to the conviction that the construction of the Great Handel Orchestra is unfit for special musical purposes, and that the gravest alterations are imperatively called for, before applying it to further uses—at least such uses as performances on a gigantic scale. For the last three years circumscription and limitation around the open space of the orchestra has been mooted and sifted frequently and zealously. Last season great expectations were entertained about the felt awning, which, nevertheless had little or no effect. Now, however, it would appear that the authorities are in downright earnest, since it is officially announced that "the Great Orchestra of the Crystal Palace will be *completely roofed in*, and other alterations and additions made to the Centre Transept, with a view to the improvement of its acoustic qualities, which will render it no less thoroughly adapted for the performance of music, than it will be unrivalled for the convenient accommodation of numbers." This looks like business, or, more properly, a determination to do something. No doubt the directors are now eager to act, the surest proof of this consists in their acknowledgement of past sins. At the last festival, they own to finding out that too much space overhead caused the sound to travel irregularly, so that complex passages in the choral pieces occasionally became confused. A similar result, it seems, was observed at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the *Messiah* was performed, this time twelvemonth, under the dome. In allusion to the performance at the Cathedral, we are told: "Although in a few situations the music was effective, in the greater portion it was so uncertain, from the tone wandering about the lofty dome and being reverberated below, that great difficulty was experienced in keeping the orchestra together, the experience of the performers being, that they had rarely felt so much difficulty in falling in with the 'swing' of the orchestra." This is as true with regard to the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace as St. Paul's Cathedral. The remedy is this:—The sides of the orchestra will be about sixty feet high, or nearly as high as the Birmingham Town Hall. The central part of the orchestra will be forty feet higher, or one hundred feet, the undersides will be filled in with bracings, lined with well-secured match-boarding, bound closely together "by ingenious appliances, until the whole surface becomes as hard and as resonant as a drum-head." Very good, indeed, and perspicuous, and momentous to the well-being of future Handel Festivals. The directors, nevertheless, taught perhaps by Blondin, must not jump at the conclusion, that "it is unquestionable that this addition to the Great Orchestra will render it as unrivalled for its resonance as it will be unequalled for its capacity, and thus make the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace unapproachable as a locale for a great choral festival." Let us consider the question in all its bearings, and see how far the directors are justified in arriving at this conclusion.

No doubt the closing in of the orchestra, especially at the sides, will be an immense improvement, and will tend greatly to economize the sound. Will it, however, effect *all* that is required? Will it distribute the sound equally throughout the Centre Transept, and prevent it from diverging into the aisles? We think not. Let us suppose, for example, that Exeter Hall were walled-in as far as the limits of the orchestra only, and that the rest of the structure was open to the surrounding streets on three sides. It is not difficult to conjecture that, in that condition, for all purposes of hearing, the hall would be comparatively useless. Would not this—with a difference, it must be allowed—be a parallel case with the Great Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace, as newly modified and arranged? As far as the orchestra is concerned, the acoustic principles are thoroughly carried out. If the boarding be air-tight, not a tone escapes, and the whole volume of sound from band and singers is propelled into the audience part of the build-

ing without loss. But directly it issues from the orchestra, no care appears to have been taken to restrict the sound within certain limitations. It is left to roam at large through the vast abysses of the Palace, to wander unheeded through the aisles and interminable galleries, and soar into the vitreous heights without chance of return. This is exactly what must take place. The roofing and side walls of the orchestra will necessarily increase the volume of sound, and send it with greater force into the body of the building, thereby enabling many more persons to be placed within its focus. But, as before, the sound will reach those who are not well placed feebly and indistinctly, and little or no effect be produced. The four thousand performers to be brought together in June next, will fail to produce on many an effect like that of the seven hundred in Exeter Hall, and once again the directors will have to turn their attention to further improvements. The remedy, we conceive, is simple enough. Let a space, of which the orchestra may be supposed to form the base, be enclosed on all sides, and roofed over, similar to the orchestra. Two hundred and sixteen feet would then constitute the breadth of the new hall, and the length might be carried to the extreme south front. Surely this would leave an area vast enough for any crowd that may assemble on any occasion. No doubt the expense would be enormous; but, sooner or later, we prognosticate, the directors will be compelled to have recourse to this arrangement—that is, if they are desirous that the performances should keep pace with the requirements of the public, and with expectations held out by the continued enlargement of band and choir.—*London Musical World*.

Mendelssohn and his Letters.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

This book, though it is merely in one sense a fragment—at best an episode belonging to a life which was a complete poem—is in every point of view remarkable, as the unconscious utterance of young genius full of hope and enjoyment, in which the form bears a most harmonious proportion to the matter. By no musician, it may be said without fear of correction, has any record been left comparable to these memorials of travel, sent by an artist, to gladden the happiest home from which artist ever went forth, to gather, to observe, and to enjoy.—Among the histories of hope deferred, of powers wasted, of faculties half developed, of passions and appetites forced into preternatural activity, which the biography of musicians includes, the vigorous, brilliant and successful career of Felix Mendelssohn stands alone and apart. "The boy," as Goethe well said, "came into the world on a lucky day." He was born into a family of easy fortune;—a family, too, having ambitions and traditions belonging to other lives than those of the merchant and the trader. Philosophy and scholarship were connected with the name of Mendelssohn. It had a place and an honor of its own, even in that cold, cynical capital, the city of Berlin. His father was a man as earnest as liberal. His mother was superior in every sense of the word;—not merely in ordering her own household life, but in looking beyond it to every influence and enjoyment from without, which taste and art and literature could furnish;—a serene, cordial woman, as unpretending as she was gentle, who will live in the recollections of all who have known her, by that tone of distinction in manner, in thought, and in acquirements, which help at once to freshen and to warm the atmosphere in which genius is born and nurtured.

Rarely, if ever, has culture been more wisely and liberally bestowed, than in the case of this fortunate boy. Rarely, if ever, have affection and intelligence reaped a richer harvest. He was as gracious as he was gifted—evil seemed to glance aside from him—temptation to get no hold on him. He was singularly exact without pedantry. Every thing that he acquired was ranged according to its value in the chambers of a memory which nothing seemed to encumber. He learned with extreme ease and rapidity,—yet retained that which was solid and serious, with a steadfastness rare in men of so mercurial a temperament. Though he was full of vivacity and humor, endowed with a keenness of observation not to be surpassed, there was not a grain of mockery in his composition. He delighted to admire and to venerate;—from the first to the last he had an unaffected relish and enjoyment in the society of those

older than himself, while he retained the merriment of a child, and his sympathy with childhood. In the practice of that art which he exercised as naturally as other men exercise the common gift of speech, in the regulation of his life, in his public responsibilities, and his domestic duties and affections, the whole career of Felix Mendelssohn bore the stamp of a moral beauty and elevation, not common among the sons of men. Nothing vulgar, affected, or unclean could approach him; no ungenerous thought ever touched him; he combined the wit and readiness of a man of the world with the affectionate simplicity of boyhood. One more universal in appreciation, more shrewdly discriminating, yet withal in his own personality intensely national, has rarely been born. His tastes and aptitude seemed hardly to have a limit. He had a painter's eye and a poet's heart. Everything that was good and beautiful in Art or in Nature—no matter what the world, no matter what the climate, no matter what the period,—was not so much seen and studied, as possessed by him. He was a ready and exquisite linguist, endowed with that instinct for subtlety in language, of which many less perfectly educated persons never dream. One of his last earthly exercises, we have been told, was the examination of a friend's son in Greek. He was a keen lover of literature. Lastly, having exceeding personal beauty, a face of such nobility, brilliancy, and sweetness of expression, as defied the portrait-painter's art, the absence of personal vanity or frivolity was as rare as it was real. It is difficult, indeed, by the aid of the most minute magnifying powers, to recall a flaw, or an inconsistency of character or talent. "Complete" might have been the one word written on his tombstone, could it be applied to any human being.

Complete, too, was his career in all that makes existence radiant and prosperous. It became obvious, at an early period of his boyhood, that the gift of musical genius dropped in his cradle was the central one, round which many other tastes and talents grouped themselves. The practical part of his art he took up like a sport, in rivalry with his sister Fanny,—one of the most remarkable female musicians of her time. There were excellent masters of the science in Berlin; and the genial and profound Zelter, a man brimful of intellect and idea, who could hold his own with even such a correspondent as Goethe,—was the friend and counsellor to whom, probably, Mendelssohn was the most largely indebted for instruction, and to whose influence may be in part ascribed the tone and cast which characterize his music. This, again, might possibly, in part, arise from the peculiar plight of his art in Berlin, during the period when the boy's mind was moulded. The appointment of Spontini to a place of trust and emolument, and his reputation as a man insincere and intriguing as he was courtly, sharpened to opposition an anti-Italian spirit, and contributed to turn an imagination, in which fantasy was singularly balanced by a spirit of order, towards the antique and rich, but obsolete, writings of the patriarchs of music.—Be this as it may, it becomes presently apparent that Mendelssohn's musical tendencies did not chime in with those of Berlin. It was his father's dream that he should become one of the ornaments of his birthplace; but the youth never took kindly to the town as a residence, nor the town to him as a composer, till its captious inhabitants were compelled, for very shame, to follow in the wake of European fashion. How it fell out, that our England—as much decried abroad as if this country had not nourished Handel's mighty genius, and suggested to Haydn the crowning inspiration of his life, and welcomed the prodigious talent of little Mozart, and soothed the last hours of Beethoven, soured with Austrian neglect—furnished Mendelssohn with the arena in which his genius surprised all Europe, is a matter of history too well known to need restatement here, though it has been too largely forgotten in the wholesale contempt with which musical Germany is pleased to regard musical England. He was wont to refer with exquisite delight to his first visit to London, and to his after journey to Scotland and Wales, during which life-friendships were made, never to fail him. But there was something still wanting to his education,—the influence of that spell of beauty and association which belongs to Italy as to no other country under the sun or moon. This volume is largely devoted to his impressions of the South, showered forth for the beloved home-circle. Taken as letters, in themselves, their literary value can hardly be overrated; nothing more perfect has ever fallen from the pen even of those whose pen is their only instrument, and it is long indeed since Germany has given us any production of equal interest and merit.

SPOHR AND BOUCHER.—In our last number we announced the death of the celebrated violinist, Alex-

ander Boucher. He was a most eccentric man, and though, in reality, a great artist, did not despise having recourse to all the tricks of a "charlatan" to produce effect. Spohr, in his autobiography, relates some amusing anecdotes about Boucher, whom, in 1820, he met, on one of his artistic travels. Bearing a striking resemblance to the great Napoleon, he used to imitate the emperor, not merely in looks and gestures, but also in dress and manner, by which means he endeavored to excite the curiosity of the people. At Lille, for instance, he announced his concert in the following manner:—"Une malheureuse ressemblance me force de m'expatrier, je donnerai donc, avant de quitter ma belle patrie, un concert d'adieu. Je jouerai ce fameux concerto de Viotti, dont l'exécution à Paris, m'a gagné le surnom de 'l'Alexandre des Violons.'" Spohr met Boucher in Brussels, and, while blaming him for his quackery, could not withhold admiration for his talent. Boucher was equally delighted with the performances of the great German, and gave him a letter of introduction to some friend in Lille, wherein the following phrase occurs: "Enfin, si je suis comme on le prétend, le Napoléon des Violons, M. Spohr est bien le Moreau."—*London paper, Feb. 1.*

Berlin Court Singers.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Musical World* writes:

It may interest you to learn that the list of the Royal Establishment, as at present constituted, comprises the names of seven fair chamber-singers, as they are entitled here—to wit, Mads. Sophia Löwe, Henrietta Carl, Laura Assandri, Leopoldine Herrenburg-Tuczek, Louisa Köster, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and Johanna Jachmann-Wagner. Only two of these ladies are still in the service of the muse of Tone—namely, Mad. Köster, who is engaged at the Royal Opera House, and Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner and Herrenburg-Tuczek though they may sing now and then no longer pursue their profession regularly. Henrietta Carl, once such a favorite, especially among the Magyars, has completely disappeared. It is said that she died in poverty, after having lost nearly all she possessed, in consequence of speculating in an Italian Opera troupe, which she accompanied to Constantinople and Wallachia. Laura Assandri, also, long since gave up her artistic career, the most brilliant triumphs of which she achieved in Berlin, whence she proceeded to Moscow, and played with an Italian company there. She afterwards "starred" some time with Sig. Salvi—now manager of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna—in Breslau, but without producing any sensation, either before or subsequently to her Berlin engagement. After playing for some time at various second-rate theatres in Italy, she at last retired on the money she had wisely saved out of her earnings. The most brilliant social position enjoyed by any of the above ladies is that of Sophie Löwe—as she is still named in the Prussian official list,—who, since the 10th September, 1848, has been the wife of Prince Friedrich Lichtenstein, Austrian Lieutenant Field-Marshal, and, at the present moment Governor of the Banah. According to the most trustworthy reports, this once popular singer now plays the part of the great lady in society with as much ease and witching grace as she formerly did that of the Princess of Navarre on the stage.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. MARCH 3.—The existence of a school for young ladies, in which the pupils have superior advantages in music, is a matter of interest to you and your readers, and much more so to those parents who wish this branch of education particularly attended to. Having heard the performance at Maplewood last Tuesday evening. I can assure you that it is not often that young ladies, who are occupied so much of their time with other studies, can show such appreciation and advancement in the art. The vocal performances showed that the pupils understood the management of the voice, the registers, breathing, phrasing, style and effect. The piano was played with a regard to the nature of the instrument, so that the various pieces were rendered with good expression. The three teachers of music are Messrs. Ensign, Feder and Hardik;—Mr. E. having resided in New York for many years;—Mr.

F., a German, who spent some time in London; and Mr. H., a German of the Germans, whose execution on the piano is not often excelled. With these words I give you the programme, the selection having been made more for popular effect, than as a specimen of the usual studies.

Chorus—Full School. "Arrayed in Clouds".....Shaw
Grand March from Tannhäuser. Four Pianos.....Wagner
Lied—The Beggar Child.....Gumbert
Overture—Jean de Paris. Four Pianos.....Boieldieu
Aria—"By the tales of war enchanted," from Jossenda
Spohr

Solo and Chorus—Rondeau, from Les Huguenots.
Meyerbeer.

Duet—"Che ti sorprendo," from Un anno ed un giorno.
Benedict

Fantasia for two Pianos. Norma.....Wels
Theme Varié. Vocal.....Rode
Overture—Jubel. Four Pianos.....Von Weber

Mr. Ensign and Pupils.

Air and Chorus—"En vain j'espère." Robert le Diable.

Solo. { a Last Hope.....Gottschalk
b Home.....Thalberg

Mr. Hardik.

Quartet, from Martha. "Quick now fetch the spinning wheel".....Flotow
Chorus—Full School. The Waking of the Birds.....Rossini

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3.—Mozart's Twelfth Mass was produced by the choir of St. Augustine's Church on Fourth street on Sunday morning last. The vocal parts were filled by the regular members of the choir, led by the basso, Mr. A. R. Taylor, whose rich and powerfully sonorous voice, unequalled so far as I know by any other in the country, had much to do with the success that attended the representation of this immortal work. Mr. Thunder presided at the organ and played the accompaniment in that judiciously correct manner which characterizes all of his performances. He was assisted by a small orchestra. Mr. T. has scarcely a rival among the organists of this city, and I can say this with the more safety, since Mr. Michael H. Cross (*nomen praeclarum et illustre* among Philadelphia musicians), who at one time, while organist at St. John's Church in Thirteenth street, was considered by many to be the first in the city, now directs the choir of another church, where the field for display of his abilities is not by any means extended; so that it has escaped the minds of many how fine a performer this gentleman is. I do not desire to institute any comparison between the performances of these two gentlemen. They are both very fine musicians, in the most enlarged sense of that word, and professionally and socially, are fit models for imitation. Their respective styles are so different, withal possessing each its many features of excellence, that any comparison would indeed be "odorous." In this connection it is proper to state that on Wednesday next at the Cathedral Chapel in Logan Square, a Mass of Mr. Cross's composition will be produced. I have not had the good fortune to hear it, but judging from reliable report, it is a work of more than mediocre excellence.

Gottschalk gave two concerts here last week, in which he was assisted by the pianoforte artists of the Italian Opera Troupe, who all sang very carelessly, and introduced inferior substitutes upon the programme to a reckless degree. Some of our critics have gone into ecstatic raptures over Gottschalk, proclaiming him the greatest living pianist; he is certainly a very brilliant player and has composed a number of charming *morceaux*, which possess great merit for their exquisite and original beauties; but he is not the master of the instrument, nor the developer of its capabilities that Thalberg is; and the critic betrays a lack of discrimination who presumes to compare one with the other.

The Germania Rehearsals have not been as numerously attended this winter as formerly, in consequence of a steady and pertinacious succession of inclement Saturdays. The last Rehearsal was the first of this season that was blessed with a clear sky, and as a consequence a well-filled hall greeted the eyes of Mr. Sents and his associates at the regular hour.—

The programme was the following :—

1. Overture, "La Gazza Ladra"..... Rossini
2. Solo, Flute, Mr. Droughmann..... Fährbach
3. Invitation to the Dance..... Weber
4. Adagio, Symphony No. 1..... Kalliwoda
5. Overture : "In the Hebrides"..... Mendelssohn
6. Aria, Indra..... Flotow
7. Fina's : "Ariel, Daughter of the Air"..... Bach
8. Galop, "Villa Colonna"..... Speer

I confess to a renewed sensation of delight every time I hear the charming little *La Gazza Ladra* overture "ever fresh and ever young" like all its composer's works ; who writes overtures like Rossini ? Mr. Droughmann's flute solo was performed with great facility of execution, though a flute is hardly of sufficient power, to excite much interest in a large concert hall, after the performance of a noisy overture. A clarinet solo by Mr. Stoll, who "officials" at that instrument so ably, would have been more acceptable. The Adagio from the Kalliwoda Symphony is a gem of marvellous beauty ;—this movement is the only one with which Philadelphia audiences are familiar, and judging from it, the Symphony must be a work of classical excellence. It is marked by that exquisite grace, and the total absence of all trivialities which are the especial qualities of all that this composer has produced. Numbers were astonished to find anything approaching melody in any thing with the name of "Bach" upon it. The finale to the Opera of "Ariel," (by the Italian Bach, I believe), contains bold and vigorous instrumentation which it is a real pleasure to listen to.

Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas's last Soirée, on Saturday evening last, was very well attended, and the performance was satisfactory. MERCUTIO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 8, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Commemoration of Victory.

The concert given by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, last Saturday evening, was a fit musical expression of our joy and gratitude for the series of victories which have at last turned back the tide of insolent rebellion and inspired the sacred cause of Union, Western civilization and free institutions with new hope, new life and energy. Never have the walls of the Music Hall rung with the music of so live an occasion ; and never has each inspiring sound there found such thrilling, heartfelt response in audience so large and representative of the best life and culture of this patriotic and progressive people. Every seat was filled ; every face glowed with sympathetic fervor ; the singers and the members of the orchestra looked as if their hearts were in their work, as if what they were about to do were no task, but a spontaneous irrepressible enthusiasm ; the simple decorations of the stage, too, consisting of flags culminating in a wreath encircling the motto "Te Deum," the whole forming a fine background to the noble statue of Beethoven, who is certainly in place where Victory means Freedom, were tastefully suggestive. (The decorations were by Mr. Roethe).

To make all perfect and to bring the theme directly home to us, it chanced that Col. LEE and other brave officers of the 20th, had arrived home only the evening before from their captivity in Richmond since the black affair of Ball's Bluff. Their entrance with the Governor and his staff, amid patriotic strains from the orchestra, and the repeated cheers of the whole house, made an enlivening episode to begin with ;

which the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner,"—the solo of each verse given out with fervor by Miss WASHBURN, and the whole choir joining in the refrain, with orchestra,—carried up to a fine climax.

Then commenced the "Dettingen Te Deum" by Handel. It was composed in 1743 (two years later than the "Messiah") to commemorate a victory gained by the English and Austrian arms over the French, and has ever since been cherished as the traditional voice of national thanksgiving in times of victory among the English. It is in many respects a noble work, has the large characteristic traits of Handel, is massive and grand in the general style of its choruses, and not wanting in solos, trios, &c., which if not peculiarly taking to more modern ears, will reward a closer attention by considerable intrinsic beauty and expressive rendering of their texts. Yet it can by no means be counted among Handel's greatest works ; its importance is more historical and accidental, than intrinsically artistic ; and the best effects which occur in the course of it, the grander moments, are all recognized at once as echoes out of his "Israel," "Messiah" and other best known works ; there is but little in it that is original and distinctive as compared with them. But it is the same old Handel, massive, glorious and strong, voicing the swelling emotions of a whole people. He is never amiss where all Humanity would speak ; never far short of the full height of a great occasion. In such hours we unfurl his fugual folds of harmony upon the breeze as naturally as we do the glorious Stars and Stripes. If we had not his greatest work, we had at any rate his style, his voice, his "large utterance," and all appropriate and inspired by victory. The ritual character of the text, however, may have been some restraint upon that inspiration. The words of the "Te Deum," are in fact the English Church version of the Catholic Mass, furnishing many admirable texts of praise, confession of faith, prayer, but ending in rather an anticlimax for the musician, in the prayer : "Let me never be confounded."

A stirring trumpet call introduces, and is worked into the whole accompaniment of the first chorus : *We praise Thee, O Lord*, which, like all the choruses, is in five parts (two soprani), in the martial key of D major, opening in full plain chords ; and then the Altos lead off in a florid theme, which is clinched by the "we praise thee"s of the whole by way of Amen, and then answered and worked up briefly in fugue form. Very solemn and grand is the coming in of the whole mass in B major at *We acknowledge Thee*, and again, after a pause filled with pulsing instrumental chords, in F major ; and it comes round again to whence it started in the closing symphony with the trumpet calls. The next chorus : *All the earth doth worship Thee*, has the same orchestral figure with the war duet in "Israel," and responds sonorously to the exhortation of a sentence of Alto solo.

Next a semi-chorus (soprano, tenor and bass) utters the words : *To thee all angels cry aloud*, with a degree of touching pathos, which secures at least by contrast the full splendor of the most inspiring number in the whole work, the chorus : *To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry* ; which consists of the perpetual reiteration of the phrase "continually" (the very cadence to which one could scarcely help speaking

the word, if he only read it from a dictionary), against the solid level background, in one or the other of the parts, of the words *Holy, holy*. This too is in D ; and the winding up, after the last of three pauses of a full bar, on the words :—*Heaven and earth are full*, in B minor, modulating back to D, swells the full tide yet higher. Certainly a vast deal of grandeur and of splendor got out of such very simple means ! And yet we are far from feeling it to be one of Handel's greatest choruses, or from agreeing with the author of "Handel Studies," that it is the greatest *Sanctus* existing in musical art. Of the following choruses, the most impressive are : *When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of Death* (very slow, minor, with rich modulation) followed instantly by a brilliant Allegro : *Thou didst open the kingdom*, &c., full of roulade fragments, tossed about among the different voices, like sun gleams on the laughing waters ; and, better still, with trumpet introduction and accompaniment : *Day by day we magnify thee*. The final chorus is by no means the strongest, although its last utterance of the prayer : *Let me never be confounded*, grave and solemn, after a long pause, is one of those sublime closing cadences which you might hear in any of his oratorios, but which never dulls by repetition, and is like the great seal of Handel, chancellor in the realm of harmony, affixed to the work.

The choruses were in the main well sung, and with spirit, although sometimes in some portion of the vocal forces betraying a failure of unanimous attendance in rehearsals. The solo passages were very acceptably rendered by fresh and satisfactory voices, all taken from the ranks and new to the audience ; with the exception of Mr. SIMPSON, the tenor from New York. Mr. WHITNEY has a remarkably round, sonorous, musical bass voice, with which, though slightly husky that evening, he gave good effect to the trumpet air : *Thou art the King of Glory*, and the expressive but not striking melody : *When thou tookest upon thee to deliver*. His intonation is true, his manner chaste and natural ; but there is need of schooling, and some slips in time had to be covered up by the quick providence of conductor and orchestra. The Trio : *Thou sittest at the right hand*, is really beautiful and marked by some original traits. The Alto part was delivered tastefully, in a warm, sweet voice, by Miss FITCH, with which the tenor (Mr. Simpson) and the bass (Mr. Whitney) blended richly and harmoniously. Miss GRANGER's fresh and clear Soprano was limited to bits of solo in a Quartet and choruses, and always told with excellent effect.

The *Te Deum* was not too long to be enjoyable, and left the audience in anything but a sleepy condition, as the lively social buzz and aspect of the hall testified during the intermission. But if anything was wanting in the first part, it was more than made good in the second, the inspiring, glorious "Hymn of Praise" by Mendelssohn. Here the orchestra, the full Philharmonic orchestra of CARL ZERRAHN, conductor of the whole, had full play at last, in that long introductory Symphony and those graphic accompaniments to the entire Cantata, which are among the finest triumphs of modern instrumentation. We need not enter into any description of the work, it has been so often discussed in these columns when it has been produced before. It touches every key of praise and thankfulness, from the most trum-

pet-tongued to the most tender, sweet and trustful, like the exquisite second movement of the Symphony, which we never heard our orchestra play better, and the Duet and Chorus: *I waited for the Lord*, which Miss Granger and Miss Washburn rendered to a charm, the choral waves rolling in richly and smoothly, so that it was imperatively encored. Mr. Simpson has cultivated his sweet, sympathetic tenor to a really artistic style, since we first heard him in our Handel Festival, and he rendered the dramatic scene of *Watchman, will the night soon pass?* with much expression. The answering Soprano: *The night is departing*, brightening into the major, and leading in the magnificent and dazzling chorus, was hardly powerful enough; but the impression on the whole was grand. Chorus and orchestra throughout did their work admirably well and with a will, so that the interest of the thing waxed more and more exciting as it went on.—And so ended one of the most memorable of our Music Hall occasions. Is it too much to hope that these two works may soon be heard again?

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The instruments have never sounded better, in Quintet or Quartet, than on Wednesday evening, and seldom has the Chickering hall been better filled, or audience looked better pleased.

1. Quintet in E flat, op. 4. Beethoven
Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Finale.
2. Grand Scene and Air from *Der Freischütz*. Weber
Miss Louise Adams.
3. Concerto for Clarinet in A, op. 107, first movement.
(First time). Mozart
Thomas Ryan.
4. Ballad—"The way to Paradise". J. Blumenthal
Miss Louise Adams.
5. Sixth Quartet in C. Mozart
Introduction and Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale
Allegro.

Beethoven's early Quintet, so happy and so healthful in its first movement, and so artistically perfect in the clear working of its theme through all the parts; so profoundly full of feeling in the Andante; so playful, like a kitten in the sunshine, in the first Trio of the Minuetto; rushing like a swift bright river in the finale—was rendered with remarkable clearness and spirit; the instruments were in excellent tune; and SCHULTZE, in the first violin part, played most beautifully, alike in the pathetic Andante and in the even, rapid figures of the finale.

The Clarinet Concerto brought quite a little orchestra in play—besides the Quartet, an extra cello, a flute and a pair of horns. It is thoroughly Mozartish, not peculiarly original for him, but spontaneous, brilliant and enjoyable, and taxing both the higher and lower registers of the most voice-like of wind instruments, with florid passages, to which Mr. RYAN showed himself fully and easily equal. The Quartet by Mozart, one of the finest of the dozen, was very happy in the rendering.

Miss LOUISE ADAMS has a voice of great sweetness in the middle range, a little forced and thick in the highest tones, and a well connected *legato* style, which told very expressively in the prayer portion of the *Freyschütz* scene, which she sang in Italian. Her intonation is true, and her execution good and tasteful. Her enunciation of words, both Italian and English, is remarkably clear and just. The somewhat sentimental ballad by Blumenthal, very French in its conception as well as subject, is hardly worth the repetition which was so eagerly demanded; but it was a highly creditable specimen of ballad singing. One regrets to feel that the Chamber Concerts are drawing to an end for this year; the eighth and last will be given on Wednesday, the 19th.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The Orchestral Union had a bright day and another crowded Hall on Wednesday. This was the programme.

1. Overture—"Ruy Blas". Mendelssohn
2. Symphony No. 6, (Surprise). Haydn
3. Concert Waltz—"Frühling's Fantasia". Gung'l
4. Bridal Procession—From "Lohengrin". Wagner
5. Grand Finale—From the Opera "Maritana".
6. Overture—"Fra Diavolo". Auber

The "Ruy Blas" overture pleases us more and more with every repetition; it is so dramatic, so consistent and concise, saying just what it means to and no more, and so thoroughly musical, that, different as it is from all the other overtures of Mendelssohn, we can enjoy it quite as much. It was nicely rendered. So was the "Surprise" Symphony,

which, however hacknied and anything but a surprise to ears familiar, charms a fresh audience by its simplicity and elegance of statement, in short by being so like father Haydn and nobody else.

Do not forget the fourth and last of the Philharmonic Concerts, which takes place this evening. For soloists Mr. ZERRAHN announces WILLIAM MASON, the distinguished pianist, who will perform a Fantasia by Schubert (arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt), and a couple of his own sparkling compositions; and Mr. W. SCHULTZE, who will play a Violin Concerto ("Militaire") by Alard. The orchestra will continue the series of Beethoven Symphonies where they left off, by giving us the No. 8, and will open and close the Concert with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Oberon" overtures.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Spohr's overture to "Jessonda" (shall we not some time have his "Faust"?), and a new concert Waltz by Strauss, called "Spiral"—it ought to be a Fugue, to justify the title.

TORONTO, C. W.—One of the local papers has the following notice of the death of a well-known music-dealer.

We announce with genuine regret the death of Mr. ABRAHAM NORDHEIMER, which took place at Bamberg, in Bavaria, on the 18th of January. Though Mr. Nordheimer has been long ill, and his decease is not an unexpected event, the close of his career will be a source of sorrow to many of our most estimable citizens. The deceased was born in Bamberg, Bavaria, in 1817. He received a complete musical education, and excelled both as a violinist and a vocalist. In 1839 he paid a visit to his brother, Dr. J. Nordheimer, Professor of Oriental languages, attached to the University of New York, and in 1842 came to Kingston and established himself in the music and musical instrument business. In 1844, after the removal of the seat of Government from Kingston, Mr. Nordheimer first saw that Toronto would offer him a larger field, and removed here. He opened his first shop on King street, nearly opposite the present place of business, and with his younger brother, Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, as his partner, the trade of the firm grew with unexampled rapidity. The business of the firm soon extended beyond Toronto, and from time to time branches were opened in Hamilton, London, and more lately, Montreal. Money accumulated rapidly in their hands, and unlike many residents of Canada of foreign extraction, Messrs. Nordheimer had no thought of investing it at a distance from the source where it was drawn. The Masonic Buildings on Toronto street, with the fine Masonic Lodge rooms, testify to the spirit and liberality of the firm, as displayed in this city, and Nordheimer's Music Hall in Montreal is probably the finest public room in the Province. In June, 1859, Mr. Abraham Nordheimer became afflicted with asthma, complicated by affection of the lungs, and in the spring of 1860 went to Europe for native air and the best medical advice, accompanied by his estimable wife, sister of Messrs. Rossin, and one of his four children. He visited many of the German baths, but with little beneficial effect, and on the 18th ult. death closed the scene. In addition to many excellent qualities in business and family relations, Mr. Nordheimer was a sincere friend to human liberty and progress.

MESSRS. MASON & HAMLIN have opened a new sales-room for their excellent Melodions, Harmoniums &c., at No. 274 Washington Street, directly over the Pianoforte rooms of Messrs. Hallett & Davis.

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—Glück's *Armida* has again become a stock-piece at the Royal Opera House, and the last representation of it proved, beyond a doubt, that the love for sterling music is not yet extinct in Berlin. The house was crowded, and among the audience was Meyerbeer, who followed every note with the most unflinching attention, and applauded Mad. Köster, as *Armida*, to the echo. Indeed, Mad. Köster fully merited all the applause thus lavished on her by the celebrated *maestro*, and was enthusiastically called on at the conclusion of the opera. Mad. Harriers-Wippen was Lucinda, and Mlle. de Ahna, the Fury, Hate. Both were good, though they might have been better, especially Mlle. de Ahna, who, at times, was somewhat unsteady. The male characters were satisfactorily represented by Herren Krause, Krüger, Betz, Salomon, and Fister. The orchestra went splendidly, under the direction of Herr Taubert. Another very good performance was that of *Robert le Diable*, which drew, as it always does, an excellent house. Mlle. Luca appeared as Alice, and Mad. Harriers-Wippen as Isabella, both producing a highly favorable impression. Among the other works played at the Royal Opera House during the past fortnight have been *Lohengrin*, *Nurmahal*, and, in remembrance of poor Marschner, *Templer und Jüdin*.

Herr Emil Naumann's opera *Die Mühlenheze*, has proved a success at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, despite the *libretto*, which is somewhat spun out, and therefore wearisome. Meyerbeer was present at the fourth performance, and spoke of the work in very flattering terms. Another novelty, also suc-

cessful at the same theatre, is a little operetta entitled *Der Musikfreund*, music and words by Richard Genée, who has already made himself a name here by several important works. The music is fresh, spirited, and free from anything forced or far-fetched. It possesses moreover, the great, and now-a-days, rather unusual charm of originality. Each separate number contains beauties which keep the attention of the audience constantly on the *qui vive*. The artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the curtain fell amid loud applause.

In the way of concerts, one of the most important lately, was the second *Soirée* for chamber music, given by Herren Oertling and Lange. A great fault of the programme was, however, the fact of its containing too much that was new, and too little that was old. It is impossible for even the best musicians to digest so many novelties in the course of the same evening, and consequently it is almost superfluous to add that the general public are totally unable to do so. As a natural result, they become tired and listless. Among the pieces played was Raff's Duet Sonata, which, though a fine work in its first movement, degenerates, at last, into hollow bathos and mere caricature. Luhr's quartet in A is a still more uninteresting production. The third novelty, a Serenade for Violin, by Damrosch, is equally unsatisfactory. The only pieces which appeared to afford the audience any pleasure were Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Waltz in A minor; arranged by Liszt. They were admirably played by Herr Lange. The vocal portion of the entertainment was entrusted to a young beginner, Mlle. Hanschreck, who possesses an agreeable voice, and with a due amount of study and proper instruction, may one day occupy a high position.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

London.

HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—The *Times* gives the following account of the first of a series of Concerts given at Willis's Rooms by Herr ERNST PAUER, with a view to illustrate by example the history and progress of pianoforte music from the earliest period to the present day, as well as to exemplify the decadence of Art.

The age in which we live, according to Herr Pauer, is one "of decadence;" and he intends as he proceeds to "show the dangerous point at which we have arrived, and teach us how to guard against the elements of decay"—which elements are somewhat vaguely defined as "want of character in composition and the too frequent use of *arpeggio* effects combined with the uncensuring use of the pedal." To this subordinate feature of his design, it may be presumed, we are indebted for the admission into the programme of certain works of rather questionable merit—as, for instance, the *fantasia* in C major of Schubert (Op. 15), a composition by no means worthy of that undoubted musical genius. A more rambling and incoherent piece has seldom perplexed the fingers of a "virtuoso" or tormented the ears of an audience. The introduction of a part of Schubert's own song of "The Wanderer" in the midst of it, for the sake of some ineffective variations, less mends the matter than conjures up a vision of "The Wanderer" in a wilderness. What Herr Pauer, in his well got up analysis, says of the finale in this *fantasia*—viz., that it is "weak and poor in invention," applies with equal force to the entire work, which is quite as thankless as it is difficult to execute. If it had been the intention of the talented pianist to prove that Schubert, though a genius, was at times a bad composer, he would have succeeded triumphantly. The other representatives of the "fourth period" ("from 1820 to the present time"), in Saturday's programme, were MM. Thalberg and Henselt, both of whom are still living. The specimen of M. Thalberg was his *Barcarole*, Op. 60; that of M. Henselt his variations on Dulcamara's song in the *Elisir d'Amore*, Op. 1—the first of which Herr Pauer entitles "a perfect gem," the second "a glorious first work." Henselt, nevertheless, is at the most an humble disciple of Thalberg, and we are at a loss to understand what he has had to do with the "progress" of the art of pianoforte composition. Indeed but for the eulogistic paragraph allotted to himself in general and his "variations" in particular, we should have been justified in concluding that Herr Pauer intended to adduce this composer and his work as further signs of the "decadence" which he laments. On the other hand, no composer that ever existed has made such an exaggerated use of "arpeggio effects" as M. Thalberg; and though the *Barcarole* is as favorable a specimen of his manner as the variations on Dulcamara's air are an unfavorable specimen of the manner of M. Henselt, it still has hardly intrinsic worth enough to figure in a programme the

avowed end of which is "instruction."

To all intents and purposes, these illustrations of the "fourth period" were the least suggestive of any. They may be said to have read a lesson, however, whether intended or not intended. Performed, as they were, on a magnificent "concert-grand," with all the modern appliances, a hint was gently conveyed that the probable authors of the "decadence" in question are, indirectly, no other than the pianoforte manufacturers. These industrious inventors, by the mechanical perfection to which they have brought their instruments, have enabled a vast number of players and writers to make an imposing display, who, on the old harpsichord, or even on the earlier pianos, would have scarcely succeeded in emerging from the depths of insignificance—besides holding out temptations to more sterling professors of the art to consider the means rather than the end, the manner rather than the matter, and to look to the exhibition of mechanical dexterity and the complex multiplication of mechanical "effects" as the worthier objects of ambition. Herein unquestionably consists the Baal-worship which, in the majority of instances, has brought the art of pianoforte composition to so comparatively low an ebb. Happily a reaction is taking place, and it is but just to add that Herr Pauer has been among its most active promoters—"Schumannism" notwithstanding. Happily, too (a consolation to the Broadwoods, Collards, Erards of the period), the music of the great masters gains much and loses nothing by the recent improvements in "tone and mechanism." It was, therefore, somewhat inconsiderate in Herr Pauer to play the works of Sebastian Bach and his pupils on the old harpsichord of Tschudi (predecessor of the now eminent firm of Broadwood and Sons, by whom the harpsichord, as well as the three pianofortes used by the concert-giver, were furnished)—a harpsichord which, though in a remarkable state of preservation (having been manufactured in 1771), was—to say nothing of its being a whole tone lower in pitch—necessarily a mere "tinkler" compared with the modern instruments. And yet—as if to show that the music was the thing "for a' that"—the sonata in E flat by Bach (one of a set of three) for "clavichord and *flauto traverso*," played to perfection by Herr Pauer and Mr. R. S. Pratten, was really the most interesting feature of the concert—worth the three specimens of the "fourth period" "rolled into one." This was the first example of the "second period" (from 1720 to 1780), the other two being a fugue in F major, by Krebs, and a gavotte and *fugato* by Kirnberger—both pupils of Bach, who used to say with reference to the former, "*In meinem Bach habe ich nur einen Krebs gefunden*" ("In my brook I have found but one crab"). Krebs—the second of no less than six musicians of that name of whom history makes mention—was Bach's favorite pupil; and yet it can be hardly denied that the *fugato* of Kirnberger—one of Germany's chief musical theorists—is a far more masterly contrivance than the fugue of Krebs, or, in short, that Kirnberger approaches his great model more closely than Krebs, while imitating his "sequences" and turns of harmony and melody much less slavishly. Krebs and Kirnberger alike found a genial exponent in Herr Pauer, who entered into the spirit of their music, as thoroughly as if he had it himself.

The "third period" (from 1780 to 1820) was represented by Mozart, Müller, and Hummel. The contribution of Mozart, the *fantasia* in C minor dedicated to his wife (Constance Weber)—a piece as orderly as that of Schubert is disorderly—was by many degrees the best of the three; and so, indeed, Herr Pauer, by the pains he bestowed on its performance, seemed to feel. — This, in its way, was quite as delightful as Bach's sonata. Hummel was by no means favorably represented by his "sonata-fantasia" in F sharp minor, and the less so, inasmuch as the first and best movement was omitted, Herr Pauer confining himself to the *largo* and *finale*. Müller's Sixth Caprice (in G flat) is little better than smooth twaddle; and this, in spite of the "most amiable and winning qualities" with which Herr Pauer accredits him. A man may be a good father of a family and yet write a very poor symphony. To speak last of what came first—the earliest period (from 1620 to 1720) was illustrated by a MS *toccata* ("Tutta de Salti") of Kerl, another *toccata* by Froberger, and a sonata in B flat by Kuhnau. The last of these belongs to the "*Bible Stories, with Interpretation, in Six Sonatas*"—according to Herr Pauer the "earliest compositions known" under the name of "sonata," although a set of Seven Sonatas, under the title of *Fruits of the Clavichord*, appeared in 1699, a year before the *Bible Stories*. The early studies of Bach were greatly influenced by Kerl, Froberger, and Kuhnau, many of whose works he copied out with his own hand, to practice in secret, in defiance of his eldest brother, Johann Christoph, who did not

wish him to become a musician. They were, therefore, very appropriately introduced at the beginning of Herr Pauer's first "chronological" concert, and, by the way, caused Bach's own sonata to sound all the more agreeable when its turn arrived.

It will have been noticed that all the composers who contributed to Saturday's programme were Germans, from which we may presume that Herr Pauer intends separating the German school systematically from the Italian and the French. Whether this arrangement can be rendered invariably amenable to historical precision, bearing in mind that Scarlatti and Clementi, among the Italians (the last especially), exercised a marked influence on the progress of the art in Germany—we are not prepared to say; but, no matter under what synoptical distribution, the Chronological Concerts will hardly fail to attract the attention of amateurs of the pianoforte, as an experiment combining novelty with uncommon attraction. We may add that, in connection with these performances, Herr Pauer has published and circulated a sort of chronological map (or "tree") of pianoforte composers.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—After a lapse of rather more than seven years Handel's *Deborah* has been again presented to the public, and with a success which will warrant its occasional repetition. Second in order of his oratorios (having succeeded *Esther* in 1733), *Deborah* has many points of excellence, some of the choruses being worthy of Handel "at his best." Nothing can be more impressive than the double chorus "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," with which the earth opens, or than the series depicting the Israelites' departure to battle, "O blast with thy tremendous brow;" "Let thy deeds be glorious;" "Despair all around them," or than the "Hallelujah" which respectively conclude the first and second parts. These are all stamped with that broadly massive character which is so peculiarly the attribute of the great Saxon musician. Again, in the second part, "See the proud chief:" "O Baal;" "Plead Thy just cause;" and "The Great King of Kings," are equally individual and effective, the second named producing such an impression as to call forth a most genuine encore. Scarcely less remarkable are the opening and concluding choruses of the third part. Despite an occasional unsteadiness, the choruses were on the whole well sung; but the sopranos, whether from timidity or excess of energy on that of the tenors and basses, appeared weaker than usual. Miss Parepa's clear voice and forcible delivery were heard to advantage in the soprano music throughout; while to Madame Sainton-Dolby must be given the most unqualified praise for her perfectly artistic rendering of the arduous part of Barak, the airs "How lovely," the vigorous and dramatic "All danger disdaining," and "In the battle fame pursuing" (with its organ accompaniment), in particular eliciting that hearty applause to which the Sacred Harmonic Society appears at length to have become reconciled, if we may judge by the omission of the customary edict from the programme. In the part of Sisera, the rich-contralto voice of Madame Laura Baxter told with unmistakable effect; and so thoroughly was the air "At my feet extended low" appreciated, that nothing short of its repetition would satisfy the audience, who paid a similar (and well merited) compliment to Mr. Thomas in the pathetic air "Tears such as tender fathers shed." The subordinate parts were filled by Mr. Temple, Messrs. Evans and Smythson. The "additional accompaniments" were by Mr. Costa, who directed the performance with his accustomed vigor.—*Musical World Feb. 8.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The instrumental portion of last Monday concert was devoted to the works of Beethoven. It opened with the very fine quartet for bowed instruments, in C major, No. 9, played by Messrs. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque, and rarely indeed have we heard this great work, decidedly the best known and most popular of Beethoven's later quartets, so worthily rendered. In music of this description M. Sainton has no superior, and his performance, on the present occasion, of the above-mentioned masterpiece, no less than of the beautiful quartet in D major, op. 18, with which the concert terminated, and the equally delightful sonata in E flat, op. 12, for piano and violin, served to sustain his well-won reputation at its highest point. In the sonata he enjoyed the coöperation of the queen of pianists, Miss Arabella Goddard, who gave every note entrusted to her as Beethoven himself might have done. But still this was not the lady's greatest achievement on Monday night, for a much more arduous duty devolved upon her, viz. the execution of the incomparable master's prodigious "Sonata Appassionata."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our Nations flag. T. Comer 25

A new and stirring patriotic Song sung nightly at the Howard Athenaeum of this city.

I am too young to marry. Song. W. H. Bourne 2c

A humorous Song for a Soprano voice with a rather taking air.

The Negro boatman's Song. E. Wiebi 25

Another musical setting of Whittier's fine poem, with a chorus ad libitum.

The little ring. Song. F. Chopin 25

Two lovers. " 25

Two more of those inimitable Songs of the great Polish composer. Those, who have seen the two issued previously will need no urging to secure copies of these and all the others, as fast as they come out.

Home Visions. Quartet. S. R. Whiting. 15

A simple, plaintive Quartet. Glee Clubs of little practice will find it very attractive.

Instrumental Music.

Gen. Burnside's Victory March. 25

A splendid military March with a portrait of the gallant General on the titlepage, which, as a likeness is unsurpassed.

The Storming and Capture of Fort Donelson. A military Divertimento. J. C. Viereck 35

This is not a Battle piece, but rather a brilliant March, suggested by the great victory of the Union arms on the Cumberland. Its pompous themes are full of joy and jubilee. Its intrinsic merit will secure for it a large sale.

The dawn of Freedom. Grand March. Handel Pond. 25

A pretty March, not difficult.

An evening on the water. J. Pychowski. 60

Two dreamy pieces, suggestive of a dark Italian sky sparkling with stars, over a quiet sea. They are somewhat difficult of execution; but will amply repay study.

Sunnyside Polka. E. Moore. 25

An easy trifle.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3.00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 519.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 24.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 387).

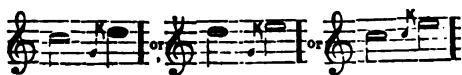
MUSIC OF HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

(Conclusion of the letter to ZELTER.)

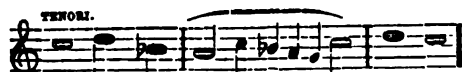
[COMMENT.—In the last two musical extracts in the portion of this letter printed last week, the *Clef* of the upper part should have been the *Clef* placed upon the lowest line. Our music printer was not provided with these old clefs, now so little used, and in the attempt to correct one error made it no better by using the bass or *F* clef on the second line! To avoid such danger this time, we have transposed all into the ordinary *G* clef.—Ed.]

I must still tell you, that on Thursday, when the *Miserere* was to begin, I climbed up a ladder, which leaned against the wall, until I got close under the ceiling of the chapel, so that I had the music, the priests and all the listeners in the darkness far below me. As I sat there all alone, no tedious strangers near me, it made the most impression on me. And now further!—You will have enough of *Miserere* in this sheet and a half, and I have still some particulars to give you orally and in writing. On Thursday, at half past ten o'clock, was solemn Mass. They sang an eight-part one by Fazzini, which contained nothing remarkable. I reserve several *canti fermi* and antiphonies, which I wrote down there; the order of the service, and the reasons for it, you will find in the little book. At the *Gloria in excelsis* all the bells in Rome are rung, and then not again until after Good Friday. The hours are indicated from the churches by rattling pieces of wood together. It was fine, that the words of the *Gloria*, which give the signal for the frantic noise, were sung from the altar, with a weak, trembling voice, by the old Cardinal Pacca, whereupon all the bells and the choir fell in.

After the *Credo* they introduced the *Fratres ego enim* of Palestrina, but sang it altogether carelessly, and very coarsely. The washing of the feet of the pilgrims, which then follows, with the procession, in which the singers also walk, while Baimi beats time from a great book borne before him, winking now to one and now to another,—the singers crowding round the notes, pausing as they move on, coming in again—the Pope borne upon his throne of state, &c., I have already described to my parents. In the evening the psalms, Lamentations, lessons, and the *Miserere*, were sung again, as on the day before, with little difference. One lesson was delivered by a single Soprano, to a peculiar melody, which I will bring to you. It is *Adagio*, in long notes, and lasts certainly more than a quarter of an hour; the voice never makes the slightest pause, and the tune lies very high; yet it was all executed with the clearest, purest, firmest intonation; the singer never fell a comma; but swelled out and diminished the last tones as equally and roundly, as those at the beginning; it was a masterpiece. I was struck with the way in which they use the word *Appoggiatura*. If for example the melody goes from *c* to *d*, or from *c* to *e*, they sing:



And this fore-note they call an *appoggiatura*; but call it by what name you will, the effect is disagreeable, and one must get very much accustomed to it, not to be altogether disturbed by this singular way, which reminds me very much of our old women at church. For the rest, as I have said, the order was the same. But I had foreseen in the little book, that the *Tenebræ* was to come; and as I thought it would interest you to learn how they sing it in the papal chapel, I sat on the look-out with sharpened pencil, until I got it down, and I here write you the principal passages. They sang it very fast, *forte* throughout, without the least exception. The beginning was:

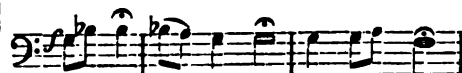


Te - ne - bræ fac - - - - - tæ sunt.



dum cruci - fi - xis - sent Je - sum Judæ - i

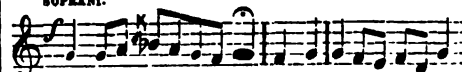
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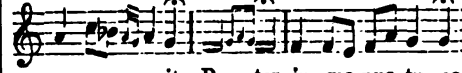
De - us me - us, ut quid me



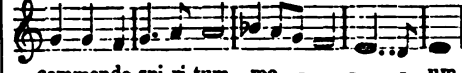
de - re - lin - qui - sti?



ex - cla - - mans Je - sus vo - - - - - ce



mag - na - a - it: Pa - ter in ma - nus tu - as



commendo spi - ri - tum me - - - - - um.

I cannot help it, it revolts me, when I have to hear the holiest and most beautiful words sung off to such unmeaning humdrum tones. They say it is *Canto Fermo*, it is Gregorian—but that is all one. If they did not at that time feel it differently, or could not do it differently, we can now, and certainly there is nothing of this monotonous handicraft in the Bible words; there all is fresh and true, all as well and naturally expressed as possible; why then should it sound like a mere formula? Really there is nothing else in such a song! The little twirl on *Pater*, the trill on *meum*, the *ut quid me*—is that church song? Verily there is no false expression in it, for there is no expression at all; but is not that a real profanation of the words? I was furious a hundred times during the ceremony;

and when the people came, all beside themselves, and said how splendid it was, I could not help fancying it a poor joke, and yet they were in earnest!

At Mass on Friday morning, the whole chapel is without decoration; the altar stripped; Pope and Cardinals in mourning. Now the Passion according to St. John is sung, composed by Vittoria. But only the words of the people in the chorus are by him; the rest is sung off according to pattern, of which hereafter. It seemed to me at times too small and uniform; I felt very unpleasantly, and in fact the whole thing displeased me. For there must be one of two things: either the Passion must be presented in a calm narrative manner by the priest, just as John narrates it; then no chorus need fall in with *Crucifige eum*, and no Alto voice need represent Pilate. Or it must be realized to me, as if I were present and saw it all. In that case Pilate must sing, as he may have spoken; the chorus must cry: *Crucifige*, and that not in the church tone. But then it immediately becomes church music by its deep internal truth, and by the object which it represents. Then I need no accessory thoughts in music; then music is to me not a "means of elevating to devotion," as they would have it here, but it is a language, which speaks to me, and the meaning is only expressed through the words,—only contained in them. Such is Sebastian Bach's *Passion*; but as they sing it here, it is only a half-way affair, neither simple narrative, nor grand, dramatic, earnest truth. The chorus sings "*Barabam*" in just as sacred chords, as "*et in terrâ pax*;" Pilate speaks in no different manner from the Evangelists; and if Jesus always comes in *piano*, and if the chorus lets out without stint with its church chords, one is at a loss to know what it all means.

Pardon these remarks; I will now report again historically. The Evangelist is a tenor, and the manner of reciting is the same as with the Lessons: peculiar cadences for comma, question and period. The Evangelist recites upon *d*, and at a period makes this cadence:



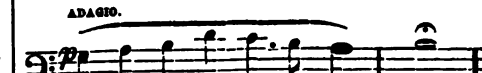
At a comma this:



and at the end, when another person enters, this:



Christ is a bass, and always begins in this way:



E - - - - - go.

I have not been able to get hold of the scheme, although I have written down several passages,

which I can show you; among others the words at the cross. All the other persons: Pilate, Peter, the maid, and the high priest, are an Alto upon G with this tone:

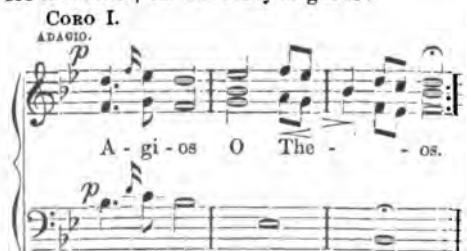


The words of the people are sung by the chorus from above, while all the rest is sung at the altar. The *Crucifige* is so remarkable, that I must bring it in here for you, as I wrote it down:



The "*Barrabam*" too is remarkable; they are only tame Jews.—But the letter is already too long; so I will say no more of this.—Now come the prayers for all peoples and institutions, each being separately named. In the prayer for the Jews, though, there is no kneeling, as in the others, nor do they say Amen; they pray *pro perfidis Judeis*, and the little book knows how to find an explanation for this too.

Next comes the adoration of the cross. A little crucifix is set up in the middle of the chapel, and all go with bare feet (i. e. without shoes), fall down before it and kiss it; during which the *Improperia* are sung. It seems to me, after a single hearing, that this is one of the most beautiful of Palestrina's compositions, and they sing it with an especial predilection. There is a wonderful tenderness and mutual accord in the delivery of the chorus; they know how to put each little feature in the right light, and make it prominent, without being obtrusive; one chord melts softly into another. Moreover the ceremony is very dignified and serious; the deepest silence in the chapel; and they sing the ever recurring Greek "Holy" with extraordinary beauty,—every time with the same softness, and the same expression. But you will wonder to see it written; for what they sing is so:



Such things as the beginning, where all the voices together make one and the same ornament, occur very often, and one gets accustomed to them. But the whole has really a superb effect; I wish you could hear how the tenor of the first choir takes the high A upon *Theos*; they draw the tone out there so penetratingly, and yet so very softly, that it sounds very touching. This is repeated over and over, until all that are in the chapel have adored the cross; and as the crowd this time was not very great, I did not hear it as many times as I could have wished. But I could understand why the *Improperia* made the greatest impression upon Goethe; it is in fact about the most complete thing, since music, and ceremony, and all are in the greatest unison.

There follows now again a procession for the bringing of the Host, which on the evening before had been exhibited and worshipped in another chapel of the Quirinal, by the light of many hundred tapers. Then the forenoon service closed at half past one o'clock (with a hymn in *Canto fermo*). At half past three in the afternoon began the first *Nocturnum* with the psalms, lessons, &c.; I revised some things, which I had written down, heard the *Miserere* of Bai, and towards seven o'clock we passed through the lighted entrance hall, behind the Cardinals, on the way home;—and so that too was lived through and gone.

I have wished to give you an accurate description of the Holy Week, dear Professor, because those were beautiful days to me, when I encountered every hour something that had been long anticipated, and became acquainted with it,—because it particularly delighted me that, in spite of eager expectation, in spite of so much that had been said about it, both for and against, the whole made just as fresh and lively an impression on me, as if I had come to it entirely independent and unbiassed; and because I again saw it confirmed, how perfectly the perfect works, even if it be in the strangest sphere. May you read the long letter with half as much pleasure, as I have had in recalling the time of the Holy Week in Rome.

Your faithful

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Florence, June 25, 1831.

My dear Sister!

On such a day as to-day one must think much of the paternal house, and of those nearest and dearest. It is curious with me in this regard. If I find myself anywhere not well, if I find it tedious, or if I am annoyed, then I have no particular longing for home and friends. But when the fine days come, when every hour is unforgettable, and every moment brings with it fresh, glad impressions, then I wish myself with you, or you with me—so earnestly, and then no minute passes, that one of you does not occur to me, to whom I have got something to say. I have spent my whole forenoon, from ten till three, in the gallery; it was heavenly. Besides all the beautiful things that I have seen, and all the new things that one always learns there, I have wandered about so gloriously among the pictures, and established such friendly, entertaining relations with them! The happy fortune of a great collection of first class works of Art has stepped right before my eyes; one could go so from one to another, here sit an dream an hour, then away again!

It was a festival day here yesterday, and so to-day the Palazzo degli Uffizii was full of people, who had come to the city to see the horse-racing, and now wished also to see the famous gallery; for the most part peasants, male and female, in their country costume. All the rooms were open, and I, who was viewing them for the last time, could slip round so silently through all the people, and be quite alone, since certainly I had no acquaintance among them. At the entrance, at the top of the stairs, they have placed the busts of the princes, who have founded and embellished the collection. I do not know whether I was peculiarly susceptible to-day; but the faces of the Medici delighted me uncommonly; they looked so noble, and so fine, and proudly happy. I remained a long time among them, and impressed their world historical faces upon me. Then I went to the Tribune. The room is so precious small; with fifteen steps you go through it, and yet there is too infinitely much in it. I sought out again my favorite arm-chair, which stands under the statue of the knife-whetter (*l'Arrotino*), sat myself down, and enjoyed myself for a couple of hours. You have there at one look the *Madonna del Cardellino* (Madonna with the goldfinch), Pope Julius II., a portrait of a lady by Raphael; over these a beautiful Perugino, a picture of saints; close by you (you can reach it with your arm) the *Venus de Medici*; over that Titian's Venus; on the other side, the Apollino and the two wrestlers; in front of the Raphaels the merry Grecian Faun, who has a clownish delight in hideous music, for the fellow has just struck the cymbals together, listens to the sound, and also steps with his foot upon a sort of cuckoo whistle for accompaniment; that's a jolly rogue! The intermediate spaces are filled by other pictures of Raphael, a portrait by Titian, and Domenichino, and the like; and all that in a little half circle, like one of your chambers. One feels himself particularly small there, and becomes modest!

I went up and down too through the other rooms, where a great picture by Leonardo da Vinci, only just begun, with the under colors laid on, and so with all the wild touches remaining, gives one much to think of. But I enjoyed especially the monk Fra Bartolomeo, who was a very pious, tender and earnest spirit. There is a little picture there by him; I discovered it for myself. It is about as large as this paper, in two divisions, and represents the adoration and the presentation in the temple. The little figures are about two finger joints in length, but painted with the utmost nicety and fineness, with the most variegated colors, the brightest ornaments, and in friendly sunshine. You see by the picture with what a zest the devout gentleman painted at it, and executed the minutest details; as if in order to give it away and make some one happy with it. It seems as if the painter belonged to the picture, and must still come and sit before it, having only just gone out. And so I felt to-day before many pictures, especially before the Madonna with the goldfinch, which Raphael painted for a wedding present to his friend, to take him by surprise; and so thinking of all those men, how long they have been gone, and yet how clearly their whole inner life still stands before us and all comers, I came by chance into the room where hung the portraits of the great painters. I had formerly regarded it more as a

precious rarity; for there are more than three hundred portraits, mostly made by the painters themselves, so that you see at once the man and his work before you; but to-day I felt a peculiar sense of it. How each one looks like what he has created, and how each one, in painting himself, has given himself completely as he must have been! There one learns to know them personally, and finds much explained to him.

Some day I will tell you fully of them orally; but this I must say, that the portrait of Raphael is about the most touching picture I have seen by him. In the middle of the large wall, richly hung to the very top with portraits, hangs one smaller than the rest, alone, with no further distinction, but the eyes must perforce instantly direct themselves to it; that is Raphael,—young, very sick and pale, and with a yearning for something beyond, with such longing and languishing in the mouth and eyes, that you seem to see into his very soul. How he cannot once express all that he sees and feels, and how he is impelled still to go on and on, and how he must die so early,—all this stands in that sad, suffering, fiery face, and when you notice the black eyes looking out from the inmost depths, and the painfully distorted mouth, you almost shudder. And now you should see how malignly and how rudely a hateful, savagely strong, marrowy, gnarled, healthy fellow, Michael Angelo, looks out there above him; and on the other side a wise, earnest man, like a lion, Leonardo da Vinci; but you cannot see it, and I will not write it to you, but will tell it. Believe me though, it is superb! And then I went to the Niobe, which makes on me the greatest impression of all the statues; and then again to my painters, and again to the Tribune, and through the corridors, where the Roman emperors stare at one with their distinguished villain faces; and then I took leave of the Medici,—it was indeed a morning never to be forgotten!

The 26th. But do not believe that we live so every day. One must knock round violently among the rabble that live to-day, before he can come to the Noblesse, who have long been dead; and he who has not a good fist, arrives black and blue. Such a journey as mine has been from Rome to Perugia, and here, is really no joke. It says in the *Flegeljahre*: The presence of an openly hating creature, is painful and oppressive; such a creature is the Roman *vetturino*. He allows you no sleep, lets you hunger and thirst; in the evening, when he is expected to give you your *pranzo* (dinner), he knows how to plan it so, that you arrive about midnight, when the people are already all asleep, and you are glad if you even find a bed. In the morning at a quarter before four he drives on, and rests his five hours at midday, but it is sure to be in a lonely inn, where there is nothing to be had. Every day he makes some six German miles (30 English), and goes *piano*, while the sun burns *fortissimo*. I was indeed badly off, for my travelling companions were ill suited to me, three Jesuits inside, and in the *cabriolet*, where I particularly wished to sit, a disagreeable Venetian woman. If I wanted to escape her and go inside, I had to listen to the praise of Charles the Tenth, and how Ariosto ought to be burned, as a seducer and corrupter of morals. Outside it was still worse, and there was no bettering the situation. On the first day, after riding four hours,

the axle broke, and we had to stay nine hours just where we were, in a house on the Campagna, and finally in fact spend the night there. Then if there came a church again, which one could visit, the most beautiful and pious forms of Perugino, or Giotto and Cimabue stood before you, and you fell from rage into rapture, and then again into rage; that is a miserable state of things! It amused me little, and had not Nature got up some moonlight on the lake of Trasimene, and had not the country been so wonderfully beautiful, and had there not been a splendid church in every larger town, and a larger town in every day's journey, and had not,—but you see, I am discontented.

Yet the journey was beautiful, and now I will describe my arrival in Florence: it contains the whole Italian life of the preceding days. In Incisa, a half day's journey from Florence, the *vetturino* went altogether too far with his coarseness and vulgarities; I saw myself compelled to pack up my things and tell him, he might go to the devil, which he seemed unwilling to do. But now it was St. John's day, and in the evening the famous festival in Florence, and I would have given my life to be there;—Italians take advantage of a thing like that, and the landlady in Incisa immediately offered me a conveyance for four times the usual price. When I refused, she said I might go and seek one. And so I actually did, but heard that there was no hired carriage to be had there, nothing but the post. I inquired about the post, and learned to my chagrin, that it was just then at my landlady's house, and that she had wanted to give me the post horses at the exorbitant price. So I went back and demanded the post. She said, if I did not want her horses at her price, I would get no post. I asked to see the regulations, which they are obliged to have; she said she did not need to show them, and turned her back upon me. The state of the police, which plays great parts here, soon appeared; for I took hold of her and pushed her into the room (it was under the door), while I ran down the street, to go for the Podesta; but there was none in the place, he resides four miles off. The affair grew more and more unpleasant, and my train of street boys increased at every step. Fortunately there came along rather a stately man, before whom the rabble showed some respect; to him I went, and explained the case; he took me to a vine-dresser, who owned a little coach. The whole population drew up before the house; many pressed inside the door and screamed out that I was mad; but the little coach came, a couple of pence were given to an old beggar, whereupon all cried out that I was a *bravo Signore* and *buon viaggio*.—The moderate price, which the man demanded, first showed me the monstrous extortion of the landlady; the vehicle was very light and fast, and now away we went over the hills to Florence.

In half an hour we overtook the lazy *vetturino*; the umbrella was open against the sun, and seldom have I travelled so contentedly and pleasantly, as in those two hours; all annoyances behind me, and a fine festival in prospect. Very soon the Duomo and the thousand country houses were visible through the valleys; the ornamented walls with the trees over them appeared again; the valley of the Arno was lovelier than ever, and so I reached here in gay spirits, dined,

and already during my dinner heard a noise,—looked out of the window, and there saw everybody, young and old, in holiday attire, trooping over the bridges; I too soon followed, and to the *corso* of carriages; then to the horse races; then into the lighted Pergola,—finally to a masked ball in the theatre Goldoni. It was now one hour after midnight, and I went home, supposing it was now all over. But there was the whole Arno covered with gondolas, lit with many-colored lights, and crossing each other in all directions; under the bridge came a great galley with green lanterns; the water was sparkling and bright, and over the whole shone the still brighter moon. Then I thought over to myself such a whole day, and all that passes through one's mind during it, and I proposed to myself to write it to you. After all, it is more a reminiscence for myself, for you will not be able to form an idea of it; but it shall serve me the purpose of a point to which some day I may attach one story or another of this many-colored Italy.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 388.)

21.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Sept. 17, 1781.

* * * * *

As I have, down to this date, received no answer to my letter, No. 2, of July 3d, which I forwarded through Herr Diettenhofer, a composer of this city, together with a little Adagio in pianoforte arrangement from one of my new symphonies, nor have received the symphony in E \flat , for which I sent, I can no longer defer inquiring how your Grace and your husband with the rest of your dear family find yourselves. Must then that abominable proverb: "Out of sight, out of mind" be true everywhere? Oh no, either your numerous avocations, or the loss of my letter as well as of that symphony must be the cause. That, you were willing to undertake sending me the Symphony I know, for Herr von Kees assured me of it in his letter. However, as both of us have reason to regret the loss, we must leave the matter to providence. I flatter myself that I shall receive a short answer to this letter. Now, my dear, good and gracious Lady, how is it with the pianoforte? Is some Haydnish idea occasionally renewed by your beautiful hand? Does my good Fraulein Pepi now and then sing the sorrowing Ariadne? O yes, I can hear her even at this distance. Especially during the last two months—for I have spent them in the country, in a most beautiful region, at the house of a banker, whose heart and the hearts of all his family are like those of the Genzingers, where I live as in a hermitage. I am thereby, God be forever thanked! excepting for my old rheumatic trouble in perfect health, work laborously and, every morning early, when I go walking in the woods with my English grammar, all alone, think of my Creator, my family and all the friends left behind, of whom I value you and yours the highest. I did hope much sooner to be enjoying your society, but my circumstances—in short, fate will have it that I remain some 8 or 10 months longer in London. Oh my dear gracious lady, how sweet indeed is a certain degree of freedom! I had certainly an excellent prince, but was at times dependent upon low-minded people. I often sighed for deliverance—now I have it to some extent. I feel the benefits of it, notwithstanding my mind is burdened with increased labor. The consciousness that I am no longer bound to a master pays me for all. Still, dear as is this freedom, equally strong is my wish upon my return to be again in the service of the Esterhazys, but merely for the sake of my poor family. But I very much doubt the gratification of

this wish, for my prince has complained in a letter to me of my long absence and demanded my immediate return, which however cannot be, because of a new contract which I have just made. So I now, alas! expect my dismissal,—hope at the same time that God will grant me the ability to make up this loss in some measure by my diligence. Meantime I comfort myself with the idea of soon receiving something from your Grace. Your Grace will receive the new Symphony promised you in about two months. But in order to have good ideas for it, I pray your Grace to write—and indeed to write much to him who will ever be Your Grace's most obedient &c., &c.

My most dutiful respects to Herr von Genzinger and all the family. I pray your indulgence for having taken the liberty of enclosing a note to Herr von Kees. I did not know his address.

Note.—The prince from whom Haydn feared dismissal, namely Anton Esterhazy, confined his rebuke to these words: "Haydn, you might have saved me 40,000 gulden."—Tr.

22.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.
London, Oct. 18, 1791.

I take the liberty of urgently beseeching you to advance 150 florins for a short time to my wife, but upon this condition, that your Grace does not think that since my departure I have become a bad economist. No, my good, gracious lady; God blesses me. But there are three reasons for this request. First; since I left home I have paid my Prince the 450 fl., which he lent me for the journey; secondly, I cannot draw the interest upon my bank shares, because the certificates are in the box, which is in your Grace's hands, and I remember neither the numbers nor the names and consequently cannot write a receipt; thirdly, I cannot draw upon the 5883 fl. which I have just invested—1000 with my Prince and the rest with Count von Fries—more especially because it is in English money. And so your Grace sees that I am still a good economist. This gives me faith that your Grace will not refuse my present request to lend my wife the 150 fl. This letter shall serve your Grace instead of a draft, and shall be binding in any court of justice. After my return I will repay it with the interest, with a thousand thanks. Meantime I am with particular esteem, with most dutiful respects to your Herr Spouse, fraulein Pepi and the rest,

Your Grace's
most obedient servant
Jos. Haydn, m. p.

Being unable to recall the first short, Adagio at the beginning of the symphony in E flat, I take the liberty of noting the Allegro which immediately follows:



Shall I have the good luck to receive this Symphony by the end of January, 1792? O yes, I flatter myself with the idea.

But how strangely many a thing comes about! I have no doubt that your Grace received my letter on the very day when I had to read the horrible charge that Haydn is one who can forget his friend and benefactress. Oh how often I wish I could spend a quarter of an hour with your Grace at the pianoforte, and then eat a good German soup! However, one cannot have everything in this world. God grant me but my health! thus far I have had it, and I hope, through the Almighty, to preserve it in the future by my regular habits. That your Grace is well is the pleasantest news I can receive. May Providence long preserve you! I hope to see your Grace within a period of six months. I shall have much to relate. Adieu! Good night it is time to go to bed. In German, *Gute Nacht, es ist Zeit zu Bette zu gehen*. It is half past eleven o'clock.

But, another matter still.

For the sake of safety in that money affair, Herr Hamberger, a very good friend of mine, a very tall man, in whose house my wife lodges, will present this letter in person, to whom your Grace also can with all safety entrust the money. Still, I beg you to take a receipt, from him and also from my wife.

Herr v. Kees writes me, among other things, that he would much like to know what my circumstances here in London are, as people tell very different stories in Vienna about me. I have always been exposed to envy from my youth up, and do not wonder therefore, if people undertake now to crush my small talents: however, the Highest is my support. My wife wrote me,—but I cannot believe it—that Mozart is said to greatly disparage me. I forgive him for it. That I have many enemies in London is most certain, and I know nearly all of them. They are mostly Italians. Still, they can do me no injury, as my credit with the people was firmly established years ago. Your Grace may be assured that had I not received my due I should long since have returned to Vienna. I am valued and liked by everybody except the professional musicians. As to my earnings, Mozart may go to Count von Fries and there make inquiry—with whom (Fries) I have deposited £500,—with my prince 1000 fl.—together nearly 6000 fl.

I thank my Creator daily for this favor and flatter myself that I shall bring home a few thousands besides, notwithstanding my great expenses here and the costliness of the journey. But I will trouble your Grace no longer. This is written in a wretched hand.

How goes it with the Pater—my compliments to eim.

Note.—It is curious that Haydn in this correspondence never uses any other term when referring to his wife than "die Meinige," "the Mine." That the money, which was borrowed, was for her, is however perfectly clear from the grammatical construction in the original German. It is hardly necessary to say that the story of Mozart having spoken disparagingly of Haydn is nonsense. Haydn however never saw his friend again—as Mozart died the next December. Tr.

23.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.
London, Nov. 17, 1791.

In the greatest haste I pray you to send the accompanying package, addressed to you, over to Herr v. Kees, as it contains the two new symphonies promised him. I have been waiting long for a good opportunity to send them, could not however hear of one, and was therefore compelled to send the same per postam. I would most respectfully pray H. v. Kees to have a rehearsal for both of these symphonies, they being very delicate, especially the last movement in D, in which I recommend the lightest possible pianissimo and a very rapid tempo. In a few days I will write your Grace farther on this matter. *Nota bene*; I was forced to send the two symphonies to your Grace's address, as I do not know the lodging of Hr. v. Kees. I kiss your Grace's hands and am with polite compliments to your Herr Spouse and family

Yours &c. &c.

I have just returned today from the country. I was with a Mylord 14 days, 100 miles from London.

Note. The Herr v. Kees, so often mentioned in this correspondence, was Vice President of one of the higher courts of justice in Vienna, and his saloon was one of those in which in those days orchestral concerts were given, instead of halls. These concerts were so numerous in the mansions of the nobility, great bankers, &c., as to form a marked feature in the history of Vienna music at the close of the last century—and one which has never yet been depicted at all adequately. Von Kees died in 1795. Tr.

24.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.
London, Dec. 20, 1791.

I very much wonder that you did not receive the letter at the same time with the two Symphonies, since I put them both into the post-office here myself

and called particular attention to them. But the fault was altogether mine, in not having enclosed the letter in the package. So it goes generally, Gracious Frau, with those who have too much head work. By this time, I hope you will have received the letter; if not, I must here declare that both Symphonies were intended for Herr v. Kees, and yet with this purpose, viz., that when they have been copied by the order of Herr v. Kees, the scores shall be handed over to your Grace, that your Grace may make a pianoforte arrangement of them if you wish to do so. The Symphony, specially intended for your Grace, I shall forward at the latest by the beginning of February. I am only sorry that I had to address this thick package to your Grace, because the lodgings of Herr von Kees were unknown to me. However, Herr v. Kees will repay your Grace the costs of postage, and, as I hope, hand you also a *parte 7* Ducats. And now I most humbly pray your Grace to send me as soon as possible for this money, the Symphony in E minor copied upon small post paper—the one for which I have so many times written and of which I lately sent the theme—per postam, for it may be half a year before a courier leaves Vienna, and I have the greatest need of the Symphony. Besides this, I make bold to trouble your Grace anew, namely to send me in like manner a certain, in fact, the last pianoforte Sonata in A flat, that is, in 4 6., with accompaniment for a violin and violoncello; and still another piece, the Fantasia in C without accompaniment, I wish you to purchase at Araria's and immediately have it copied, also on small post paper, and sent per postam, because these pieces have not been printed in London. But your Grace must have the goodness to say not a word on the matter to Herr Artaria, or he will get ahead of me in the sale. The expenses your Grace must take out of the 7 Ducats. To come to the two Symphonies above mentioned, I must tell your Grace, that I sent the Andante of the one in C minor, arranged for Pianoforte, to you by Herr Diettenhofer. But since Herr Diettenhofer, as it is thought, has died on his way, or has met with some other misfortune, you can now arrange both pieces according to your own taste. The contents of the letter, which I entrusted to Herr Diettenhofer, related for the most part to the conferring the doctor's degree upon me at Oxford and to all the honors, which were there shown me.

By this opportunity I must inform your Grace, that three weeks ago I was invited by the Prince of Wales to visit his brother the Duke of York at his country seat. The Prince introduced me to the Duchess, daughter of the King of Prussia, who received me very graciously and with many flattering words. She is the most amiable person in the world, has much understanding, plays the pianoforte and sings with much skill. I had to remain there two days, because she, being unwell upon the first day, could not be present at the music. On the second, however, she remained at my side from 10 o'clock in the evening, when the music began, until the 2d hour after midnight. Nothing but Haydn's music was played. I directed the Symphonies at the pianoforte. The dear little creature sat close by me at my left hand and hummed all the pieces from memory, having heard them so often in Berlin. The Prince of Wales sat on my right and played the violoncello passably well. I had to sing also. The Prince of Wales is now having my portrait painted, which is to be hung in his gallery. Prince of Wales is the most beautiful man, in person, on the face of God's earth, loves music uncommonly, has a great deal of feeling, but not much money. *Nota bene* between us. His goodness, however, gives me more pleasure than would mere interest. The Duke of York sent me on the third day two posts in his own carriage, as I was unable to obtain post horses.

And now, gracious Lady, I should like to quarrel a

little with you for believing that I prefer the city of London to Vienna, and that a residence here is pleasanter to me than one in my fatherland. I do not dislike London, but to pass all my days here, this I could not do, even if I knew that I could earn millions. The reason of this I will explain orally to your Grace. I have the delight of a child at the thought of home and of embracing my good friends. Only I mourn that I can no more embrace the great Mozart, if it is so, as I hope it is not, that he is dead. The world will not in a hundred years have such a talent again!

I am heartily rejoiced that your Grace and all belonging to you are well. I have been, thank God, thus far in health, had, however, eight days ago an attack of English rheumatism, which was so severe as to cause me at times to fairly shriek. But I hope soon to be free from this, since I have—as is the custom here—enveloped myself from head to foot in flannel. To-day I really must ask forgiveness for such bad writing. In the hope of being soon comforted by a letter from you, I am with all imaginable respect, together with my most dutiful regards to your Herr Spouse and Fräulein Pepi and all the rest,

Your Grace's

most obedient, &c.

I pray you give my respects to Herr von Kreybich.

NOTE. This Kreybich, Kreibitz, or Greibitz, was one of Emperor Joseph's chamber musicians. He has a name in musical history as one of Mozart's enemies.—Joseph Dietrichshofer was again in London in 1799 and advertised an "Introduction to Musical Composition." He was a Viennese by birth.

Mendelssohn a Musician.

(Second extract from the Edinburgh Review.)

The place of Mendelssohn among musicians was in every respect singular. He asserted it from the outset among the great Germans, with a decision which sets at variance every theory of development in art as implying revolution. He had no mission (as the jargon runs), no party, nor partisanship;—simply that necessity of pouring out his own conceptions in his own speech, which marks the distance betwixt talent and genius. But his speech was wonderfully mature for one so young. If he did not command a well-spring of melody as deep as that born to the Mozarts and Rossinis, and won in conquest by Beethoven,—from the first he showed a buoyancy of fancy, in conjunction with an extent of scientific acquirement, which has no parallel in our later times; times when so many combinations have been exhausted, so many effects forced into extravagance, so many counterfeits palmed off as real treasures. There was sedateness as well as fantasy in Mendelssohn's very first essays. Though nothing more Shakespearian can be conceived in music than his fairy overture, with "Cobweb, Pease Blossom, Moth, and Mustard-seed," and the bray of the "translated" Bottom; though no wilder picture of beetling promontory, and restless, rocking waves, can be conveyed in sound, than in his overture "The Isles of Fingal," the strictness of musical structure in both these romantic pieces is as noteworthy as their color. The boy who had nurtured himself on the music of Bach (strong meat for a boy so vivacious, had he not been also so vigorous), is no less clearly to be discerned in these musical poems, than the boy who had dreamed in the Athenian wood, and who, among other pilgrimages of his artistic apprenticeship, had touched, as a shrine, "the wind-swept Oracles." There was thus something of retrogression, as well as of advance, in his music; contradicting the theories of the new school of destructives, whose strange proceedings have for a while threatened to make such havoc in his world of art.

The excellent and modest spirit of self-correction which Mendelssohn brought to every task entered on, is attested by the increased freedom and courage of his works as he grew in years. A thematic catalogue, carefully prepared by himself, announces the existence of a mass of music unpublished because being thought by him inferior, or else laid aside for reconsideration. The "Walpurgis Night," begun in Italy, was kept by him for years, and underwent large alterations. The "Reformation Symphony," an orchestral work on a large scale, was never given to the world for like reasons. He was resolute in trying and trying again when he failed to satisfy himself. One of the projects which he could not

bring to pass was a concert-Sonata for violin and pianoforte—of such a composition he must have left at least a dozen beginnings. But "Elijah" is the most remarkable monument of his determination to do his utmost in whatever he set himself to do.—Those who were present at the production of the Oratorio in the Town Hall at Birmingham, will never forget the scene as one of the most brilliant triumphs recorded in music. Though the singers, with the exception of Herr Staudigl, were unequal to the duties allotted to them, and though the time had not admitted of such ripe and deliberate preparation as is essential to the complete execution of a new work of importance, the march of success was uninterrupted from the first note to the last. Ovation followed ovation;—*encore* succeeded *encore*. The story of that morning matches the tale of Mozart's "Figaro," performed twice by the same company on the same day. If ever success was unquestioned, that of "Elijah" was so. But whereas a meaner man would have been intoxicated with the praise and the plaudits, into a willingness to conceive that he had done a really great thing, and have complacently sat down to enjoy his fame,—in the very hour of immediate triumph Mendelssohn was strong and modest enough to detect in the new work weak places which he could strengthen, to conceive effects which he had overlooked,—he altered several portions, took away some, and exchanged others. The unaccompanied trio for female voices was one of these after-thoughts. Thus, probably aware that the flow of melody in his vocal pieces was somewhat restrained and liable to the charge of monotony, it was excellent to observe how, year by year, he became at once more sedulous and simple in selecting the phrases on which he wrought, how without ceasing he was looking round him to increase and vary his resources. The same cause led him to postpone his design of writing a great work for the stage. In early life he had promised an opera to the Theatre at Munich; he contemplated an adaptation of the "Tempest" of Shakespeare, a theme apparently well suited to his genius: he consulted his friend Immermann, whom he thought capable of constructing the literary part of the piece. But he was still in a course of experiment and scrutiny as to his power of gaining success in this, the only field of musical composition that he had never conquered, when his strength gave way under the strain of a life in which respite and repose had been made almost impossible by the universal popularity which had attached itself to him. With these latter years, or, to be more correct, with the few last months of pain, distress, and sudden exhaustion, we have happily not to deal. The letters here collected break off in the early noon of enjoyment and success. They have taken us back thirty years to that delightful hour of existence when the light of youthful genius and the glory of the world reflect each other; and we trust these letters may afford to some of our readers the same exquisite pleasure we have ourselves derived from them. More volumes are to come, we hope; being assured that none to come can tarnish the reputation which belongs to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, as a complete, successful, and thoroughly happy man and artist, who died in early manhood, but in the meridian of his fame.

Heinrich Marschner.

(From the London Musical World.)

HEINRICH MARSCHNER, whose recent demise has been announced, and whose name in this country is much better known than his works, wrote more successfully for the stage in his own country than any one else, except the author of *Der Freischütz*, whom he sometimes imitated, though without ever equaling. He was born on the 16th August, 1795, at Zittau, in Upper Lusatia. As is the case with nearly all children destined to become celebrated musicians, his vocation soon manifested itself. When he was six years old, he was placed under the care of a master, to be taught the piano; but, at the end of six months, the master was surpassed by the pupil. Two other masters shared the same fate. The fact is, Marschner's father did not possess the means to pay the best that could be got, and which was, no doubt, the dearest. The boy's lessons were, consequently, discontinued for a year.

Young Marschner entered the boy's choir at the Gymnasium, to sing the solos, because he was a good reader, and possessed a pleasing soprano. The then director of the choir was Friedrich Schneider, who had obtained celebrity as a writer of oratorios. Actuated by a desire to learn harmony, Marschner left Zittau and went to Bautzen, the organist of which place had offered him a situation in the choir at the church, with the promise that he should study singing and composition simultaneously. Disappointed in his expectations, the poor boy returned to Zittau;

but he had lost his voice, and did not know to whom he should apply to improve himself in that art which was the sole object of his ambition. Thrown upon his own resources, he composed incessantly, and tried his hand on every possible style. A troop of dancers having paid a visit to his native town, he undertook to write them the music for a ballet. The circumstances attending the first rehearsal of his work were something similar to those of the famous J. J. Rousseau, in the house of M. de Treptorens, at Lausanne. Marschner had hidden himself in a corner, to judge of the effect produced by the instrumentation; but he had no idea of the compass of the various instruments. Suddenly the horns were stopped by notes which it was impossible for them to play. It was at first supposed that the copyist had made the faults; but on examination, it was found that they emanated from the author, whose emotion was so great, that he fell ill, and never heard his score performed.

Instructed by his very faults, Marschner subsequently received some good advice from competent persons. At Prague he met Weber, who then directed the Opera, but was completely absorbed in his duties. His relations with Thomascheck proved more useful to him. As his father wished him to study law, he proceeded to Leipsic and it was there, that Schicht's advice proved of great service in forwarding his education as an artist. Yielding to the vocation which attracted him towards the theatre, he began by setting to music a translation of Metastasio's *Titus*. In 1816 he composed a short opera, *Der Kiffhauser Berg*, which was played successfully at several theatres in Austria. The following year, he produced at Dresden *Henri IV. und L'Aubigny*, an opera in three acts, quickly followed by *Saidir*, which also was in three acts, and played at Presburg. In 1821, he returned to Dresden, where he took up his permanent abode. He wrote the introduction and interludes of *The Prince of Homburg*, a drama by Tieck, as well as *The beautiful Ella* and *Ali Baba*. The last two works were not well received; far from being cast down, however, Marschner felt only more resolved and energetic. He wrote *The Wood-Stealer*, which he intended for amateurs, but which, thanks to several excellent pieces, made its way from theatre to theatre, and from town to town.

Since 1825, Marschner had been musical-director of the German and Italian Opera, conjointly with Weber and Morlacchi. In 1826, he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a celebrated singer, whose brother was afterwards his collaborator, and wrote for him the libretto of *The Vampire*, one of his three best works.

Weber died in June 1826, and, not being able to get appointed his successor, as first musical director at the Dresden Opera-house, Marschner threw up his post, and set out, with his wife, on a lengthened tour. From Berlin, where an attempt was made to keep him, the two proceeded to visit Breslau, Posen, Königsberg, Dantzic, Magdeburg and Brunswick. Madame Marschner having accepted an engagement at the Leipsic Theatre, *The Vampire* was played there on the 28th March, 1828. "This work," says M. Fetis, "was crowned with gratifying success. Called on, at the conclusion of the performance, the composer and singers were enthusiastically received. The fame of the opera spread rapidly; such, we are informed, was the eagerness exhibited by the managers of the German theatres to produce it, that the copyists were unable to supply the demands for copies for the score. Many pieces from *The Vampire* became popular." Last season, M. Pasdeloup had the overture played at one of the concerts of the Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire, in Paris, when the audience were struck by the analogy it presented in its structure to Weber's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the same style. *The Templar* and *the Jewess* continued what *The Vampire* had begun so well. Another work, *Fulconer's Bride*, was performed at Leipsic 1832.

Marschner was summoned to Hanover as Kapellmeister to the King, and it was there he was destined to terminate his career. Having received in that city the libretto of *Hans Heiling*, sent him by Ed. Devrient, he wrote as follows:—"Were it possible to compose an opera right off, I should have done so—so much was I surprised by this work, which I conceived instantaneously." *Hans Heiling* was represented on the 24th of May, 1833, under the direction of the composer. Two other operas, written subsequently, of which one was entitled *The Château at the Foot of Mount Etna*, were less successful.

When Marschner was forty-four years old, to quote M. Fetis once more, the progress of his talent appears to have stopped. "We cannot," says the learned biographer, "deny him the merit of being one of those successors of Weber who have displayed the greatest amount of dramatic feeling in their works. It is not in serious drama alone that he is

successful; we may even assert that he is one among the small number of German composers who do not fall into triviality, when engaged on a comic subject. His melodies are expressive, but his manner is slovenly, and he frequently employs transitions to excess. Despite this criticism, the author of *The Vampire*, *The Templar*, and *Hans Heiling*, will leave no common name in the history of art. Marschner was also known in Germany as a composer of instrumental music by a considerable number of works for the piano. He died at Hanover, on the night of the 14th-15th December, 1861, a year more than usually fatal to public men.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts of the Week.

FOURTH PHILHARMONIC.—The conclusion of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN's series of orchestral concerts, last Saturday evening, was particularly gratifying, both from the excellence of the concert, and from the assurance it brought with it that another and a longer series of such concerts is to follow. Certainly, and strange to say in these times, our purveyors and performers of good music have every cause to feel encouraged. The national struggle, while it makes men serious, has not quenched, but rather increased the thirst for music. That general support, which had so notably fallen off from the higher kinds of musical entertainments during the last three or four years of peace and prosperity, until the first surprise of the Rebellion, paralyzing all minds for the time being, left no mind free for any thought or interest but one—stern patriotism before pleasure—Muses and amusements postponed, until the crisis of the storm should pass, until the drifting nation should regain her rudder—that support already, now that we see the beginning of the end, and feel that morally at least the country is saved, rallies with an unanimity not seen before for several years to Philharmonic Symphony Concerts, Afternoon Rehearsals, Chamber music, and to all good things of this sort. The truth is, the period of disquieting presentiments (before the rebellion), and of demoralizing doubt and bewilderment (after the first shock) have passed; the nation's thought and energies are set now clearly in the right direction; life goes on again; high purpose brings back hope; and with it come the Muses, all the heavenly comforters and allies, all the good angels of Harmony and Art, to quicken and refresh the weary soul, and keep life genial and wholesome; they come because we need them, and because we have so far passed the fever crisis, that we can bear their friendly ministrations, nay relish them and get the good of them far more than it was possible before the crisis came.

It is a good sight, then, to see the Music Hall crowded, as it has been during the Philharmonic Concerts, and especially last Saturday night; it shows a healthy tone of mind in the people, and it shows the intrinsic and undying need of music in the mind that has once truly known its influence. That this returning public appetite has been, on the whole, about as well met, as our present means allow,—although there always must be difference of opinion about programmes, and programme-making is to too great an extent perhaps experimental—can hardly be denied. We certainly may congratulate ourselves that we can have such good music, can get

our Symphonies and Overtures so well presented, at a time when an orchestra of forty instruments about exhausts the available musical material of our city. We have excellent first violins, and various other parts to match; and all seem disposed to do their best. What we yet want, and what time with greater means will bring us, is a greater mass of middle strings, giving richness to the whole, supplying background to the salient wind tones, and blending all the parts together, like the neutral tints in painting. This of course can only come with a large orchestra, or what in programme phraseology is termed the "Grand" Orchestra. But if we continue to do so well with the small, or outline, orchestra; if it makes the most of itself, justifies itself all along by cherishing a high æsthetic and artistic tone, and if we (the public) lend willing ears to it, and are always nearest when its efforts are worthiest, the grand orchestra will come in good time. As it is, we get much comfort out of our orchestra of forty; it brings Beethoven and Mendelssohn so near to us that we cannot reasonably complain; and the performance, the working together of the instruments—rather say the voices (*Stimmen*) as the Germans do—has gone on from better to better during the four concerts, having reached a point at which we may well rejoice that they are not all at once about to leave off, and have to begin anew from the beginning a year hence. These short runs, discontinuances, and re-beginnings at a whole year's interval, have hitherto been the fatality preventing progress in our orchestras, as well as in our public taste and appreciation. Happily, the plant, which flowered last Saturday, did not exhaust itself with that, but is to keep on growing and bear new flowers and fruits also. This time the programme was the best, as a whole, that we have heard so far:

1. Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream.... Mendelssohn
2. Grand Fantasia, in C, (op. 15)..... F. Schubert
(Arranged for Pianoforte and Orchestra by F. Liszt.)
Mr. William Mason.
1. Allegro con fuoco ma non troppo. 2. Adagio.
3. Presto. 4. Allegro. (First time).....
3. Concerto—Militaire, for the Violin, (first time).... Alard
Mr. W. Schultze.
4. Symphony—No. 8, (in F.)..... Beethoven
1. Allegro. 2. Allegretto scherzando. 3. Menuetto.
4. Allegro molto.
5. a "Spring-Dawn,"—Masurka Caprice. } W. Mason
5. "Silverspring," Impromptu. (by request) }
Mr. Wm. Mason.
6. Overture—Oberon..... Weber

Thus we were welcomed and dismissed with Faëry music, in two widely different veins, of different genius, but alike poetic, exquisite, imaginative. Which shall one like the best? We care not how often the question is practically put to us; the judge is too much fascinated with both pleaders and in no hurry to decide between them—let them only go on! Both Overtures are too familiar to our music-lovers to require comparison. Suffice it here to say, that the performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was the most clean and delicately shaded specimen of their power of rendering a masterwork, which the orchestra has yet given us. That was a *pianissimo*! If the "Oberon" was not quite as nicely breathed upon the canvass, it was the difference between delicate requirements for reeds and flutes and for violins. Yet it was played finely, the wild outburst and splendor of the Allegro especially; only the startling crash, which precedes it, scattering the whole faëry fabric, was so overdone as to break the spell of the music, and take the listener wholly outside of it.—Of all Symphonies, too, Beethoven's sunny and happy No. 8, comes best into conjunction with

those two overtures. If Beethoven had any faëry side to his imagination, here he shows it; but with him it is no special faëry mythology; he is innocent of all that; with him it is the finest and intensest joy and sympathy in all the delicate, fine, tricky forms and arabesque of nature, and with all the myriad happy moods and impulses and fancies, all the mysterious little loves and longings, which answer to their beautiful and infinitely varied language. Joy, joy in fulness of life, of quick vital sympathy with all creation, natural and spiritual, is the pervading theme of all his music, to which it struggles out as into God's perfect sunshine. And here in a happy hour among his dark days, in a light and easy form as compared with his greater Symphonies, in a spirit as sunny and childlike and Haydn-ish as his first Symphony, but at the full height of his artistic power, and teeming with exquisite imaginations, he has expressed it in his happiest way. The Symphony is less formidable, but not less wonderful than others of the nine; and perfectly beautiful it is from first to last. It was well rendered, and the *Allegretto scherzando* elicited the usual encore.

And now for the novelties of the evening. Mr. WILLIAM MASON was very warmly greeted, as he always is on his artistic visits to his native city. We heartily thank him for giving us a hearing, and so satisfactory a one, of a very interesting work. Schubert's early Fantasia in C, in which the melody of his "Wanderer" song is introduced, London criticism to the contrary notwithstanding (see notice of Herr Pauer's concert copied in our last), is full of fine musical ideas and a certain glorious fermentation of young genius, which compensates for any lack of strictly organic form; and when Liszt adds to it such wealth of orchestral accompaniment, neither adding to nor taking from the original piano work, leaving it in its integrity, and at the same time so surrounding it that it seems one instrument in a concerted piece, the effect is truly noble. In the combining and the contrasting of the instruments, in the placing of the chords, in certain singularly characteristic and expressive uses of the horns, the trumpets, &c.; in the sympathetic way in which the original Fantasia is adopted as it were into harmonious company, whereby it becomes still more itself, Liszt has shown a certain faculty peculiar to himself, and which is sympathetically, if not creatively imaginative. We think the whole audience enjoyed it, while for the musician it was full of interest. The only difficulty was that, though the pianoforte part was admirably played, the ear did not get quite so much of it, or seize it so distinctly and conspicuously among the brilliant mass of orchestration, as one could have desired. Evidently Liszt has rather overloaded it; there could be no doubt that the piano rendering was masterly. In the sparkling and graceful little solos in the second part Mr. Mason showed all that exquisite fine touch and clear, even execution of his in a higher degree, if possible, than ever before; and the liquid, musical, warm tones of the Steinway instrument, which he brought with him, seemed to be in complete conspiracy with his fingers and intentions. Such finished elegance of performance, with such discriminating distribution of the just degree of force to every note, even in passages the most rapid or most complicated, is found in very few pianists. Mr. SCHULTZE surpasses himself this season; the beauty and purity of his tone is remarkable, and due to the artist as well as to the fine instrument he uses. His execution of the military Concerto (although we cannot care much for the composition) was capital, and delighted the audience.

So ended one successful series of concerts. But the best of it was the announcement on the programme, that Mr. ZERRAHN is so much encouraged, by the way in which this enterprise has been met by the musical public, that he is prepared to go on and give a series of six more concerts to commence next Saturday evening, March 22d. The better the attendance, we may be assured, the better will the concerts be.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The concert Wednesday Afternoon was as gaily crowded as ever and had the following programme:

1. Overture—"Jessonda.".....Spohr
2. Concert Waltz, (first time)—"Spiralen.".....Strauss
3. Symphony No. 4, "Jupiter.".....Mozart
4. Romanza—From "L'Eclair.".....Halévy
5. Pot Pourri—from "Les Huguenots.".....Mendelssohn
6. Wedding March.....Mendelssohn

Spohr's overture, with his peculiarly sweet and cloying harmonies (short and sweet in this case), and its merry Gypsy jingle, is pretty and graphic, and was very well played. The new Strauss waltz seemed no more "spiral" than all waltzes, catching up one couple after another into their whirling motion, and not quite so fascinating as some of the old ones, but yet full of sounds curiously and piquantly mingled, and much enjoyed by the young people.—The great Symphony of Mozart, so richly complicated as it is in all its parts, especially in the fugued Finale with four interwoven subjects, so deep and earnest as it is in the feeling of the Adagio, has actually grown popular with our large audiences, and the small orchestra succeeds in making its intentions clear.

Next week the "Union" will perform Beethoven's first Symphony (worth while to compare that with the 8th, which we have so lately heard); Spohr's Overture to his "Faust" opera—one of his best works; a concert waltz by Lanner, and other acceptable varieties.

CARL ZERRAHN, who is now in New York engaging solo talent for his new course of Philharmonic Concerts, intends to give us in the first of them (next Saturday) the fourth Symphony (in Bb) of Beethoven: the Overture "*Merresstille und glückliche Fahrt*" (Sea becalmed and prosperous voyage), by Mendelssohn; and Liszt's "*Les Preludes*," one of his much mooted "*Symphonische Dichtungen*" (Symphonic Poems), which was performed here a few years since. An interesting bill of fare, whether one can share another's enthusiasm for the Lisztian "great works" or not.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will finish their eighth Chamber Concert next Wednesday evening. For programme see advertisement.

The non-performing members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will be pleased to learn that the Club will hold a social musical soirée at Chickering's next Friday evening. Schubert's eight-part chorus to Goethe's "Song of Spirits over the Water" (for the first time), double choruses from Mendelssohn's *Antigone* and *Edipus*, &c., will be sung.

Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, FEB. 25.—The fifth concert of our Philharmonic Society took place as announced and was attended with their usual success. The programme was decidedly the finest they have yet offered, and it contained not only this merit, but also that of being the most carefully attended to, and consequently the best performed.

- PART I.
1. Overture. "Jean de Paris,".....Boieldieu
 2. Solo and Chorus. "I praise thee, O Lord,"—from St. Paul.....F. M. Bartholdy
 3. Violin Solo. "Fantasia, from Lucia.".....Vieuxtemps
 4. Sextet and Finale (First act) from "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart

- PART II.
1. Overture. "Fingal's Cave".....Bartholdy
 2. Quintette. "E scherzo od é folia, from Un Ballo in Maschera.".....Verdi
 3. Allegretto, from "Eighth Symphony".....Beethoven
 4. Quartet for male voices. "The Chapel,".....Kreutzer
 5. March and Chorus. "Vestalla".....Spontini

The indefatigable conductor is very strict in his rehearsals, and allows no blemishes to pass unnoticed. The improvement exhibited, not only by the members individually, but by the Society as a whole, affords the best comments on his ability. Then we have much talent in the orchestra above mediocrity, most of the musicians being soloists on their respective instruments. Each of the first violins has played solos at the concerts, while Carr and Tomlinson—flutist, Robyn on the violoncello, Schmidt and Weber, double bass, are all excellent musicians. I must not omit mentioning, in that category, Brown of the drums, who occasionally extemporizes an unexpected but effective Solo on his favorite instrument! Though we are in the West, and far from where you expect to hear any music, we contend that a better Society, of the same number of performers does not exist.

The *Jean de Paris* overture of Boieldieu is graceful, pretty, sparkling and immensely effective; the opening bars of the Allegro, where the viola and violoncellos are given a brilliant passage in unison, is very pleasing; and the ingenious manner in which the same theme is constantly worked in throughout the remainder of the work, elicits our warmest admiration. It was finely played throughout. What a difficult thing it is to get an orchestra to play *piano*! One great fault, and a glaring one here too, is the lack of that delicate shading, the very light, *pianissimo* playing wherein, contrasted with sudden *forte* passages, consist the finest and most startling effects. Nearly all of the solos thus far, with orchestra accompaniment, have been ruined by the loud playing. We cry mercy, Mr. Sobolewski; one lady cannot drown trombones, drums, violins, flutes and all; but they can render her part meaningless, uninteresting and without credit to her.

The violin Solo was rendered by Mr. Anton, in a style which surprised and pleased us—so modest has he been in his situation in the orchestra, and so unobtrusive, that even those who were placed near him were hardly aware of his abilities and his complete mastery over his instrument. We hope to hear more of him in future.

That magnificent "masked Trio" in the Finale from *Don Giovanni* was exquisitely rendered by Mrs. H. S. Tomlinson, Miss Tourny and Mr. Fell.

The Quintet from the "Masked Ball" of Verdi is one of his happiest efforts, and one of the most, if not the most effective of his many excellent concert pieces. The gem of the evening was the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Perfect justice was done to it by the orchestra, who exhibited all of its many fine points in a manner which left little to be desired.

A concert was given on Friday evening for the poor, which drew a crowded house. Miss Hunt made a promising debut, and Miss Tilman increased her well merited reputation by her performances on the harp. A pupil of Aptommas, she has many of his peculiarities and excellencies of style. Mr. T. M. Brown also played Thalberg's *Masaniello*, with Mason's charming *Danse Rustique* for an encore. Next week we are to have several fine concerts of which more anon. PRESTO.

DORCHESTER, MASS. FEB. 10.—You will bear testimony that the readers of your Musical Journal have not often been troubled with communications from this place. Dorchester has been called "a one horse town." Whether this be correct in regard to points not belonging to this periodical, is not my purpose to decide; but I can assure you that it does not deserve this epithet so far as Music is concerned. There is not a concert taking place in Boston in which our town is not represented by some listeners. Although our School Committee has not enough musical ear and heart to follow the example of Boston and introduce singing into our public schools, yet some teachers supply this want on their own responsibility. We can count the number of instructors in music by the dozen, that of pupils by scores, and that of ejaculations on the piano by the thousand. Our principal churches have cast off the old-fashioned way of furnishing the singing by voluntary choirs. They sing now the Redeemer's praise—not by every tongue,—but by proxy, and are delighted with their "*Quartets*." By paying a higher parish tax, the Christian worshipper gets all the delight, finds all the fault he pleases, and puts the burden of responsibility and work upon the Music Committee, the organist and the singers. We have many musical families in town, and have had within a year several clubs for the practice of vocal, piano or brass music.

Last fall, Mr. Ansorge, the organist and leader at the church on Meeting House Hill, gave a free sacred concert, which attracted over a thousand listen-

ers. He gave a second one on the 14th of December under unfavorable circumstances; and after a splendid third performance of classical solos and choruses on Christmas Eve, the choir of 25 singers was broken up. Free concerts are an excellent thing to the listener, but not always profitable to him who gives them.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club has since given a series of three fine concerts to crowded houses. In Neponset village, a part of this town, are at present not less than four churches. They find it hard work to fill them with "*towns-people*," so they hire some Boston musicians to help them "*draw*." Two concerts recently given at Trinity chapel by Boston singers gave much satisfaction to many.

I have in my possession a letter recently written by a young country organist who had to spend a few weeks in this vicinity, and who visited on Sundays a number of Boston churches to hear the music. If the asked-for permission of the author should be given, I will send you the letter for publication.

This communication may be closed with an incident, which will serve as an anecdote and prove that pearls should not be cast before—unappreciating people. The singers at one of our churches had taken some pains to prepare and sing "*Adeste fideles*," arranged by V. Novello; and used for this purpose the words of Montgomery's hymn: "The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know." The congregation, for many years accustomed to hear this hymn sung to the tune "*Portuguese Hymn*," was taken by surprise to hear the words sung first as Treble solo, then as Duet by male voices, then as Trio by the lower three parts with the melody in the Tenor, and finally by the whole Quartet. After service, quite a number of worshippers assembled in the porch and were wondering "*what was the trouble with the first hymn?*" After some discussion they arrived at the conclusion that the Treble singer started the tune too high and broke down; that the leader had to change the tune and start it in a lower key; that the third stanza was changed again; and that only at the fourth trial a tune was found which all four could sing together.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Recent numbers of the *Gazette Musicale* remark upon two new operas. One is an obscure work by Donizetti, produced for the first time on the 2nd of last February at the Theatre Italien, called "*Il Furioso all' Isola San Domingo*." It was composed for Rome in 1833, after its author had already produced more than 30 operas of various merit since his debut in 1818. The *Gazette* pronounces it "a rich and facile music, satisfying all the conditions of the craft, but offering nothing salient, nothing original, and not always in accordance with the dramatic situation." "The music (with a few exceptions) has but the flavor of those wines of secondary quality, of which time has weakened the strength and extinguished the bouquet." The principal rôles were sustained by Mlle. Marie Battu, Brini (tenor), Delle Sedie (barytone), and Zucchini.

The other novelty, "*Le Joailler de Saint-James*," a comic opera in three acts, words by MM. de St. Georges and de Leuven, music by M. Grisar, was produced at the Opera Comique, Feb. 17. It turns out to be new only in name, and to be essentially the same thing with an opera called *Lady Melvil*, which was produced at the theatre of the Renaissance in 1838. "M. Grisar has added, however, a tenor part, and various graceful pieces, which however contain no beauties of the first order, no flashes of genius. Much had been said in advance of the marvellous finales of the first and second act: they make much noise, stun the hearer, but do not touch him, and we find there more of trombones than ideas."—Of the singers the report is as follows: Mlle. Monrose, who sang the part of the heroine (Marchioness of Richmond,) and who had to execute variations on *Nel cor piu*, has a charming head voice, with medium tones somewhat nasal; but her vocalization not as facile and as brilliant as that of Mme. Anna Thillon, who sang the part (called *Lady Melvil* theu) in 1838. M. Montranh, as the amorous Jeweller, has a bad habit of forcing his tones, and thus injures a really charming voice; but shows a decided superiority in the impassioned passages. M. Sainte-Foy plays the part of Tom Crick, jeweller's journeyman, equally well in

the comic and the passionate situations. M. Condore is the most amusing Gascon imaginable; knows how to maintain his rank, to be ridiculous without becoming trivial, &c.

GUSTAVE SATTER, the pianist, has turned up in Paris and given several concerts. He seems quite suited to that meridian, and his "Belles of New York," were found particularly enchanting. At his second concert he played some pieces of Chopin, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, a melody from Rossini's *Sourès Musicales*, his own paraphrase upon *Le Prophète*, and two original compositions: *Galop de Concert* and *Marche de Solferino*, one of which pleased but the other not. The *Gazette* thinks Satter's "inspirations more distinguished by elegance, by *brío* and by fineness of details, than by originality of motives," but admits that they were "executed with perfect grace, and with rare ease, energy and agility."

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Benedict's new opera, "The Lily of Killarney," had been given six times during the first half of February, and was regarded as a great success. The *Musical World* calls it "a veritable masterpiece, the work alike of a profound artist and an original thinker." The *Times* chronicles the brilliant first reception and gives the following account of the manner in which Mr. Bourcicault's extremely popular drama of the *Colleen Bawn* has been recast in the shape of a musical libretto for Benedict's work:

The first act of the opera begins with a scene not found in the original drama. A large party is assembled in the hall of Tora Cregan, to celebrate the approaching marriage of Hardress Cregan with Anne Chute, the introduction mainly consisting of a jovial chorus (interspersed with recitatives and solos), in which the health of the bride-groom is proposed, and the latter responds with a song. The guests shortly disperse to witness a steeple-chase by moonlight between two of their number, who, in the course of the introduction, have nearly quarrelled about the respective merits of their horses. Mrs. Cregan, now left alone, is visited by Corrigan, who informs her (in dialogue) of the attachment of her son, Hardress, to an unknown beauty residing on the opposite side of the lake. During their conversation Danny Mann is heard, behind the scenes, singing a song—"The moon has raised her lamp;" upon which they conceal themselves, in order to watch proceedings. The song being intended as a signal by Danny, the second verse is taken up by Hardress, who enters the room, and, by means of a lighted candle, makes signals to Eily across the lake. The situation gives rise to a concerted piece—sung, on the one hand, by Hardress and Danny, prior to their departure in the boat,—and on the other by Mrs. Cregan and Corrigan, who have observed all that has taken place. In the next scene the original drama is closely followed. Corrigan, meeting with Myles-na-Coppoicene, extracts from him (in a short dialogue) the secret respecting Eily O'Connor; and Myles, when left to himself, indulges in a characteristically quaint and half-comic ditty ("It's a charming girl I love"), a revelation of his hopeless passion for the Colleen Bawn. Next follows the well-known scene of the "Cottage-interior." Here Eily expresses her love for Hardress, through a plaintive romance ("In my wild mountain valley"), and takes part in the "Cruiskeen Lawn," which is given in orthodox fashion by Myles, Father Tom, Sheelah, and herself—the original words, as well as the original melody, being retained. A brief concerted piece takes the revellers off the stage just as a snatch from Hardress's song, already mentioned, announces his approach. The no longer ardent lover has come to demand Eily's marriage certificate, and this prepares the finale, in which Hardress, Eily, Myles, and Father Tom are engaged, and which terminates with a concerted piece for the four characters, where the priest compels the kneeling girl to swear that she will never part with the certificate but with life. The first scene of the second act takes place in the hunting grounds of Tora Cregan. A chorus is vociferated by a party of huntsmen, who are presently joined by Anne Chute—now seen for the first time. When alone with Hardress, Anna reproaches him for his coldness in an air, ultimately resolving itself into a duet, in which Hardress earnestly vindicates his constancy. The next piece is a trio for Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, and Corrigan; the son, indignantly oppos-

ing the upstart lawyer's addresses to his mother, while the lawyer exults in the equivocal position of his adversary, of the secret of which he is possessed. The situation in which Danny Mann obtains the glove of Mrs. Cregan is elaborately worked out—first in a duet, and afterwards in a grand "scene" for Danny, who gives alternate expression to his determination and his remorse, to compassion for his intended victim and unscrupulous devotion to his master. A new scene is here introduced, in which Eily sings a song, "I'm alone, I'm alone," indicative of her forlorn condition, and receives a visit from Myles, who, in the course of a duet, warns her against Danny Mann. The finale of the second act is devoted to the business of the water-cave, in which the Adelphi precedent is exactly followed, while a chorus is supplied by a party of Killarney boatmen, who, in the far distance, chant unseen the praises of the mythic King O'Donohue. The third act, which is much shorter than either of the preceding, opens in front of Myles's cottage. Myles sings a serenade to the concealed Eily, and the consignment of the Colleen Bawn to the care of Father Tom forms the subject of a trio. The scene changing to the interior of Castle Chute, where the guests are assembled to witness the union of Anna and Hardress, a bridal chorus is introduced; but the bridegroom soon enters alone, in melancholy mood, and in a song ("Eily Mavourneen") gives utterance to his grief and unabated love for the lost "Colleen." The entrance of Corrigan with the soldiers, followed by the arrest of Hardress for murder, is the subject of a somewhat complicated concerted piece; after which the appearance of Myles, accompanied by Eily herself, restoring the general happiness, is expressed in a short finale, including (as a matter of course) a brilliant vocal display for the heroine.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the "scenario" has been effectively laid out for the composer, and with as few important deviations as possible from the original, inasmuch as, though the words of the songs, duets, and concerted pieces are from another hand, the construction of the drama and the whole of the dialogue are Mr. Bourcicault's own. Of Mr. Benedict's music we must be content to say that it is not only dramatic and beautiful throughout, but invariably and in an eminent degree the work of a master—worthy, indeed, of a pupil who when under the guidance of Weber was, although so young, regarded by the author of *Der Freischütz* (as his published correspondence has shown) as much in the light of a friend as of a disciple. That it is also instinct with the more popular elements of attraction was plainly demonstrated on Monday night by the enthusiasm of the audience, which was carried to such a height that no fewer than eight pieces were encored, six of which were repeated, to the satisfaction of all present. These last were the overture; the serenade and duet for Danny Mann and Hardress ("The moon has raised her lamp above"); Myles-na-Coppoicene's ballad, "It's a charming girl I love;" the "Cruiskeen Lawn" (quartet for Eily, Myles, Sheelah, and Father Tom); Eily's song, "I'm alone I'm alone;" and Hardress's ballad, "Eily Mavourneen." The two pieces encored, but not repeated (thanks to the well-timed discretion of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Santly), were Eily's romance, "In my wild mountain valley," and the slow movement of Danny Mann's scena ("The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn"), which, nevertheless, would have been heard again with at least as much pleasure as any of those that were actually given twice. The performance was generally too excellent to be dismissed in a sentence. The principal singers—Miss Louisa Pyne (Eily), Miss Susan Pyne (Mrs. Cregan), Miss M'Lean (Anne Chute), Mr. Harrison (Myles), Mr. Haigh (Hardress), and Mr. Santly (Danny Mann), all did their very best. They were supported with commendable zeal by Messrs. Dussek (Corrigan), Patey (Father Tom), and Lyall (O'Moore), every one, even to the representatives of comparatively insignificant characters like Hyland and Sheelah (Mr. Wallworth and Miss Topham), being "word and note" perfect. The chorus was all that could be wished, the band irreproachable, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, the conductor—as usual on these important occasions—vigilant, active, and intelligent. No pains have been spared on the *mise en scène*, which, both as regards scenery and costumes, is appropriate and beautiful. In short, *The Lily of Killarney* fairly earned the unequivocal success it obtained. That the principal singers should be repeatedly summoned forward was a matter of course; and that the same compliment should be paid to Mr. Benedict at the end of the first and last acts, and to Mr. Alfred Mellon at the conclusion, was no more than just. Seldom, however, has a well-merited tribute been rendered with more genuine heartiness by a theatrical audience. The house was crowded to the ceiling.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 520.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 25.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 395.)

FROM A LETTER TO MADAME VON PEREIRA
IN VIENNA.

Genoa, July, 1831.

At first I did not wish to answer, until I had fulfilled your commission, and had composed "The Midnight Review;" and now I have to begin again, to ask pardon for not having done it; but the case is peculiar.

I like to take it very seriously with music, and I hold it inadmissible to compose anything, unless I feel it through and through. It is as if I told a lie, for the notes have just as definite a meaning as the words—perhaps even more definite.—Now it seems to me altogether impossible to compose a descriptive poem. The mass of compositions of that sort give proof not against, but for me; for I do not know of one successful one among them. You stand in the middle between a dramatic conception, or a merely narrative manner: one gives you, in the "Erl-king," the rustling of the willows, the shrieking of the child, the galloping of the horses:—another imagines himself a ballad singer, who delivers the tale of terror with perfect calmness, as one tells a ghost story. That is the truest way, (Reichardt has almost always used it); still it does not suit me; the music stands in my way; I feel it more imaginatively, when I read such a poem to myself in silence, letting my own mind supply the rest, than I do when it is depicted or related to me.

Now it will not do to treat the "Midnight Review" narratively, for there is no definite person speaking: and the poem has not the ballad tone at all; it comes before me rather as an intellectual idea, than as a poem: it seems to me as if the poet had not believed in his shadowy forms himself. I might, to be sure, have composed it in a descriptive manner, as Neukomm and Fischhof in Vienna have done;—I might have brought in an original rolling of drums in the bass, and trumpet blasts in the discant, and all sorts of hobgoblin business besides,—but then again I like my earnest tones too well for that; such a thing always seems to me like a joke, something like the pictures in children's horn-books, where they daub the roofs bright red, so that the children may perceive that it is intended to be a roof. As for writing off and sending to you any half-way thing, anything that did not please myself, that, towards you, to whom I would always give the best, would have answered still less. . . . &c., &c.

FELIX.

Milan, July 14, 1831.

This, God willing, may be my last letter from an Italian city. Perhaps there will come one more from the Borromean islands, to which I go in a few days; but do not count upon it. The week here has been one of the pleasantest, most satisfactory, that I have spent in Italy; and how

this happened, in this wholly strange Milan, I will relate to you.

In the first place I took at once a square piano, and went at the everlasting "Walpurgis Night" *con rabbia*, determined to bring the thing to an end. Tomorrow morning it will be all done, i. e. except the Overture, as to which I do not yet know, whether I shall make a grand Symphony, or a short Spring introduction. On this point I should like to hear a learned person. But the end has turned out better, that I had myself expected. The goblin, and the bearded Druid with his trombones, which stand and toot behind him, give me royal fun, and so I have passed a couple of mornings very happily. Tasso, too, has contributed to my pleasure, whom I am reading through regularly for the first time, and without pains. It is a splendid poem; it was well for me that I knew Goethe's Tasso; in the principal passages I was constantly reminded of that, for his verses are just so dreamily sweet and tender, as the poet in the play; their euphony is really refreshing; your favorite passage, dear father, *era la notte allor*, has occurred to me again. But especially I love the whole canto, where Clorinda is killed; it is wonderfully beautiful and imaginative. Only I am not reconciled to the end of it. Tancred's lamentations seems to me more finely made, than true; they contain so many ingenious thoughts and antitheses; and the words of the hermit, soothing him, sound more like a satire on the hermit himself; I would have killed him, had he spoken so to me. But lately, when I read the episode of Armida in the coach, surrounded by an Italian theatre company, who sang incessantly Rossini's "*Ma trema, trema*," suddenly there came before my soul again Gluck's "*vous m'allez quitter*," and the falling asleep of Rinaldo, and the passage through the air, and I felt almost like weeping. That is music,—so have men spoken and felt, and so it is forever. From my heart I hate the dissipations of these times. Do not take it ill of me; you know your own saying: Without hate no love; and I felt so strangely, when Gluck occurred to me there with his grand forms.

Evenings I have been always in society, thanks to a mad trick of mine, which has again proved very successful. I believe I am the inventor of this sort of eccentricity and can take out a patent for it, since I have always made the most agreeable acquaintances *ex abrupto*, without letters, recommendations, or anything of the kind. I inquired accidentally, when I arrived, the name of the Governor of the city, and amongst several generals the servant mentioned also General Ertmann. At once occurred to me the A major Sonata of Beethoven with its dedication; and as I had always heard the best account from everybody of the lady, how friendly she was, and how much she had spoiled Beethoven, and how admirably she played, I put on a black coat about visiting time the next morning, asked the way to the government palace, concocted on the way a fine speech to the General's lady, and

went bravely up. Now I cannot deny, that it was a little awkward to me to learn, that the General lived in the first story front, and when I got into the splendid vaulted vestibule, I actually felt fear, and wanted to turn about. But then it seemed to me altogether too provincial, to be afraid of a vaulted antechamber; so I walked straight up to a troop of soldiers, who stood there, and asked an old man in a short nankin jacket, whether General Ertmann lived there, and then desired to be announced to his lady. But unfortunately the man replied: "I am he; how can I serve you?" That was very disagreeable, and I had to trot out my whole speech; the man however did not seem to be particularly edified by it, and wished to know, with whom he had the honor? That too was not pleasant; but luckily he knew my name, and became very courteous his lady was not at home, I would find her at two, if I should have time, or at some other hour. I was glad that it had turned out so, went in the meantime over to the Brera, took a look at the *Sposalizio* of Raphael, and at two o'clock I made the acquaintance of the "Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann." She received me in a very friendly manner, and was also very obliging; played to me at once the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, and then the one in D minor.

The old General, who appeared now in his grey, stately gubernatorial coat, with many orders, was perfectly happy, and wept for joy, so long was it since he had heard his wife play; there was nobody in Milan who would listen to any thing of the kind. She spoke of the B flat major Trio, which she could not remember. I played it, and sang the other parts; that delighted the old couple greatly, and so the acquaintance was established.

Since then they have shown a friendliness to me, that shames me. The old General shows me the notabilities of Milan. In the afternoon she takes me out to drive upon the Corso in her carriage; in the evening until one o'clock we make music; yesterday morning they took me out into the suburbs; at noon I had to dine with them; in the evening they had company; and moreover they are the most agreeable, most cultivated people one can imagine, as much in love with one another, as if they were a bridal pair, and yet they have been married four and thirty years. He spoke yesterday among other things of his profession, of the soldier's life, personal courage, and the like, with such clearness, such fine free views, as I have hardly ever heard, except from father. He has been an officer for six and forty years, and you should see him ride full gallop in the park, by the side of his wife's carriage—how brisk and noble the old gentleman bears himself! She plays the Beethoven things very beautifully; although she has not studied for a long time; frequently she overdoes it a little in the matter of expression, holding back so much, and then hastening on again; then again she plays single pieces splendidly, and I think I have learned something from her. Sometimes,

when she cannot squeeze out any more tone, and begins to sing at the same time, with a voice that comes right up from the inmost depths, she reminds me of you, O Fanny, although you are indeed far superior to her. As I came toward the end of the Adagio of the B flat Trio, she exclaimed: "One cannot play that, it is so full of expression;" and that is really true of this passage. The following day, when I was there for the second time, and played to them the C minor Symphony, she persisted in wanting me to pull off my coat, it was so hot. In the intervals he tells the most capital stories of Beethoven, how one evening, while she was playing to him, he used the snuffers for a toothpick, &c. She told how she had lost her last child, and then Beethoven was no longer able to come to the house; finally he invited her to him, and when she came, he sat down at the piano, and merely said: "Now we will talk together in tones," and so played on for over an hour, and, as she expressed it: "He told me all, and in the end gave me consolation." In short, I have felt so well again, and so comfortable, and I have so little need to garnish anything, or to keep silent,—we understood each other so splendidly in all things! Yesterday she played the Sonata with violin dedicated to Kreutzer; but when the accompanist, an Austrian dragoon officer, made a long embellishment *à la Paganini* in the beginning of the Adagio, the old General made such a horrible grimace at him, that I came near falling from my chair with laughter.

I have called upon Teschner, as you commanded me, dear mother; it is as uncheering as an East wind to see such a musician; Mme. Ertmann has more heart in her little finger, than the whole of the fellow with his horrible mustachios, behind which he lurks. At present there is no public music here. They still speak with rapture of last winter, when Pasta and Rubini sang here; only the subordinate rôles, orchestra and chorus appear to have been bad. Now I have heard Pasta six years ago in Paris, and can do so every year, with good orchestra, good choruses and much more to boot; so it is natural that I, to hear Italian music, must travel to France or England. But the Germans take it ill, if one says that to them. They want to sing and play and get thoughts here perforce, and say, it is the land of inspiration, whereas I maintain, that there is absolutely no land of inspiration, but this flies about in the air.

Day before yesterday I was in the day theatre, where I was much edified. There is more of the life of the people to be seen there, than anywhere else in Italy. A great playhouse with boxes,—the parterre covered with wooden benches, on which you find a seat, if you come early; the stage like any other; only there is wanting over the entire parterre and boxes the roof, so that the dear sun shines into the theatre, and into the eyes of the players. Besides, they gave a piece in the Milanese dialect. It was just as if you looked at all these complicated and comical situations, and might perhaps in case of necessity mingle in them; so that the most familiar comedy situations become new and interesting. And so the whole public took the liveliest part in it. And now good night; I wanted in fact to chat with you a bit before going to bed; and it has become a letter.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 370.)

Schubert's head was never turned by the admiration of his friends, nor by the steadily increasing favor of the general public, which has intoxicated so many and made them over-estimate themselves. The honorable recognition he received from many persons distinguished for their rank, their intellect, or their own artistic eminence, never tempted him to overstep a severely modest sense of his own merit. Among the musical artists, who took a lively interest in Schubert, we find C. M. von Weber, Hummel, and the singer Lablache, to whom Schubert dedicated three Italian songs. With Theodore Körner, who spent the years 1811-13 in Vienna, he became acquainted just at the time when he felt the impulse to devote himself exclusively to Art; and Körner did not fail to strengthen him in his resolution.

Schubert was frequently drawn into musical circles, where it sometimes happened that the singer got all the praise, while no one thought of the little man who sat at the piano, accompanying his own songs with so much soul and expression. The unpretending artist could well afford to disregard the neglect, since the applause, with which his compositions were received, belonged in the end to him. In such circles, especially in the more elegant ones, which he only entered to oblige others by accompanying his songs, Schubert was shy and sparing of words. While he sat at the piano he wore the most serious face, and he withdrew into a side room the moment he had finished. Unconcerned about praise and applause, he evaded compliments, and was contented if his friends testified their approbation.

It was otherwise, when he saw himself unfettered by conventionality; then his tongue was loosed in lively talkativeness; he had no lack of wit and quaint suggestions; and when he was silent himself, he partook in the merriment of others. But pure gayety was foreign to his nature, and his laugh consisted only in a sort of hoarse, suppressed titter. Although he did not dance himself, he sometimes attended family balls among his intimate friends, always ready to seat himself at the piano, where for hours long he improvised most beautiful dance music. Pieces which pleased him he repeated, so as to hold them in his memory and write them down.

He seldom visited the theatre. Evenings, on which he was not invited out, he used to spend with his friends, the smallest part of whom were musicians, in the tavern, where now and then, no doubt, the *hora legalis* was overstepped, and possibly a glass too much was drunk. What has been said of Schubert's passion for drink, is, if not a pure invention, certainly exaggerated in the highest degree. Probably, as in many other stories of that kind, the passion for drink, upon investigation, would resolve itself into a few excesses, which any good fellow might commit. Schindler meets the charge, that Schubert led an irregular life, by a reference to the prodigious number of works which he has left behind him. No man, who did not make a good use of his time, could possibly have produced them. Schubert loved good wine, and often took a glass

more than he needed; then he grew noisy and unpleasant to the company.

Hand in hand with his modesty went the respect he cherished for the musical accomplishments of others, even in the song department, where he reigned as no one has before or after him. In his early years he was particularly fond of Zumsteg's songs, whose "*Kolmal*," "*Maria Stuart*," "*Expectation*" and "*The silent Toggenburg*" inspired him with a lively interest. Also in Kreutzer's "*Wanderlieder*" he found so much pleasure, that he declared to some flatterers, who undertook to run them down, that he liked them greatly and he wished that he had composed them.

He lived in the most brilliant period of the Italian Opera; but its melodious strains, so destitute of any deeper feeling, could exercise but small attractive power over him. Yet he was an admirer of Lablache; and Rossini's "*Barber of Seville*," which never yet displeased any one, pleased also him; some pieces too in *Otello* interested him.

It is known, that Schubert throughout the greater part of his life was in by no means comfortable, and not seldom in depressed outward circumstances. Inexperienced in the acquisitive pursuits of life, and not at all disposed to estimate his productions even approximately at the price, which their intrinsic excellence deserved, he did not, like so many others, derive even a moderate subsistence from the remuneration of his labor. And yet friends stood ever ready at his side to support him both in counsel and in deed. It was they, who were moved by the thrilling effect of the "*Erl King*," to have the song engraved at their own expense; and as the first edition was soon taken up, Schubert had the satisfaction of deriving a considerable profit from the composition. * * * * *

Franz Schubert, who tried his hand in nearly every kind of music, has achieved the highest perfection in the Song; in that he has been excelled by no one to this day. Among the great number of song composers, who have flooded the world with their intellectual productions since him, Mendelssohn and Schumann are the only ones to be named, who, being musical masters of the first rank, have also made an epoch in this field, and have indicated new paths for the song, after it was supposed to have already reached its full development. The time is still recent when the former, by the smooth and rounded form peculiar to his compositions, by the delicate aroma that pervaded his ethereal tone pictures, and by the introduction of popular elements into the work of Art, transported the musical world to ecstasy, and maintained an undisputed single sovereignty in song, until in these latter days the sceptre was wrested from his hand by Robert Schumann, who, although leaning here and there towards Mendelssohn, then again gathering himself up to the fullest self-reliance, and creating from his inmost soul, opened a new world in song, and, deeper and more rich in fancy than his predecessor, did not deny a certain spiritual relationship with Schubert.

If the achievements of these two men in the department of songs are great and of unquestionable value; if we owe them new forms and modes of expression; and if their works in this branch of music also always bear the stamp of that high culture, which was thoroughly their

own; still we cannot hesitate a moment to award the palm in song to Schubert as the one, who, with the deepest feeling, the most powerful imagination and wonderful musical apprehension of the thought, had at his command a wealth of melodies such as no other man had.

In an enumeration of his songs, which took place in the year 1820, there were found already more than 500 of them; to which in the following eight years at least 100 more were added. A great number of German, and several foreign poets contributed their larger or smaller contingent of poems for these; and among them Goethe stands out as the one, whose songs, apart from their intrinsic worth, in number also take the first place among those set to music by Schubert. Like Beethoven before him, like Mendelssohn and Schumann after him, Schubert was particularly partial to the composition of Goethe's poems; he has set more than half a hundred of them to music.

The "Erl King" was the foundation of his fame in wider circles, and paved the way for the works that followed; but the songs from *Wilhelm Meister*, and those from the *Westöstliche Divan*, "Ganymed," *An Schwager Kronos*, "Tröstlose Liebe" (inconsolable love), "Welcome and Parting," "Limits of Humanity," &c., count among the finest that Schubert has produced in song.—To these may be added the songs: "Heidenröslein" (little heath rose), "Nearness of the loved one," "First loss," "The Fisher," "Hunter's Evening Song," "Meeresstille," "Wanderer's night song," "Geheimes," "Shepherd's Lament," "Son of the Muses," "On the Lake," "Spirit Greeting," "Wonne der Wehmuth" (bliss of sadness), "Table song," "Consolation in Tears," Clara's song in "Egmont," "Sehnsucht," "Versunken," "Prometheus," "Who buys love-gods?" "The Jeweller's journeyman," "To the Moon," "Nachgesang," "Die Liebende schreibt," "Bundeslied," "An die Entfernte," "Mabomet's song," the scenes from "Faust," and the ballads: "The Minstrel," "The rat-catcher," "Die Spinnerin," "The King in Thule," "The God and the Bayadere," also the quartet for men's voices: "Im Gegenwärtigen Vergangenes" (the Past in the Present).

Schiller, too, is represented in some twenty and odd poems; among them the long ballads: "Die Bürgschaft," "The Diver," and "Ritter Toggenburg," the composition of which, as well as of "Elysium," "Emma," and some other poems, belongs to an earlier period. "Hector's Parting," the "Maiden's Lament," "Group from Tartarus," "Thekla a spirit voice," "Dithyramb," and "The Conflict," well known songs and often sung, connect themselves worthily with those already mentioned.

(To be continued.)

* In 1819 Schubert sent to Goethe a ms. volume of his compositions to Goethe's poems, with a respectful note, to which no answer ever came. The old master understood but little about music, and received so many letters of this sort, that it is no wonder he took no notice of a man personally quite unknown to him.

Music as Art, as Language, and as Prophecy.

From an Address before the Harvard Musical Association in 1841. By J. S. Dwight.

I have already spoken several times incidentally of music as Art, as Language, and as Prophecy. A few words now on each of these heads.

1. Not every musician is an artist. Skill, tact, science, fall short of this high distinction. Yet we confound the eternal work of Art and the nearest superficiality, composed by rule or memory, under

one term, music. Let it be understood that, in all our high claims for music thus far, we have had reference, not to the mere medium of expression, to the agreeable combinations and successions of sound, which we call music, but to the music from the soul, expressing itself through that medium, through those melodies and harmonies;—not to the mere verbal and rhythmical dress of the poem, but to the poetry of it. Amongst all the numberless varieties of things which may be played and sung, there is much which claims to be music for a greater reason than that it is capable of being played and sung; for the reason, namely, that it is full of soul and meaning, and comes from an equal inspiration with the highest works of art, in painting, sculpture, or poetry. A true work of music stands for as much life, and is as much the word of a great soul, as is an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. But poetry, which is no poetry, we can call rhyme; eloquence, which is uninspired, we can call speech; music we must call music, whether it be a jig, or a Messiah; and there is no term to distinguish among mere melodies and harmonies conformed to rule, and those which also contain meaning, originality, and the spirit of true Art. A great many compositions bear the same relation to the high Art-standard of music which the rhymed commonplaces in the corner of a newspaper bear to poetry, or which mere speech bears to eloquence.

What is Art? is not easily answered. Yet the word is understood, where its presence has been felt, by any one who has felt the difference between an Apollo Belvidere and a tolerably skillful statue from some clever hand. In each of its departments there are several stages or approximations to pure Art. Thus, among writers, there is first the one who has merely mastered the language, and who lets the language or the current literature do his thinking for him. Then there is the one who writes skillfully to some purpose, who knows how to adapt means to an end, to prove, to persuade, to please; such is the popular speaker, lecturer, essayist, satirist, or didactic poet. Then there is the artist who creates, who produces a poem or a thought for its own sake, because he is full of it and must give it utterance; it is his own genius which he writes out, and he moulds the language to his use; it is to serve no special end; his work is an end in itself; it has not merely a relative, but an absolute existence; you do not ask why it is, but only what it is. The first is acquirement; the second, talent; the third, genius. So the painter or sculptor, who succeeds in getting a faithful likeness of a head, is no artist, but only one who has acquired the use of the tools of art. Above him is the skillful designer, who gives you representations or illustrations of historical scenes, or natural objects, or his own fancies. He has talent, yet he is not the artist. The artist, the man of genius, creates. He borrows both his materials and his subject, to be sure; but they are the least part of his picture or his group. He finds a subject in the worship of Apollo, the story of Laocoon, the landscape before him; but that is only the web into which he must put the woof. Talent uses paint and marble to represent a storm. Genius first translates the storm into a painting, and then uses them both to represent its own ideal,—makes both serve its master thought. The works of talent surprise us, and make us think chiefly of the power and skill displayed in their execution. The works of genius overpower us, transport us, fill us with their own spirit, haunt us wherever we go, suggest to us infinitely more than we see, and come over us like the whole heavens, showing us not one thing, but the harmony of all things. The reason for their being lies not in the subject, or passage of history, which they illustrate; we do not have to go out of ourselves for it. All traces of the old mythology might be lost; and the Apollo, without a name or clue to its story, would mean as much as it now means. So in Music. With those who work in tones, as with those who work in stone, or brass, or colors, there are all grades of excellence, from manufacture up to art. Do not confound the mechanical composer or maker-up with the creator or artist, whose music is the exponent and beautiful revelation of his life. Believe, too, that in music itself there is something greater than any thing which it undertakes to illustrate or adorn; that art is greater than its subjects or occasions; that music has something more to do than to clothe a given thought, or imitate a given scene or story. Its nobler mission is to publish its own secret; to give you, not storms, moonlight, battles, hymns, tragedies, recollections; for those you have, (in the original, which is better than the copy,) but to give you music, something which concerns you intimately, and which is not published in any other way. A great deal is said about imitations of nature, or stories of human life, running through music; and there is great joy among the disciples when some such hint, by way of explanation of his meaning in

some piece, admired we know not why, can be got from the great master. Not content with enjoying it as music, we ask to have it repeated to us as thought; which is like asking to have the condition of the blessed in another world made visible to eye and ear in this world. To hear music truly, you enter the realm of music, and feel as if all the world was music, and nothing but music; you forget your former state; histories, persons, scenes, thoughts, words, are foreign here; it is not their element; the most you can do will be to say, like Paul, "I know not whether I was in the body or out of the body." Return to the matter-of-fact life of the senses, and ask the composer what he meant, and either he will give no answer, or one that will sadly disappoint you. Importuned for an answer of some sort, he will tell you of any fly of circumstance that chanced to light upon his paper while he wrote, of any stray thoughts, or momentary consciousness of things in the outward world, which cleaved the pure sky of his rhapsody at his piano.

Ask the clear running stream its meaning; you will recognize the chance reflections of objects flitting over it, objects beautiful, fanciful, grotesque or low; but they are not the running stream. So in Art; you may see all things, but not itself. Imitative music is sometimes wonderful, but it is not the highest. Music is essentially subjective, and mere musical imitations of objects are a prostitution of the art. They are not art, any more than the Daguerreotype is art.

Curiosity is excited to hear the *Battle of Prague*, or Neukomm's *Fantasia*, on the organ, representing a concert on a lake interrupted by a storm. Such things can hardly entertain the lover of true music twice. Even Haydn's "Creation," by its literal imitations, sacrifices too much to effect. Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven, gives us an explanation, from the master himself, of one of his sonatas, and traces minutely through, from phrase to phrase, two answering parts, one pleading, the other angrily refusing, as if it were a quarrel between two lovers, or between husband and wife. But from the lips of Beethoven himself, I would not accept so low an explanation. He told what he could, perhaps, but left the most untold, or never thought how much he meant. Could the story affect us like the music?

Of no vulgar nature must the conflict be, which could be carried up into the pure realm of art and made immortal;—a conflict of ideal spirits, or of principles, or say, of the individual soul with Destiny, the music, the meanwhile, harmonizing all their wild, impatient outbreaks, that they may not go beyond the law of beauty, and thus predicting the sure and happy reconciliation. On another occasion, being asked the key to a sonata, he replied, "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." But he did not say, "It is a musical translation of the *Tempest*." In vain will you endeavor to trace the story through it, save as you trace a vague and fanciful connection between the accidental figures in the veins of mahogany or marble. You cannot say, this represents the storm; this, the scolding of the boatswain; this, the uplifting of the magician's wand; this, the pleading sympathy of Miranda; and this, the sudden flight and apparition of the tricky Ariel. All that, done ever so well, would have been but a musical curiosity. Our artist worked for no such end in this sonata. It was his own wild and glorious mood which he would utter and preserve in the immortal form of art. Would you know what wrought him up to such a pitch of feeling? "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." These strains are but the audible vibrations of his soul under the spell of that wild tale of elemental discord, wonder, love, and all-subduing justice; his rapturous response to the tones of another master mind. While you listen, your fancy will roam at large and recognize, *ad libitum*, full many a well-known face,—Ariels, and beautiful, or grotesque spirits without number, "music i' the air," Calibans and growling thunder, the whole isle shaking, waves roaring, clouds blackening, flames flickering on the tops of masts, soft sighs of love and compassion, and deep tones of fatherly wisdom,—but all indefinite, all the vague, evanescent interminglings and successions of a dream. No regular synopsis could be given. Such is the difference between Art and skill. And thus is Music, as an art, no parasite, living upon other arts, but endowed with an independent being, and entrusted with its own peculiar mission.

2. After what has now been said, it will be safe to speak of music as Language. It is a language. It is so independently of words. Indeed, all progress in musical taste brings with it a growing preference for instrumental music over vocal. It compromises something of its own peculiar eloquence to even the most judicious union with poetry. I call it the language of natural religion, and class it among the evidences of our religious nature. It is the natural language of emotions and aspirations, which imply the existence of more than is seen, which press to-

wards the heart of all things, and cannot bear to believe that nature is lifeless. There is most music, where there is most of this spontaneous spirituality, where men are most conscious of the unseen world;—not where men have most strictness of faith or observance, but where they live practically above what is narrowly called the Practical, and seem to know that they have souls to satisfy as well as bodies. It is the most intimate of languages. Two Germans, meeting after a long separation, would hardly feel that they had conversed, until they had made music together; it would seem a cold meeting to them without that. And there is a certain rude Æolian-harp music running through Speech, which gives us our most intimate knowledge of one another. We learn more of a person from the tones in which he says a thing, than from the thing he says. His words convey a special meaning; but the tones and modulations, the rhythm and quality of his voice, convey the whole spirit and character of the man to us. His words tell us what he means now; his tones, what he means always,—not merely the meaning of what he is now stating, but the meaning of him. You need only catch the tones of a speaker in another room, where you can neither see him nor distinguish his words, to know just how refined, how calm, how generous he is, and whether he is a hopeful child and a believer, or a skeptical and politic man of tact.

3. And now for the Prophetic character of Music. I have called it the language of our presentiments. The communion which we enjoy through it is an intimation of the higher life into which this progressive organization of ours will unfold itself. Nay, it is itself, for the time being, the "substance of things hoped for." It warns us of that essential harmony of things which our artificial ways disturb, and sings to us, for our comfort, that the broken fragments of the kingdom of heaven, as they lie about us here in the chaos of sin and strife, shall one day rise together in a fair, harmonious whole. In other words, music predicts the final reconciliation of the sacred and the secular in all things, the doing away of that distinction by the return of all things to their primitive and holy uses. And wherever true music is, that reconciliation *has*, for the time being, taken place.—For music hallows even trivial occasions. It ennobles all it touches. It idealizes even the dance, and exalts it to the dignity of the dance of Miriam on the shore of the Red Sea. Pleasure is less dangerous, less sensual, less trivial, when music intellectualizes it. The believer in depravity, the strictest ascetic, will allow that "to the pure all things are pure," *were we only pure*. Now it is conceivable that the week might be as holy as the Sabbath; that man might glorify God with the labor of his hands, as well as in the sanctuary; that his talk with his brother might be communion; and that gayety and dancing might be, not a perversion and a wicked waste of life, but the innocent and truthful joy of grateful children beneath a Father's smile. So far as the legitimate influence of music goes, this thing is realized. The theatre is a better place when music from the heart is heard there. The dance becomes the poetry of motion when the music is not a mere tickler of the senses, but a graceful and exquisite work of art, speaking to the soul, like some of the happiest waltzes of Strauss or Lœnner. A tender melancholy, as of moonlight and the flow of waters, comes over one sometimes in the mere music of the waltz. Does it not show how all things must be lifted up, and restored at last to their original sacredness? how this whole life, without losing any of its naturalness, must become a temple and act of worship? And if musicians, the inspired masters of that guild, do degrade their genius to low subjects, give trivial names to their sublimest pieces, and herd with the profane, it proves only a false state of things, and that there ought not to be any profane. In *their* world, in their mysterious realm of music, which is their atmosphere, their life, and in which they are glorious, there is no secular, no sacred; all is soul and beauty; all is liberal, disinterested, pure; no doubt, no dogmatism can enter there; no selfishness, no grossness. Those are narrow, private faults, and music is a universal language. Those belong to men as they are; music belongs to humanity in its original. And he, who has most deeply felt the power of music, is most humbled by the thought of the lost brightness of his own original, and most yearns to realize the promised reconciliation of which I have spoken. A true lover of music must be in some sense a "perfectionist."

Yes! in music, if true to itself there is nothing profane. It comes from above. It is a stray, reflected light from heaven, glancing about here and there, over all the surface and the walls of this our early life, entering without fear each dull and vulgar haunt,—a sort of revelation to the vulgar, that there

is a capacity in him for something more. When shall we move as freely and beneficently among our brethren, high or low, pure or tainted, and in all places, whether consecrated or not, as this heavenly benefactress moves among us? Does she not teach us that this divorce of secular from sacred, of nature from religion, is all wrong? Wherever a holy spirit comes, whether it comes in the shape of a good man, or of hallowed associations which hang around a church, or of a true strain of careless, wandering music, such as sometimes falls, like that stray sunbeam, into wholes where vice frequents, there, so long as it lingers, is the place made holy. All things may be exalted in this way. Have you not observed the effect of moonlight, how, with magic wand, she transforms the old white house into a marble palace, hides all the obtrusive and discordant features of the scene, and, with vague and delicate shading, brings out all its ideal beauty, turning the dirty village into a romantic fairy spot? Music, too, is such a charmer. The profane thought forgets itself, when she approaches. Through the coarse, worldly features of the sensualist glows the expression of the future angel; he looks the nobler nature which he should be, while he harkens, spell-bound, to her melodies.

What matter, then, if Handel's "Messiah," that sublime work of musical art, was written for the theatre? Does it smell of the theatre now? Does it suggest tinsel and spangles, and rouge for the face, and the smoke of foot-lamps? Is it not all pregnant with celestial meaning? Does it not acquaint us with the deepest humility, the purest exaltation which the human soul has ever known? Each successive performance of that oratorio fills the hearer with new wonder. One familiar at all with the processes and difficulties of musical art, cannot but feel, as he hears it, as if an impossibility had been achieved, something greater than a mere mortal could feel it in his limited nature to do. The music seems to have come from the same inspiration with the words which it embalms. Whatever the intellect may demand, the heart asks no better interpreter of those words than this music. Indeed, it seems as if every note were set by the same necessity of an all-wise will which set the stars; as if there were no room for choice, this being the music pre-ordained for this theme, so there could be no other. One who has heard it often, and has it all by heart, finds those old Hebrew sentences and the melodies of the modern artist growing inseparable in his mind, as if they belonged together from the first by right, and had come to us separately by some mistake. Had I devoted this discourse exclusively to an attempt to do justice to the Oratorio of the Messiah, I might have succeeded better in unfolding the wealth, spirituality and dignity of the musical art by that single illustration, than by all the remarks which I have scattered over so much ground. The same I might do, were there any art of congealing the fluid spirit of music into words, with some one of the great triumphs of pure, or instrumental music, some symphony of Mozart or Beethoven. But time fails.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 381.)

It was at Paris, on their return from their tour in Germany and visit to Mozart's family, that Mr. and Mrs. Novello brought to maturity their project for placing their daughter Clara at Mons. Choron's establishment for vocal pupils in the French Academy of Singing for Church Music. The child had given tokens of possessing a voice and musical abilities rare in their order; and though so young, hopes were given by Mons. Fétis and other influential persons, that the little girl might possibly obtain admission there, were she to compete with the other young-lady candidates about to try for a nomination. On learning this chance, Mrs. Novello, with her usual energy of decision, set out immediately to fetch the little Clara in time for the approaching trial in Paris. So young was the childish candidate, that she had (rather against the grain of her little ladyship's dignity!) to be placed on a stool when the first public performance of the pupils took place after Clara had gained her election; yet so potent was the youthful voice, so assured was the musical execution, that her umpires at once decided in her favor. That stool was the first step of her steady ascension to the throne of vocal supremacy. The father had reason to congratulate himself on the firm basis he had given to his little girl's education in grounding her thoroughly in the elements of her art; for she acquitted herself with a self-possession and certainty that won her immediate success. Her judges were almost as much amused as pleased with the business-like, quiet, un-

fluttered manner of the child, in the delivery of her competitive exercise and piece. She sang these as though she had been accustomed to face an audience for years, instead of having seen but a few summers since her cradle. As an indication of the full tone and unwavering style which characterized Clara's singing even at the early age,—one of her judges chancing to hear the little girl sing in an adjoining room on the eve of the trial day, thought it was a girl of sixteen, and could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the blue-eyed English child in a white frock who had just been performing Arne's "Soldier tired" with that confident brilliancy and rich roundness of voice. The weight and wealth of tone, with purity and precision in Clara's high notes, were as remarkable then as they have been ever since,—silvery, bell-like, clear and ringing.

Before that year came to a close, Vincent Novello had to pay the final tribute of respect to Mozart's sister. Not many months after he had been to Salzburg to take the subscribed sum to Madame Sonnenburg, news of her death reached England; and Mr. Novello, in commemoration, and as a homage to her illustrious brother, got up a performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, with a small orchestra and organ, in South Street Chapel. A few choice instruments,—Mori's violin, Mariotti's trombone, Anfossi's double-bass, and some other professional friends' assistance, sustained the organist in his refined execution of the great musician's masterpiece. Eye as well as ear was gratified upon that occasion (the last wherein South Street Chapel shone with its former glory; for, soon after, it was dismantled, and the Embassy's service no longer performed there) in the expression of Vincent Novello's countenance, while the reflection of the light from the tapers fell full upon it, beaming with the intellectual rapture and enthusiasm for the great master he was illustrating, as well as for the art in which he himself so excelled. His admirably-shaped head, in harmonious relief against the crimson drapery surrounding the organ-loft, formed a picture that might have been a study for Titian.

Here may be a fitting place to mention that Vincent's elder brother, Mr. Francis Novello, had been the principal bass-singer at the Portuguese Chapel, in South Street, during the whole period of the former's organistship there; and on the occasion in question, it was that beautiful voice, mellow yet sonorous, which gave full effect to the noble "Tuba mirum," "Recordare," and "Benedictus." The quality of Mr. Francis Novello's voice, and the earnestness of feeling which his enthusiastic admiration of music enabled him to throw into the compositions wherein he took part, will not be readily forgotten by those who remember the choir at South Street.

It was in the following year that the family removed to 67, Frith Street; and it was here that Vincent Novello's eldest son, Alfred, first commenced business. A very modest beginning, in appearance,—a couple of parlor windows and a glass-door, with a few title-pages bearing composers' names of sterling merit, and Vincent Novello's as editor; but conscientious faith in promoting the diffusion of the best music on the part of him who edited,—industry, punctuality and zeal on the part of the young publisher,—with practical counsel, moral encouragement and untiring sympathy on the part of her who aided husband and son in their public endeavors as in their private hopes and aims,—made that original simple parlor-shop the germ of the mart for supplying England—nay, the world—with highest-class music. It was at 67, Frith street, and subsequently at 69, Dean street, (to which later place he removed in 1834) that Vincent Novello had the gratification of seeing his sons and daughters around him in the exercise of those talents which nature had given, and which himself and wife had fostered. Judicious indulgence, affection and care, and wise cherishing brought their happy fruits; and the art-loving father had the joy of possessing, in his own offspring, individuals all more or less gifted with the musical capacity which he particularly prized. Among his daughters he had an ample supply of soprano voices, and one alto; his sons Alfred and Edward had each a bass voice, while his son-in-law, Charles, sang tenor; thus, at any time, the musician could have performed in his own family those more refined compositions which were his especial favorites. The delight he took in hearing such vocal gems as Mozart's "Ave verum," Leonardo Leo's "Kyrie eleison," Wilbye's "Flora gave me," or Lindley's "Let me careless," suggested to him the writing out of four green-bound part-music books, filled with the choicest unaccompanied concerted pieces, amounting to more than two hundred; and thus, when he and his young people spent a day in the fields, took a journey, or were otherwise beyond the reach of an instrument, they could enjoy the pastime of music as a crowning pleasure. He entitled these volumes "Music for the Open Air,"

and they always accompanied the family in their holiday excursions. One of the first pieces is the Canon 4 in 2, which appeared in the 121st number of the *Musical Times*, and which for years was daily sung for him by Vincent Novello's family as an after-dinner Grace. The charming quartet which will be given in the April number, was written by its composer, Charles Stokes, for his friend Vincent Novello's family-choir at this happy period of their lives; and has its place in the green-bound volumes. To the just-mentioned Canon (which he entitled "A thanksgiving after enjoyment") its composer appended the following note: "The above Canon was written in commemoration of a most delightful musical evening, which the composer had passed in company with Malibran, De Beriot, Willman, Mendelssohn, and other rare musicians. As soon as he awoke the next morning, he wrote the above little composition, in acknowledgment of the great pleasure he enjoyed.—V. N."

Those "musical evenings," were indeed memorable epochs; perhaps the most memorable was the one in question. It was soon after Malibran's marriage with De Beriot; and they both came to this party at the Novellos' house. De Beriot played in a string quartet of Haydn's, with that perfect tone and style which distinguished him. Then his wife gave in generously lavish succession Mozart's "Non più di fiori," with Willman's obligato accompaniment on the Corno di bassetto, a "Sancta Maria" of her host's composition (which she sang at sight with consummate effect and expression), a gracefully tender air, "Ah, rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime," and lastly a spirited mariner's song, with a sailorly burden chiming as it were with their rope-hauling. In these two latter she accompanied herself; and when she had concluded among a rave of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests—Felix Mendelssohn—and said in her own winning playfully imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating), "Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me, now I have sung for you." He, "nothing loath," let her lead him to the pianoforte; where he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other; and finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint. No wonder the delight experienced by the musical soul of the master of the house took the shape which it did "next morning."

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the musical evenings at Vincent Novello's house gave one great original incitement to the performance of high-class music in domestic circles which has now so generally obtained in England. The professor's musical socialities in London excited emulation, and produced similar assemblages in private circles of the metropolis; these spread; and, thus, the pleasant practice of performing sterling classical music among family and friendly re-unions has now become universal in town and country. Bacon pronounces a garden to be "the purest of human pleasures;" we might call domestic music "the purest of urbane pleasures," were it not that, though capital in itself, its delight is not confined to the capital; but is equally felt and enjoyed in the provinces. Vincent Novello was also the prime mover of another branch of social musical performance; a performance partaking of a public and a private character. He was one of the founders of the "Classical Harmonists' Society;" which consisted of some twenty to thirty gentlemen and lady members who met monthly to get up good vocal and instrumental music. And he likewise promoted the institution of the "Choral Harmonists' Society," which numbered a still larger body of subscribers. These London musical societies gave rise to provincial ones on the same plan, and were another source of promoting that diffusion of fine music, its taste, its culture, its practical knowledge and performance, which Vincent Novello ever had so much at heart.

During this elate period of Vincent Novello's life, the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey took place in 1834. He himself presided at the organ; and his daughter Clara was one of the soprano vocalists in the sacred oratorios performed on the occasion. Many can remember the young angelic voice so appropriately heard in "How beautiful are the feet," and other Handelian strains. The reader will be pleased to see a sportive note of Charles Lamb's, written to Vincent Novello's son-in-law at this time; a note still carefully preserved, despite its pencilled characters and worn edges. It is directed outside, "Charles Cowden Clarke, Esq.," but begins and ends without address or signature. "We heard the music

in the Abbey of Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably soften'd by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone, and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?" In the same spirit (most consistent with that which pervades the whimsical, witty "Chapter on Ears") are some lines which Charles Lamb wrote in his friend Vincent Novello's album; and which he entitled

FREE THOUGHTS ON SOME EMINENT COMPOSERS.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites. For my part,
I do not care one farthing candle
For either of them, nor for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me God, I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stave and crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer-Deluvians,
That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
By strokes on anvil, or by summ'at
Found out, to his great surprise, the Gamut.
I care no more for Cimarosa
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
Being no painter: and bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel
Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?
The Devil with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter.
Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido
Knows just as much, God knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach—or *Bach*—which is it?
No more I would for Bononcini.
As for Novello, and Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living. So I leave 'em.

C. LAMB.

Beneath, on the same page, Miss Lamb subjoined the following:—

The reason why my brother's so severe,
Vincentio, is—my brother has no ear;
And Caradori her mellifluous throat
Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.
Of common tunes he knows not anything,
Nor "Rule Britannia" from "God save the King."
He rail at Handel! He the gamut quiz!
I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.
His spite at music is a pretty whim—
He loves not it, because it loves not him.

M. LAMB.

After a few years, the Novellos left London for Bayswater; and resided for some time, successively, in two of the pretty cottages on Craven Hill, when that place still retained its primitive simplicity, and consisted of small detached dwellings with gardens, instead of the grand houses which now rise there in lofty rows. For a large portion of this time, Vincent Novello remained in England, superintending his various musical works; while his wife accompanied their daughter Clara abroad on a lengthened professional tour in Germany and Russia, and during a period when it was resolved that she should study in Italy, with a view to the lyric stage. Be it here noted, that Mrs. Novello's absence from home, far from preventing her fulfilment of home-duties, only afforded scope for her manifesting how exalted a woman can accomplish apparently incompatible tasks. Even while personally devoting exclusive attention to one child, by her presence and vigilant care, Mrs. Novello no less influenced and guided those remaining under the paternal roof by constant and minutely-detailed letters, filled with accounts of what she herself beheld abroad that might tend to the instruction and entertainment of those she wrote to, or with advice, sympathy, and the liveliest interest in all they were thinking, saying and doing at home. Not only did she cheer and support her husband, by these frequent and loving epistles, (models of letter-composition!) but she continued the good work of stimulating and encouraging their children to conduct that should redound to their own and their parent's honor and happiness. So felicitously did she blend counsel with affectionate encouragement, that her opinion, her encomium, were ever the incentive to fresh exertion; and they no less strove to satisfy the mother, than to gratify the tender friend. With a vivacity of

participation in everything that occupied their hopes or their wishes, she made herself almost more a comrade than a parent to her adoring children; and even while she was away from them, they felt her with them in spirit. By a paradox wrought to a truth through the might of such a nature as hers,—those who most missed her, best bore separation from her. The talent which distinguished yet another of Vincent Novello's daughters, for singing and for languages, prolonged this separation; the mother's namesake, Mary Sabilla, finding similar maternal devotion to that which Clara had found.

At the close of the year 1848, it became evident that Mrs. Novello's health required residence in a warmer climate; and she wintered in Rome, near to her daughter Clara, who was by that time married to an Italian nobleman, Count Gigliucci. In 1849, Vincent Novello joined his wife at Nice, where they took a pleasant house, for themselves and their youngest surviving daughter, Sabilla, to dwell in henceforth; as the latter's delicacy of throat, and susceptibility to cold and damp, rendered a southern atmosphere equally needful for her. Here, visited every autumn by their other children, Vincent Novello and his wife lived for some years in quiet retirement, after the life of active exertion they had hitherto led with such prosperous effect; and it was with complacent feeling, that they found themselves settled, during the evening of existence, in that beautiful land which had given birth to the immediate progenitor of Vincent Novello.

It remains but to speak more particularly of his several productions; those musical labors which so worthily and so happily had occupied the active portion of his life.

(To be continued.)

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The 14th Gewandhaus Concert (Jan. 24) was made up as follows: Overture to the *Wasserträger*, by Cherubini; Aria from Spohr's *Jessonda*; Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto for piano; "Night-song," by Marschner, and "May Song" by Meyerbeer; Concert Overture by Julius Rietz; Symphony No. 3 (in E flat), in five movements, by Robert Schumann. The singer was Mme. Caggiati-Tettelbach, of the royal opera in Hanover, said to be not fresh in voice, while her selections were trivial. The Mendelssohn Concerto was played by a pupil of the Conservatorium, Miss Madeline Schiller, from London, a young lady of decided talent for her instrument; who won great applause, echoed by the critics, but with cautions.

At the usual Friday evening Musical Entertainment of the pupils and professors of the Conservatorium, in the dingy little room in the old Gewandhaus, (Jan. 24), these pieces were performed: String Quartet, in A, by Mozart; *Nocturne and Etude* by Chopin; Manuscript Sonata for piano, in Eb, by E. F. Richter; third Concerto for piano, in C sharp minor, first movement, by Ferdinand Ries; sixth Concerto (*fantastique*), by Moscheles.—The programme of the preceding week was yet more interesting: Sonata for piano and violin, by J. S. Bach, in B minor, played by Reinecke and David; Variations on a theme from Bach, composed and played by Reinecke; Quartet in B flat, by Haydn; Franz Schubert's Octet for two violins, viola, cello, double bass, horn, bassoon and clarinet (op. 166).

An interesting performance of church music, old German, old Italian, and modern, was given in the Thomas Church by Riedel's Vocal Society. Heinrich Schütz, Michael Prætorius, John Eccard, Palestrina and Marcello were represented; also Cherubini, and among living composers, Ferdinand Glöck, Chr. Fink, Gustav Flügel, and Robert Franz (the last named by a Psalm (op. 19) for two choirs *a capella*, "a hymn here and there of Bach-like majesty and splendor").

The seventh concert of the Euterpe Society took place Jan. 21. The first part was directed by Dr. Langer, the second by Herr von Bronsart. It opened with Schumann's "Manfred" overture. Mme. Krebs-Michales sang an aria from Wagner's *Rienzi*,

an air from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Schubert's "Wanderer," and "Mein Hochland" by C. Krebs. Herr Bronsart played Schubert's Fantasia in C and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13, as arranged by Liszt. Beethoven's 8th Symphony formed the second part.

The sixth Soirée for Chamber Music took place in the Gewandhaus concert hall Jan. 13. Kapellmeister Reinecke and Concert-master David played together the piano and violin Sonata in B minor by J. S. Bach; Haydn's Quartet in B flat was played by Messrs. David, Röntgen, Hermann and Davidoff—it would be hard to find four better; Reinecke's variations on a theme of Bach followed, and the evening closed with Schubert's Octet mentioned above.

BERLIN.—The Singacademie, for its third subscription concert, performed the oratorio "Abraham," composed by Martin Blumner, its second director. This work is highly esteemed in Berlin, and has been produced three times during the last two years; whereas, some of the critics complain, Reinthaler's "Jeptha" and Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" have not been heard there at all.

A great concert of the Männergesangverein clubs of Berlin—58 clubs, with 1500 voices—was given in the Royal Opera house, in the presence of the king and queen, in aid of the Prussian fleet. Capellmeister Taubert directed, and wrote a sailor song for the occasion, which was performed with orchestral accompaniment and created much enthusiasm. Part-songs by Mendelssohn, Marschner and others were sung, some with orchestra, some with an accompaniment of a large number of French horns, and some unaccompanied. People were surprised by the fresh power and fullness of the voices, and the precision and purity of their execution.

Weber's *Euryanthe* was given in the last of January in the Royal Opera house. Frau Harriers-Wipern sang the part of *Euryanthe*, and Frau Köster that of *Eglantine*. Herr Formes (tenor) is well known as one of the best representatives of *Adolar*, and Herr Krause of *Lysiart*. Other operas given since Christmas time are: Spontini's *Vestalin*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* (nowhere presented with such splendid completeness as in Berlin; Fri. de Ahna has succeeded to Johanna Wagner in the part of Ortrud, which was one of the great dramatic triumphs of the latter), *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Nurmahal*, *Lac des Fées*, &c. The Italian Opera came to a close in February. It seems not to have excited that enthusiastic interest it did last year, although the Berliners have had their favorite Trebelli, the contralto, again, and in spite too of the decided impression made by Adelina Patti.

Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt, and court pianist, continues to give concerts in the Singacademie, himself the sole performer, and playing everything from Bach to Liszt and Raff, without any notes before him. Here is his programme of Jan. 3d: *Chaconne* in F by Handel; *Sarabande* and *Passepied* in E minor, by J. S. Bach; A major Sonata (op. 101), Beethoven; *Fantasia* in three parts (op. 17), Robt. Schumann; two concert *Etudes*: "Feux follets," *Eroica* and bravura waltze on motives from Gounod's *Faust*, Liszt; *Prelude* and *Fugue* in A flat, op. 53, by Rubinstein, and *Ballade*, op. 11, C sharp minor, by the concert-giver.

HANOVER.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been placed on the stage at the Theatre Royal, with more than ordinary splendor. In the last act alone there are five new scenes, painted by Herr Martin. As a mark of his approbation of her performance of Gretchen, the King has forwarded Mlle. Ulrich a magnificent bracelet, accompanied by a most flattering letter. A concert has already been given in aid of the funds for the Marschner Monument.

There were eighty operatic performances at the Theatre Royal during the last year. Two of the operas performed—*Das Glückchen des Eremiten* and M. Gounod's *Faust*—were novelties. There were twelve revivals. In stock operas, the various composers were represented as follows; Auber, one per-

formance; Bellini, 1; Boieldieu, 2; Donizetti, 3; Fiorentini, 1; Flotow, 3; Gläser, 1; Gounod, 2; Halévy, 1; Kreutzer, 1; Lortzing, 4; Maillart, 3; Marschner, 4; Méhul, 2; Meyerbeer, 9; Mozart, 3; Nicolai, 1; Offenbach, 1; Rossini, 3; Spohr, 1; Verdi, 3; Wagner, 4; and Weber, 1.

HAMBERG.—The Musikverein, consisting of more than 200 members, lately gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

WIESBADEN.—Ferdinand Hiller's new opera, *Die Katakomben*, libretto by Herr Moritz Hartmann, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced on the 2nd February.

REGENSBURG.—The numerous admirers of Joseph Haydn will be glad to learn that an account of the old master's life and productions will shortly be published. It is from the pen of Dr. Dominicus Mattenleiter, and will form four volumes. The author has spent twenty years in collecting his materials, with what trouble and sacrifices may easily be imagined.

MUNICH.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given here, before a crowded house. The subscription-list was entirely suspended. Not only were the singers, but the scene painter and the machinist repeatedly called on. The King and Queen, as well as the Princes Adalbert and Theodore were present. At a concert lately given by Herr Peter Marolt, Mad. Sophia Schröder, an old lady eighty-two years old, and a pensioned member of the Theatre Royal, recited an ode by Klopstock, with all the energy and spirit of a young woman. She was loudly applauded.—At the second subscription concert given by Herr Ortner, Court-organist, the great features in the programme were a Symphony in E flat, by Haydn; and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio brillante," in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra; the latter played by Professor Schönbach.—During the past year there were, at the Theatre Royal, altogether, 314 representations; 140 representations of operas, and 32 of ballets. Three operas were entirely new; and five, revivals. The three novelties were: *Der Hans ist da*, comic opera, by Föry; *Orpheus und Eurydice*, by Gluck, and *Dom Sebastian*, by Donizetti. The revivals were *Doctor und Apotheker*, by Dittersdorf; *Le Chaperon Rouge*, by Boieldieu; *Marie*, by Hérold; *Le Maçon*, by Auber; and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart. Meyerbeer was represented twelve times; Weber nine; Gluck and Boieldieu, eight each; Conradi, Donizetti and Flotow, seven each; Mozart six; and Wagner, five.

GOTHA.—The Duke of Saxe Meiningen has bestowed the medal and decoration affiliated to the Ernestine House Order, on Herr Alfred Jaell, the pianist. Herr Jaell has been making a professional tour, through Hanover, Cassel, Meyance and Meiningen, and will shortly visit Hamburg, Leipsic and Bremen.

BRESLAU.—The first subscription concert of the Breslau Orchestral Union, went off with great éclat. About 1100 tickets were sold, and the audience were loud in their applause. The orchestra, consisting of seventy Musicians, was under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. The principal orchestral works, comprised in the programme, were the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Gade's *Michael Angelo* overture, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Herr Jean Becker played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Paganini's variations.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 22, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first cycle, so to speak, of eight Afternoon Concerts was completed on Wednesday, with a splendid audience and an uncommonly fine programme. What less could be said of a programme for the thousands of an afternoon, when it contained the whole C minor Symphony,—the most widely appreciated here of all large orchestral works (the *Freyschutz* and *Tell* overtures perhaps excepted), and the delicious overture to "Oberon." The magical

wonder-horn of the last opened the concert; and a Lanner waltz was interposed as a convenient "buffer" between it and the Symphony. For a small orchestra, the grand old Symphony was well played and vastly enjoyed; only one longs sometimes for a "grand" orchestra, especially when the three double-basses try to scramble through the work of six or eight in the great passage in the Scherzo—no disparagement, however, to the skill and energy with which the three were handled; a little ship may get us over a stormy sea sometimes more safely than a Great Eastern. We thought the "Oberon" remarkably well played,—perhaps even with more delicacy, and warm blending of the wind tones, than in the evening concert; but we must still protest that so loud a crash (*tutti fortissimi*) before the Allegro leaps forth like a lion, sounds rather extra-orchestral, as if it came from outside the house, instead from inside the music. However the Allegro is so strong and glorious, that it soon brings the hearer back into the musical frame.

Of the following pieces the most interesting was the Duet from "William Tell" (orchestral arrangement), one of the best things in their stock of such arrangements. A *romanza* from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, a new Newport Polka, and a Sleigh Ride Gallop, completed the delight of the young people.

Next Wednesday will commence another cycle—another eight-bar rhythmical period—when the orchestra will perform Beethoven's *First* Symphony, Spohr's *Faust* overture, a Strauss waltz, and a *Romanza* for the oboe and violin from the "Huguenots." We cannot wish the "Union" greater success than it has had, for greater we have no hall to hold.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Another "season" of these valuable chamber Concerts—the *thirteenth* season—has closed. It matters not whether Adagio, Allegro, or Prestissimo: equally fast, when you look back on it, the time has fled! The Chickering hall had scarcely standing room for all who came on Wednesday evening to the eighth and last concert of the season. The Club had Mr. B. J. LANG's assistance again as pianist. The selections were interesting, somewhat novel, and the pieces all well played.

1. Quartet in F, No. 1, op. 18.....Beethoven
Allegro and Adagio.
2. Sonata in D, for Piano and Violoncello....Mendelssohn
Allegro and Scherzo.
Messrs. Lang and Fries.
3. Sextet in C, op. 140, for two violins, two violas and two cellos.....L. Spohr
Allegro Moderato, Larghetto, Scherzo and Finale
Attacco.
4. Tarantella for violin.....F. Schubert
Carl Meissel.
5. Piano Quintet in G minor, op. 7.....Graedener
Allegro molto, Andante, Scherzo, Finale, Allegro vivace.
(First time.)

The last two movements from Beethoven sounded as fresh and welcome as they were familiar. His earliest Quartet, what a masterpiece it is, how full of most poetic and original ideas! The Allegro clear, limpid, wholesome, fascinating in its very intricacy, and leading you along all the more surely and intelligently by it, opening glimpses sometimes, by its dark and wondrous modulations, into the deeper mysteries of the deep-souled, but yet young and happy poet. The Adagio, one of the most heavenly, melodious strains, floating on the richest harmonies, and

charged with deepest, tenderest feeling and yearning aspiration, to be found in any of his works, except perhaps some of those much abused "post-humous" ones so-called. And what a mysterious under-current rises and rushes through the middle parts in sixteenth notes!—The pieces from the Mendelssohn Sonata were highly enjoyable, especially the Scherzo, which was delightfully played, the soft *staccato* portions with great delicacy and nice accent.—Spohr's Sextet improves upon acquaintance, with the exception still however of the first movement, which sounds to our ear more bold and fantastic than agreeable. Mr. MEISEL executed the violin Tarantella with fire, precision, and well kept up force, and won great applause; the composition would hardly pass for a specimen of Schubert's best power, and it is difficult for us to believe that the commonplace and sentimental introduction is by Schubert; many a concert virtuoso might have written it.

Graedener is a new name in our concerts; but, judging from the Quintet played on this occasion, we should be glad to hear more of him. C. P. Grädener, as we learn from German journals, resides in Hamburg, and is one of the earliest and foremost of the new composers who have followed in the wake of Schumann. In that connection his name is often coupled with Bargiel. Yet he has credit for not a little originality, a certain fiery impetus, and traits resembling Schubert. He first published little piano-forte pieces, in a fantastic Schumann vein, called *Fliegeude Blätter* (flying leaves). A serious and intelligent critic in the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*, in analyzing a couple of piano Trios of his, in which various themes and thoughts of a very Schumannish stamp are cited, says of him: "Grädener's inner nature seems, from these compositions, to be rather hotspur-ish; the temperature of his blood very high, inclined to violence and extravagances. There is no lack of depth, and certainly none of tenderness of feeling. But he allows himself to be swept away by his stormy and impatient nature, and does not seem to know closely enough the limits which an Art-work must observe, to be really edifying and enduring." All this was certainly to a great degree made good in the hearing of Wednesday. The Quintet is fiery enough; it starts off with a wild, almost alarming energy, in an Allegro motive that reminds one of Schubert's "Erl-king" accompaniment; bold and interesting contrasts follow; the thoughts, at all events the temper of the thing, get a strong grasp on you; you listen eagerly, and, for once at least (how many repetitions it will bear we know not), feel repaid. There is rich, strong euphony in the blending of the instruments, a suggestion often of orchestral proportions. The Andante, beginning with piano solo, is beautifully pure, serene and tender, but suddenly gives way to a quaint, quicker subject, somewhat romance-like, which is in the strongest contrast, but seems not unnaturally begotten. Indeed when the Scherzo comes, which has a decided individuality, it seems as if it sprang right from the brain of the Andante. This speaks for the consistency, musical and poetical, of the work as a whole. Nor were we conscious of any falling off in the Finale. But we hope we may have an opportunity to hear this work again, when we may note its character more closely. Mr. LANG seemed to enter quite into the spirit of it, and did not allow the piano-

forte part to suffer in the rendering; nor did the other gentlemen.

It may be worth while to look back over the season so successfully past, and see what the Mendelssohn Quintette Club have done for us in these eight concerts. Of BEETHOVEN they have given us for the first time, and twice, the great Quartet in B flat, op. 130; also the 10th Quartet, in E flat; the No. 3 of op. 18, (in D); No. 1 of op. 18; the first Quintet, in E flat, op. 4; and the Quintet arranged from the Piano Trio.—Of MOZART: the first Quintet, in C minor; and the 6th Quartet, in C.—Of HAYDN: the Quartet, in Bb, No. 78, only.—Of MENDELSSOHN: the C minor Piano Trio; Quartet in E flat, op. 44; Variations for piano and 'cello, op. 17: Andante and Scherzo from posthumous Quartet in E; Sonata, piano and 'cello, in D.—Of SCHUBERT: the Quintet in C with two 'cellos.—Of GADE: Quintet in E minor, op. 8.—Of WEBER: Quintet with clarinet, op. 24.—Of HUMMEL: Piano Trio in E, op. 83.—Of ONSLOW: 14th Quintet in F, (with contra-basso)—Of SPOHR: Sextet in C (twice)—Of SCHUMANN—not a note (English critics, who judge our Club by its name, can consider him as "paired off" with so many more works of Mendelssohn that might have been performed). On the whole, a pretty good winter's work, and something to have lived to hear.

Death of Levi P. Homer.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Homer, who, for several years has been the Instructor in Music in Harvard College at Cambridge. The wisdom of his selection by the Corporation to introduce this new branch of study into the academical course, has been proved by the success that has attended his faithful labors, attested especially by the general interest of the under-graduates in various departments of music, by the much higher standard of excellence to be noticed in the performances of the musical clubs of the college, compared to that of former years, and by the general excellence of the performances of the choir of the College Chapel, which have been entirely under his direction. While Mr. Homer's instructions have been confined to vocal music alone, he has exerted a useful influence upon the advancement of music in every way, by his counsels and instructions. His teachings were made pleasant to his pupils and his enthusiasm for his vocation did not fail to kindle a flame in those who attended his lessons, while his personal intercourse with his pupils was so friendly and agreeable that it never failed to result in a warm personal attachment. It is a misfortune to the cause of music in the College that he should have been cut off, just as he had brought his plans into effective operation and was beginning to reap the advantage of having carried his classes through a course of instruction that lasted through their college life. His labors were considerable and indefatigable, while his position was a humble one in academical rank and its compensation inadequate. We sincerely hope that the Corporation of the College may be so fortunate as to select for his successor a person as well fitted as Mr. Homer was for his place, and that the opportunity will be taken to make the place a *professorship* in academical rank, and in compensation, such as should make it an object of ambition to a college graduate to fill the post. There are such graduates who have chosen to devote their lives to the musical profession, to whom such a place would be the worthy reward of an honorable ambition. Can it not now be done?

Mr. Homer's funeral was attended by a large number of his friends and pupils, on Thursday of last week, in the Chapel where he had for years conducted the daily musical services of the College. He has left a young wife and child to mourn his irreparable loss. H. W.

CARL ZERRAHN begins his new series of six Philharmonic Concerts at the Music Hall to-night. For Symphony he still draws from the richest of all sources, Beethoven, and gives us the warm and glowing No. 4. in B flat. Mendelssohn's Overture "*Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*," which describes first the lifeless state of being becalmed at sea, and then the wind rising and the happy voyage and coming into port, — has not been heard here since the days of the Germania Society, and will be sure to interest. Instead of the *Symphonische Dichtung* of Liszt, at first contemplated, he has concluded to give us Weber's Jubilee Overture, and throws in also for a choice bit the "Turkish March" of Beethoven. For solo talent, he announces Mme. D'ANGRI, the famous contralto, who was here with Thalberg four years since, and who will sing "*Ah, mon fils!*" "*Non piu mesta*," and a vocal waltz.—We learn that Mr. MOLLENHAUER will play Beethoven's violin Concerto in the second concert.

The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB have postponed their social musical entertainment to Monday evening, at Allston Hall.

We are happy to be able to state that Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night," is to be performed here for the first time on Walpurgis night, i. e. the night before the 1st of May, before which time we hope to give our readers some account of the subject, the poem, &c. It will be given in the Music Hall, with full orchestra, and a picked chorus of 100 voices, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG. The same work is also now in course of study in a private club of amateurs, conducted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER.

Miss LIZZIE CHAPMAN, one of our most promising Boston vocalists, arrived home last Wednesday in the Anglo-Saxon. She comes direct from Florence, where she has been studying earnestly under the best masters for two or three years past. We had the pleasure of hearing her last spring in Florence, and were certainly surprised by the degree of artistic skill she had attained. It is understood that she will sing in one of our Philharmonic concerts.

The Transcript learns that California is jubilant over our late Union victories:

In San Francisco, a commemorative service was held in Rev. T. S. King's church, which was attended by a throng limited only by the capacity of the house. The musical performances of the occasion were under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH TRENCLE, and consisted of selections from the most noted compositions adapted to such an occasion. The extracts from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* were given with great effect. Dr. Holmes's Army Hymn was sung by the immense Assembly with a zeal and power never before witnessed on the western shore of our republic.

ERFURT.—The last concert of Soller's Musical Union was given in celebration of the 150th anniversary of Frederick the Great's birthday. A bust of the warlike monarch was set up, entwined with flowers, in the most conspicuous part of the concert-room. The concert began with the grand "Parademarsch" composed by Frederick himself, followed by Meyerbeer's overture to *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, and a number of less important pieces, vocal and instrumental.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School in this place still enjoys the distinction of receiving visitations of choice classical music several times during the year, and it is much to the credit of the institution that such angel visits are appreciated. Last winter OTTO DRESEL went and played to them on one of these occasions; last week Messrs. MASON and THOMAS, from New York, gave them two Soirées, with the following programmes:

THURSDAY, MARCH 13TH.

1. Ballad in A flat. Op. 47..... Chopin
Wm. Mason.
2. Fantasia for Piano and Violin in C major. Op. 169... Schubert
Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.
3. Concerto for the Violin in E minor. Op. 64 Mendelssohn
1. Allegro molto appassionato. 2. Andante. Allegro molto vivace..... Theo. Thomas.
4. Phantasie-Stücke, for Piano. Op. 12..... Schumann
2. Aufschwung. 3. Warum? 4. Grillen..... Wm. Mason.
5. Grand Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in A. Op. 47.... Beethoven
1. Adagio sostenuto—Presto. 2. Andante con Variazioni. 3. Finale—Presto..... Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14TH.

1. Grand Sonata in D minor. Op. 121. For Piano-forte and Violin..... Schumann
1. Ziemlich langsam—Lebhaft. 2. Sehr lebhaft. 3. Lento, einfach. 4. Bewegt.
Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas.
2. Scherzo, B flat minor. Op. 31..... Chopin
Wm. Mason.
3. Chaconne in D minor, for Violin..... Bach
Theo. Thomas.
4. Sonata for the Piano, in A. Op. 101..... Beethoven
1. Allegretto ma non troppo. 2. Vivace alla Marcia. 3. Adagio ma non troppo, con affetto—Allegro.
Wm. Mason.

NEW YORK.—Last Sunday evening CARL BERGMANN gave a "Grand Sacred Concert" at Irving Hall, assisted by Mills, the pianist, Schreiber, on the cornet, the Arion society, and an orchestra of forty performers. The programme, which we give below, is curiously compounded, and, we suppose, is "Sacred" in the sense of placing its affections quite beyond this present world and in the "Future," with those holy, inspired prophets, Liszt and Wagner. Or was it in those tender "effusions of the heart" upon the cornet, that the audience were expected to experience religion? But how came such heathens as Beethoven and Weber in the saintly company?

- Overture "Leonore," in C, No. 3..... L. von Beethoven
Rehearsed..... Fr. Liszt
Arion.
- Effusions du Cœur. Morceau de Salon, for Cornet & Piston
L. Schreiber
- Concert for Pianoforte, in A minor..... R. Schumann
Mr. S. B. Mills.
- Orpheus, Poème Symphonique, first time..... Fr. Liszt
Solo for Violoncello..... Carl Bergmann.
- Grand Scene for Solo and Chorus, from the Opera "Rienzi," (first time.)..... R. Wagner
Arion Society.
- Fantasia, "Lucretia Borgia,"..... L. de Meyer
Mr. S. B. Mills.
- Overture, "Euryanthe"..... C. M. von Weber

There is Italian Opera again at the Academy this week, under Mr. Grau's management. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Auber's *Masaniello* were the pieces for Wednesday and Thursday, with Senorita Cubas, the danseuse, in the part of Fenella.

GOTTSCALK has returned here and announces concerts under a new name, "*Matinées d'Instruction*," at Irving Hall. The instrument is placed in the middle of the room, and the pianist stops to explain, answer questions, &c.—The Glee and Madrigal Society gave a soirée on Wednesday at the Chickering rooms.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert took place at Irving Hall last Saturday evening, preceded as usual by public rehearsal (for the subscribers) in the morning. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony"; Overture to the "Vampire," by Marschner; and two *Morceaux Symphoniques* for orchestra and piano, by Robt. Goldbeck. Mr. Eisfeld conducted. The solo performers were Miss Ludcus (soprano), and P. Eltz, bassoonist.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Philharmonic Concerts rival those of New York in attraction. Indeed the orchestra is composed mainly of the same materials with the same excellent conductor, BERGMANN. In the fourth concert the orchestra played Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the Allegretto from his No. 8, Mendelssohn's *Athalia* overture, and the overture "*Le Carnaval Romain*" (first time) by Berlioz. Miss Carlotta Patti and Signor Mancusi sang, from Donizetti and Verdi; and Herr Schmits played a *Nocturne* for the French Horn, composed by Eisfeld.—For the next time are announced Spohr's Symphony

"The Seasons," Liszt's "Tasso" (one of his "Symphonic Poems"), and Mendelssohn's overture, "*Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt*."

Schumann's beautiful Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," one of his most important works, was to be performed this week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at a Charity Concert, by the German Liederkreis of New York.

PHILADELPHIA.—GOTTSCALK has given four concerts, and the newspapers rave about him only less extravagantly than those in New York—extravagantly, we mean, even supposing the highest merit reasonably conceivable. Beethoven and Mozart never were so bepraised. The pieces in his third concert were: his overture "The chase of King Henry," (4 hands), his transcription of the Verdi *Miserere*, his "*Murmures Acoliennes*," and a fantasia on National airs. Brignoli and Susini assisted him. Finally Manager Grau announced a "Grand Gottschalk Gala Night," at the Academy, when besides Gottschalk's playing, the opera *Billy* was performed—A new Cantata, "Ruth," by Mr. Frank Darley, is in rehearsal by the Harmonic Musical Society.—Senz's "Germania Rehearsals" still flourish weekly.

The third Classical Soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS (March 1,) had for programme: Sonata in C, op. 53, Beethoven's; Aria: "*Parto*," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*; Andante from Schubert's D minor Quartet; Songs without Words, by Mendelssohn; Weber's *Schlummer-lied* (Liszt's transcription); Andante and Tarantelle by Vieuxtemps; Song, by Curechmann; Quartet in Eb, op. 47, Schumann.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The "Hauptmann Quartet" is the name of a vocal club, recently formed in this old town in the heart of the Commonwealth, and gives fresh evidence, we are told, of the spirit with which good music is cultivated there. The gentlemen composing it are: Messrs. Whitney, Richards, Hammond and Lawrence. They gave a soirée last week at the Oread Institute, in the presence of a select company invited by Rev. Dr. Pattison, the principal of that well-known Seminary for Young Ladies, in which the study of music receives especial attention. This was the programme:

- PART I.
1. Psalm. The Lord is my Shepherd..... Schubert
 2. Cavatina. In Terra. Solo..... Donizetti
 3. Part Song. Student's Song..... Mendelssohn
 4. Duet. Children, pray this love to cherish..... Spohr
 5. Quartet. Early Morning Song..... Kreutzer
- PART II.
1. Quartet. O how lovely the face of the deep..... Silbe
 2. Cavatina. Oh, cruel fortune..... Ernani
 3. Chorus. Pilgrim Chorus..... Wagner's Tannhäuser
 4. Franz's Songs—*a. Good Night, b. The Church Yard, c. Parting*..... R. Franz
 5. Part Song. Written for the Germans at Lyons..... Mendelssohn

Our informant assures us that the Quartet "executed their parts with simplicity and truth of expression, commending the music, so appropriately selected, to the good taste of every hearer."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. The following is the programme of a concert recently given by Senor LOUIS CASSERES:

- PART I.
1. "Early Spring." Full Chorus..... Mendelssohn
 2. "In Questo Semplice."..... Donizetti
Miss Crockett.
 3. Duo, "Al Nostro Monti."..... Verdi
Miss Sterns and Mr. R. Chase.
 4. "Thou art so near and yet so far."..... Reichart
Miss Mann.
 5. "Fae ut Portem." Stabat Mater..... Rossini
Mrs. Tiffany.
 6. "Farewell."..... Mendelssohn
Messrs. Ladd, Raymond, Chase, Brinsmade, and Chapin.
- PART II.
1. Sonata, op. 24; 1. Adagio; 2. Rondo Finale Carl Maria von Weber
Senor Casseres.
 2. "Ave Maria."..... Cherubini
Miss Goodenow.
 3. Duo, Barcarole..... Kucken
Messrs. Burt and Weisman.
 4. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."..... Casseres
Mr. C. O. Chapin.
 5. Quartetto "Ave Verum."..... Mozart
Mrs. Tiffany, Miss Crockett, Messrs. Devereaux and Chase.
 6. Hunting Song. Full Chorus..... Mendelssohn

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

What they do at the Springs. Song. Hutchinsons 25

A humorous dissertation on the follies of the fashionable world at popular watering places. It has proved one of the most taking things on the well varied and pleasing programmes of the Hutchinson Family.

All hail to the day. Patriotic Song. W. Williams 25
Columbia calls. Patriotic song and chorus.
W. O. Perkins 25

Well written and not difficult.

We wait beneath the furnace blast. W. O. Perkins 25

Words by Whittier. The music is flowing and will prove highly acceptable to the many admirers of the muse of our New England poet.

Rock me to sleep, mother. Song. W. Martin 25

By the author of "Come this way my father," a little simple song, which has had a large sale among those young pupils who can master none but the plainest accompaniments, while their attention is engaged by the words and air. This new Song, upon a strikingly pretty poem, by Florence Percy, has, like the other, the great merit of simplicity. The air will prove very attractive to young singers—none indeed more so. Teachers had better make a note of this Song.

Dear mother I'll come home again, With Guitar accompaniment. Whitman 25

A popular song and chorus.

Instrumental Music.

The Battle of Roanoke Island. Colored.
Vignette. Chas. Grobe 60

This is a musical portrayal of the first brilliant success with which the Burnside Expedition was initiated. A summary of the incidents down to the surrender of the land forces runs along with the music as a commentary. The music is varied and lively and as skillfully put together as might be expected from such an expert as Chas. Grobe is. Musical persons should buy a copy if only as a memento of the times to be enjoyed in after years.

Victoria Quickstep. Dr. F. Haase 25
A fine, stirring Quickstep composed in commemoration of the Fort Donelson Victory.

Pastorella e Cavagliere. Caprice. L. M. Gottschalk 60

This is a charming rural scene, full of those delicate traits for which all of this author's compositions are distinguished. Among the new compositions which Gottschalk has brought out at his recent Soirées in New York, this one had the largest share of applause. If our amateurs need any encouragement to get a copy of this piece they may find it in the assurance that it is only moderately difficult.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognised easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 521.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

VOL. XX. No. 26.

Song of Spirits Over the Water.

FROM GOETHE.

The soul of man is
Like the water :
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
'T must back to earth,
Forever changing.

Swift, from the lofty
Rock, down darteth
The flashing rill ;
Then softly sprinkleth
With dewy kisses
The smooth cold stone,
And, fast collected,
Veiled in a mist, rolls,
Low murmuring,
Adown the channel.

If jutting cliffs
His course obstruct, down
Foams he angrily,
Leap after leap,
To the bottom.

In smooth green bed he
Glideth along through the meadow,
And on the glassy lake
Bask the bright stars all
Sweetly reflected.

Wind is the water's
Amorous wooer ;
Wind from its depths up-
Heaves the wild waves.

Soul of a mortal,
How like thou to water !
Fate of a mortal,
How like to the wind !

—J. S. D.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 402).

FROM TWO LETTERS TO EDWARD DEVRIENT.
Milan, July 16, 1861.

You reproach me that I am 22 years old, and not yet famous. I can only answer: had God willed I should be famous at the age of 22, I probably should have become so. I cannot help it; for I write just as little for fame, as I do to get a place as kapellmeister. It were a fine thing to have both come upon one; but so long as I am in no danger of starving, so long is it my duty to write just what I have at heart, and leave the consequence to Him, who has the care of more and greater. Only I make it more and more my honest effort, to compose just as I feel, with less and less regard to outward considerations; and when I have made a piece, as it flowed from my heart, I have done my duty in the matter; whether it afterwards brings in fame, honor, decorations, gold snuff-boxes, and the like, I cannot concern myself. But if you mean, that I have been negligent or backward as to anything

in the improvement of my compositions, or of myself, then tell me clearly and precisely *what* it is, and wherein it consists. That were indeed a sore reproach.

You want me to write only Operas, and think it wrong that I have not done this long ago. I answer: put a good libretto in my hands, and it shall be composed in a couple of months; for I feel a new longing every day to write an Opera; I know that it might be something fresh and merry, if I could find the right thing now; but just the words are wanting. And I cannot think of composing to a text, which does not set me thoroughly on fire. If you know a man, who is competent to write the poem for an opera, name him to me for God's sake; I seek nothing else. But until I have a text, would you have me do nothing (even if I could)? And the fact that I have just now written several pieces of religious music, has been an inward necessity with me, just as one often feels an impulse to read a certain book—the Bible, or something else—and can be satisfied with only that. If this has any similarity to Sebastian Bach, again I cannot help it, for I have written it as I felt it, and if the words have ever put me in the same mood, as they did the old Bach, the more glad am I. For you will not think that I copy his forms, with nothing in it; that would give me such a feeling of repugnance and emptiness, that I could not get through with a single piece. I have also since composed another grand piece, which perhaps may have some *outward* success (the "first Walpurgis Night" of Goethe). I began it, merely because it pleased me, and it warmed me up, and I have not thought of the performance. But now that it lies before me finished, I see that it is very well adapted for a grand concert piece, and in my first subscription concert in Berlin you must sing the bearded heathen priest. I have written it for you,* with your leave, so you must sing it; and as it has been my experience until now, that the pieces, which I have made with the least regard to people, have pleased people best, so I believe it will be with this piece. I write this simply that you may see, that I think also of the *practical*. Always afterwards, to be sure; but who the deuce can write music, which is the most impractical thing in the world (the very reason why I love it), and while he is about it think of the practical! It were as if one should put his confession of love into rhyme and verse, and say it off by heart to his beloved.

I go now to Munich, where they have offered me an opera, to see if there is a man there for a poet; for I should be satisfied only with a man, who had some glow and talent; he need not be a giant; if I find no one there, then I shall perhaps make Immermann's acquaintance simply for this purpose; and if he is not the man, I shall try it in London. It seems as if the right chap were always wanting; but what shall I do to find him out? He does not live in the hotel

* Literally: "into your throat, so you must sing it out again."—Tr.

Reichmann, nor at the next door, and where then? Write me about it someday. Although I believe that the good God sends us everything, even opera texts, as soon as we need them, yet we must do our duty in the matter, and look about us, and I wish the text were found! Meanwhile I write as good things as I possibly can: I hope also to make progress, and that for the rest I am not, as I have said, responsible; we agreed on this in my room that time.—But enough of this dry tone; I really have become almost ill-humored and impatient, and I had promised myself I never would be so again.

Lucerne, Aug. 27, 1861.

I feel clearly, that an opera, which I should write now, would not be nearly so good as a second one, which I should afterwards compose. I must first tread in the new way, which I contemplate, and try one piece in it, in order to know whether and how quickly it will lead me where I want to go; whereas in instrumental music I already begin to know what I am about; I am much clearer and more self-possessed at that work, because I have worked more in it,—in short I am carried along. Besides, I have become very humble in these days through an accident, which I cannot get out of my mind. In the Engelberger-Thal I found Schiller's "William Tell," and as I read it here again, I was perfectly in raptures and happy over such a heavenly work of Art, at all the glow and inspiration and the fire in it. Then suddenly there occurred to me a word of Goethe, who said to me one day in a long conversation about Schiller: "Schiller could have turned out two great tragedies a year, not reckoning other poems." This business-like expression, "turn out," struck me at once when I read the fresh, warm piece; and such activity appeared to me so immensely grand, that I felt as if I never had produced a right thing in my life. Everything stands there still so very isolated: it is as if I too must *turn out* something. Do not find this wanting in modesty, I pray you but believe me, I say it because I know what *should be* and what *is not*. But where I shall find the opportunity for it—only to make a beginning—is beyond my comprehension so far. But if it is my calling, I shall find the opportunity,—that I firmly believe; and if I do not find it, then it must be reserved for another; but then I should wonder why I feel so prompted to it.

If you reach the point of conceiving and representing, not singers, decorations and situations, but men, nature and life, then I am convinced that you will write the best opera texts that we have; for when one knows the stage as well as you, he can write nothing undramatic, and I don't know what else you could want of your verses. If there is an inward feeling for nature and for music, then the verses are musical, however much they may limp in the libretto; write then *prose*, so far as I am concerned—we'll manage to compose it. But if form is to be poured into form; if the verses are musically made, and

not musically conceived; if one tries to bring into beautiful words what inwardly lacks beautiful life,—there you are right—that is a dilemma, out of which no man can extricate himself. For as certainly as pure metre, good thoughts, beautiful diction make no beautiful poem, without a certain flash of poesy that goes through the whole, so certainly can an opera become perfectly musical, and in fact perfectly dramatic, only through the feeling of life in all the characters. There is a passage about this in Beaumarchais, of whom they complain, that his characters utter too few beautiful thoughts as such, and that he puts too little of the poetical into their mouths. He answers, that that is not his fault; he must confess that, during the writing he is always engaged in the liveliest conversation with his characters over his writing table; that he calls out: *Figaro, prends garde, le comte sait tout—Ah, Comtesse, quelle imprudence!—Vite, sauve toi, petit page—* and that he wrote down simply what they answered—nothing else. That seems to me very fine and true.

I already knew the plan of an opera with the Italian Carnival and the Swiss ending, but I did not know that it was by you. Be so good though, as to make the Swiss element strong, and exceedingly fresh. If you are thinking of such a tender Switzerland, with the *yodling* and the home-sickness, such as I had to see here yesterday at the theatre in "The Swiss Family," and if the mountains and the Alpine horns grow sentimental, then I'll bring my mind to it and review you savagely in *Spenser*. I pray you, make it merry, and let me hear more about it.

FELIX M. B.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Concluded from page 397.)

25.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Jan. 17, 1792.

I pray your Grace's forgiveness a thousand times. I know and confess, that I ought not so long to delay the fulfillment of my promise, but could your Grace see how I am plagued here in London to make my appearance in all the private concerts, by which I lose too much of my time, and the amount of labor which is imposed upon me, you would, Gracious Lady, have the deepest sympathy with and for me. I never in my life wrote so much in one year as in this which has just passed, am however now almost completely exhausted, and it will be of great advantage to me to be able upon reaching home to rest myself a little. Just at present I am at work for Solomon's Concerts, and am compelled to take all possible pains, because our opponents of the Professional concerts have called my pupil Pleyel hither from Strasburg to direct in their performances. There will therefore be a bloody harmonic war between Master and Scholar. All the newspapers have taken the matter up, but it seems to me, that before long an alliance will be brought about, because my reputation is too firmly fixed. Pleyel showed himself so modest upon his arrival, that he won my love anew. We are very often together, and that does him honor; he knows how to value his father [in music.] We shall divide our fame equally, and each go home contented.

On the 14th of this month the Professional Concert met with a great misfortune, in that the new theatre called the Pantheon, built only last year, took fire at 2 o'clock P.M., and was entirely destroyed. It was an incendiary fire. They reckon the loss at more than a hundred 1000 Pds. Sterling. There is therefore at present no Italian Theatre in London.

Now, my English, gracious Lady, I should like to quarrel a little with you. How often have I repeated my request for you to send me hither, *per postam*, the symphony in E minor, copied on small post paper, of which I once sent you the theme. I have sighed for it long, and if I do not receive it before the end of next month, I shall lose 20 guinees (*sic*). The copy which Herr von Kees caused to be made for me, will very likely not reach London under three months or three years, because no courier will leave sooner. I pray also in the enclosed letter to H. v. Kees, that he will take some pains in the matter; if not. I venture to give your Grace this commission anew, because I flatter myself that my urgent request will be met through your care. I besought H. v. Kees to pay into your hands the money, which I had paid out on his account, to meet the necessary expenses. Best, most excellent Frau von Genzinger, take charge of this matter. I beseech you again. You will be doing me the greatest work of mercy. I will upon my return explain the reasons for this, and at the same time kiss your beautiful hands a thousand times with reverence, and repay the obligation with thanks. What you wrote about the celebration of my small talents has touched me to the heart. But I am not perfectly satisfied, since, it appears to me, your Grace was not fully so. Perhaps I shall be able to make up for any imperfection in another symphony, which I shall very soon send your Grace; I say perhaps, for I— or my mind is really weary. Only the aid of Heaven can make up for what my own powers lack. I pray daily for such aid, for without it I am a poor creature. Now my only, my gracious Lady, I think and hope to obtain some consideration—O yes, I have your picture now full before my fancy—I hear you say: "Now, for this time, you abominable Haydn, I will forgive you—but—but,—,"—no, no, I shall look out for the future and not fail in my duty. For today enough. I must close saying that I, as ever, am and shall be with all imaginable respect,

My most gracious Frau v. Genzinger's
most obedient &c.

My most dutiful respects to
your Herr Spouse and all the rest.
I pray your forgiveness that I still
continue to take the liberty of enclosing
letters to H. v. Kees. I do not know
his lodgings.

Note The epithet "English" appld to Mad. G. in this letter, is to be understood but as a sort of intensive of the word 'excellent.' This use of the word was not uncommon in Germany in those days.

Tr.

26.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Feb. 2, 1792.

Your kind letters accompanying the Fantasia and the Sonata à tre I have today, February 1, safely received. I was a little disappointed upon opening the package, as I thought and hoped to find in it the Symphony in E minor, which I have so long and so often written for! Gracious Lady;

I pray you most urgently, to send me the same without delay, on small post paper,—as quickly as possible. I will most gladly pay all the expenses; for God knows when the Symphony will get here from Brussels. I cannot without great loss do without it. Forgive me, most excellent gracious Lady, that I so often plague you with it. I shall however certainly prove myself most thankful.

I am overwhelmed with work to such a degree, that for the present I cannot write to H. v. Kees, therefore pray you to ask the said Symphony of him with my most dutiful respects.

Am in the meantime with all due
regard Your Grace's, &c.

To your Herr Spouse, dear children,
and v. Kreibitz my respects.
Of the needles your Grace
shall receive a good portion.

27.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, Mar. 2, 1792.

I received your valued letter together with the desired Symphony last evening, and kiss your Grace's hands most dutifully for the so speedy and careful transmission of the same. I had in fact received it *via* Brussels from Herr v. Kees six days before; but the score was all the more gratifying to me, because I must change so much in it for the English. I am only sorry that I am forced so often to impose my commissions upon your Grace, and so much the more because I am at present not in a position to be able to prove my gratitude. Now I confess to and assure your Grace, that I am in great perplexity upon your account and spend many a day in deep despondency, particularly because for the present I am unable to send your Grace the new Symphony dedicated to you; and for the following reasons. First, because I have a mind to change the last movement and improve it, since, as it now stands, it is too weak in comparison with the first. I am convinced of this fact both by my own judgment and by the public, having produced the same last Friday, Feb. 29, for the first time. Spite of this, it made the deepest impression upon the audience. The second reason is, that in fact I am afraid of its falling into strange hands. I was not a little startled as I read the unpleasant news about the Sonata. By Heavens, I had rather have lost 25 ducats, than to have suffered this theft; and of this no person could possibly have been guilty except my own copyist. However, I hope to God to be able to make up the loss, and indeed through the hand of Mad. Tost—for certainly I do not wish to expose myself to any upbraiding from her. Your Grace must therefore grant me forbearance until I shall be able, about the end of July, to have the pleasure of sending you in person both the symphony and sonata—*Nota bene*—the symphony with my own, the sonata by Mad. Tost's hands. I am also at present unable to serve Herr v. Kees with the promised symphonies, because of the great want here of trustworthy copyists. If I had time I would write them out myself, but there is no day, no, not a single day, when I am free from work, and I shall thank the good God when I am at length able to leave London, the sooner the better. My labors are made heavier by the arrival of my pupil Pleyel, whom the gentlemen of the Professional concerts have called hither. He came with a mass of new

compositions, which he had long before finished for the purpose. Hence he was able to promise a new work at each concert. Now when I saw this, and had no difficulty in perceiving that all the professional mob was against me, I had it published that I would also produce twelve new works. So for the sake of keeping my word and of supporting poor Salomon, I must sacrifice myself and work constantly. In fact I feel the effects already. My eyes suffer most, and I have many sleepless nights. With God's help I shall conquer all difficulties. The Professionals undertook to put a pair of spectacles upon my nose because I would not go over to them; but the public is just. I received great applause last year, but still more this. They criticize Pleyel's boldness severely. Meantime I love him still, am at each of his concerts, and am the first to applaud him.

I am heartily rejoiced that your Grace and all belonging to you continue well. I pray you to give my dutiful respects to all. The time is drawing near for me to have my trunk repaired. O how rejoiced I shall be to see your Grace again and to prove in person, with what deep respect I was in my absence, and ever shall be, Gracious Lady, your most obedient servant &c.

I venture upon the freedom of praying your Grace, since my occupations allow me no time for it, to say to H. v. Kees, with my most dutiful respects, that for the reasons alone given I am unable to send the new symphonies. But I will do myself the honor to direct them, at his house, during the next course of his christmas concerts.

28.—Haydn to Mad. Genzinger.

London, April 24, 1792.

* * * *

Last evening I received, and with great pleasure, your last letter, of April 5, with the enclosed newspaper slip, containing what has been published to the Viennese about my small talents. I must say that through this bit of a chorus,* my first attempt in the English language, I have gained much credit among the English in vocal music. Only, pity, that I have not been able during my sojourn here to compose more pieces of the kind; and this was because on the days of our performances we can obtain no singing boys, on account of their being engaged already a year ago for other concerts, of which there are a great many. Notwithstanding a strenuous opposition, and musical enemies have been against me and, especially this winter, together with my pupil Pleyel have taken all pains to overthrow me. I held (praise God) the upper hand. I must however confess, that I am, with so much work, thoroughly tired out and exhausted and look forward with burning desire to a period of rest, which will then soon set me up again. I kiss your Grace's hands for your kind anxieties about my welfare. I have come to the determination, advised by your Grace, not to go now to Paris—there are also other reasons for this, which I will communicate orally to your Grace. I am now waiting orders from my prince, to whom I recently wrote, whither I shall betake myself. It is possible that he may call me to Frankfort; if not, I shall (between us) go via Holland to Berlin to the King of Prussia; thence to Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, and finally to Vienna to embrace all my friends.

Meantime I am, &c., &c., &c.

*"The Storm," for orchestra and chorus.

My most dutiful respects to your Herr Spouse, Fräulein Pepi and all the rest; no less to H. v. Kreubich; "it pl—it pl—it pleases" me much that he has the happiness to possess your friendship.

Nota bene, by the end of July I hope to kiss your Grace's hands. I pray your forgiveness that I omit an envelope to-day—I have not time.

NOTE. Haydn's plan to return to Vienna via Berlin, &c., was not carried out. He journeyed home by way of the Rhine, stopping at Bonn.—Tr.

This correspondence, so far as preserved and now published by Karajan, closes with two short notes from Haydn, which, though not particularly interesting, give us two points of time, when he was in Vienna after his return. They are written "von Hause"—'from home'—his lodgings being, Karajan thinks, at that time in a house which stood where now one belonging to Count Maurice Sandor, built in 1805, stands, viz., No. 992 Wasserkunst Bastei.

It was not until after Haydn's return from his second visit to England, that he purchased the small house and garden in that part of Vienna, known as Gumpendorf, in which he died. To any acquainted with Vienna, the so common expression of English writers, "Haydn's Villa at Gumpendorf" is about as green as would be the expression "Handel's country seat in Brook street." Handel did not live in the "city" of London, nor did Haydn in the "Stadt," Vienna. Gumpendorf is however just as much a part of Vienna, and in the same way, that Hoxton, Smithfield, Brompton, Camdentown, &c., are parts of London. But—the two notes.

29. Gracious Lady!

As Herr. v. Kees has invited me to-day to dinner, I shall have opportunity to give his Frau Spouse the promised needles. Should therefore your Grace be disposed to send me a part of them. I shall be able to keep my promise, for which I shall kiss your hand and am with all respect,

Your most obedient servant,

Joseph Haydn, m. p.

At home, Aug. 4, 1792.

30. Gracious Frau!

Besides wishing you good morning, I pray your Grace to hand the bearer of this the last grand air in F minor from my opera, which I must have copied for my Princess. I will bring it back myself, at the latest, in two days. I take the liberty of inviting myself to dine with you to-day, when I shall have the opportunity of kissing your hands for the favor. Meantime I am, as ever,

Your Grace's

Most serviceable servant,

Joseph Haydn, m. p.

At Home,

November 13, 1792.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISLER.

(Continued from page 402.)

Schubert's extraordinary gift for striking the right key for every subject offered to him, and hitting instantly the very heart of the matter, is most brilliantly shown in the composition of Mayrhofer's poems. These, being of a more reflective character, required a different treat-

ment, different musical expression, from what had up to that time been employed in poems mainly lyrical. The former, as well the Ossian songs, may be called songs in the higher style, which they in fact are; and if here again it was Beethoven, who, by some of his songs, especially by the *Liederkreis*, "*An die entfernte Geliebte*," gave the first hint of a loftier conception and expression of this form of music, yet it was reserved for his younger contemporary, Schubert, to carry out these thoughts still further, to create a new Art-form, and to lift by his genius suddenly to a significance not dreamed of before, that which had kept itself unpretentiously in the background. The songs: "Memmon," "Antigone and Oedipus," "The enraged Diana," "Night-piece," "From Heliopolis," "Iphigenia," "Orestes at Tauris," "Philoctetes," "Der entstehnte Orest," "*Freiwilliges Versinken*," and "Song of a traveller to the Dioscuri," belong to this loftier class, and would of themselves alone suffice to insure to their creator a place among the foremost of his Art.

Schubert has also used from time to time a dozen poems of his friend, Schober, for compositions; among which the *Pax vobiscum* in the religious songs, then the "Hunter's love song," "Pilgrim strains," "Funeral music," "Treasure-digger's Desire," the Terzet "*Der Hochzeitstraen*" and the Quintet "Moonlight," for men's voices, are some of the finest and best known.

Many of Schubert's songs—perhaps scarcely the sixth part of all that he composed, have gradually become known to the larger public; select circles too have grown partial to some of the least accessible ones; but with a few vanishing exceptions, these have not penetrated among the people, nor could it well be otherwise with songs which stand more or less upon the height of works of Art. The greatest popularity among Schubert's songs, perhaps, is enjoyed by the cycle of songs known as "*Die schöne Müllerin*" (The fair miller's wife), after poems by Wilhelm Müller. This wreath of songs embraces under the title "*Die schöne Müllerin*" (to be read in winter), counting the first, "The poet as prologue," and the last, "The poet as epilogue," twenty-five songs, of which Schubert has set twenty to music. . . . Each of the songs is complete in itself, but forms at the same time a part of a whole and owes its true significance to that. Beethoven had given the first impulse to this mode of representing musically a successively developed series of feelings, through his "*Liederkreis*." Apart from the difference in their subjects and their length, the contrast between the two lies in the fact, that Beethoven's is kept in the direct, purely classical style, whereas the miller songs have all the charms of genuine romance. "*Die schöne Müllerin*" belongs in fact among the most splendid inspirations of Schubert; and the germinating and gradual swelling of a passion from the first stirring of presentiment to the violent outburst, from sweet fond enthusiasm to racking pain and anguish, the impatience of the lover, the intoxicating sense of happiness, jealousy, pride and defiance, were perhaps never reproduced in tones with such heart-thrilling power. At the same time such a unique idyllic mood pervades the whole, that one can only listen with wonder and with perfect rapture to this enchanting tone-painting.

Müller also wrote another cycle of songs, un-

der the general title "*Reislieder*" (songs of travel); to wit:

Reislieder I. "The grand tour," containing the travelling songs of a Rhenish mechanic apprentice, with the titles: 1. "Marching out;" 2. "On the highway;" 3. "Solitude;" 4. "Brotherhood;" 5. "Evening service;" 6. "Morning;" 7. "Spring greeting;" 8. "Excuse;" 9. "Here and there;" then: "Postilion's morning song at the mountain inn," "The street musician of Prague," "Another," "The Prague musician's bride," "Sailor's parting," and "Ship and Bird."

Reislieder II. "*Die Winterreise*" (the winter journey), containing the well known 24 songs, and

Reislieder III. (*Wanderlieder*), consisting of the poems: "The wandering Jew," "The moon-struck," "The Apple-trees," "The trees," "Return home," and "The traveller in Italy."

The ruling mood in these three wreaths of song is essentially different, while they all have for their common theme the restless wandering about in the world, and the yearning after a beloved object. For while "The Grand Tour," and the songs belonging to it, as well as the *Wanderlieder*, express a cheerfulness but seldom darkened by a passing breath of sadness, through the dark strains of the *Winterreise* runs a vein of deep and inconsolable depression; the star of life seems paled, gloomy shadows pass over, a cold, mournful winter stares us in the face.

The *Winterreise* was composed in the years 1826 and 1827. The correction of the second edition still occupied Schubert in the last years of his life. To say anything about the worth of those peculiar songs, would seem superfluous.—They are much known and often sung; the musical world has long since passed its judgment on them, and counts them among the most important creations of Schubert.

His songs from "Ossian" claim peculiar interest. Here the problem was, to breathe life and warmth into the mists and frost of inhospitable Caledonia, to bring vividly and palpably before the hearer's imagination the roaring of the wood stream, the dreariness of the heaths and moors, the vanishing will-o'-the-wisps and airy phantoms, and the stormy shouts of the chase; and partly too, as in the songs: "Night" and "Loda's Ghost," to reproduce in music long, essentially descriptive poems, without becoming monotonous. The masterly solution of this problem by the young man of nineteen bears especial testimony to his gift for characteristic rendering; and his handling of the recitative, which predominates in them, is a proof of his intimate acquaintance with prosody and musical declamation.

It is scarcely possible to award the palm to one or another of these songs above the rest: they are all blossoms of one and the same glorious spirit, and the short song "Kollima's Lament" claims the hearer's interest quite as well as the large tone-pictures "Night" and "Loda's Ghost."

As the Ossian songs transport us, with the first chords, into the midst of the mournful cloud land and the battle tumult surging there, so it is the atmosphere of romance and mediæval chivalry, that breathes to us from the songs from Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Pirate" and "Richard Cœur-de-Lion."

He was never at a loss for adequate expression for the strangest objects and situations; and the

art of rhythm and of harmonic sequences enabled him to strike the key of Walter Scott's poems as accurately, as he makes us feel the languid warmth and fragrance of the sunny East in the two *Suleikas*.

Among the best known and most charming of Schubert's songs we must also count those, which appeared in the latest period of his life, fourteen in number, to which the publishers gave the title of "Swan Song," and among which is found Schubert's last composition, "The Carrier Pigeon" (*Die Taubenpost*). Who does not know "*Die Liebesbotschaft*" (the message of love), "*Krieger's Ahnung*" (warrior's foreboding), *Aufenthalt*, "the Serenade," "Parting," "Atlas," "*Ihr Bild*" (her image), "*Die Stadt*" (the city), "By the Sea," the "Fishermaiden," "*Frühlingsehnst*" (Spring longing), "*In der Ferne*" (in the distance), and "*Der Doppelgänger*" (the double)?

And now there are still the religious songs and a hundred others to be thought of, as they welled forth from the inexhaustible spring, which, if they are not equal in value, and sometimes indeed are insignificant, still always excite the attention and delight of the friends of Art.

(To be continued.)

Mozart and the Chimes at Potsdam.

From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.—Translated for the London Musical World.

In reply to my appeal, in No. 49 of this paper, for information from those persons who were able to furnish me with it, I have received numerous communications, for which I beg to return the writers my most sincere thanks.

The question at issue is this: *When*, and by *what* or *whose* means came the melody of the song, "*Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit!*" which, as every one knows, is the same as Papageno's song in *Die Zauberflöte*, to be chosen for the chimes of the Court and Garrison Church at Potsdam. The official documents contain nothing on the subject, and even the oldest inhabitants can only say, "It was always so." The selection of this song, both as a Freemason's song and an operatic composition, for the chimes of a Royal and Evangelical Prussian Church appears very remarkable, and worthy of thorough investigation.

First on the list of my correspondents comes Major the Baron von Ledebur, who is now retired from active service, and well known as a most competent musical critic and historian. He has been kind enough to send me a letter, from which I extract the following passage, bearing more especially upon the matter in question.

"In Hoffmann von Fallersleben's interesting work, *Unsere Volksthümlichen Lieder*, second edition, Engelmann, Leipzig, 1859, a work which is certainly sometimes erroneous, at page 129, the author says:

"*'Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit!*, 1775, author, Ludwig Hölz, born at Mariensee, near Hanover, Dec. 21, 1748, died at Hanover, Dec. 21, 1776. First published in the *Vossisches Musenalmanach*, 1779, pp. 117—120. Melody from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, 1791, to the words, 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen.' This melody, with words by Hölz, was first published in the *Freimaurer Lieder mit Melodien* (Freemason's Songs with Melodies), Böheim, one thaler, second edition, Berlin, 1795, No. 1. It was exceeding popular in the lodges and elsewhere, and was even employed for the purposes of the Church."

Major von Ledebur does not, it is true, possess a copy of the second edition which he mentions above, but he has one of the third edition of these *Freemasons' Songs*, published 1798, by Herr Böheim, who was an actor and singer at the Royal National Theatre, Berlin. "The song is there to be found at page 5, and Mozart is named as the composer. It is, therefore, probable, that Mozart's music was simply applied to Hölz's words."

Such is the information furnished by Major von Ledebur.

Furthermore, I received from the editor of the *Hamburg Altonaer Theater-Zeitung*, Herr F. Fritsch, as well as from Herr G. Meyerbeer, Royal Music Director-General, No. 49 of the above *Theater-Zeitung*, which, in answer to my appeal, contains the following account, that certainly appears conclusive: "The song: '*Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit!*'

is a genuine masonic song; by whom it was originally written I am unable to say; as it is now sung in all lodges (including those of France and Belgium), the German words are arranged by the well-known Viennese poet, Aloys Blumauer, and set to music by Mozart, expressly for the St. Joseph's Lodge, in Vienna, of which lodge both the Emperor Francis I. and Joseph II. were members. It was composed, moreover, for the reception of Leopold Mozart into the lodge. This reception took place, at the instigation of his renowned son, on the occasion of Leopold's last visit to Vienna in 1785-86. Mozart, sen., did not live out the year 1787, the year in which Mozart celebrated his greatest triumph, *Don Giovanni*, in Prague. In 1790, that is, two years later, Joseph II. died, and one of the first acts of his successor, Leopold II., was an order that all the lodges of Austria should be closed until further notice; it was not until the reign of Francis II. that the institution was actually abolished in Austria. But the Austrian Freemasons, up to the present day, pay no attention to this. They consider their lodges as simply closed, that is to say, wherever there are five masons in one and the same place, there exists an invisible lodge, though no masonic work is ever done. The libretto of *Die Zauberflöte* is, as every one knows, nothing more than a glorification of Freemasonry. Emanuel Schikaneder suggested the idea. A young man, then engaged as a chorister in Schikaneder's theatre, and also a mason—he played in the lodge, the viol in the quartet, with pianoforte accompaniments—carried out the idea, and Mozart set the words to music. But Schikaneder thought the music much too learned, and, as he himself told the late Julius Miller, the tenor, cut out half the score. With regard, more especially, to the pieces in which Papageno has to sing, Mozart could do nothing which met with Schikaneder's approbation. The duet: '*Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen*,' he was compelled to set no less than four times; Papageno's first song, '*Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja*' had to be written three times, while lastly, Schikaneder was so exacting with the song, '*Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen*,' that Mozart angrily exclaimed: 'I suppose you would like me to compose it after the model of '*Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit!*' Schikaneder replied with delight: 'Yes; that's it. The song is popular, only you must substitute something for the second part.' This was done, and, as I have been informed by my esteemed friend, Adalbert Gyrowitz, on the night of the first representation of *Die Zauberflöte*, in the then Theatre an der Wien (on the Wieden, in the Stahrenbergisches Freihaus, near the Nachmarkt), it was this very song, which with the overture, and the Priest's March in F major, proved the greatest success in the opera. In the month of March 1848, preparations were being made to re-open the St. Joseph's Lodge. Weigl, Gyrowitz and Lewy (sen.) were already dead, and thus the arrangement of the musical library belonging to the lodge was confided to me. Being well acquainted with Mozart's handwriting, I soon discovered the song in question, which, composed at first in E flat major, is marked: *Andante con moto, ma non molto*. My late friend, Fuchs, also, to whom I showed the manuscript, immediately recognized Mozart's handwriting. The book bore the date of 1786, and contained, moreover, autographs of Martini, Wenzl Müller, and other composers, then living at Vienna. Mozart's song-number was 203, and Fuchs directly took a true copy, which, with many other documents relating to Mozart, must be among his papers."* J. P. LYER.

"Altona Dec. 11, 1861."

According to this valuable communication, the belief prevalent at Potsdam, that the song was played on the chimes as far back as the time of Frederick the Great, is, at any rate, erroneous, if, indeed, it cannot be proved that Mozart pursued the same course with some song already existing, which Blumauer pursued with the masonic song sung in the lodges to Hölz's words. The supposition that Blumauer adapted the words, would, in the first place, be reconcilable with Hölz's undoubted authorship. Just as Blumenauer used Hölz's verses, which had been in existence for ten years, Mozart may have profited by an already existing composition of the same! Herr Lyser's account would, at least, incline us to believe something of the sort.

Despite all that has here been said, however, the question still remains, how and when was the melody set on the chimes? In Berlin, *Die Zauberflöte* was not known till 1794, the first performance having taken place on the 12th May. After having been sung on the stage by a comic personage, would

* In many German lodges, after the melody of the trio of the three boys: "*Sidd uns am sweeten Mal willkommen*," a reception-song, also, is sung, the first words being: "*Sei, neuer Bruder, uns willkommen*." How frequently the Priests' Choruses and the song: "*In diesen heiligen Hallen*" is heard in the lodges, all masons know.

this melody have been chosen for an hourly recurring admonition from the tower of a church? If we refer it to the period of 1786-1794, the supposition is contradicted by Wöllner's well-known tendencies in church matters, which would scarcely have permitted the adoption for the chimes of a song known to belong exclusively to Freemasonry. King Friedrich Wilhelm also sought, more especially in the more severe observance of all religious and ecclesiastical matters, to establish a contrast to the state of things during the reign of his great predecessor. In the official documents, however, we find only a notice, that on the occasion of some repairs, in 1797, Herr Roescher, the organist, recomposed all the tunes! 1797 is the year of the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm III., who was neither a Freemason, nor at that period a patron of the stage or of music.

Thus, despite all the accounts we have received, and quite apart from the fact that they do not perfectly agree with each other, the subject is still shrouded in doubt, and consequently I am the more justified in wishing that it may be yet more thoroughly investigated.

That W. A. Mozart used other composers' melodies, is a fact of which I am able to adduce a proof, hitherto, as far as I am aware, little known in Germany. The last time I saw Beaumarchais' *Marriage de Figaro*, at the Théâtre Français, Paris, in 1846, it struck me that in the third act the supernumeraries were made to march to Mozart's music in the opera of the same name. The next day, I mentioned the subject to M. Regnier, who has studied deeply and conscientiously the history of the Théâtre Français. He assured me that the march had been played at the very first representation of Beaumarchais' comedy, that is to say, in 1775, and came originally from Spain, whence Beaumarchais brought it with him in France. He said, moreover, that the original score of the Spanish march is still preserved in the archives of the Théâtre Français. We know that Mozart was in Paris at the time the comedy was first performed there. Perhaps he remembered Molière's apophthegm:

"Je prends mon bien où je le trouve."

This fact, also, is, I think, worthy of further investigation. L. SCHNEIDER.
Potsdam, January 2.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDELSSOHN.—An "old play-goer," who contributes sketches from his portfolio to the Boston *Sunday Herald*, and is careful to confess "he does not know a note of music," relates among other things:

When Mendelssohn last visited London, I was invited by Mr. H. F. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, to accompany him to Exeter Hall, where the illustrious composer was to give a private organ extemporization before a select audience. Select, however, as it was, the great hall was full, almost every person present being a connoisseur in music.

Accompanied by Sterndale Bennett, Corfe, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and one of the Baron Rothschilds, Mendelssohn stepped lightly on the platform. His welcome was most enthusiastic. I think I never beheld a face in which physical and intellectual beauty were so strikingly blended. The countenance was of the Jewish type unmistakably, but it was the very ultra-refinement of the Hebrew physiognomy. The large hooked nasal organ—the sensual under lip—the large watery eye were not to be discerned, but in lieu thereof, a pure aquiline nose—a delicately chiselled mouth, and full, dark, gazelle-like eyes. Not believing in the specialties of that so-called science, phrenology, I can say nothing as to the developments of the organs of Time and Tune; but I can assert that a nobler forehead than the one which rose above the finely arched eyebrows has seldom been seen—short, dark, curly hair covered the finely-balanced head—a head which was set Apollo-like on a graceful neck, and not broad shoulders. The expression of the face was very fascinating—one couldn't help being charmed with it; when lit up with a smile it seemed almost angelic. Mendelssohn's figure was slight, and he looked in delicate health—indeed at the very time the sword was wearing out the scabbard—and not long afterwards

"The fiery spirit working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay."

Of Mendelssohn's organ playing (extemporaneous) it would be idle for me to attempt a description. Indeed a celebrated musical authority who was present described it to be indescribable. During its continuance, I felt, I fancied, like one of old, who said, "whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell"—and when the last note died away,

the long drawn aspiration of the audience indicated that all present had been similarly spell-bound.

I again saw Mendelssohn in the great Musical Hall, at Birmingham, where he conducted his own glorious oratorio of "Elijah." Magnificent as was the music, the great composer himself was the chief attraction, albeit he seemed utterly unconscious of the interest he excited. Never was the modesty of genius more happily illustrated than in his mien and bearing. To him might fitly be applied the lines which Mr. Planche wrote after the death of Carl Maria Von Weber:

"Oh! all who knew him, loved him;
For with his mighty mind
His heart it was so gentle,
His spirit was so kind.
The warbling mountain melodies,
The streams that thread them roll,
Were types of the simplicity,
And grandeur of his soul."

I believe Mendelssohn is the hero of Miss D'Israeli's novel of Charles Auchester.

Mr. Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

(From the London *Athenæum*.)

"The Colleen Bawn" has outdone the popularity of "The Green Bushes,"—having come to the honors of burlesque, of equestrian spectacle, and now of opera;—there remains but *ballet* to crown its glory. Confessing some surprise and more regret at the want of invention implied in proceedings like these, it must be admitted that their justification lies in success; such, for instance, as when, from a *ballet* long since perished, such a capital opera book as that of "La Sonnambula" can be extracted. How far the present will prove an analogous case remains to be seen. A remark or two may be made in the meantime. The tale seems to us fitter for a play with ballads or songs, than for a work which is to be entirely conducted in music. The great situation is hardly to be treated, save in the most melo-dramatic form by carpentry and gymnastic work. The broken bridge in M. Meyerbeer's "Pardon" (with the real goat), at the moment when the curtain falls, has always seemed to us to go to the very verge of hazard, though that catastrophe rests only for a moment. The "header," which has made the fortune of the Adelphi drama, is more perilous still. Are we next to have the quarry scene from "The Peep o' Day" done into music? Decay, exhaustion, false and forced effects are involved in the choice of subjects like these. Then "The Colleen Bawn," or "The Lily of Killarney," offers another difficulty, that of providing local color to so long a story of passion. It required the vigor and transmuting power of Signor Rossini to maintain the Swiss tone in "Guillaume Tell," in which the moments of emotion are few and far between. The Irish character is more difficult to maintain than the Alpine one, because the music is more lawless and irregular, lending itself less easily to harmonic treatment; except, as in the case of "The Last Rose of Summer," the original character be discharged from it. Even M. Meyerbeer would be puzzled how to manage such melodies as "Nora Creina," or "Paddy O'Rafferty," or "Yellow Wat and the Fox." The brogue (to be familiar without moaning disrespect) is awkward to manage in music. The old tunes of England, Scotland, or the Emerald Isle, are not adaptable to modern uses; and we maintain this, with a distinct reference to the very ingenious fair scene in Mr. Macfarren's "Robin Hood," which though treated with considerable musical construction and skill, is essentially uncouth, owing to its choice of themes. And the difficulty of the task is proved in that very opera—ay, and in that very scene, during the course of which the writer (instance the march of the Quintain) glides away into such music as a Mercadante or a Meyerbeer might write for Naples or for Nuremberg, but which has nothing to do with the old Sherwood pastimes of "Blindman's Buff" or "Kiss in the Ring."

The book of "The Colleen Bawn," when examined, justifies to the fullest what has been said as regards the difficulties which attend such a subject for music. The novelties it contains are not happy. To instance, the opening chorus is a carouse in honor of the hero, *Hardress Cregan* (Mr. Haigh). In this is presented the no-novelty of social life, the gentleman "unaccustomed to public speaking" (Mr. Lyall), who proposes toasts to the bucks at table,—while the feminine half of the chorus, required for musical effect, sit back to back with the gentlemen, in broken semicircle facing the audience, without so much as a cup of tea to cheer them, and with but one solitary candle among so many, this merely placed on their empty table because it is to do duty as a signal in a later scene. This strange combination passed unapproved by a much enduring English audience.

We will not go on step by step,—pausing further on the well-known scene in the water-cave, which proves awkward and straggling when laid out for music at Covent Garden Theatre, less effective than at the Adelphi, and to be deprecated as calling upon a singer, *Myles-na-Coppaleen* (Mr. Harrison), for acrobatic feats beyond the usual compass of a tenor singer's accomplishments. The third act is weak; and that the interest dwindles has been felt, we think, by the composer. Throughout, his coolness and ingenuity must have been taxed by the words he has had to set. The prosaic homeliness of these it would be hard to exceed. In some of the great scenes, the verse is as lyrical as the prose of Mr. *Bucket* the Detective, in "Bleak House," when he desired the culprit, whom he was about to take up, "to sit down on that sofa."

Let us pass to the music. In this there is much to admire; and those portions of it which are less admirable are precisely those where the necessity of the composer to turn a deaf ear to his collaborators has compelled him to fill up any amount of allotted space, and to illustrate the unmusical situation by mere furniture-work. But the opera is evenly and carefully written, and displays skill and ingenuity in places where Fancy could no more be expected to thrive than were she called on to adorn and make tuneful the pence-table. In only one part of his task, where the composer can have had his own way, has Mr. Benedict failed. This is in his overture (*encored*), which is not equal to three or four other graceful and effective compositions by himself; to name but two: his overtures to the "Minnie-Singer" and "Undine."

Let us specify some of the musical pieces, beginning with the apocryphal introductory carouse, which scene is got rid of adroitly. No. 2, of the published music (Chappell & Co.), the duet (*encored*) betwixt *Danny Man* (Mr. Santley), behind the scenes, and *Hardress*, on the stage, is charming; though in the style of the Italian *barcarolle*, not the Irish style. No. 4, the first song for *Myles* (*encored*), has more of the "emerald" color; so has the *Romance*, No. 5, which opens the part of *Eily* (Miss L. Pyne). The phrase in the major key into which the tune passes, by way of close to the verse, is thoroughly happy. The treatment of "Cruiskeen Lawn," No. 6, is ineffective; a comment on the resistance of genuine Irish melodies from the yoke of the skilled musician. In No. 7, the first *Finale*, there is no longer thought of shamrock, rose or thistle, but there is much to praise. The opening is well knit together; the *allegro con brio* of the duet betwixt *Hardress* and *Eily* has life and melody, and is clearly scored; and the closing *Andante con moto* (though without a chorus) is a pompous and effective concerted piece à la Verdi, better sustained, however, as those who examine the published music (pp. 107 to 110) will find, than most of Signor Verdi's efforts to "pile up the agony."

Not much is to be said for the Hunting Chorus opening the second act, with its *Tally ho!* for *Anne Chute* (Miss Jessie M'Lean). The musician has here got over his ground, that is all. The opening of the following duet betwixt her and *Hardress* is better. Next comes another hard bargain in the duet betwixt *Danny Man* and Mrs. *Cregan* (Miss Susan Pyne); and succeeding this, No. 12, the scene and air for the former personage (who is here, by the way, transformed into a sort of Irish "Crooked-back Dick"). Here there is a ballad, "My Colleen Bawn," which has been an object of tender care both to composer and singer; yet the effect is faded. Who could be inspired by words like these?—

Although her cheek is blanch'd with care,
Her smile diffuses joy—
Hav'n formed in her a jewel rare,
Shall I that gem destroy?

"Sir, were you 'prentice to a lapidary?" says *Lady Blanche* in Sheridan Knowles's "Old Maids." The end of this scene is the regulation raving, given to wicked haritones in operas, from Weber's "Euryanthe" downwards. As compensation, in No. 13, "I'm alone" (*encored*), a song for the heroine, we have simply one of the most delicious songs given to the stage in our time; the delicacy and melody of which, including a touch of wildness, cannot be overpraised. This is a song to live, however the fashions of the hour may sweep one favorite ballad after another to that limbo from which there is no return. For the rest of the act we care little, save for the opening bars allotted to *Danny Man* in the scene in the water-cave.

The third act, as we have said, is the weakest.—No. 17, "Lullaby," for *Myles*, is entirely out of character, though in itself elegant. No. 18, the *Trio*, is well combined. In No. 19, the *Wedding Chorus* with *sol*, Mr. Benedict has obviously tried at the Irish humor of a quick tune in 9-8 rhythm, much in request among our neighbors, but the result is little beyond a tame attempt to bustle about. No. 20, "Eily Mavourneen" (Mr. Haigh's ballad, *encored*) is

clearly one of those tunes to be laid "on the counter" which run counter to every principle of true Art. Among the "Mavourneen" family "Cathleen," the original "Mavourneen" is the one to be liked best, because she is the oldest.

After this, we come to more filling-up music, and, lastly, to the inevitable "trot for the avenue,"—a rondo in the waltz style for the heroine, which closes the opera. In regard to the folly of this receipt-work, too much could not be said, and especially in a case such as that of this new opera, which is the music of a thoroughly trained composer—a man, too, of poetical imagination. Mr. Benedict could, we are persuaded, write a far better opera than this;—albeit this is his best opera, and (for musicians) far the best of the three new works industriously produced, in fulfilment of promise, by the English lessees of the Royal Italian Opera House.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" tells us in the *Paladium*, March 24:

"The concert in aid of the 'contrabands,' generously given by Mr. B. D. Allen and his associates, took place on Friday evening at Washburn Hall. The unpropitious weather made the attendance less than it would have been; still there was a large and attentive audience, and the performances were heard with interest and satisfaction. The Beethoven Trio Club played Haydn's Trio, No. 10, E minor; a fresh, suggestive composition with many of those exquisite modulations peculiar to Haydn. It was well played by Messrs. Allen, Burt and Stearns, whose instruments, under skillful fingers, blended most harmoniously. The variations from the Kreutzer Sonata, brilliant enough for the lightest fancy, yet carrying an undertone of meaning that showed their origin, were finely played by Messrs. Allen and Catlin.—Worcester has a valuable accession to her musical talent in Mr. Catlin, whose violin playing is characterized by rare skill and no small amount of poetic feeling. Mr. Allen also played the Chopin *Fantasia*, op. 49, surmounting its difficulties with artistic ease, and showing clearly, as Franz says, Chopin's boldness, which always justifies itself; a richness even to exuberance, which does not exclude clearness, an embellishment which begets no blur; a luxury of ornament which does not smother the beauty of the main lines. Miss Whiting sang the *Erl-King* with much dramatic intensity of expression; also sang, with Miss Eaton, in a Mendelssohn two-part song, and with Mr. Stocking, in 'Happy We' from '*Acis and Galatea*.' The musical performances ended with a fine trio by Hummel—one in E—played by Messrs. Allen, Catlin and Stearns. The *Allegro* was replete with sparkling beauty; the *Andante* enriched by a charming duet between the violin and violoncello, and the whole well chosen and well played.—The concert was amusingly varied by Mr. William Arnold Green's reading of Lowell's 'Yankee Idyll.' Altogether it was a most agreeable entertainment, creditable alike to the talent and the generosity of those who gave it.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. F. T. S. Darley's Cantata of *Ruth* was given at the Musical Fund Hall, last night, in connection with a miscellaneous programme, the entire entertainment constituting the second musical soiree of the Harmonia Society for the present season. *Ruth* was performed, several years ago, at Concert Hall, its accompaniments and general effect enhanced by the powerful and varied resources of the noble organ, which has since been removed, and is now said to be ingloriously stowed away in a dusty warehouse—a chaotic and inharmonious mass of reed and metal. Nevertheless, if the performance of last night lacked its important co-operation, there were the compensating advantages of a better drilled, though smaller chorus, and in some respects, of more efficient soloists. At the time of the first performance of Mr. Darley's work, the *Bulletin* reviewed it at some length, commenting upon its singular mixture of merit and demerit. In that article, there were cited individual passages, such as evinced much talent and careful study, and which might have been ascribed to genius, but for too palpable imitation of Italian *maestros*, whose styles, of all others, should have been eschewed in the treatment of a sacred subject. We see no good reason for altering the then expressed opinions now. Wedded to a secular operetta, the music of *Ruth* could not fail of general applause. Mr. Darley's knowledge of harmony is very commendable, his veins of melody are tasteful and pleasing, and barring a want of elaboration in his accompaniments, the general effects of his music are sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the warmest

encouragement of his friends and the public for continued perseverance. In the closing *Fughetta*, he evinced a juster appreciation of subject; and we might well inquire why many other passages were not conceived in the same spirit of aptitude to their sacred import.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 29, 1862.

The Title-Page and Index for the past year (Volumes XIX and XX) take the place to-day of the usual four music pages.

END OF THE VOLUME.—With the present number our JOURNAL OF MUSIC completes its twentieth Volume, and the tenth year of its existence. Many of our readers have stood by us through all this period. How many of us will keep together through another decade!—All we know is that we embark upon it with a cheerful faith, and that the eleventh year (a good time to subscribe) commences with next Saturday.

Concerts.

PHILHARMONIC.—Mr. ZERRAHN's new series of six Philharmonic Concerts opened under very flattering auspices last Saturday evening. The Music Hall could have held some hundreds more perhaps, but, for a second series, the audience was much larger than one would have expected. How much of this attraction was due to the "Philharmonic," i. e. the Symphonic, character *per se* of the concert, and how much to the singer, Mme. D'ANGRI, we will not undertake to decide. Certain it is, however, that the audience, in insisting on an *encore* after every one of her three pieces, seemed disposed to turn it mainly into a vocal concert, and make her the central figure, instead of Beethoven or Mendelssohn. It is a way which audiences have sometimes; they become as children and like to pick the plums out from the pudding. However—we believe this overstates it, and that the Symphony also was heartily enjoyed; perhaps if it had been a person, and that person a beautiful woman, it also would have been encored; for the enthusiasms of an audience are generally personal, and the singer has the advantage over the composers for the time being, but not in the long run. And just so with the symphonies, &c. of an orchestral concert, which are substantially the concert, as compared with the lighter solo attractions, importations of celebrated singers, &c., which are the trimmings; the latter occupy the most attention for the moment, as a gay dress will strike the eye before a plain one, while the former sink with a more deep and lasting influence into our musical and spiritual being. The grand and real influences and satisfactions are the slow and quiet ones, and none the less because human nature must have also playthings.

Mr. Zerrahn's programme had much of the sterling quality in it, and was of varied interest.

1. Symphony, No. 4. (B flat).....Beethoven
1. Adagio and Allegro molto. 2. Adagio.
3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Ah, mon Fils! Aria from the "Prophet".....Meyerbeer
Madame D'Angri.
3. Overture, "Calm Sea and happy Voyage".....Mendelssohn
4. Non Più Mesta, Rondo from "Cenerentola".....Rossini
Madame D'Angri.
5. Turkish March, from the "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
6. Elena Valse, (written expressly for Madame D'Angri).....Weber
7. Jubilee Overture, Introducing the National Air "America".....Weber

The Symphony, which has more of the ten-

der passion in it, more of the blissful reverie of love, as well as of fiery, restless longing, than the others,—and which seems to belong to the same inspiration with the "Moonlight Sonata," the Sonata: *Les Adieux*, &c., and the *Arlelaide* song.—was uncommonly well played. Indeed in point of delicacy, clearness and expression we have had no better Symphony performance for a long time. Perhaps the beautiful Adagio was taken just a bit too slow; and the drum, when it takes that heart-beat phrase of accompaniment all alone at the end, was tuned a little too high. These slight deductions are all that we could make from a very satisfactory rendering. It was evidently enjoyed.—The English title "Calm sea and happy voyage" does not fairly describe Mendelssohn's very graphic and impressive overture. It is not a happy voyage over a calm (smooth) sea; but it expresses first the languid, listless, restless feeling of being *decalmed* at sea; and then the first intimations of the breeze, the uncertain flapping of the sails, the onward exulting course of the brave ship, and the coming into port. If not as perfect a work as his "*Hebrides*," it is a very interesting one, a fresh, true tone-picture, painting by feelings rather than by images, and deserves to be heard more often in our concerts. The "Turkish March" is always relished as a bright bit of variety. We did not hear the Jubilee Overture, which is a glorious thing, and too well known to require comment. But what, pray, is the National Air "America?" When did we adopt the English national Anthem? Why go to a Yankee psalm-book to find a new title for "God save the Queen!"

Mme D'Angri has the same lusciously rich, large contralto tones—coarse and heavy when she descends into the *lowest* depths, while the voice grows hard and common when it trenches on the high soprano register—which charmed so much when she last sang year, four years since, in Thalberg's concerts. Her middle voice is still one of the richest and most evenly developed in the world; and her fluent, rapid, even execution in *Non più mesta*, and the waltz written as a show piece for her, has hardly been excelled. In *Ah, mon fils!*, while she makes it very dramatic and intense, one is disturbed by certain gasping, choking sounds of passion, which really are not musical, and make the passion seem not very deep or real. Mme. D'Angri was encored in every piece, and sang, besides what was set down to her, the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY. The active members of our excellent *Liederkrantz*—who are much more sparing of their appearance before the world of late, than one could wish—treated their passive members and friends to a delightful Soirée on Monday evening, in Allston Hall. Such invitations do not go a begging. The programme was very choice and appetizing, containing several pieces of the highest interest; as follows:

- PART I.
1. Doppel-Chor aus "Antigone".....Mendelssohn
 2. Arie No. 3. (from *Basel Arias*, arranged by R. Franz).....Bach
 3. Chor: "Voyage".....Mendelssohn
 4. Solo: Piano.....Schumann
 5. Dichterliebe; (A Cyclicus of Songs).....Schumann
 6. Schottischer Barden chor.....Silcher
 7. Doppel-chor from "Edipus in Colonus".....Mendelssohn
- PART II.
1. "Gesang der Geister über dem Wasser," (Eight-part-Chorus, Words by Goethe).....Schubert
 2. Song: "Die beiden Grenadiere".....Schumann
 3. Adagio and Scherzo from the Sonata in C minor, for Piano and Violin.....Beethoven
 4. Song: "Blümlein auf der Heide".....Krebs
 5. Chor: "Ich liebe was fein ist".....Marchner
 6. Arie from "Die Entführung".....Mozart
 7. Grosses-deutsches-nationalsymphonischesquodlibet.....Kunze

The greatest curiosity was naturally directed towards the eight-part chorus by Schubert, both because it is reputed among the best works of that great song-writing genius (genius in all departments of music), and because of the rich poetic subject which in this case he had chosen to illustrate, and the broad scale on which he has executed it; also because it never had been heard before in this country. Goethe's "Song of Spirits over the Water," one of those unrhymed poems of his, in style not unlike the choruses in the old Greek tragedies, (we give a translation of it on the first page of this number) certainly offers such poetical material as only musical genius of a kindred depth and grandeur could undertake to reproduce in tones. The full eight-part harmony of male voices, enriched by an accompaniment of violins, violas and double basses, which Schubert has adopted, seems admirably suited to the grand suggestions of the subject—the correspondence of the soul of man with water, and of the destiny of man with wind. How cool, rich, deep and grand it opens with its low harmonies, and the double-bass so telling! Majesty and dignity are the prevailing characteristic of the composition, however, rather than great variety and contrast. There seemed hardly so much contrast in the music, as the poem would suggest; all its grandeur hardly saves it from a certain monotony, which is by no means characteristic of Schubert. And here perhaps we feel the limitation under which he labors in the exclusion of female voices. These fluid, restless, wandering elements which the poet describes, the soul and its liquid type, would seem to require the whole range of octaves and all the contrasted color of mixed voices for their illustration. But while it raises this question, who could help feeling that it was a magnificent composition, and hoping for another opportunity to know it better? Probably a larger mass of voices, a grand chorus on the oratorio scale, would make it still more effective; but it was finely rendered by the thirty or more voices of the Orpheus, whom we have never heard blend better, or sing with more expression, light and shadow, &c., than they did that evening. Mr. KREISSMANN, by patient drilling, has shaped his material to excellent results.

Next in importance among the choral performances were the noble double choruses from *Antigone* and *Œdipus*, which were admirably sung. Mendelssohn's whole music to these Greek tragedies is among the most sterling stuff which he accomplished. The chorus by Marschner is amusing; but the "Grand German-National-Patriotic-Quodlibet" was exceedingly funny, and most cleverly contrived and executed. It is a medley of well-known themes from the Italian operas, beginning with the incantation in *Robert le Diable*, and continuing with some of the most sentimental solos, sung with ludicrously serious expression by single voices, while the others imitate the see-saw violin figures to the suggestive syllables: *toodle-teedle*, &c., changing to *teedle-toodle* with a change of key.

The Bass Aria by Bach: "Depart, ye vain cares," a difficult task indeed, was very creditably achieved by Mr. LANGERFELDT, Mr. LEONHARD playing the very rich and subtle piano accompaniment with his usual skill and taste. Such noble songs are worthy of the ambition and the life-long study of the greatest singers; and

those who give us a chance to hear them do us a real service. The "*Dichterliebe*" (Poet's love) by Schumann, a cycle of several songs in one, after the manner of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, is full of poetry and feeling, which was delicately and truly brought out by Mr. KREISSMANN's voice. Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," too, in a very different vein, a bass song, was happily rendered by an amateur; and Mr. SCHRAUBSTEDTER baritone, so charmed the audience in the little song by Krebs, which he sang with so much unction and sweetness, that he was compelled to repeat it.

For instrumental pieces, the movements from the Beethoven Sonata were beautifully played by Messrs. LEONHARD AND SUCK; and Mr. OTTO DRESEL contributed a very exquisite Fantasia by Liszt on Weber's *Schlummerlied*, delighting everybody, so that he had to return and delight them again with the "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn. Altogether the Soirée was one of the purest musical enjoyments of the season. Long live the Orpheus!

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Wednesday afternoon, March 26. A crowd, as a matter of course; when we see any room to spare in the Music Hall, we will give notice. Programme as follows:—

1. Overture—"Faust," Spohr
2. Concert Waltz—"Controversen," Strauss
3. Symphony No. 1 Beethoven
4. Two Part Song Mendelssohn
5. Romanza—From "Les Huguenots," for Oboe and Viola, Messrs. De Ribas and F. Zohler Meyerbeer
6. Finale—From "Lohengrin," Wagner

Spohr in his *Faust* opera, a work full of his freshest and best music, did not essay the height of Goethe's great argument, but took a low and melodramatic form of the *Faust* story for his libretto. Of course the Overture does not attempt so much as Wagner's, and was more so of its mark. It is a musician-like, appropriate, effective work, which will always give pleasure, although it is by no means a great work. It was very fairly rendered, as was Beethoven's earliest Symphony, so Haydn-like, and yet with so much more than Haydn in it. The other selections were not badly chosen.

OTTO DRESEL.—At the request of an audience already formed in private, this gentleman has commenced a series of Piano-Forte Soirées in the charming little exhibition room of the Studio Building. But said audience so outgrew the limits, that it was found necessary to divide it into two, and have each concert repeated. With such select party of listeners, eighty or so each evening, surrounding the Piano, and the inspirations of our painters on the walls surrounding them, and with such music, and so played, as we need not say it was, these are "Noctes" which it really seems too cruel in us to mention to the world outside. Our artist is always happy in the making-up of his programmes (which in these Soirées he plays all himself), and here is the first one, given twice last week:—

1. Fantasia, (C minor,) J. S. Bach
2. Sonata, op. 110, Beethoven
3. Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Adagio—Fugue, Chopin
4. Impromptu, Ferd. Hiller
5. Etude, Taubert
6. Impromptu, Chopin
7. Gavotte from Orchestra Suite in D, J. S. Bach
8. Larghetto from 2d Symphony, Beethoven
9. Polonaise, (F sharp minor,) Chopin
10. Weber's Schlummerlied mit Arabesken, Liszt
11. Valse, op. 34, Chopin

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—This earnest little band of amateurs gave its third Social Orchestral Entertainment on Monday evening,—which we should have been glad to attend, could we have resisted the "Orpheus." Here is the programme:—

- PART I.
- Grand Symphony in E♭ major Mozart
 - Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro vivace.
- PART II.
1. Concert Overture Kalliwoda
 2. Andante, from "Surprise Symphony" Haydn
 3. "Turkish March," from the "Ruins of Athens" Beethoven
 4. Transcription of a German Song (for select orchestra,) Schubert
 5. Overture. Zauberflöte, (Magic flute) Mozart

The only public concerts now announced are two: 1. The second of the new PHILHARMONIC series TO-NIGHT, for which Mr. ZERRAHN offers a varied and interesting programme. Instead of a regular Symphony, he begins with "*Les Preludes*," a Symphonic Poem by Liszt, which was heard here with

interest a few years ago. For overtures, two very noble ones: Beethoven's to the "*Leonora*," No. 3, and Schumann's to Byron's "*Manfred*." The orchestra will also play an arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March. Beethoven's Violin Concerto, too, should be a great attraction; it will be played by EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, of New York. Nor is vocal music wanting, Miss WASHBURN being set down to sing *Di tanti palpiti*, and *O mio Fernando*.

2. The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers a Symphony by Mozart (No. 2), a Strauss waltz (*Die Flöten*), and the overture (Kreutzer's?) to "*A Night in Granada*."

There is also talk of Italian Opera next week, with D'Angri, Brignoli, &c., in the "*Barber*," and Misses Kellogg, Hinckley, &c., in some of their rôles.

We are happy to state that Mr. JOHN K. PAINE, the organist, has been appointed teacher of music at Harvard University, in the place of the late Mr. Homer, and has already entered upon his new duties.

Our Cincinnati correspondent, below, takes us so courteously to task in the matter of Wagner, that we are bound to reply to him so soon as we have room and leisure.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 24.—I herewith send you the programme of the fifth concert of this season of our Cæcilia Society:

1. "Chorus 'Kyrie,' from the Mass in C major, Beethoven
2. Fantasia on "Moses," for Piano, Thalberg
3. Extracts from "the first Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn

4. Aria for Tenor, a Druid and Chorus of Druids and People.
"Now May again breaks winter's chain."
"Know ye not a deed so daring?"
"Dooms us all to die despairing?"
5. Solo for Baritone, the Priest and the Chorus of Druids:
"The woods are free!"
"Diabrich the tree!"
"And pile the stems together."
6. Chorus:
"Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men!"
"Secure the passes round the glen."
7. Polonaise in E flat for Piano, Chopin
8. Aria for Soprano from "La fille du Regiment," Donizetti
"Salut à la France."
9. Solo for Baritone, the Priest, and Chorus from "Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn
"The flame aspires! The smoke retires:"
Thus clear our faith from errors:
Our customs quell'd, our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine forever."
10. Scenes from the Opera, "Tannhäuser," Rich. Wagner
1. Tannhäuser. A young Shephard. Pilgrims (coming from the Wartburg on their way to Rome).
2. Wolfram von Eschenbach, four other Minne-Singers and the Landgraf (on the chase, where they meet Tannhäuser).
3. Elizabeth. (In the Singer's Hall at the Wartburg.)
4. Elizabeth, Wolfram, Pilgrims (returning from Rome.)
Recitativo: Pilgrims' Chorus; Prayer; Recitativo and Romanza.
5. Chorus of the Knights and noble Ladies, (at the opening of the Singers' contest at the Wartburg).

Mendelssohn's "first Walpurgis Night," which is being brought out in this city for the first time, is enjoyed very much and, no doubt, will be so more and more, the better it is known and understood.

Particular stress was laid in this concert upon the selections from Rich. Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*," and such as these, which are the most melodious ones in the opera, I venture to say, would be received with enthusiasm everywhere where there is no prejudice against Wagner's music, even at Paris and—Boston.

You, Mr. Editor, are so liberal in your views, that I incline to think, you will permit an old reader of your Journal, to say in this connection, that he does not think your criticisms on Wagner always fair, however fair he thinks you to be towards most old and modern composers. I do not mean to advocate giving praise to Wagner's many eccentric innovations, but I think, that there would be more merit in pointing out to your readers the many great beauties in Wagner's music,—(in a similar way, as you do with Rob. Franz and Chopin, who with all their charms certainly are not free from eccentricities),—than repeatedly to dwell on his failings and to draw unprofitable comparisons with Beethoven, Mozart and others.

Wagner is a genius, there can be no doubt, and the world at large does not see and understand his genius yet. Now, would it not be a laudable purpose for an editor, to enlighten the public regarding the characteristics and peculiarities of such a man?

Will you please to excuse this frank and, may be, assuming criticism of your criticisms? X.

London.

The *Musical World* says of the coming season :

It is now the first of March, and the Musical season as yet shows no sign of movement or vitality. There is not a pen stirring nor a tongue wagging to indicate the delight and excitement so confidently predicted for the year 1862—the year of the Second Great International Exhibition, when all the world, *cum multis aliis*, are expected in London.

To commence with the Italian Operas. But a few weeks since, three Italian Operas were counted upon. It is now doubtful if Her Majesty's Theatre will open at all, and Drury Lane is advertised "to let." Of the Royal Italian Opera not a syllable is breathed, and the name of Mr. Frederick Gye is as if it never had been. We are not, however, therefore to infer that the shrewd and diligent *impresario* of the Covent Garden Italian Opera is resting on his oars, or even on one scull. No doubt we shall hear shortly how zealous and indefatigable he has been in his endeavors to procure a successor to Mad. Grisi—no easy matter, as our readers will readily understand. To one whose ears are ever open to musical rumors all over the world, the names of Mlle. Trebelli and Mlle. Lucca cannot be strange. Both these ladies have recently earned high honors, one in the Austrian, the other in the Prussian Capital. Whether either is equal to represent the Pasta and Grisi line of character we cannot say, judging from the reports of the German papers. We may feel assured, however, that Mr. Gye has heard both ladies, and that he will be enabled to decide as to their especial capabilities. Mr. Lumley, too, is said to have entered into an engagement with a young *prima donna* of the highest talents, Mad. or Mlle. Galetti, as her admirers assert, the very *beau idéal* of a grand lyric artist. We shall be delighted to hear all three ladies at one or other of the London Italian Operas, when we shall be able to pronounce which is most likely to make us forget the Norma of the last twenty years.

A lustrous or so since, and at this time of the year the prospectuses for both Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera had been some days before the public. The second week in March, indeed, was the customary period for commencing operations. Some thirty years ago, the Italian Opera was in full swing in March, having opened in February, and what was called the anti-Easter season was often the most attractive of the year. About the year 1830, 1831, 1832, or 1833,—"we like to be particular in dates,"—we remember seeing perform together, in the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini, in the last week of February, Sontag, Pisaroni, Rubini, Donzelli, and Zuchelli, or Lablache. The season is growing later and later every year, just like the fashionable dinner hour, until one may suppose that, in its gradual process of retardation at the beginning, and elongation at the end, it will come round to the winter, and so we may again expect Italian Opera to make its annual appearance with the Epiphany, as in the days of Camporese, Fodor and Colbran.

The directors of the Crystal Palace alone have spoken out and with most particular organ. They have issued their *pronunciamento* for the forthcoming season, which is copious, explanatory, and full of promise. No preliminary statement, indeed, could be clearer, more concise, and satisfactory than that contained in the little book which has been sent free of charge all over London—a novel and sure mode of advertising, planned, no doubt, in the fertile brain of Mr. R. K. Bowley, the active and intelligent manager. In this little book is set forth all that may be expected from the forthcoming Handel Festival, and assuredly a more brilliant programme could hardly be conceived.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, has been now performed seventeen times in succession, and the verdict of the first night has been more than confirmed. So decided, indeed, is the success of the new work, that it has been determined to run it to the end of the season uninterruptedly. Mr. Wallace's opera, however, is not to be shelved. We hear that the directors of the Royal English Opera have taken Drury Lane for the summer, and that Mr. Wallace's new work will inaugurate the "appendix" season. Miss Lonisa Pyne had two nights' repose on Monday and Wednesday last, when Miss Thirlwall sustained the part of Eily O'Connor in a manner highly creditable to her talents. Miss Pyne has, however, resumed her original part.—*Musical World*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night the *Lobengano* (Mendelssohn), and the *Stabat Mater* (Rossini) were given for the first time this season—the principal singers, Mlle. Titiens (Tietjens), Miss Fanny Rowland, Mad. Sainton-Dolhy, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Sig. Belletti. Every place was taken.

On Friday next, the same programme will be given to accommodate those who were unable to obtain admission yesterday. Mlle. Titiens (Tietjens), however, being engaged for a month at Barcelona, Mlle. Parepa will replace her in the soprano music.—*Ibid*.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—The last Gentlemen's Concert (so-called) in the Concert Hall, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, was rendered doubly interesting by the first appearance of the celebrated composer and pianist, M. Stephen Heller, before a Manchester audience. The following account of the performance is taken from the *Manchester Examiner* :

"At the concert last evening the pianist and composer, Stephen Heller, was introduced to a Manchester audience, when, besides some of his own pleasant compositions, he joined Mr. Hallé in a duet for two pianofortes, selecting Mozart's 'Concerto in E flat,' and adding to it a couple of his own cadenzas 'composed expressly for this occasion.' We believe this sort of intrusion is considered 'amiable' and 'legitimate' by those who profess to have judgment in these matters. We know there is precedent for it,—plenty of precedent, Mocheles among the rest,—but that does not set aside the principle which demands respect for the creations of genius, and that would cry out against our modern laureate, with all his acknowledged poetic feeling, introducing one of his 'cadenzas' into the works of Shakespeare or Milton. We desire to say this with every respect for M. Heller, who has shown to the musical world, with his dreamy imagination and fancy, how well he understands the poetry of his art. The 'cadenzas' were talented pieces of workmanship; but they were far from adding to the enjoyment of the charming concerto, interfering, as they did, with the natural flow of Mozart's interesting theme. There was nothing particularly remarkable in the performance of the other pieces alluded to, which were 'Laudlor,' *Prelude* in D flat, *Nuits blanches* (No. 17.) and *Tarentelle* in A flat, the last winning an encore; but they are all original, imaginative, and full of character; whilst it could not be otherwise than interesting to hear these pieces played by the gifted composer. Mad. Guerrabella and Mr. Wilbye Cooper were the vocalists. The latter has recently returned from a study in Italy, and in certain qualities, such as delicacy of expression, seems to have gained by his visit to the sunny South. He sang a graceful melody from Leslie's *Holyrood* with skill, as well as in good taste. Mad. Guerrabella added to her Manchester reputation by the singing of Beethoven's 'Per pietà' and Costa's 'Dall' asilo della pace'; in the former showing fine declamatory power, with much intelligent expression, and in the second a richness of ornament brilliantly executed. She also pleased many who remember the beauty of Sir Henry Bishop's early productions, by introducing the song of the 'Mocking bird,' with which Miss Stephens used to delight her audiences some forty years ago. The song is as fresh as ever, and we were glad to find a young vocalist like Mad. Guerrabella having an appreciation of our English composer."

The mistake about the cadenzas was not likely to escape Mr. Hallé's observation, and accordingly the subjoined letter appeared next day in the same journal:—

"To the Editor of the *Examiner* and *Times*.

"SIR,—The remarks of your musical critic on yesterday's concert must lead your readers to believe that the introduction of cadenzas into Mozart's concertos is optional with the performer. I feel sure you will allow me to remove such an impression, and to inform the writer of the paragraph, as well as your readers, that, in all concertos by Mozart, in five out of the six written by Beethoven, and in almost every other instance (Mendelssohn excepted)—cadenzas, the place for which is distinctly marked and prepared for in a peculiar manner known to all musicians, cannot be dispensed with without destroying the symmetry of the work or involving its mutilation. It is hardly necessary to explain that the object of these cadenzas is to recapitulate the principal ideas contained in the movement at the conclusion of which they are introduced, to condense them, present them in a new form, and, in short, to give a *résumé* of the whole work; that this has, perhaps, in no instance on record been done in a more masterly manner than by Mr. Heller yesterday, all musicians present at the concert will readily acknowledge. Far from being an 'intrusion,' or a violation of 'the principle which demands respect for the creations of genius,' the composition of cadenzas is in strict accordance with the intentions of our greatest composers, and has always been regarded as one of the severest tests of the musician's faculties. Thanking you for the space you have kindly allowed me, I remain, yours very obediently,

CHARLES HALLÉ.

"Greenheys, Feb. 13, 1862."

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